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The book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below.

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# **PUNCH**

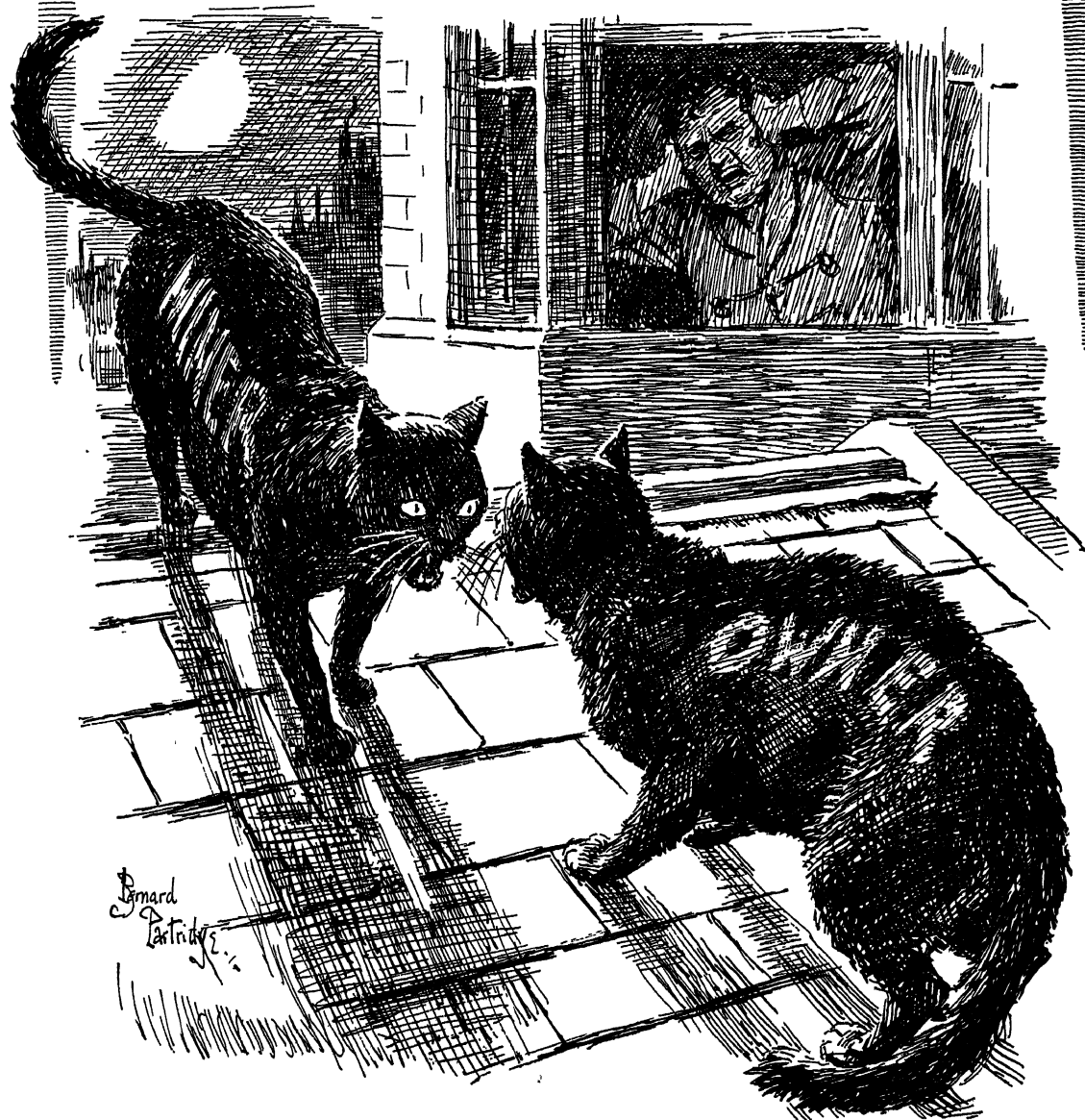
**Vol. CLX.**

**JANUARY—JUNE, 1921.**



# PUNCH

VOL. CLX.



LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4.

1921.





# Punch's Almanack for 1921.



January	February	March	April	May	June
S ... 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S ... 6. 13. 20. 27	S ... 6. 13. 20. 27	S ... 3. 10. 17. 24	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	S ... 5. 12. 19. 26
M ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28	M ... 4. 11. 18. 25	M 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	M ... 6. 13. 20. 27
Tu ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. ...	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Tu ... 5. 12. 19. 26	Tu 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	Tu ... 7. 14. 21. 28
W ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	W 2. 9. 16. 23. ...	W 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	W ... 6. 13. 20. 27	W 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	W 1. 8. 15. 22. 29
Th ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	Th 3. 10. 17. 24. ...	Th 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	Th ... 7. 14. 21. 28	Th 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	Th 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
F ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	F 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	F 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	F 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	F 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	F 3. 10. 17. 24. ...
S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	S 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	S 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	S 4. 11. 18. 25. ...
July	August	September	October	November	December
S ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S ... 7. 14. 21. 28	S ... 4. 11. 18. 25	S ... 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S ... 6. 13. 20. 27	S ... 4. 11. 18. 25
M ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	M 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	M ... 5. 12. 19. 26	M ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28	M ... 5. 12. 19. 26
Tu ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	Tu 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Tu ... 6. 13. 20. 27	Tu ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Tu ... 6. 13. 20. 27
W ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	W 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	W ... 7. 14. 21. 28	W ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	W 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	W ... 7. 14. 21. 28
Th ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	Th 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	Th 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	Th 3. 10. 17. 24. ...	Th 1. 8. 15. 22. 29
F 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	F 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	F 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	S 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	S 3. 10. 17. 24. ...	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	S 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	S 3. 10. 17. 24. 31



"HURRY UP, B-I-L-L, AND SEE OLE FIREWORKS SINGIN' CAROLS TO 'ISSELF."



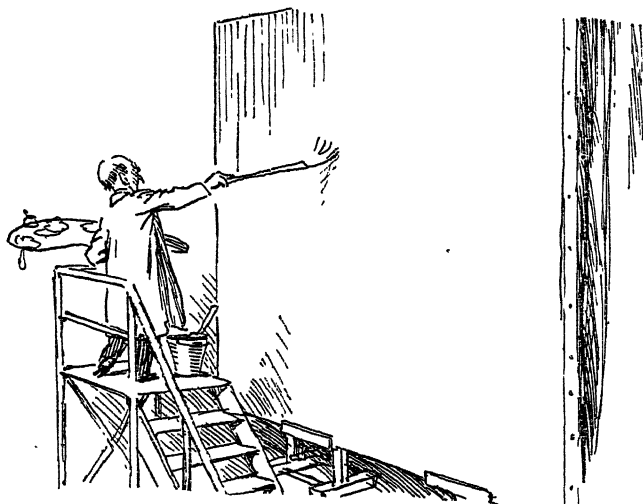
SCENE.—Scottish Bar—midnight.

English Tourist (astonished at receiving a drink at that hour). "THERE SEEMS TO BE A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THE LAW UP HERE."  
Landlord. "NAE DEFFERENCE IN THE LAW, BUT A GREAT DEEFFERENCE IN THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF."

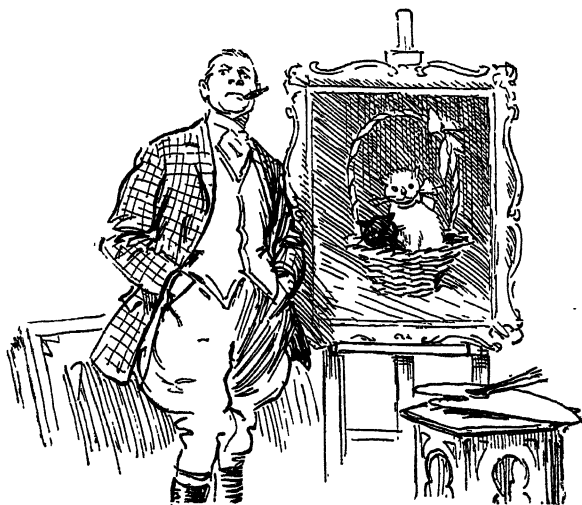
ART AND APPEARANCES.



ONE WOULD NOT SUSPECT MR. TICHBORNE MADDER OF MINIATURES—



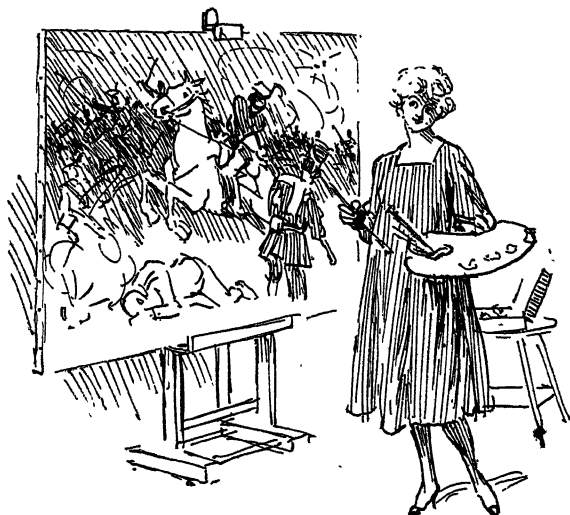
—OR MR. PIP OF SUCH BREADTH—



—OR MR. HARKAWAY COBALT OF KITTENS—



—OR MRS. DOUDIE OF FASHION DESIGNS—



—OR MISS POPSY SWEETING OF BLOOD AND IRON—



—BUT TO SEE MR. VORTEX CUBITT IS TO KNOW HIS WORK.

REFORM IN THE BALL-ROOM.



ANY BALL-ROOM DURING THE DANCING SEASON OF 1920.



A BISHOP WRITES TO *The Times* ABOUT IT.



"AN OLD-FASHIONED GENTLE-WOMAN" EXPRESSES HER VIEWS TO *THE MORNING POST*.



A TOWN COUNCILLOR DOESN'T MINCE HIS WORDS ON THE SUBJECT.



A DISTINGUISHED LADY-NOVELIST LETS HERSELF GO IN AN INTERVIEW.



A COMMITTEE OF PROMINENT LONDON HOSTESSES PLEDGE THEMSELVES TO DRASTIC ACTION.

REFORM IN THE BALL-ROOM.



THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF TERPSICHOOREAN PROFESSORS SELECT THE NEW DANCE (SOMETHING BETWEEN A VALSE AND A MINUET) WHICH IS TO REINSTATE THE GRACEFUL MUSE IN HER FORMER EMINENCE.



A CLASSICAL DANCER ASKS WHY WE DO NOT TURN TO ANCIENT GREECE.



A PROFESSIONAL EXPONENT IS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS DANCING PARTNER DOING THE NEW STEP.



AND FINALLY "AUNT PRISCILLA" TELLS THE READERS OF *HONEY BITS* THAT DECORUM WILL ONCE MORE REIGN PARAMOUNT IN THE DANCE.



ANY BALL-ROOM DURING THE DANCING SEASON OF 1921.





UNFORTUNATE OVERSIGHT ON THE PART OF A PRACTITIONER CALLED AWAY FROM HIS CHILDREN'S PARTY TO ATTEND A PATIENT IN HIS CONSULTING-ROOM.

### THE AUTHOR TO HIS ARTIST FRIEND.

*(A Christmas Greeting, offered in a spirit of genial envy, with the object of promoting a Dual Alliance between Authors and Artists and the formulation of a common code of etiquette.)*

In Labour's common field we hoe  
And earn our living wage alike;  
Alike, when underpaid, we know  
It's not the faintest use to strike;  
The service which we pay to Art  
Both of us feel how great a boon it is;  
But yours is much the easier part,  
Yours are the greater opportunities.

You copy Nature, hue and line;  
You draw, we'll say, by ocean's brink  
A flapper wallowing in the brine,  
And never need to stop and think;  
But I, in handling such a theme  
(Here lies the yawning gulf between us),  
Must use my head and trick my scheme  
With tropes of Cytherean Venus.

The manual means which you employ  
Themselves induce a sweet content,  
Whereas I take no kind of joy  
In my laborious implement;  
Pleased too with your accomplished work,  
You sign your full name, large and patent,  
While I beneath initials lurk  
Which leave the modest author latent.

Your annual, "shows" are not enough;  
Along your studio walls, or flat,  
All the year round you hang your stuff;  
What if I did a thing like that?

What if I went and papered mine  
With samples of my inspiration?  
What if, when people came to dine,  
I handed round my last creation?

Nor does your Art disdain the aid  
Of Commerce; you enlarge your scope  
By bowing to the God of Trade,  
Booming his trousers, pills and soap!  
Think you that, if my high-browed brain  
Adored him in a rhymed *Te Deum*,  
I should be suffered to remain  
A member of the Athenæum?

What differing codes of etiquette!  
How strange that Chelsea's point of view  
Should tolerate in your smart set  
Things that in mine would be taboo!  
I blame you not; I merely urge  
The need of more complete communion,  
From which there might, I think, emerge  
A new and glorious Workers' Union.

The hour invites a closer pact;  
Our Christmas Number marks to-day  
The festal season (as a fact  
The thing itself is weeks away);  
Then pass the wassail (yet to be);  
Let us (in spirit) charge our glasses—  
Here's (as it were) to you and me,  
Flower of the Upper Labouring Classes! O.S.



THE DOG IN THE FLAT BELOW.

A CASE FOR THE S.P.C.A.

G. L. STAMP  
1920.



THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

*The Vicar (virulent anti-tobacconist, seizing his opportunity at our rehearsal). "COME, MISS MONTGOMERIE, SURELY THAT CIGARETTE IS AN ANACHRONISM?"*  
*Lady Teazle. "OH, NO—AN ORDINARY GASPER."*



THE BITTER CRY OF THE MODISH FLAPPER.

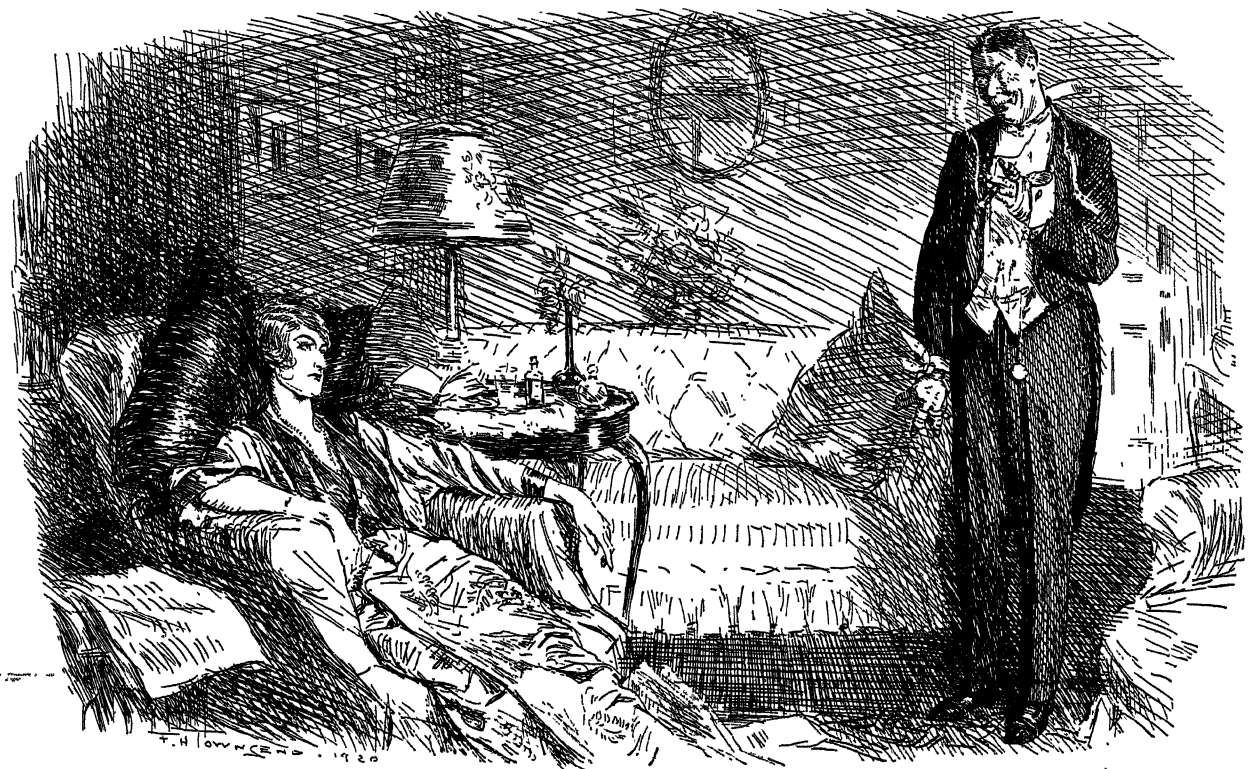
*Typist. "I'M AFRAID I MUST ASK FOR AN ADDITIONAL ELECTRIC STOVE IN MY ROOM, SIR. THE COLD THERE IS INTENSE."*





*Harley Street Specialist (to patient suffering from insomnia).* "AND DID YOU TRY MY PLAN OF COUNTING SHEEP COMING THROUGH A GATE?"

*Patient.* "WELL, I COUNTED UP TO A HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND AND THIRTY-NINE, AND THEN IT WAS TIME TO GET UP, DON'T YOU KNOW?"



*Indisposed Hostess.* "REALLY, GEORGE, I THOUGHT THE DAYS OF DRUNKEN BRAWLING IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM WERE PAST!"

*Uncle George.* "MY DEAR GIRL, I'VE BEEN PLAYING 'POUNCE PATIENCE' WITH THE KIDS IN THE DINING-ROOM."



SIR T. HALL CAINE  
MIGHT ADORN LEICESTER SQUARE,  
IN PLACE OF OUR OTHER GREAT  
NATIONAL WRITER.



MR SMILLIE  
MIGHT REPLACE  
OLIVER CROMWELL.



THE MARTIAL FIGURE OF MR. CHURCHILL WOULD  
DOMINATE THE WAR OFFICE.



MR AUGUSTUS JOHN SHOULD HAVE  
A PEDESTAL OUTSIDE BURLINGTON HOUSE.



WILLIAM OF  
ORANGE (PRE-  
SENTED BY THE  
EX-KAISER) AT  
KENSINGTON PAL  
ACE MUST OF  
COURSE GO.  
EDWARD OF  
ORANGE MIGHT  
FITLY REPLACE  
HIM.

### NEW STATUES FOR OLD.

THE STATUES OF LONDON ARE ADMITTEDLY OPEN TO IMPROVEMENT. MR. PUNCH SUGGESTS A FEW SUBSTITUTES.

Punch's Almanack for 1921.

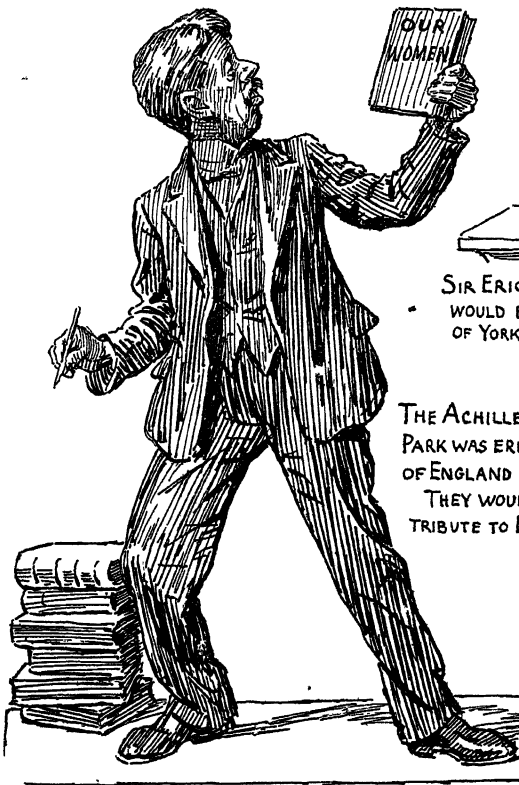
WE ARE FORTUNATE IN HAVING ANOTHER HORATIO  
AS A WORTHY SUBSTITUTE FOR NELSON  
IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE



SIR HARRY LAUDER'S EFFIGY WOULD  
RELIEVE THE AUSTERITY OF SCOTLAND YARD.



SIR ERIC GEDDES ON HIS (TRANSPORT) COLUMN  
WOULD BE MORE UP-TO-DATE THAN THE DUKE  
OF YORK.



THE ACHILLES STATUE IN HYDE  
PARK WAS ERECTED BY THE WOMEN  
OF ENGLAND IN HONOUR OF WELLINGTON.  
THEY WOULD SURELY PAY A LIKE  
TRIBUTE TO MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

AND CHARLES I. AT  
CHARING CROSS  
MIGHT MAKE WAY  
FOR HIS MORE POPULAR  
NAMESAKE.

*Edward Partridge*



NEW STATUES FOR OLD.

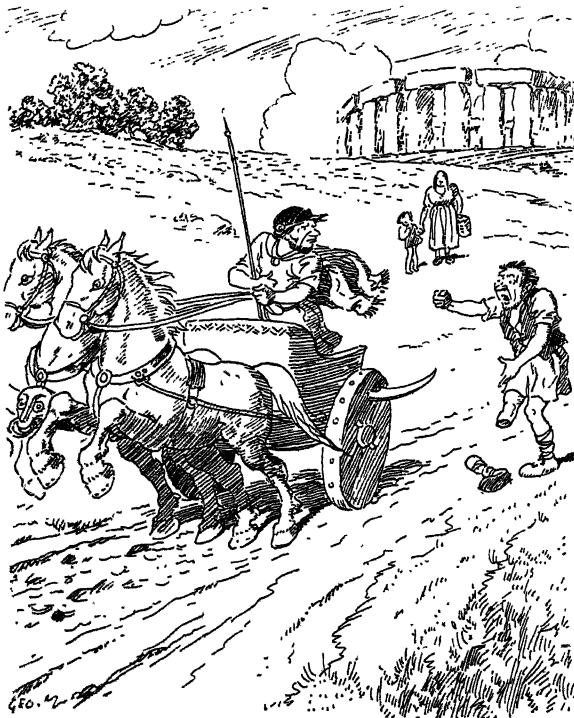
"SAFETY FIRST" IN EARLY DAYS.



DO NOT RUN AWAY FROM A WOUNDED MAMMOTH. GET BEHIND IT; BUT BE SURE THERE IS NOT ANOTHER ONE FOLLOWING.



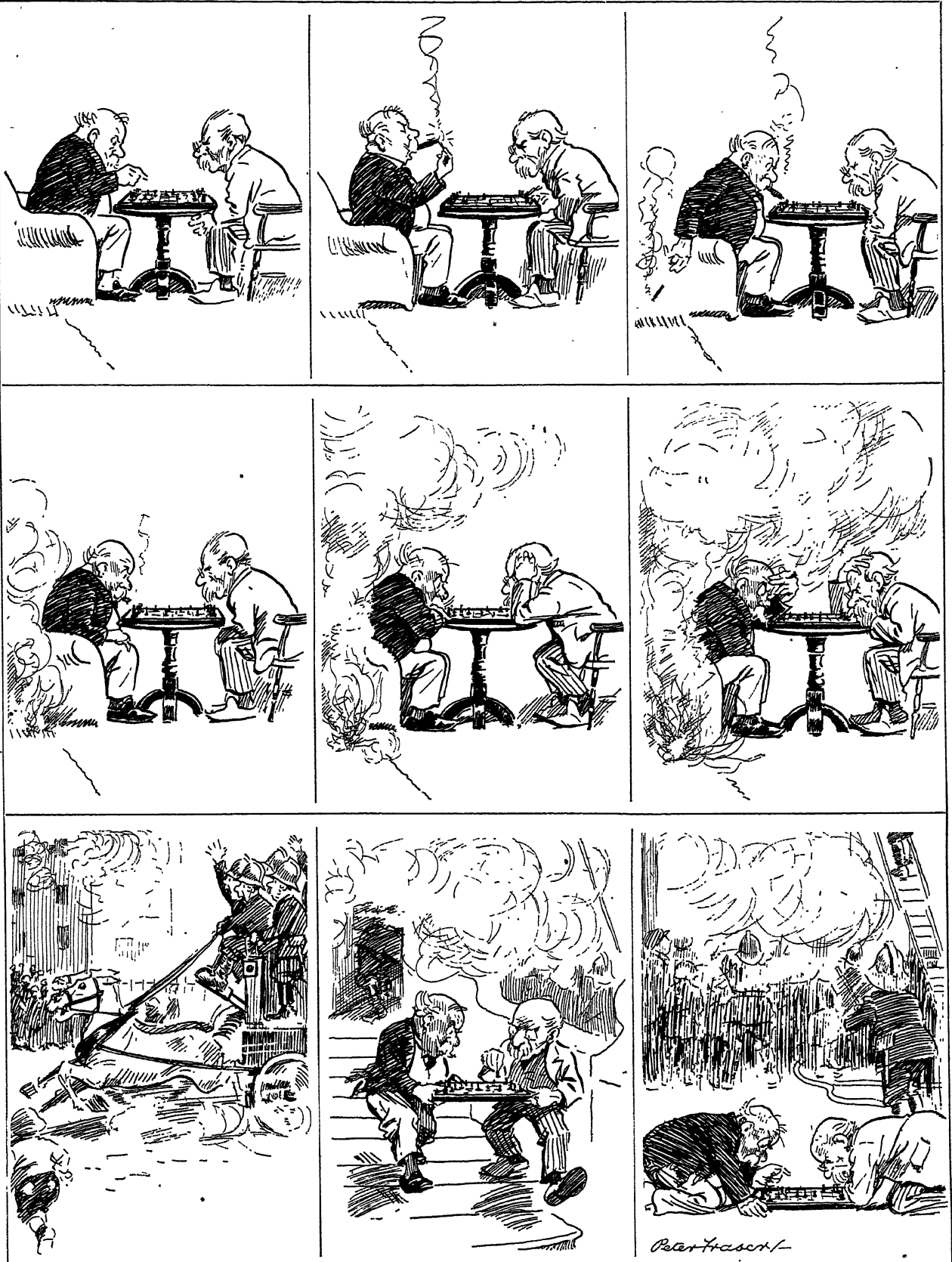
IF YOU ARE ATTACKED BY A CROCODILE GET ON ITS BACK AS NEAR THE TAIL AS POSSIBLE. IT CANNOT HURT YOU SO LONG AS YOU KEEP THIS POSITION.



ALWAYS GIVE CHARIOTS PLENTY OF ROOM TO PASS, ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH SCYTHED WHEELS. ABUSIVE LANGUAGE IS ONLY A WASTE OF BREATH, AND CHARIOT-DRIVERS ARE USED TO IT.



TO GLADIATORS. IT IS DANGEROUS TO EXCHANGE SALUTATIONS WITH MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE DURING THE PROGRESS OF A COMBAT.



THE STICKERS.





"BAI JOVE! NEARLY MISSED THAT RABBIT—WHAT?"



Donald (slowly recovering consciousness). "LOSH! BUT YON LADDIE'S WAUR THAN MYSEL'."



1860.



1920.

MUSICAL INTERVALS.



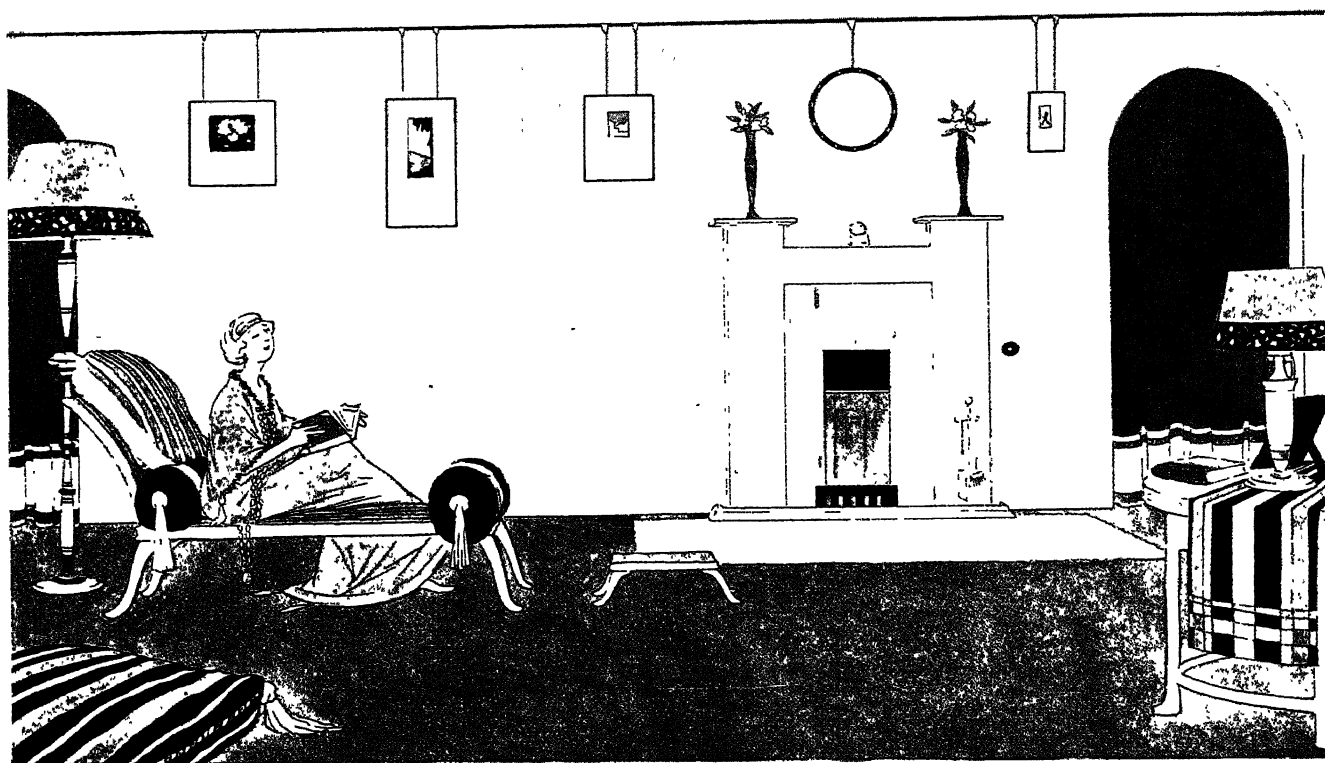
"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE."—(Debussy.)



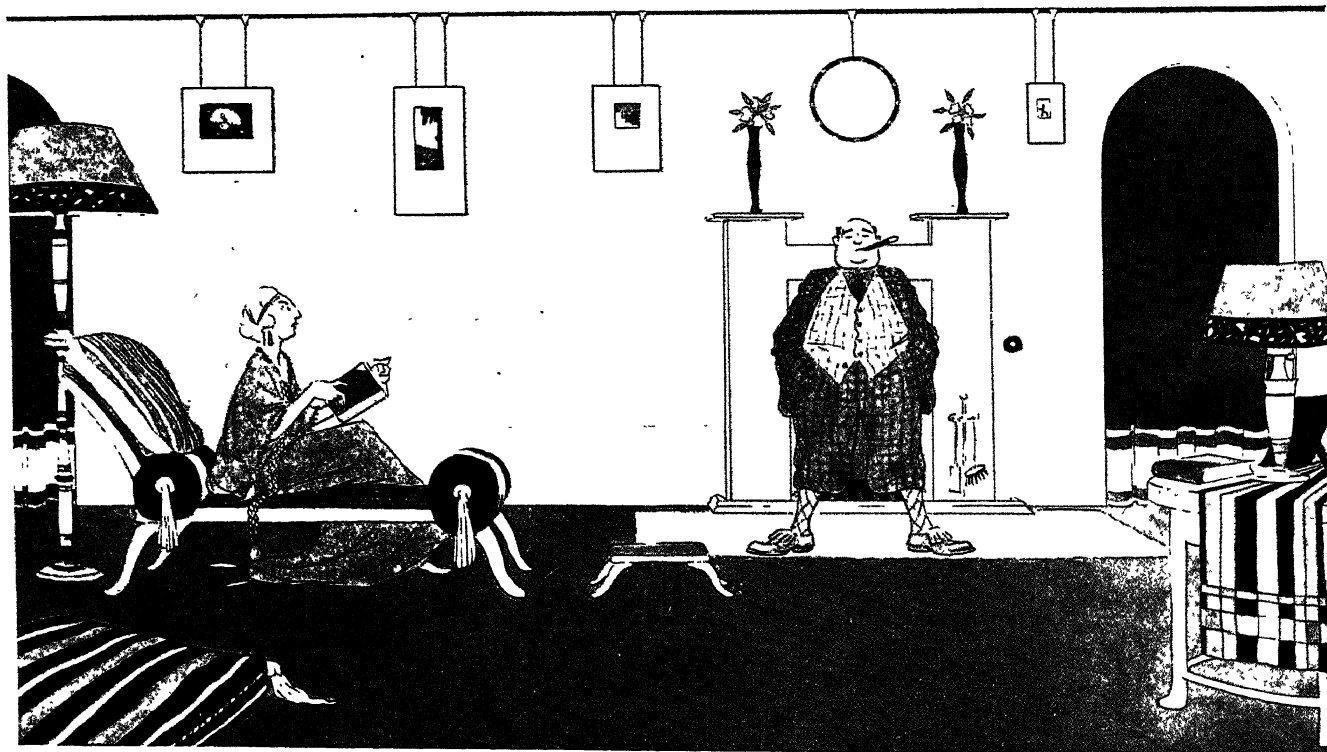
MUSICAL INTERVALS.



"VALSE TRISTE."—(Sibelius)



MRS. BIBELOT-BROWNE HAS SUCCEEDED IN BLENDING INTO AN ATTRACTIVE COLOUR-SCHEME ALL THE OBJECTS IN HER DRAWING-ROOM—



—EXCEPT HER HUSBAND.

Punch's Almanack for 1921.



*Bystander.* "MUCH BETTER FUN WATCHING THE COLONEL THAN ANY OF YOUR CRACK PROFESSIONALS. THEY BECOME MONOTONOUS; HE DOES EVERYTHING EXCEPT KILL THE CADDIE."



*Stalker.* "QUICK, SIR—QUICK! YE'LL NO GET A BETTER CHANCE THAN THIS."

WHEN WOMEN COME INTO THEIR OWN.



THE HANDSOME MR. ROBINSON WAS THE BEAU OF THE BALL.



*Tweeny.* "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO GIVE NOTICE. I CAN'T STAND THE BUTLER'S OVERBEARING WAYS."



*She.* "I'LL WORK HARD FOR YOU, OLD BEAN. DO GIVE ME A CHANCE."

*He.* "I KNOW, I KNOW; BUT MOTHER SAYS I MUST MARRY SOMEONE WHO CAN GIVE ME THE LUXURIES I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO."

Punch's Almanack for 1921.



THE ABOVE KEEPER (WHO RECENTLY OWNED THE ESTATE) HAS DEVISED A METHOD OF CORRECTING IN HIS RABBITS THAT FOUR INCHES' SHORTAGE WHICH WENT SO FAR, LAST SEASON, TO SPOIL THE SPORT OF THE NEW SQUIRE AND HIS FRIENDS, AND (INCIDENTALLY) AFFECTED THE LAVISHNESS OF THEIR GRATUITIES.

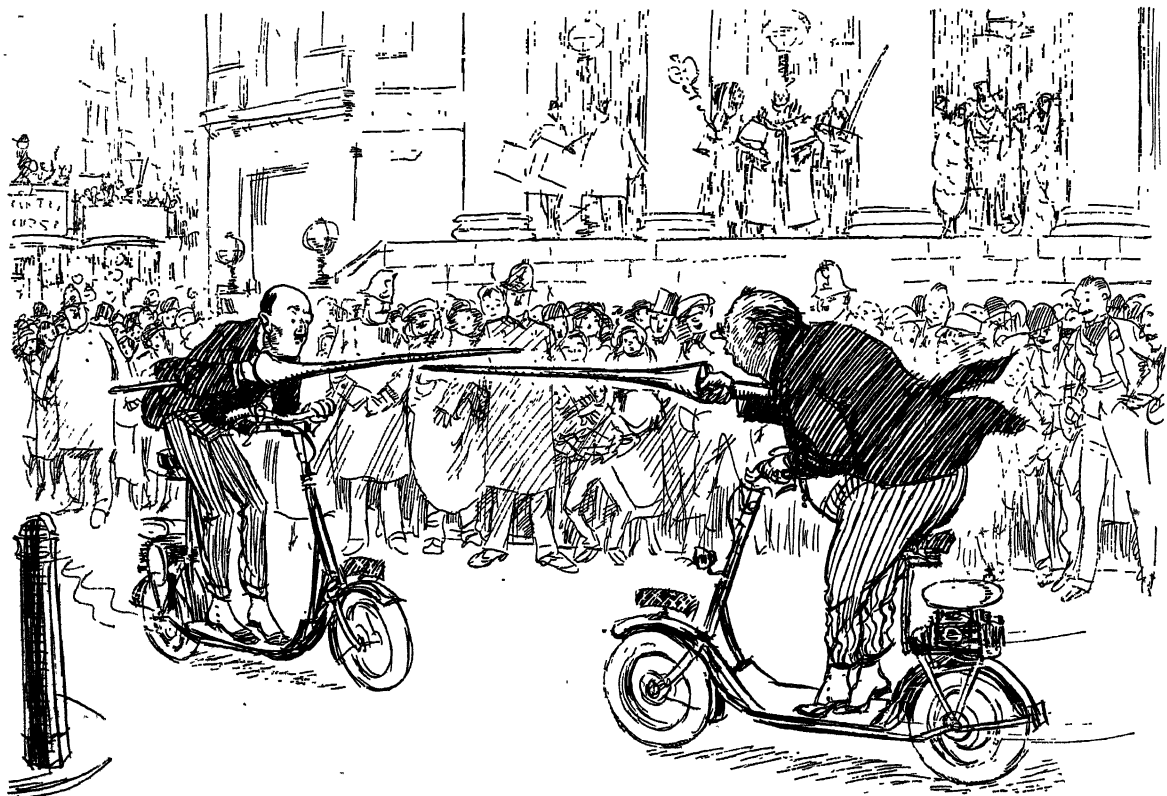


Sir Rupert the Headless. "GOOD MASTER PROFESSOR, WILT OF THY COURTESY EXERCISE THY CRAFT ON ME?"

IF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" RETURNED.



THE SCIONS OF ANCIENT AND NOBLE FAMILIES COULD ARRANGE THEIR DIFFERENCES ON THE SPOT.

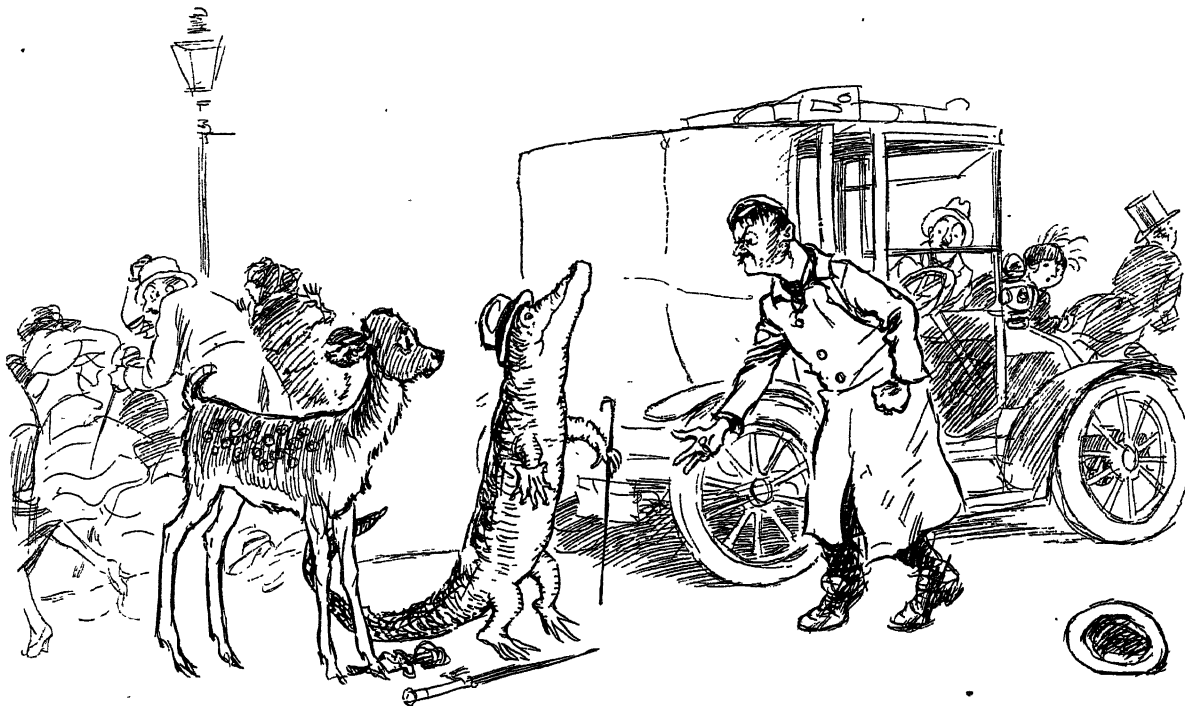


*Ernest H. Shepard*

AND FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THEIR ACCOUNTS THE STOCK EXCHANGE COULD RESORT TO TRIAL BY BATTLE.



IF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" RETURNED.



THE TAXI-DRIVER POSSESSING "THE EVIL EYE" COULD METAMORPHOSE HIS FARES.



WHILE THE "BOOTH" SYSTEM OF SHOPPING WOULD MAKE LIFE FAR MORE FULL OF COLOUR.

CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE.



THE VICAR'S FIRST VISIT.



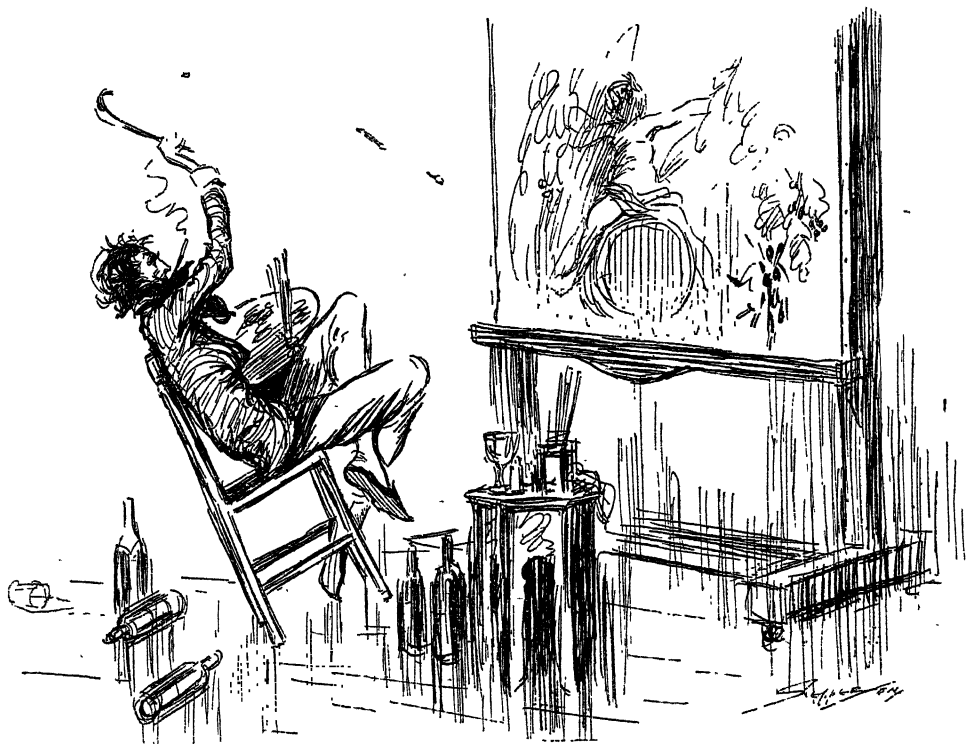
UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE



THE HEALTHY INVALID.



THE PAINTER OF "THE YOUTHFUL BACCHUS ENTHRONED."

# BAD LORD BLIGHT.

(A Moral Story for the Middle-aged.)

I.

SEATED in the well-appointed library of Blight Hall, John Blighter, seventeenth Earl of Blight, bowed his head in his hands and gave himself up to despair. The day of reckoning had come.

Were appearances not so deceptive, he would have said that Lord Blight "Blight," as he was known familiarly to his friends) was a man to be envied. In a revolving bookcase in the middle of the spacious library were countless treasured volumes, including a complete

He began by pushing three cousins over the cliffs at Scarborough, thus becoming second heir to the earldom. A week later he pushed an elder brother over the same cliff, and was openly referred to in the Press as the next bearer of the title. Barely a fortnight had elapsed before a final push diverted the last member of the family (a valued uncle) into the ever-changing sea, the venue in this case being Whitby, presumably in order to avoid suspicion.

But all this had happened ten years ago. The past is the past, as WORDSWORTH probably said to COLERIDGE more than once. It was time for

"Give it to me," he said in some annoyance, snatching it away from her and throwing it into the waste-paper basket. "Here, this is the one. Read it; read it quickly; for we must decide what to do."

She read it with starting eyes.

"DEAR SIR,—I am prepared to lend you anything from £10 to £10,000 on your note-of-hand alone. Should you wish—"

"D—n!" said the seventeenth Earl of Blight. "Here, where is the blessed thing?" He felt in his pockets. "I must have—I had it only a— Ah,



edition of THACKERAY; outside in the well-kept grounds of the estate was a new lawn-mower; a bottle of sherry, freshly uncorked, stood upon the side-board in the dining-room. But worldly possessions are not everything. An untroubled mind, as SHAKESPEARE knew (even if he didn't actually say it), is more to be valued than riches. The seventeenth Earl of Blight's mind was not untroubled. His conscience was gnawing him.

Some people would say, no doubt, that his conscience was too sensitive. True, there were episodes in his past life of which in later years he could not wholly approve; but is not this the case with every one of us? Far better, as must often have occurred to MILTON, to strive for the future than to regret the past. Ten years ago Lord Blight had been plain John Blighter, with no prospects in front of him. Realising that he could expect little help from others, he decided to push for himself.

Lord Blight to forget these incidents of his eager and impetuous youth. Yet somehow he could not. Within the last few days his conscience had begun to gnaw him, and in his despair he told himself that at last the day of reckoning had come. Poor Blight! It is difficult to withhold our sympathy from him.

The door opened, and his wife, the Countess of Blight, came into the library.

"Blight!" she whispered. "My poor Blight! What has happened?"

He looked up haggardly.

"Gertie," he said, for that was her name, "it is all over. My sins have found me out."

"Not sins," she said gently. "Mistakes."

"Mistakes, yes—you are right." He stretched out a hand, took a letter from the desk in front of him and gave it to her. "Read that." With a groan he buried his head in his hands again. She took it and read, slowly and wonderingly, these words:—

"To lawn-mower as delivered, £5 17 6."

Lord Blight looked up with an impatient ejaculation.

here it is. Perhaps I had better read it to you this time." He put on his spectacles—a present from an aunt—and read as follows:—

"MY LORD,—We regret to inform you that a claimant to the title has arisen. It seems that, soon after the death of his first wife, the sixteenth Earl of Blight contracted a second and secret marriage to Ellen Podby, by whom he had eleven sons, the eldest of whom is now asserting his right to the earldom and estates. Trusting to be favoured with your instructions in the matter, we are, my Lord, Yours faithfully,

BILLINGS, BILLINGS & BILLINGS."

Gertie (Countess of Blight) looked at her husband in horror.

"Eleven!" she cried.

"Eleven," said the Earl gloomily.

Then a look of grim determination came into his eyes. With the air of one who might have been quoting KEATS, but possibly wasn't, he said firmly:—

"What man has done, man can do."

That evening the Countess of Blight gave orders for eleven spare bedrooms to be got ready.

II.

On the morning after the arrival of the eleven "Podbys," John, seventeenth Earl of Blight, spoke quite frankly to Algernon, the eldest.

"After all, my dear Algernon," he

## Punch's Almanack for 1921.

said, "we are cousins. There is no need for harsh words between us. All I ask is that you should forbear to make your claim until I have delivered my speech in the House of Lords on the Coast Erosion Bill, upon which I feel deeply. Once the Bill is through, I shall be prepared to retire in your favour. Meanwhile let us all enjoy together the simple pleasures of Blight Hall."

Algernon, a fair young man with a meaningless expression, replied suitably.

So for some days the eleven "Podbys" gave themselves up to pleasure. Percy, the youngest, though hardly of an age to appreciate the mechanism of it, was allowed to push the lawn-mower; Lancelot and Herbert, who had inherited the Podby intellect, were encouraged to browse around the revolving bookcase, from which they frequently extracted one of the works of THACKERAY, replacing it again after a glance at the title-page; while on one notable occasion the Earl of Blight took Algernon into the dining-room at about 11.31 in the morning and helped him to a glass of sherry and a slice of sultana cake. In this way the days passed happily, and confidence between the eleven "Podbys" and their cousin was established.

It was on a fair spring morning, just a week after their arrival, that the Countess of Blight came into the music-room, where Algernon was humming a tune, and said, "Ah, Algernon, my husband was looking for you. I think he has some little excursion to propose. What a charming day, is it not? You will find him in the library."

As Algernon entered the library, Lord Blight looked up from the map he was studying and nodded.

"I thought," he said, coming to the point at once, "that it might amuse you to drive over with me to Flamborough Head. The view from the top of the cliff is considered well worth a visit. I don't know if your tastes lie in that direction at all?"

Algernon was delighted at the idea, and replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to accompany Lord Blight.

"Excellent. Perhaps we had better take some sandwiches and make a day of it."

Greatly elated at the thought of a day by the sea, Lord Blight went out and gave instructions to the Countess for sandwiches to be cut.

"In two packets, my love," he added, "in case Algernon and I get separated."

Half-an-hour later they started off together in high spirits.

\* \* \* \*

It was dark before the seventeenth Earl of Blight returned to the house and joined the others at the dinner-table. His face wore a slightly worried expression.

"The fact is, my dear," he said, in answer to a question from the Countess, "I am a little upset about Algernon. I fear we have lost him."

"Algernon?" said the Countess in surprise.

"Yes. We were standing at the top of Flamborough Head, looking down into the sea, when——" He paused and tapped his glass. "Sherry, Jenkins," he said, catching the butler's eye.



"I beg pardon, my lord."

"—when poor Algernon stumbled and—— Do any of you boys know if your brother can swim?"

Everard, the ninth, said that Algernon had floated once in the Paddington Baths, but couldn't swim.

"Ah! I was hoping—— But in any case, coming into the water from that height—— Well, well, we must face our troubles bravely. Another glass of sherry, Jenkins."

As they passed through the hall on their way to the drawing-room, Lord Blight stopped a moment at the aneroid barometer and gave it an encouraging tap.

"It looks like another fine day tomorrow," he said to Cuthbert, the second Podby. "The panorama from

the Scalby cliffs is unrivalled. We might drive over and have a look at it."

### III.

Fortunately the weather held up. A week later the Podby family had been thinned down to five, and the seventeenth Earl of Blight was beginning to regain his usual equanimity. His health too was benefiting by the constant sea-air and change; for, in order that no melancholy associations should cast a gloom over their little outings, he took care to visit a different health-resort each time, feeling that no expense or trouble should be spared in a matter of this kind. It was wonderful with what vigour and alertness of mind he sat down in the evenings to the preparation of his speech on the Coast Erosion Bill.

One night after dinner, when all the "Podby" family (Basil and Percy) had retired to bed, Gertie (Countess of Blight) came into her husband's library and, twirling the revolving bookcase with restless fingers, asked if she could interrupt him for a moment.

"Yes?" he said, looking up at her.

"I am anxious, Blight," she answered. "Anxious about Percy."

"So am I, my love," he responded gravely. "I fear that to-morrow—he consulted a leather pocket-book—"no, the day after to-morrow, something may happen to him. I have an uneasy feeling. It may be that I am superstitious. Yet something tells me that in the Book of Fate the names of Percy and Bridlington"—he consulted his diary again—"yes, Bridlington; the names, as I was saying, of——"

She interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"You misunderstand me," she said. "That is not why I am anxious. I am anxious because of something I have just learnt about Percy. I am afraid he is going to be——"

"Troublesome?" suggested Lord Blight.

She nodded.

"I have learnt to-day," she explained, "that he has a horror of high places."

"You mean that on the cliffs of, as it might be, Bridlington some sudden unbridled terror may cause him to hurl himself——"

"You will never get him to the cliffs of Bridlington. He can't even look out of a first-floor window. He won't walk up the gentlest slope. That is why he is always playing with the lawn-mower."

The Earl frowned and tapped on his desk with a penholder.

"This is very grave news, Gertie."

he said. "How is it that the boy comes to have this unmanly weakness?"

"It seems he has always had it."

"He should have been taken in hand. Even now perhaps it is not too late. It is our duty to wean him from these womanish apprehensions."

"Too late. Unless you carried him up there in a sack—"

"No, no," protested the Earl vigorously. "My dear, the seventeenth Earl of Blight carrying a sack! Impossible!"

For a little while there was silence while they brooded over the tragic news.

"Perhaps," said the Countess at last, "there are other ways. It may be that Percy is fond of fishing."

Lord Blight shifted uncomfortably in his seat. When he spoke it was with a curiously apologetic air.

"I am afraid, my dear," he said,

"that you will think me foolish."

No doubt I am. You must put it

down to the artistic temperament.

But I tell you quite candidly that

it is as impossible for me to lose

Percy in a boating accident as it

would be for—shall I say?—CARUSO

to appear as *Hamlet* or a violinist

to wish to exhibit at the Royal

Academy. One has one's art, one's

medium of expression. It is at the

top of the high cliff with an open

view of the sea that I express my-

self best. Also," he added with

some heat, "I feel strongly that

what was good enough for Percy's

father, ten brothers, three half-

brothers, not to mention his cousin,

should be good enough for Percy."

The Countess of Blight moved

sadly from the room.

"Well," she said as she stopped

for a moment at the door, "we

must hope for the best. Perhaps

Percy will overcome this aversion

in time. You might talk seriously

to him to-morrow about it."

"To-morrow," said the Earl, re-

ferring once more to his diary, "Basil

and I are visiting the romantic scarps

of Filey."

#### IV.

On the day following the unfortunate accident at Filey the Earl and Countess of Blight reclined together upon the cliffs of Bridlington.

"If we only had had Percy here!" sighed the Earl.

"It was something to have got him as far as the beach," said the Countess hopefully. "Perhaps in time—a little higher every day—"

The Earl sighed again.

"The need for self-expression comes strongly upon the artist at a time like this," he said. "It is not for me to say that I have genius—"

"It is for me to say it, dear," said his wife.

"Well, well, perhaps in my own line. And at the full height of one's powers to be hauled by the morbidity, for I can call it nothing else, of a Percy 'Podby'! Gertie," he went on dreamily, "I wish I could make you understand something of the fascination which an artist finds in his medium. To be lying here, at the top of the world, with the lazy crawling sea beneath us so many feet below—"

"Look," said the Countess suddenly. She pointed to the beach.

The Earl rose, stretched his head over the edge and gazed down.

"Percy," he said.



"Yes. Almost exactly beneath us."

"If anything fell upon him from here," said the Earl thoughtfully, "it is quite possible that—"

Suddenly the fascination whereof he had spoken to her came irresistibly home to the Countess.

"Yes," she said, as if in a trance, "if anything fell upon him from here—" and she gave her husband a thoughtful push—"it is—quite—possible—that—"

At the word "that" the Earl reached Percy, and simultaneously the title expired.

Poor Blight!—or perhaps, since the title was never really his, we should say "Poor Blighter!" It is difficult to withhold our sympathy from him.

A. A. M.

### MINCE-MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

In Scotland on New Year's Eve it is still considered lucky for a dark man to enter your house with a bottle of whisky under his arm.

The mother who last Christmas found her youngest boy gagged and bound outside the pantry, from which a pudding had disappeared, is recommended this year to keep him away from the Pictures.

We understand that the pretty little custom of not giving Christmas-boxes to rate collectors will again be carried out this season.

An American Y.M.C.A. leader is of the opinion that the English Church has much to learn from the American. It would be interesting to hear an English clergyman say, "What ice-cart takes this hunk of excess baggage to be his wife?" and the bridegroom's answer, "Cut the dope, Steve; I'm the guy."

"Robins often enter houses which are inhabited, during wintry weather," states a well-known ornithologist. We understand, however, that, unless openly accused of Bolshevistic tendencies on account of the colour of their breasts, they will not attack human beings.

It is reported that a Glasgow temperance advocate has invented an inflammable ginger-ale for use on Christmas puddings. The more cautious anti-Prohibitionists take the view that the stuff should not be condemned without a trial.

Puddings, we read, should be stored in large dry cupboards. Smith Minor is wondering what is wrong with the time-honoured custom of storing them in a large roomy boy.

A trade paper advertises mouth-organs as just the thing for Christmas festivities. We have always felt that, if you must take musical instruments to parties, a mouth-organ in the pocket spoils the figure far less than a 'cello does.

"*Souper dansant*" is advertised by many of our best restaurants. Personally we prefer the kind that keeps still while we are trying to digest it.

It is just six years ago this Christmas that a Scotsman entered a coffee-tavern during a fog.



"THINGS ARE AWFUL IN THE CITY; WHAT WITH FALLING PRICES, EXCESS PROFIT DUTY, ETC.,  
LIFE IS SCARCELY WORTH LIVING; BUT—



—THANK GOODNESS OUR CLUB IS NOT YET BANKRUPT AND WE CAN STILL FORGET  
OUR WORRIES IN AN HOUR OR TWO OF PERFECT BLISS."

# AN ILLUSTRATED CONJUGATION.

TO DRIVE : — Verb — Irregular — Active & Neuter.



HE DRIVES



SHE DRIVES



IT DRIVES



I WILL DRIVE



THAT I MAY DRIVE



ABOUT TO DRIVE



DRIVING



HAVING DRIVEN



IT IS NOT-DRIVEN







YOU WILL NOT DRIVE —

YOU SHOULD DRIVE —

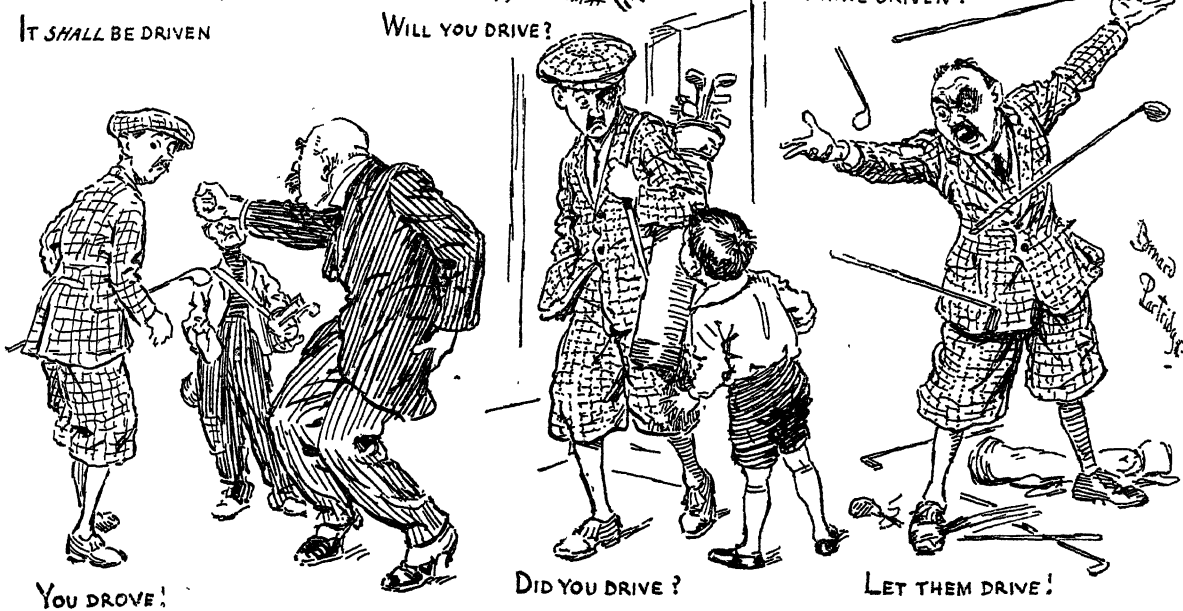
THEY ARE DRIVING



IT *SHALL* BE DRIVEN

WILL YOU DRIVE?

I HAVE DRIVEN!

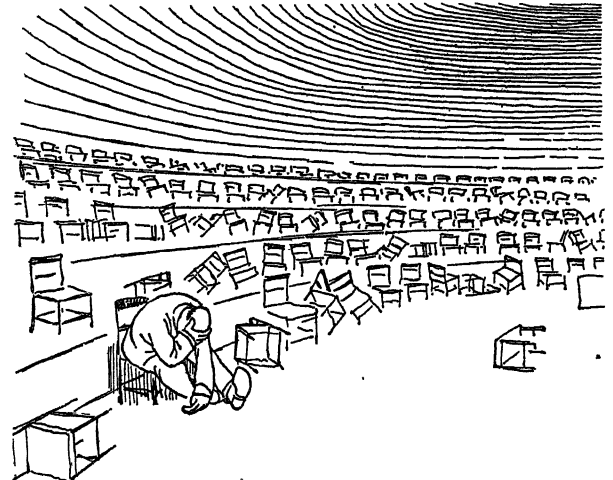
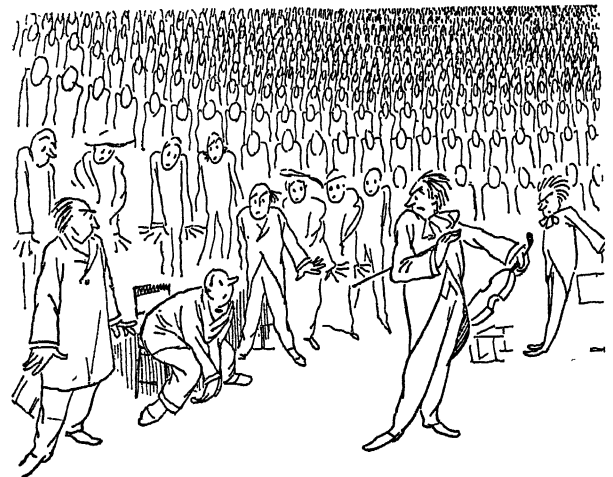
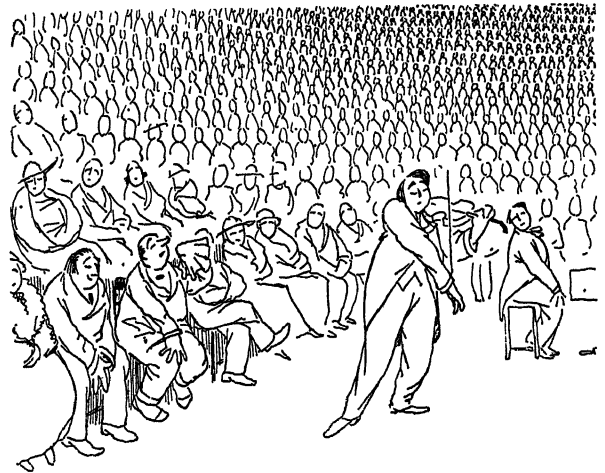
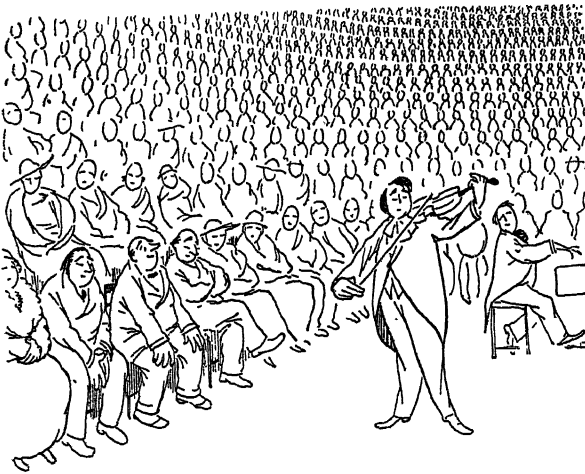


YOU DROVE!

DID YOU DRIVE?

LET THEM DRIVE!

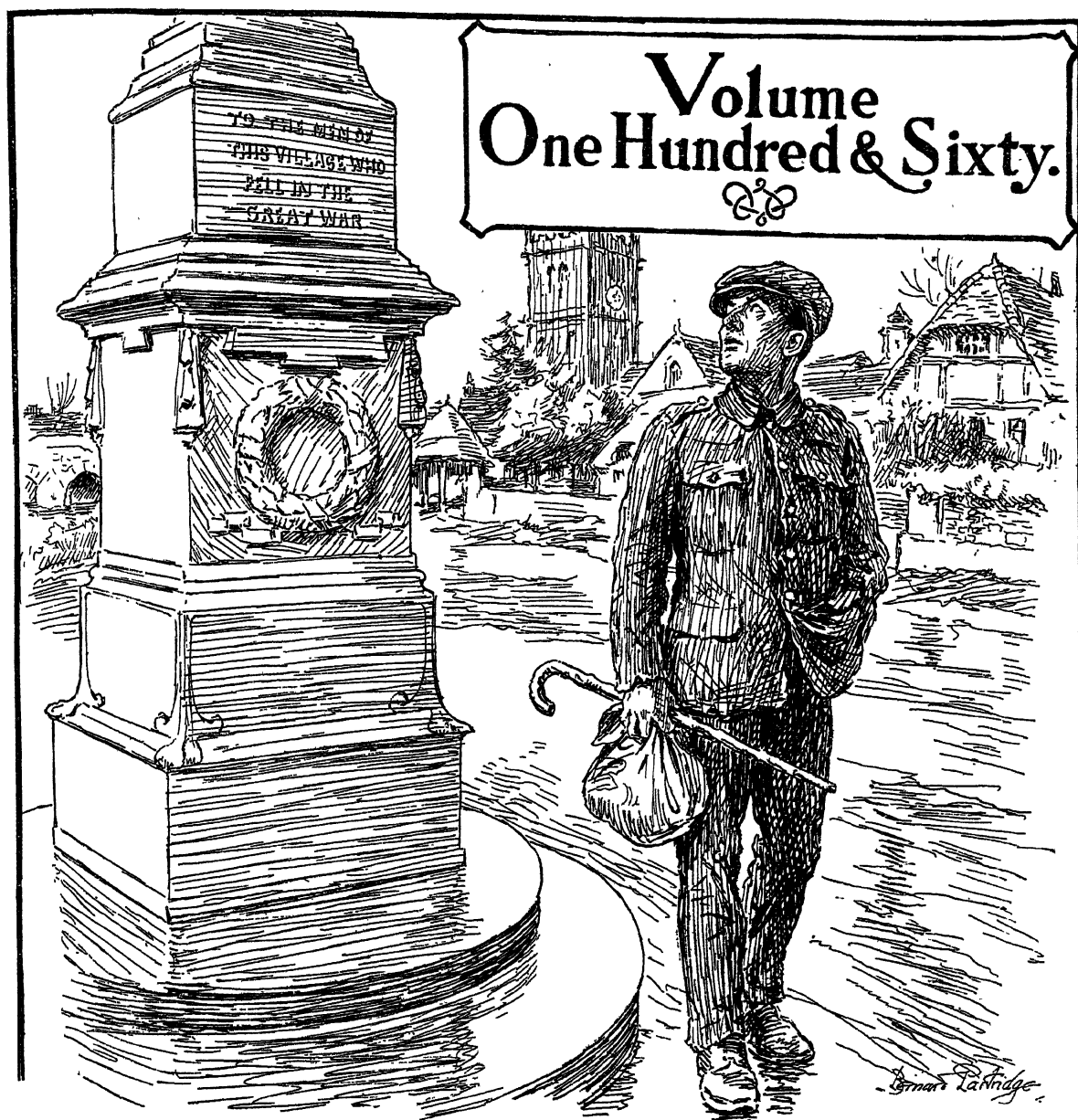
Small  
Pictorial



*Fougasse*

THE MAN WHO SNEEZED.





*The dead remembered—the living forgotten.*

**"The Christmas Spirit."**

Mr. Punch is delighted to learn of the kind response which has been given to his appeal for Talbot House ("Toc. H."), made in an article which appeared in his issue of December 22nd, entitled "The Christmas Spirit" (the name of the Toc. H. Annual). He omitted to state that the publishers of *The Christmas Spirit* are The St. Catherine Press. He ventures to remind his readers that the object of the Talbot House scheme is to perpetuate among ex-Service men, by means of hostels and club-houses, the spirit of comradeship inspired by the original Talbot House, which for several years of the War offered rest and comfort to our troops in the Salient of Ypres. Contributions towards the estab-

lishment of such clubs (they will afterwards be self-supporting) should be addressed to the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C., Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2.

**Another Impending Apology.**

"Mr. Wm. —, who bought the — nearly half a century ago, has parted with his interest in that journal to a local syndicate. The veteran has well earned his odium."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"An advertiser, at present holding a post under the Government but anxious to change for conscientious reasons, wants service as groom, coachman, &c., with Christian people."—*Times*.

See what comes of the PRIME MINISTER playing golf on Sunday.

## THOUGHTS ON THE HEAT SNAP.

LET people who prefer it so,  
Not being built, my dear, like me,  
Go lugeing o'er the driven snow  
Or shoot an Alp on tricky ski;  
I envy not these strange delights  
Nor wish to join the jocund "Cheero!"  
Of such as like their Fahrenheits  
Fixed in the environs of zero.

Let others, in the woollen trade,  
Drawn by the South's exotic lure,  
Go seek for seventy in the shade  
Along the shimmering Côte d'Azur;  
Myself I do not share their lust  
To catch a transient germ of *bon ton*  
By mixing with the Upper Crust  
In "Palaces" of Nice or Menton.

Mind you, I've had good times of old  
At Monte Carlo (on my day),  
And I should love it more, I'm told,  
With all those stuffy Huns away;  
Yet now I feel no gnawing need  
To charter, like the profiteer, a  
Villa or suite (*Hôtel Splendide*)  
On what he calls the French "Riveera."

For in my veins the Spring has stirred  
And set their pulses going strong;  
Has swelled the heart of bud and bird,  
Filling the latter full of song;  
Why fly abroad on restive wings  
When England's May has wooed and wed Yule,  
Being the only place where Springs  
With shameless air ignore the schedule?

Come, then, before the weather veers,  
And pluck with me the balcyon hour;  
So, when official May appears  
And blizzards lash our lovers' bower,  
I shall remark, in frost and sleet:—  
"A shifty climate, ever varying!  
What balmy days were those, my sweet;  
O that we two were Januarying!" O. S.

## NEWS-HUNGER AND ITS SEQUEL.

(By Our Medical Correspondent.)

INQUIRIES into the condition of patients suffering from the recent three days' newspaper-famine reveal a state of affairs which, though not devoid of hope, still gives ground for grave anxiety. So complete a dislocation of the whole scheme of daily life could not be expected to prove a merely transient embarrassment, as any student of psycho-analysis must at once perceive, and in some instances only a protracted course of psycho-therapy can readjust the balance between the rational and the sub-conscious self.

Conscientious, fearless and independent journals not only minister to our mental refreshment; they prevent the spread of alarmist and unfounded rumours, and their withdrawal, even for so short a period as three days, unhappily led to an indulgence in the wildest surmises, the most lurid suspicions, the most grandiose and Gargantuan hallucinations. To take only one example, the Isle of Thanet was convulsed on Boxing Day by a rumour that the North Foreland golf-links had passed under the control of an American syndicate, headed by Mr. Vanderlip, who proposed to utilise the space for the erection of huge buildings exclusively devoted to the manufacture of Stetson hats.

But, to return to individual instances of mental upheaval, perhaps the saddest case is that of the passenger on the Brighton line, mentioned in *The Times* of December 28th, who was reduced to reading *The Arabian Nights* during the previous three days. This gentleman, who lives at Hayward's Heath, has developed acute Oriental botulism, which a return to his usual journalistic diet has so far entirely failed to eradicate. He now reads *The Times* through a distorting medium which causes him to identify Sir PERCY SCOTT with Windbag the Sailor and to regard Lord NORTHCLIFFE as the Gloomy Djinn of Carmelite House. He is still under close observation and on a low diet, but the distressing complex developed by his ordeal shows no signs of subsidence.

Almost equally distressing is the condition of the unfortunate stockbroker who subsisted for seventy-two hours on *True Stories of Historical Characters*. With him the un-hinging process was brought about by the amazing contrast between his emergency ration and the flood of nutritious information supplied in his usual daily mental pabulum. But the dulness of unmitigated veracity has engendered in him such profound depression that stories of flying battle-ships and unidentified earthquakes have so far failed to rouse him from his lethargy.

There remains the tragic case of the small shopkeeper who during the suspension of newspaper publications not only lost the profit on their sale, but also the incidental trade in tobacco, stationery and oddments which those who buy papers pick up and even pay for. For the painful fact emerges that a certain number of misguided people, having contrived to exist without a fearless and independent daily Press for three days, have resolved to dispense indefinitely with the newspaper habit. Inasmuch as the papers provide the only education that the greater part of the public receives after leaving school, the results of this abstention cannot be contemplated without consternation.

Economy within limits is a wholesome thing, but it may be carried to suicidal extremes. We have so far been spared the recurrence of epidemic influenza, but a general strike of daily newspaper readers and subscribers would be a national calamity of an infinitely more appalling character. To abstain from the newspaper habit for short periods can do most of its devotees no harm, and may even give a fresh zest to their appetites when they are again fortunate enough to be able to indulge it. But a prolonged and deliberate refusal to profit by the salutary and stimulating nourishment furnished by conscientious, fearless and independent daily newspapers would indicate a national cachexia, not to say insanity, which the resources of the Ministry of Health as at present constituted would be powerless to combat. If Dr. ADDISON has the faintest, the most rudimentary, conception of his responsibilities he should lose not a moment's time in establishing clinics for the observation of the cases already noted, and take all suitable measures to prevent the extension of this subtle and formidable malady.

## Henny-Penny.

"While putting eggs into a basket Mrs. — noticed a rib-like mark encircling one. When Mrs. — broke it into a basin intending to utilise it in a pudding, to her great surprise she found it contained a penny." — *Local Paper*.

And that's how our nursery-rhymes come true.

From a correspondence-column headed "What do You Know about Canada?":—

"The lieutenant-governor summons, prorogues and dissolves the legislature and sings all orders-in-council, proclamations and appointments to office." — *Canadian Paper*.

His duty, in short, is to promote harmony in every way.



### THE GLAD EAR.

FIRST SINN FEINER. "SURE 'T WAS A FINE TALE WE GAVE THIM LABOUR BHOYS TO SWALLOW."

SECOND DITTO. "AN' 'T WAS A FINE APPETITE THEY HAD FOR UT."



AT OUR HOTEL.  
THE DECAY OF CHIVALRY.

### CHARIVARIA.

D'ANNUNZIO has surrendered Fiume. It is said that he was only waiting for somebody to help him to let go.

It is rumoured that in view of possible Ministerial changes members of the Government have agreed to pool their New Year's resolutions.

The position of Mrs. LEEDS in the Greek Royal Family, it seems, is more than that of a morganatic wife. In consideration of her dollars it might be called almost Pierpont-Morganatic.

We note that Lord BEAVERBROOK is a warm advocate of an international Naval holiday. It would be rather jolly if it could be spent at his Lordship's little place in Surrey.

A correspondent in a contemporary inquires as to who first invented camphor-balls. We believe he is acting on behalf of a couple of moths.

Although a Slate Club has been de-

frauded for the third year in succession, it is not considered to have won the championship outright, as the absconding treasurer was not the same on each occasion.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is credited with having resolved to discover a land fit for heroes to emigrate to.

"The public," according to a Labour Member of Parliament, "gets little real information from the newspapers." We understand that rather than take this rebuke lying down a certain section of the Press has arranged to issue particulars of its net sales every hour, instead of twice daily, as heretofore.

"The air," says a leader-writer of *The Daily Mail*, "as most people know, is a mixture of four parts of nitrogen and one part of oxygen." The belief that it consisted of one part of ozone and three parts of LOVAT FRASER still obtains among the uninitiated.

A period of exceptionally bad weather is predicted, but *The Daily Mail* is not

going to be put off by that. The weather in Thanet is to be postponed until the bad spell is over.

A severe earthquake involving several streets is reported from China, and the Winter Bargain Sales opened in London last week.

The Rhondda miners have decided to return to work after their recent strike. They are now arranging their 1921 Strike Fixture Lists.

In three London police courts there were no Bank Holiday charges. This raises the question as to whether bank holidays are quite the success that they used to be.

In Missouri eight thousand gallons of whisky were stolen and no clue left. We can only suppose that the thief was too busy to bother about leaving any trace.

"The *Aquitania*," says a contemporary, "is so wide that she could not be squeezed into Northumberland

Avenue." We presume therefore that the project has been abandoned.

An M.P. is resigning because he is disappointed with Parliamentary life. Considering the efforts that have been made by his colleagues to amuse him (free of Entertainment Tax) he might have been less ungracious about it.

"Armstrong perceived that for once in a way he could remove the break from his batting," writes a cricket expert. It is, of course, a favourite trick of these googlie batsmen.

We have been reminded that America and Germany are still technically at war. Mr. BOTTOMLEY, however, is believed to be confident that they will be technically at peace by next Christmas.

"Wool," says a contemporary, "is one of the commodities whose expanding use betokens prosperity." We had gathered as much from the appearance of certain fancy waistcoats.

The defects in the new silver coins are said to be due to bubbles. This must be the inflated currency we have heard so much about.

Up to the time of going to press no report of the cuckoo being heard this year had appeared in any of our leading daily papers.

This is the season when dog-licences should be renewed. At the same time it is desirable to warn the public that the police have sharp eyes for anyone keeping a licence without a dog.

A poacher recently fined five pounds for being found in a private park at night was stated to have been carrying a lamp and several boxes of matches. No attention was paid to his excuse that he was only curious to discover whether rabbits slept on their right side or on their back.

"Pigs and poultry," we are told, "may be kept in the same pen and should result in a good profit on the outlay." We fear however that those readers who expect the hens to lay a rasher with their eggs are doomed to disappointment.

A medical writer states that "a hot-water bottle in bed at night is very bad for chilblains." We shall certainly carry on with our bottle, as we consider nothing is too bad for chilblains.

The *Figaro* states that Lieut. DELAMARE MAZE has invented a new gun



Albert (to hierarch, who has slipped up on a banana skin). "YER WOULDN'T DO THAT, GUV'NOR, IF YER WORE ROLLER SKATES."

with a range of two hundred miles. Mr. CHURCHILL is to be asked if he happens to know of a long-distance war to fit it.

The *Daily Mail* points out that there were fifty-three Fridays in the year 1920. Our own M.P. shall certainly hear about this.

A man has been charged with stealing from Sir ERIC GEDDES. The audacity of some people is simply astounding.

Miss F. D. ESCOMBE protests against the way pastrycooks handle pastries with their fingers. Several persons in the business point out that they insist on having their pastries dusted every morning.

With reference to the armorial bearings of soldier Peers, a contemporary states that Lord PLUMER "has gone to the Colonies for one of his supporters in the shape of a trooper of the Rhodesian Field Force." We wish the

gallant general *bon voyage*, and congratulate in advance whatever warrior he may select.

A Christmas card posted at Melksham in December, 1907, has just been delivered at Reading. It is good to find that somebody took the hint of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to post early and avoid the rush.

The monthly assassination of General VILLA is now eight days overdue and it is feared that all is not well with him.

"A nurse, aged 50, is advertising for a husband in the Philadelphia papers. The first caller was a tramp, but as he was anything but well dressed, his suit was not approved."

*Daily Paper.*

We conclude that it wasn't sufficiently pressed.

"Wholesale prices of some of those goods have been cut by more than 100%."

*Birmingham Paper.*

The retailers should be able to give them away and still make a profit.

## THE DAVID JAZZ.

[The PRIME MINISTER has spoken scornfully of "the savage music of the jazz band outside." This music is not very easy to represent in verse, and, if it had not been for the helpful example of Mr. VACHEL LINDSAY, the American poet, in *The Daniel Jazz and other Poems*, we don't think we could have done it. The lines which follow are as faithful an imitation as we could manage of this particular Muse.]

[Beginning with a strain of "Dixie."]

OLD man ALF was an ink proprietor;  
His voice was loud and never grew quieter;  
He kept rude scribes in a monstrous den  
To hammer on a gong at Cabinet men.

*Hark to the Mail-horn, rail-horn, sale-horn,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*  
*Listen to the Times-horn, chimes-horn, crimes-horn,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*  
*Pom, bing, pom!*

[With a touch of ALEXANDER'S ragtime band.]

DAVID was the chief hired man of the land;  
He ladled out the gold with either hand;  
He talked flap-doodle; he beat upon his chest;  
And DAVID kept a-saying, "I done my best."

[Chorus, please, audience.]

DAVID kept a-saying, "I done my best."  
DAVID kept a-saying, "I done my best."

DAVID was a wizard and he talked right sweet;  
He had a little shack up in Downing Street;  
And he would let in whoever asked for money,  
Hoboes and hoodoos and everybody funny.  
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL leaves his card,  
NEBUCHADNEZZAR is waiting in the yard.  
Here come the Philistines; here comes SAUL;  
Here comes TROTSKY with his frightful gail;  
Here comes FISHER a-pleading for the chicks;  
Here comes ADDISON asking for a loan  
And the bricks.

[Here the audience shouts "Bricks!"]

Here comes an Unemployment Measure,  
Here comes a limpet looking for some leisure;  
Here comes PHARAOH and here comes MAC;  
Here comes ERIC with his railroad track;  
And the taxpayer cried, "We won't be bled,"  
But DAVID looked out of the window and said:—

*Hark to the waste-horn, baste-horn, paste-horn,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*  
*Hark to the news-horn, news-horn, Jew's-horn,  
Dulcimer, sackbut, psaltery and hautboys,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*  
*Pong, ping, pong!*

And some of the papers were kind to DAVID;  
Some of them were nice while others ravé;  
And this was sweet as molasses to the lips,  
Lovely and pleasant as molasses to the lips;  
But old man ALFRED was always grim,  
And he said, "I will loose my scribes at him."  
So ALFRED said to the scribes,  
"Bite DAVID! Bite DAVID!  
Bite him! Bite him! Bite him!"

[Here the Editor says, "Bite him!"]

Thus roared the scribes:  
"Give us DAVID, DAVID, DAVID!  
Give us DAVID, DAVID, DAVID!  
Owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo!  
Owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo, owoo!"

[Here the composers will kindly howl.]

And DAVID did not worry,  
DAVID did not care;

He kept looking up at the mountains  
And out over the waters,  
Waiting for the whale,  
The whale of the Coalition.

[Ed. Look here, I don't understand. First it was DAVID, and then it was DANIEL, and now it seems to be JONAH.]

Author. Yes, that's just the funny thing about jazz-poems. Everything does get mixed up like that. Besides there's a whole poem about whales in the book.

Ed. Oh!]

And the whale came up through the waters,  
The whale of the Coalition.

What is the number of the big whale's vote?

*Huge, huge, huge!* [Audience again, please.]

What is the nature of the big whale's throat?

*Huge, huge, huge!*

[As before.]

And the whale swallowed DAVID,

And the whale swallowed DAVID,

And as he went down he said:—

*Hark to the Mail-horn, wail-horn, fail-horn,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*  
*Hark to the growl-horn, howl-horn, foul-horn.  
I shall come up again,  
I shall come up again,  
I shall come up again.*  
*Ping!*

EVOE.

## A NEW PASTIME.

ON glancing at a fellow-passenger's *Times* the other day I was delighted to catch sight of the headlines, "Dentistry for All: Dr. Addison's New Scheme." If the MINISTER FOR HEALTH is indeed able to open the way for the masses to enjoy the pleasures of dentistry he will contribute in no small degree to the amenities of life.

Hitherto this fascinating pursuit has been the exclusive privilege of a limited class who have had the time and the inclination to undergo an exacting and expensive course of studies—a preparation which, on the face of it, is unnecessarily elaborate for indulgence in so simple a recreation.

Now, let us hope, it will be as easy for one to take up dentistry as a hobby as it has long been for the amateur flautist or the dilettante cabinet-maker to indulge his particular form of amusement. An inexpensive treadle-drill and a handful of those fascinating stilettos, chisels, probes and other forms of tooth-pick which help to make dentistry what it is will be all the equipment required by one who chooses to adopt this delightful pastime.

After a trying day in the office how could one employ one's leisure more happily than by going home to one's own fireside, putting on slippers, lighting a pipe and settling down comfortably to an hour or two of quiet dentistry? There is nothing to equal it for diverting one's mind from the irritating annoyances and often overwhelming anxieties of business. With the drill running sweetly, a suitable companion in the chair and every little tool in its place, the hours would fly all too quickly in so absorbing an occupation.

For my part I propose to make immediate inquiries about a simple outfit suitable for a beginner. The difficulty, of course, will be to find a congenial playmate, for I have noticed—and my observations have not been confined to children's games—a deplorable tendency among those who engage in any pastime to want to take the leading part.

Q. What is a sceptic?

A. A sceptic is one who counts the legs of a centipede.

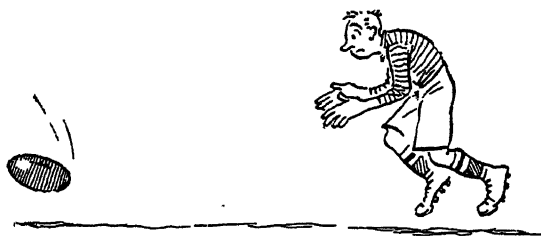


A FREE KICK SHALL BE AWARDED IF—

*Jougasse*



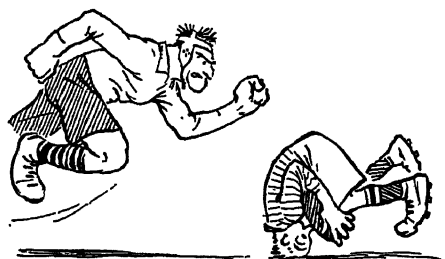
—ANY PLAYER—



—BEING—



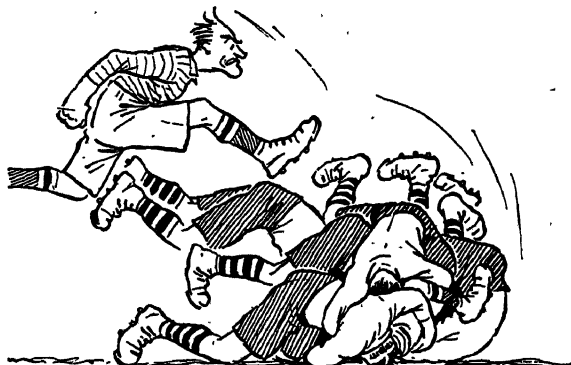
—ON—



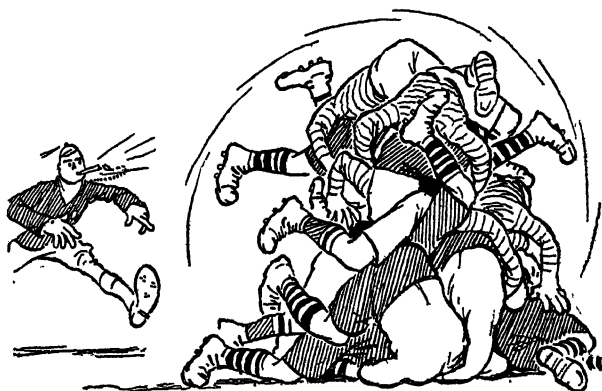
—THE GROUND—



—DOES NOT—



—IMMEDIATELY—



—GET—



—UP.

## SILENT SAILORS, OR—?

## A NAVAL SYMPOSIUM.

[We understand that during the Christmas holidays a conference was held between various distinguished Admirals, naval experts and minor members of the Silent Service, with the object of clearing up once and for all one or two recent newspaper controversies. It was marked, of course, by that frank and conciliatory manner which we have long learned to associate with discussions about the sea. The following is a brief note of the principal arguments employed.]

*Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT.* Morning, all! I have had you mustered like this because I really doubt if any of the newspapers will go on printing my letters much longer—much less yours; besides, if we aren't careful, people will begin to mix us up with those writer fellows.

*Mr. ARTHUR POLLEN.* No danger, I assure you.

*Adm. Sir P. S.* I say, why do you wear those awful collars? Cheese it, as the cabman said.

*Me.* What is the use of an Admiral?

*A Midshipman.* Blimey, what indeed?

*Admiral Sir R. CUSTANCE.* Hear that, PERCY?

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Don't call me "PERCY," you old fool.

*Admiral Sir R. BACON.* I agree with CUSTANCE; the object of an Admiral—

*Adm. Sir P. S. (soothingly).* Conceited jackanapes! When I was a midshipman I got out a plan for a submersible Admiral. This was accepted by the Admiralty, and the first two completed units would have been ready by 1930 if the War had gone on. Don't you see, you blithering idiots—

*Mr. A. P.* I thought we were going to talk about Jutland?

*Admiral Lord BEATTY.* Belay there!

*Me.* What is the use of an Admiral?

*Adm. Sir R. C.* The object of an Admiral—

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Don't interrupt, you blockhead. You may laugh, but I have here the completed design for a flying battleship—

*Adm. Sir R. B.* Do you mean that one of HEATH ROBINSON's?

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Oh, yes, you think you're funny, don't you? But "he laughs loudest," as the monkey said. Seven of these ships were actually used

during the War—entirely owing to me. One of them was on duty over the Admiralty—

*Sir HENRY NEWBOLT (very cheerfully).* The old *Superb* was barnacled—

*Adm. Sir P. S.* So is the Admiralty—ha, ha!

*Adm. Lord B.* Belay there!

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Belay yourself. I was an Admiral before you were born.

*Me (patiently).* What is the use of an Admiral?

*Mr. A. P.* If only JELICOE hadn't turned to starboard at 7.16—

*Admiral Lord JELICOE (meekly, by wireless).* I apologise.



*Insufferable Bounder (to stranger).* "YOU'D NEVER KNOW ME WITHOUT THIS MAKE-UP."

*Partner (who has no intention of resuming the acquaintance).* "I'M SURE I SHOULDN'T."

*Mr. A. P. (not to be bamboozled).* Yes, but at 7.17 you turned again.

*Adm. Lord J. (dreamily).* So did WHITTINGTON.

*Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.* Ha, ha! A good old sea-jest. Smacks of the binnacle.

*Adm. Sir R. C.* Barnacle?

*Adm. Sir P. S. (infuriated).* No, binnacle, you old dodderer! Shiver my timbers! What asses you all are!

*Adm. Lord B.* Belay there!

*Adm. Lord J. (in a gentlemanly way).* Worms turn.

*Mr. A. P. (hotly).* But not to starboard. What you did at the Battle of Jutland—

*Adm. Lord J. (deprecatingly).* What makes you think I was at the Battle of Jutland? I thought you'd proved—

*Adm. Lord B.* Belay there!

*Mr. A. P. (gloomily).* I wish I'd been there.

*Adm. Lord J.* What would you have done, Arthur?

*Mr. A. P.* I should have sunk all the enemy's ships before he sank any of ours. That is the object of warfare. The aggregation of co-ordinate sea-units—

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Oh, chuck it. You writing fellows talk too much.

*Sir H. N. (happily).* The old *Superb*—

*Adm. Sir P. S. (angrily).* Do you mean me?

*Sir H. N.* No, it was a battle-ship.

*Adm. Sir P. S. (suspiciously).* A flying one? If not, it was no damn good. When I was Director of Rudders in '84—

*A Midshipman.* Oh, hell!

*Adm. Sir P. S. (admiringly).* That's the spirit. Let 'em have it, as my old uncle used to say when the dog got hold of the chickens. The Admiralty—

*Adm. Lord B.* Belay there!

*Mr. A. P. (pompously).* The conduct of a battle—

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Battles are obsolete. Avast! If you'd read the third column of my last letter to *The Times*—

*Adm. Lord B.* Belay there!

*Adm. Lord J. (romantically).* Turn again, JELICOE!

*Mr. A. P.* If you'd taken my advice—

*Adm. Sir R. C.* What I say is this—

*Adm. Sir R. B.* What I say is this—  
*Admiral WYMOUTH.* What I say is this—

*Adm. Sir P. S.* Don't interrupt, you ninnies. The idea of the submersible Admiral—

*Me.* Is the best thing I've heard yet. *The Official Historian (gloomily).* Would anyone like my job?

*All the Admirals.* Yes, rather!

*Midshipman.* 'Struth! A. P. H.

"Major-General — joined the — Regiment in 1854, and was made a colonel in 1873. He served in the Crimean campaign from November, 1845, until July, 1856, and was at the fall of Sebastopol in 1911."

*Scots Paper, December 27th.*

Yet we have always been told that they do not celebrate Christmas in Scotland.





M. F. H. "ROTTEN DAY YOU'VE HAD, I'M AFRAID—NO SCENT AT ALL."

American Guest. "WELL, I'LL ALLOW YOUR FOXES DON'T SEEM TO SMELL MUCH. I RECKON THEY WANT CROSSING WITH OUR SKUNKS. OUR SKUNKS HAVE SOME AROMA."

### SHOULD COTTON BE CHEAPER?

PERSONALLY I am delighted at the news that the tenpenny reel of cotton is likely to be reduced in price to eightpence. I may now hope to have the third button replaced on my waistcoat. The gap made by its absence has been doubly noticeable, because it is not only the third from the top but the third from the bottom as well. They were making them with only five buttons in the spring of 1914, you will remember.

Let us hope, however, that the decision to reduce the price has been arrived at only after proper consideration. I do not wish to be selfish; I can easily wait a few months longer, and as a matter of fact the absence of the button has the advantage of saving time in dressing. Out of doors I walk quickly, and indoors I thrust my hand into my bosom while confronting anyone, excepting at mealtimes, when I tuck my napkin into my collar, so that really the defect is often concealed.

What I want to know is, how will this reduction in price affect international relationship? Where does Italy stand? Will Japan be incited to com-

mercial reprisals which may react upon the fire-screen industry, let us say? I may as well state at once that I have no use whatever for eightpenny sewing-cotton if the peace of the world is likely to be imperilled by its institution.

What about our overseas dependencies? I do hope the directors of the cotton companies are fully assured that nobody in Saskatchewan will suffer by the facilities afforded for my waistcoat-button to be sewn on. And have they remembered, in taking a step which must naturally give to themselves the deepest gratification, the claims of their countless shareholders? Better a thousand times that the button should remain for ever in the ash-tray on the dining-room mantelpiece than that any widow or orphan or country clergyman should be deprived of a just return for the investment of money.

I think it well to raise these questions while yet there is time, knowing only too well that, especially at this season of the year, the impulse to open-handed generosity may, if yielded to without proper thought, commit one to injustice or even irreparable injury to interests which should be considered.

### University News—Exclusive.

"From 1625 to 1686, during the years of the Stuart Kings of England, the Dean of Christ Church College, Cambridge University, was Dr. Fell."—*Canadian Paper*.

"At the recent examination for entrance scholarships to Cambridge University, Oswald — was elected to an open scholarship in science, valued £40, at Sidney College, Sussex."—*North-Country Paper*.

"Superior General Servant wanted (town), light household work: unattached young man to assist; plenty recreation."—*Irish Paper*.

Recreation will presumably take the form of attaching the unattached young man.

"He went across to the fireplace and stood with his back to its warmth, staring into the fire with unseeing eyes."—*Magazine*.

Obviously the poor fellow's head was turned.

"The rumour that the Italian Government intends to prohibit the export of wines and grapes is impounded."—*Scots Paper*.

Unfortunately several other rumours are still at large.

"Pelman Memory Course for Wyandotte or R. I. R. pullets."—*Canadian Paper*.

But is there no danger of their becoming broody?



Mother. "WELL, DEAR, HAS JACK KISSED YOU UNDER THE MISTLETOE?"

Mary (demurely). "YES, MUMMY."

Mother. "AND DID YOU ENJOY IT?"

Mary. "YES, THANK YOU, MUMMY; BUT (very demurely) I STRUGGLED."

### THE AUTOMOBOT.

FROM his earliest days Ebenezer Mackern

Gave signs of a highly mechanical turn,  
And his patient researches bore ultimate fruit

In his crowning invention, the Automoboot.

The horse-power was modest—not more than a-half;

The tank was strapped on to the motorist's calf;

The engine was small and surprisingly mute;

There were only two wheels to each Automoboot.

Mackern had no trouble in floating his scheme,

For the name was a triumph—a regular dream;

Lord Thanet indited a cordial salute  
And purchased ten pairs of the Automoboot.

Then the Press that is fearless, impartial and sane

In unison chanted a similar strain,  
And all wearers of Sandringham hats followed suit

In a pæan of praise of the Automoboot.

It was mentioned in sermons remarkably soon;

Mr. BOTTOMLEY called it a national boon;

And the latest and quite the most gorgeous recruit.

In the list of our clubs was The Automoboot.

For myself I admit the machine on the flat.

Worked passably well, but I leave it at that;

For I'd rather descend on a "dud" parachute

Than travel downhill on the Automoboot.

It is true that the DEAN, the dispeller of joy,

Pronounced the invention a "decadent toy,"

And refused to allow any person to scoot  
Up the aisle of St. Paul's on an Automoboot.

But it wasn't the chartered dispenser of gloom

Who burst up the bubble and ended the boom,

Eternally linking with dire disrepute  
The use and the name of the Automoboot.

No, the doom of this far too notorious machine

Was pronounced on the day when the PREMIER was seen

Cavorting to Cobham, with honk and with hoot,

On the wheels of a new super-Automoboot.

This shocking performance, the last of his crimes,

Was dealt with in dignified style by *The Times*,

Which implied that by far the most dangerous brute

Was the road-hog who mounted the Automoboot.

After that it was clear nothing more could be said

In defence of a habit so vile and ill-bred,

And Lord Thanet went off on a trip to Beyrout

In the hope of forgetting the Automoboot.

What fortune befell Ebenezer Mackern I've never been able precisely to learn;

Some say that he took to absinthe and vermouth;

All agree 'twas L. G. killed the Automoboot.



## THE LATEST BACK NUMBER.

UNCLE SAM ("THE SEA LION COMIQUE") sings:—

"WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT, BY DANIELS, IF WE DO  
WE'RE GETTING THE SHIPS, WE'VE GOT THE MEN, WE'VE GOT THE MONEY TOO!"

JOHN BULL. "VERY QUAIN'T, THESE OLD-WORLD SONGS; THEY TAKE ME BACK THIRTY  
YEARS AND MORE BEFORE THE WAR."

[We are glad to hear the report that the above turn is likely to be cut out.]





*Applicant for Situation.* "AND 'OW LONG DID YER LAST COOK OBLIGE YER?"

## THE PASSING OF ANDREW.

HOGMANAY!

Motor-cars and steam lorries tore through the streets, spraying the pedestrians with mud. As fast as they were muddled they were washed down again by huge blobs of rain driven by a fierce wind.

Hogmanay! the last day of the year, and perfect weather for it. (This is a story of Glasgow.)

As seen by the casual observer the staid business men hurrying busily from one coffee-house to another, trying to dodge acquaintances, presented the same appearance as on any other day of the year. But to one possessing insight there was a subtle difference. To the experienced eye was discernible in each an air of resolution, of fixed determination to attend that night the Annual Festival at Glasgow Cross, there to bring his bottle out and the New Year in.

The narrow streets rang with the skelping of rain-sodden kilts on brawny legs, but above this and the howling of the wind could be heard the skirl of the bagpipes. In an office somewhere a city magnate was piping to his staff to encourage them to work harder and

thus make up for the next day's holiday. He only piped half-heartedly; New Year's Day falling on a Saturday, it would only be a half-holiday.

\* \* \* \* \*

Andrew MacMutchkin and his friend paused outside a coffee-house. A silence fell between them. Neither wanted to be the one to suggest going in. At that moment one of the pipes which convey the rain-water from the roofs to the drains burst. It had worn thin. A large piece of iron piping and a four-inch stream of water hit Andrew on the back of the neck.

"MacCrianlarich," said he, "it's startin' tae rain a wee thing mair, and Ah'm thinkin' there's maybe hail-stanes amang it. Did ye say a coffee?"

"Ah didna," replied Auchterlonie MacCrianlarich fiercely. "Hae Ah no telt ye a'ready Ah had yin yesterday? But as ye're pressin' . . ."

"Naw, naw, Auchterlonie! Ower muckle coffee's bad for the nerves. But we nicht gang in and sit doon fornenst twa empty cups. That wad keep the bit lassie frae speirin'. Forbye," he added, "they hae matches on the tables here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Away in the Highlands—about two miles out of Glasgow, in fact—a guid-wife sat preparing the Ne'erday dumpling. Having rolled it on the floor until it was a perfect sphere she produced a box of drawing instruments. First, with her thumb-nail she put in the equator and the meridian of Greenwich; then she proceeded to map out all the countries in their correct relative positions, their capitals and principal cities marked, and every tenth meridian and parallel. Scottish education is a wonderful thing.

This accomplished, she returned her dividers, protractor and flexible scale to their plush-lined box and picked up her bowl of pre-war currants. Only four were left.

One she placed in the dumpling where Glasgow was marked. Did not her man toil for her there? One she placed at Auchenfechnie, near the top left-hand side of Scotland. Was there not a bonnie wee distillery there? The third she stuck in about the middle of the coast of Florida. It was there her brother, the Kirk elder, was running contraband whisky. The fourth and last she placed in the middle of France. Somewhere in France her son Jamie



*The Pro.* "AY, THERE MIGHT BE A CHANCE FOR HIM IF HE WERE NO' SO HOPELESSLY LIGHT-HAIREDT ABOUT THE GAME."

—she sighed at the recollection—her Jamie had laid down his whisky and turned his head for a second. When he turned it back again his whisky was gone; and from that day to this he had been reported only at odd intervals, still in pursuit of the other Scot.

The preparations complete, she lit the gas-ring and gently placed the dumpling on it to bake; then crossing the kitchen threw herself down luxuriously on a chair in which eight generations of MacMutchkins had rested their weary limbs after the day's work was over. Public-houses were further apart in those days.

Her pet haggis ran to her side and prettily sat up and begged for a slab of shortbread. He got what he was asking for.

As she reclined there, polishing the corkscrew, a sweet song rose to her lips:—

The belles o' Spain are unco nate,  
The French señoras jolies,  
But Glesca lassies hae them bate  
At fechtin' wi' the polis.

The alarum-clock went off.

Half-past six! In a minute or two her man would return from the city, bringing good cheer.

A latchkey scraped in the front-door lock; the door opened and shut with a

crash; a hollow groan and slow heavy footsteps sounded in the lobby. Janet sprang to her feet and met Andrew at the kitchen door.

His glengarry bonnet was on cross-wise, the tails hanging over one ear. His sporran swung listlessly from his left hand; his eyes had a vacant stare. He spoke thickly, swayed on his feet and passed his right hand slowly across his damp forehead.

Janet was puzzled. He looked quite normal. Hundreds of Glasgow guid-wives would have thought the same. Yet something must be wrong.

"What ails ye, man?" she asked in her soft Glasgow accent.

"... from him that hath not shall be taken away even the little that he hath," moaned Andrew.

"Awndra, ye've been playin' ha'-penny nap."

"Wumman, dinna jest. That haverin' body MacCrianlarich kepptit me at the dinner-hoor, and on ma way hame the nicht Ah gaed intil MacDonald's—and it's a dirty thievin' clan he belongs tae—and he tells me ye canna buy a bottle efter half-past twa o'clock on Fridays!"

BANG!

The neglected dumpling burst into smithereens.

A portion representing the United States of America flew across the kitchen and, catching Andrew MacMutchkin fairly between the eyes, killed him instantly.

A merciful death.

For what is Hogmanay to a Scotsman without whisky?

"ATHENS TAKES TO MONOCLES."

*Daily Paper.*

Rather a come-down for the city that once took to THEMISTOCLES. But among the blind the one-eyed is king.

"At 8 a.m. a smart young milkmaid left the pony in charge of a blacksmith and walked into the church. Almost simultaneously a fine young fellow drove up in a motor-car and hurried into the church.

Fifteen months later they came out together man and wife."—*Provincial Paper.*

Not a case, we trust, of "Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

"PERSONAL—Will the parent of Master Parimal —, not excuse his friend and well-wisher as their eldest son and allow Master Parimal to be again in friendly terms with him? If so please reply with letter of coalition."—*Indian Paper.*

If any relative of Mr. ASQUITH desires to approach the PRIME MINISTER in a similar manner Mr. Punch's columns are open to him—or her.





### WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

*Lady Godiva's Husband.* "A DEPUTATION HATH ARRIVED FROM THE BURGESSES, GODIVA, TO PRAY THEE TO GET A NEW TAX REPEALED. ART WILLING TO FREE THEM ON THE SAME OLD TERMS?"

*Lady Godiva.* "ALAS, MY LORD, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. I HAVE JUST HAD MY HAIR BOBBED."

### BY NO INADVERTENCE.

STRANGE things do occasionally happen and I met a man yesterday who has discovered how to make the Christmas aftermath enjoyable too. To most of us it is a season of dark awakening. We return to our senses; make new resolves; listen in terror to the postman's knock, which the other day, when Christmas was setting in, had been so welcome; view with increasing alarm the bills that the postman brings, and generally find life bitter to the taste. But this man has hit on a way to fill the days between Christmas Day and New Year's Day with splendour and with joy.

Like all great inventions, his is simplicity itself. All that it needs is a certain courage, a balance at the bank and a forgetful mind. No more.

But the inventor shall explain.

"For many years," he said, "Christmas had been poisoned for me by thoughts of the impending reckoning. I could never escape them. They intruded between the mince-pie and the mouth, lurked in the plum-pudding, pervaded the mottoes in the crackers, made the wish, 'A Happy Christmas,' a kind

of threat. And no doubt other people have had the same feeling. Well, it became so serious that this last December I realised that steps must be taken, and this is what I did. I made out a list containing every penny that I owed, guessing at the totals of various tradesmen's bills which would be coming in with a tactless punctuality somewhere about December 31st, but guessing liberally. Having put everything down, I then added twenty-five per cent. to every one—even the rent—and wrote out cheques and posted them, as though they were Christmas cards, on December 23rd. I even bought a number of presents I should not have done in previous years and wrote excessive cheques for those too.

"Now," he said—"and this is the point of the scheme, the heart of the mystery—having written the cheques and posted them, I forgot them. They passed completely out of my consciousness, as all money paid does. All that I retained was a sense of perfect solvency and a faint impression that something, somehow, somewhere, was due to me some time.

"Thus prepared," he continued, "how could the season of mirth fail to please?

I have never had such a Christmas before. All my liabilities being off my mind I was care-free and gay. Not only was the present delightful but the future held no fears. On the contrary it held that hazy golden promise."

"And the golden promise came true, for every post since has brought me receipts from my late creditors, and every receipt has had a cheque pinned to it representing the amount which 'by some inadvertence' I had overpaid. Each cheque seemed like a beautiful bolt from the blue, and to receive nothing but cheques immediately after Christmas is an experience so rare and ravishing that I am convinced that before long all the world will follow my example. You will, won't you?"

"I would," I said, "if I had your courage, your bank-balance and your gift of forgetfulness."

MR. H. G. WELLS ON MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES:—

"He says I called Lenin 'the beloved Lenin'—a lie, out and out, but who is going to rouble about that?"—*Evening Paper.*

We infer that Mr. WELLS does not care the smallest possible coin about Mr. JONES.

## PERSONAL LEAGUE PARAGRAPHS.

THE Assembly of the League of Nations (I know you thought this article was going to be about a Football League), whether in full session or in its committees, has given free play to the great personalities of the day. "Always the politeness;" let us deal in the first place with our distinguished ally, France, principal amongst whose delegates is

M. BOURGEOIS.

If you were to discuss any abstract subject with him you would be irresistibly won by his Latin genius. If, on the other hand, you shared a railway-carriage with him, you would quarrel with him, conspire and intrigue against him and finally come to blows on the question of the window. You would discover that French is French and English is English, and never the twain shall meet on the question of ventilation.

At the sitting of a Committee (happily not on the subject of whether air should be warm or fresh) the English element found themselves being slowly suffocated by the increasing heat of the room. But their determination to secure the world's peace at any price forbade them to protest as ventilator after ventilator was closed. When finally it seemed that the room was hermetically sealed and death by asphyxiation was assured, M. BOURGEOIS, who already had a rug over his knees, still suspected danger from the draughts and asked those present if they would object to his wearing his hat? "Not at all," said

Mr. BALFOUR,

"if you don't mind my undressing."

Lord ROBERT CECIL

has once more demonstrated that unresting forcefulness which is essentially his personal characteristic. His patent strength has attracted to him all sorts and conditions of persons desirous of an interview. There have been times when his secretary has had waiting for him applicants so numerous that Lord ROBERT's bedroom, sitting-room, dressing-room, private corridor, as well as his secretary's bedroom and all other niches available, have been filled with applicants waiting to catch him as he comes in. There was one man, an American journalist, who waited and waited but got no interview. So he invented the interview, and the publication of it did not please Lord ROBERT. The latter therefore caused his secretary to summon this American journalist to his presence, with a view to his being afforded such an interview as he would never forget in his lifetime here on earth. Let him be ready for Lord

ROBERT at about the hour of luncheon, when appetite would strengthen temper and vigorous justice might be done.

The American was duly secured and put to wait in Lord ROBERT's bedroom, where things might be said which were best not overheard. This was the secretary's idea, who knew his master. Meanwhile it had become noised abroad that interviews were being afforded about the luncheon hour that day, and the usual crowd assembled and the usual niches, and more also, were filled up. At the last moment, the most important of all the applicants arrived; him the secretary advised to wait in the entrance hall of the hotel, so that he might accost Lord ROBERT first and have his interview in the lift. "Say to him," said the secretary, "that I have specially arranged this appointment for you."

Lord ROBERT arrived, hungry and forceful. The applicant accosted him, as by an appointment specially made by his secretary. Unfortunately for himself he spoke English, and any peculiarity about his speech was ascribed by Lord ROBERT to Americanism...

It was the most remarkable and most turbulent journey the liftman ever remembers making in a long and varied career. Such violent things as Lord ROBERT said his unhappy victim had never before heard. And, when he was finally asked, after a full enumeration of the misdeeds he was charged with, who the... he thought he was, the victim, fainting with fear, was almost persuaded into thinking himself mistaken in having hitherto supposed that he was

The PRIME MINISTER OF LITHUANIA.

Mr. BARNES

has a reputation for carrying conviction in his public speeches. This, however, is how he came by it with certain ladies of the audience who had the rare gift of being able to understand French as well as they understood English. Mr. BARNES happened to be the speaker of the day. They listened with acute interest to every word he spoke and were quite enchanted with him. They then turned their attention to the next speaker, who had been taking copious notes. This man spoke in French and the ladies anticipated a courteous but unsparing answer to the arguments advanced by Mr. BARNES. They were, however, struck with the exact agreement of all that the Frenchman said with all that Mr. BARNES had said. This, they considered, spoke volumes for the conviction that Mr. BARNES carried; point by point, all that he had uttered was confirmed by the Frenchman.

The Frenchman was the interpreter.

And lastly a humble typist, who must ever remain as nameless as humble, expresses admiration for the true spirit of equality to be found in Switzerland only. She contrasts the attitude of the native Swiss caterer with that of the English firm who catered for the Peacemakers in Paris.

For weeks, in the Paris feeding place, she had endured the mutton and the hash and the hash and the mutton. Having remarked on the side-table the presence of a cold chicken not named on the menu she made bold at last to ask for some. The brutal waiter coldly informed her that there was only mutton and hash; no cold chicken. But, she said, she could see the fowl, cooked and cold, waiting to be eaten.

"That chicken, Miss," said the waiter as one dealing with over-presumption—"that chicken, Miss, is reserved exclusively for Prime Ministers."

## TO JOYCE

(rising nine).

Just a day more to wait and you've finished with "eight,"

For to-morrow's the great anniversary,

And in "Make-believe Street," as a very great treat,

I'm invited to tea in the nursery.

Though I'm no *Peter Pan*, for I've grown to a man

And my candles would cover a cake up, I propose to be then not a day over ten  
In the juvenile rôle that I take up.

And we won't be downstairs, where they give themselves airs

With their silly "Sit still" and "Be quiet;"

If they don't like our play they can just stay away,

Leaving us to our romps and our riot, And confine themselves each to their "sensible" speech

Or to working at things for the toilet; But the nursery tea does for children (like me)

With not too many grown-ups to spoil it.

I've got something to bring, wrapped in paper and string—

I'll say no more about it, to tease you,

Though I fancy inside, when the parcel's untied,

There's a little surprise that will please you.

So more happy and gay every year be the day

(That's the wish I'll be closing my verse on)

Which has made the fair earth brighter still by the birth

Of a certain young mischievous person.





*Mistress.* "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR WORK, GLADYS?"

*New Maid.* "OH, I LIKES WORKING IN A FLAT LIKE THIS. I COULD NEVER ABIDE WORKING IN A MAYONNAISE."

### WALKING WITHOUT TEARS.

"BOTHER!" she said, "here come two priests. That spoils it again."

"Spoils what?" I asked.

"Why, I'd got fourteen sailors and now they're wasted."

You will agree with me that this was to talk in riddles with a vengeance, and I had no more clue to her meaning than I imagine you have; but as we passed on our way towards the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées she explained.

If, it seems, you see in your walks a hundred French sailors (you know them, with the little round button a-top) without seeing a priest, every kind of good fortune will be yours. So runs a Gallic or Lutetian superstition, anyway. But if you see a priest you must either begin all over again—that is, if you belong to the severely pedantic school—or subtract seven sailors. My companion, who is a latitudinarian, having the bad luck to meet two priests at once, thus lost her little hoard of *marins* at a blow. After lunch, however,

as we turned into the Rue Matignon, we caught a glimpse of another to start afresh towards prosperity.

"But surely," I said, "you have only to go to Brest or Toulon and you can get all the luck you desire?"

"That's what I said when I first heard about it," she replied; "and it's all right: there's no rule against it. The only thing is that you've got to get to those places, which is a bore, and you must remember there are priests there too. Besides, the fun of the game is to play it in Paris or somewhere not a naval base."

Do the English children of to-day play these roadside games, I wonder. We used to beguile the tedium of "walks" in scores of different ways. The mere counting of cats or dogs, for example ("You take the right-hand side of the street, and I'll take the left, and see which of us has the most"), could bring us back to the house without a dull minute. There had always to be competition, which is, of course, one of the salts of life. Houses with ladders against them; houses to let; perambu-

lators; bicycles; boys whistling; little girls in red; people whose names we knew—these things were all countable and therefore of use.

If you crossed London Bridge without seeing a white horse certain rewards were yours—is that how it went? And again, in London, so the saying had it, wherever you saw a white-horse you were sure within a few yards to see a red-headed girl. But to-day the white horses have been forced out of their city existence by motor-traction and we are without such street amenities.

Meanwhile, then, how to adapt the sailors and the priests for home consumption? Sailors are too few in London and clergymen too many. Soldiers would not do, because there are places where they are always on view—barracks and so forth. Policemen might serve—one hundred policemen to every organ-grinder or steam-roller, say—but the policemen are bound to be there, whereas the merit of the French sailors in Paris is their chanciness. Perhaps a hundred clergymen to one handy-man would do?

E. V. L.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "CINDERELLA."

THE run of this Drury Lane pantomime, interrupted in the course of nature some months ago, has been resumed at Covent Garden. I attribute its revival less to the claims of overwhelming merit than to the advantages of economy in material and ideas. New features have, of course, been introduced, such as a carpet-beating scene, a graduated series of storks on stilts and a pliable golf-club that winds itself round the player's neck. The dialogue too has undergone renovation. But still the fun, as far as the words go, is never very devastating. I detected two jokes: (1) "I couldn't tell whether it was Piccadilly or Thursday," and (2) something about "a film of a Woman's Soul, 3,000 feet long"; but both of these *jeux d'esprit* have long been in their dotage.

Dare I say that it is a cause of increasing astonishment to me that the creators of the Drury Lane pantomime-book, with the whole field of humour, topical and universal, to play about in (since no remark need have any bearing on what passes for the plot), don't make a better job of it? There were several performers who could have said good things well, if somebody had only given them good things to say—Miss LILY LONG for one. She can speak her words with great clearness and intelligence; but the best part of them was her own Lancashire accent, frankly imitated by one of the company.

As it was, one had to fall back for one's entertainment on antics and acrobatics (always a useful compensation for the absence of subtler forms of humour), and in this department Messrs. WILL EVANS and STANLEY LUPINO were badly missed, though the latter's part was nicely played by Mr. ALBERT EGBERT, who has a quiet sense of fun. The best performance, as in the version of last year, was that of the phlegmatic circus horse, who, like myself, was very hard to move. And he had been taught a new trick—how to wave his tongue. I must learn that.

The colouring and grouping—notably in the fairy garden scene—were as good as ever; but I have schooled myself to expect little of pantomime dancers, and I was not disappointed. An easy improvement would be to dispense with some of those futile squads that line up in support of a singer and do elementary physical exercises that have no relation to the matter in hand.

As for the songs, far the funniest was a perfectly serious composition entitled "The Smiling Prince," in which loyalty reached its culminating point with the inspired rhyme, "regalia—Australia." It was sung with becoming gravity by Mr. HENRY CLAFF, whose *forte*, for the rest, was operatic burlesque.

Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD made a pretty *Cinderella*. She has a pleasant manner and rather an attractive voice, and, though of course she knew what was coming, she seemed really pleased and surprised at the kind things that were arranged for her by the *Fairy God-mother*. I wonder, by the way, what

easy to please. But let him not fear any falling-off in the loyalty of his devoted public. To the spirit of Drury Lane Pantomime (in the deathless words of one of its own poets which so impressed me that I made a note of them on the spot) "British hearts will e'er be true." O. S.

H.R.H. Princess ALICE has promised to act as hostess at a Children's Party to be held at Devonshire House on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 12th, in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, which is doing great service in effecting cures among poor deformed children who must otherwise have remained helpless cripples all their lives. Tickets (12s. 6d.) can be obtained from all the Theatre Ticket Agencies, or from Lady DOROTHEA MOORE (organiser of the Party), 234, Great Portland Street, W.

On January 6th there is to be a Twelfth Night Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel in support of the admirable work of the Surgical Supply Depot, at whose address, 13 Kensington Square, W.8, tickets (30s.) may be obtained.

## A CONSCIENTIOUS REFEREE.

"BAH! Boo! Go home and read the rules! Get off! Gr-r-r-r!"

The referee bit his lip. Unpopularity was a thing he always had to face, especially when a home team came off second best, but this afternoon he realised that he was up against something more formidable. Once again he was compelled to sound the whistle for a free-kick as one of the home forwards netted the ball from a position which was glaringly off-side. The crowd went mad. "Boo!" they shouted. "Boo! Boo! Br-r-r-r!"

The referee blanched a little. Surely he had given a correct decision, yet apparently the vast majority of the crowd disapproved of it. Suddenly cries of "Foul! Penalty!" came from every corner of the field. A home forward had certainly fallen in the fatal area, but not one of the opposing side had, in his opinion, been near him at the time.

Was his eyesight failing him, he wondered. The spectators seemed very confident in their noisy appeal. In an instant his mind was made up; his apparently unfair decisions must cease.

Blowing a shrill blast on his whistle he called the astonished players round him; then, deliberately pointing a firm finger at his own face, he ordered himself off the field.



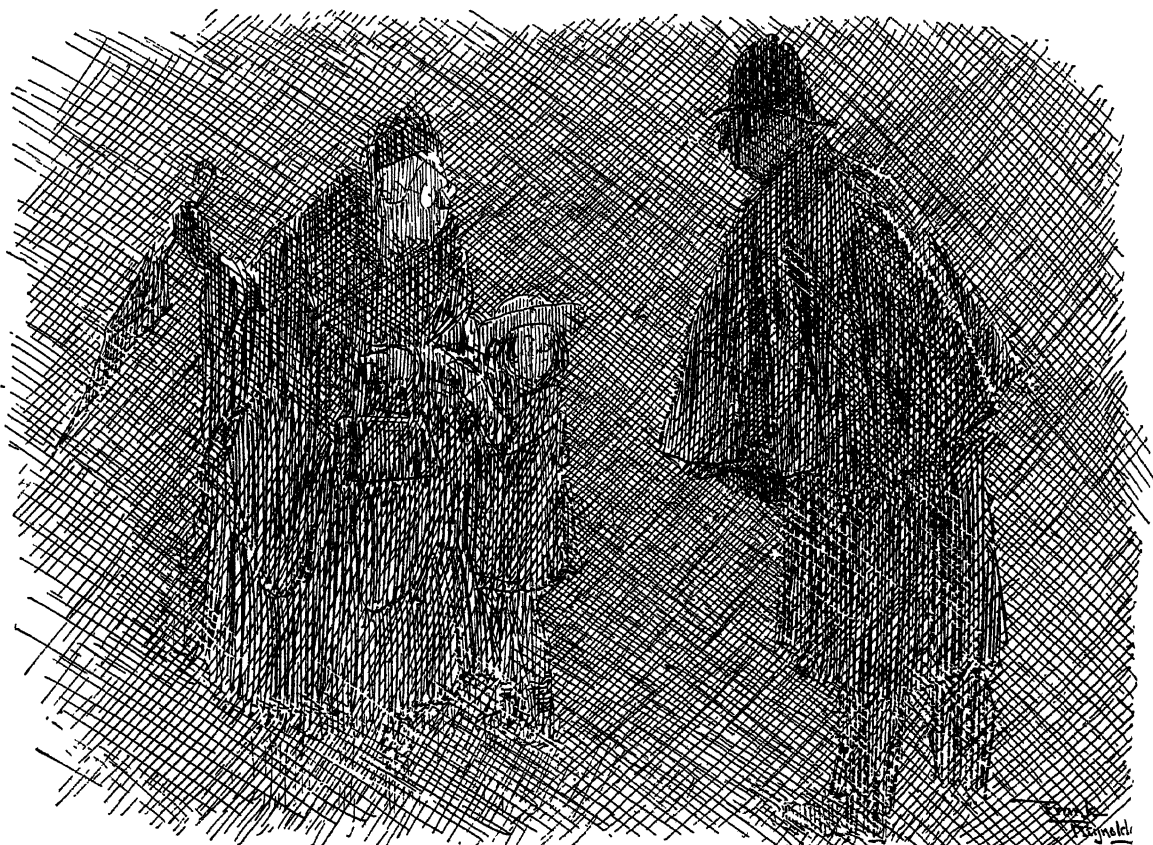
## SOUS LE TAPIS.

COMEDIAN ABOUT TO MAKE A PALPABLE HIT.

Walter . . . . . Mr. ALBERT EGBERT.  
The Baroness de Beauchamps . . . . . Mr. SETH EGBERT.

humourist it was that assigned to *Cinderella* a comic duet with a professed buffoon, to be sung just at the moment when our deepest sympathies should have been evoked for the piteousness of her lonely plight. I hardly like to attribute cynicism to any member of a pantomime management, but it looked very suspicious.

There is nothing new to be said in praise of Miss MARIE BLANCHE, best of all boys in the princely vein; and I wish I could add, since no criticism of a Drury Lane Pantomime is complete without this tribute, that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has once more "surpassed himself." But that would be to cast a reflection upon the previous achievements of his only rival. Perhaps advancing age makes me each year less



Voice from the Fog. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MANY persons who have enjoyed the articles of Mr. A. CLUTTON-BROCK in *The Times Literary Supplement* will be glad to have the selection of them which he has reprinted in a little volume called *Essays on Books* (METHUEN). I was interested to note that upon the vexed question, lately argued by another pen, "whether a book of essays ought to seem as if it had been written a few days before publication," Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK is in favour of leaving his papers precisely as the works under notice inspired—or provoked—them. To review what is itself a series of reviews would, I feel, savour of cannibalism, besides being superfluous. Either you will agree with the writer's conclusions on this or that author, or you will not. Throughout, however, even the most confirmed opponent might derive pleasure from their admirable expression. Various as are Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK's themes, I was impressed by the fact that as a critic he reveals in almost every essay the same special aversion—a real anger against all those whose method of praise for one writer relies on a savage attack on others. For the rest I will admit that not every one of the papers seemed (to my individual taste) of equal value; I thought that the two Shakespearean Essays, for example, hovered upon the verge of dullness. Elsewhere, on DICKENS, on SAMUEL BUTLER and notably on TURGENEV, Mr. BROCK's shrewd and scholarly reflections gave me so much pleasure that I could wish space for quotation. Can one avoid calling such an unobtrusive and pocket-handly little book companionable? For my part I do not propose to try.

Of holiday present-books that combine permanent value with immediate attraction (unlike those that, once examined, suggest their instant transfer to somebody else) I have lately seen no better example than the really sumptuous volume that Mr. E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR has prepared upon *The Eighteenth Century in London* (BATSFORD). I say "prepared" rather than "written," since I believe Mr. CHANCELLOR would be the first to admit that, full of information as the letterpress is, the chief claim of his book rests upon its wealth of illustrations. These are for the most part from contemporary sources—HOGARTH, BUNBURY, ROWLANDSON (turning squalor to beauty with his usual magic) and the rest—while in the case of eighteenth-century houses standing still unchanged in modern London photographs are given, at times with a striking result of bringing out charms that familiarity may have rendered invisible. What I intend to do with my own copy of this delightful book is to instal it as a work of illustrative reference on the shelf already dedicate to the memoir-writers of its time. There is, for example, a ROWLANDSON of Vauxhall, with Mrs. THRALE and the Great Doctor supping in a private box, that offers the most illuminating searchlight upon contemporary regard for that enthusiastic and fickle friend. As I began by saying, a book not for one Christmas but (I hope) for many.

Recently, on a Channel crossing, I shared a two-berth cabin with a young Englishman, obviously of good family and breeding. As he undressed he talked to me, where I lay in my bunk, of many odd things, notably prison life and his own experiences of solitary confinement. His first offence was forgery, which I found dreadful enough; his second offence was trouser-stealing, which in the circum-

stances I found more alarming still. Now it is given to me to read the official account of that same prison, from the pen of a Cambridge don, no less: Mr. H. C. DURNFORD, M.C., M.A. It was into Holzminden, "that highly advertised Brunswickian retreat," that he and other gallant Englishmen were thrust in September, 1917. It was from this prison, on July 24th, 1918, that twenty-nine of them withdrew, passing through a tunnel laboriously and clandestinely burrowed, clothed in stolen trousers, bearers of forged papers. It is an admirable story of a splendid "crime"; it could not have been told with more precision and humour or illustrated with more speaking photographs and facsimiles than in *The Tunnelers of Holzminden* (with a Side-issue), published by the Cambridge University Press. The "Side-issue" deals with the escape, from another place, at another time and by another means, of the author himself. It is perhaps more thrilling even than the main story. The most important element in these enterprises is the inner feeling of the bold miscreant while *en route* and liable to detection and arrest at any moment. Even Mr. DURNFORD's personal modesty allows him to do heartfelt justice to this aspect of his withdrawal.

From my youth up (to be accurate, ever since my introduction to that unforgettable romance, *The Prince and the Pauper*) I have loved any story of exchanged personalities. Nowadays, of course, this admirable theme lacks the assistance of novelty. When, for example, in the early chapters of *The Adventurous Lady* (COLLINS) you find the imperious daughter of a Peer and a shy governess travelling in the same railway compartment, and learn not only that they are alike in build, but are both being carried to destinations where they will be personally unknown, well, the chief interest of the situation must lie in the problem of how your author will negotiate the inevitable gap between the possible and the preposterous. It must be confessed that, despite all the pleasant arts of Mr. J. C. SNAITH and some trickery with a bottle of vintage wine, supposed to incline the maid of her ladyship to somnolence and the governess to an acceptance of adventure, the transition remains wholly undisguisable. From the moment when *Lady Elfreda* is supposed to bully poor *Miss Cass* into taking her fur cloak and identity the wild adventures of the two girls may command your laughter, but never your slightest belief. I am not proposing to follow them in detail. The only further comment that I have to make is that this is precisely the kind of story that every intelligent reader will condemn (rightly) as nonsense—and almost certainly be unable to lay aside until he has turned the last page.

*Oh, Joshua!* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not altogether an alluring title, but at any rate it has the merit of preparing us for "TAFFRAIL'S" entertainment. Those of us who know his previous work will be delighted to renew their acquaintance with *Pincher Martin*, and also with *Joshua Billings*, who married (I advise you to take this in easy stages) the mother of *Pincher's* wife. In a book frankly intended to promote mirth it is easier to provide humorous dialogue than humorous incident, but *Joshua* succeeds in being almost as amusing in what he does as in what he says. He is a droll creation, full of good-heartedness and original sin, at once the joy and the despair of his relations. Should you require a tonic of laughter I suggest that a trial be given to *Joshua*; you will find him a real person and not the puppet on whom so many humourists are content to hang their jokes.



Hostess. "WELL, ARCHIE, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"  
Archie (bored). "PLEATH DO WE HAYVE TO STHOPE TILL ITH ALL OVER?"

How little some of us appreciate the really national movements of the day. Myriads of British homes, I understand, would be broken up to-morrow if any accident should cut off their daily supply of the adventures of a certain famous trio, *Pip, Squeak and Wilfred* (dog, penguin and rabbit, respectively). There has now been published a little volume of their selected experiences, described by "UNCLE DICK" (B. J. L.), and illustrated with one hundred and fifty drawings by Mr. A. B. PAYNE, all taken from *The Daily Mirror*. Fresh samples of their adventures are shortly to be shown on a film composed under the direction of Mr. LANCELOT SPEED. Meanwhile it is not too late to make a holiday gift of *Pip, Squeak and Wilfred* (STANLEY PAUL) to some lover of this sporting menagerie. One of these debased florins will do it.

Although Mr. DONALD MAXWELL went to Mesopotamia by request of the authorities of the Imperial War Museum, *A Dweller in Mesopotamia* (LANE)

is not concerned with the War, nor is it (thank goodness) a serious treatise upon the future of that heavily discussed country. Its sub-title, "The Adventures of an Official Artist in the Garden of Eden," gives us a better idea of its contents, though anything less official than Mr. MAXWELL's style of writing is happily impossible to imagine. But he is a shrewd observer, in particular of the humorous side of life, and he avoids the mistake, so often made by writers who sojourn briefly in a strange land, of professing to have found out everything that is to be known about the place. But then he is primarily an artist and not an author. The illustrations form by far the most important part of this volume, and they are simply delightful. They give you a clearer impression of Mesopotamia than you are ever likely to get from a whole library of Blue Books; especially as you never read them.

## CHARIVARIA.

It is said in some quarters that Mr. DE VALERA is quite willing to meet Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in order to consider the question of Home Rule for England.

An African traveller who has seen the pigmies describes them in *The Times* as much smaller than the ordinary natives. Somehow we had always suspected them of being undersized.

Two leading film actresses have made runaway marriages. This comes of being always on the movie.

What is the use of battleships? Why, for one thing they provide journalistic employment for quite a lot of retired Admirals.

It is thought that Sir ALFRED MOND's object in visiting Palestine is to satisfy himself that there really is such a place.

"The present generation," says *The Morning Post*, "will not see the fifth centenary of the discovery of America." Rotten luck!

Mlle. SKYLIZZI, we learn, is the donor of the Greek Legation in London. It would never surprise us to hear that this generous lady has also lent her name to a new aeroplane.

Treasury notes should always be kept in a leather pocket wallet, says a weekly paper. That's what we're always telling our tradesmen, but they won't let us do it.

The Bolsheviks recently captured a town named Kaffenoskinoffpakeskoff, but were compelled to evacuate it two days later. Later reports, however, state that the Red forces are still hanging on to the last few syllables.

"Old age is just a pose," says Sir JAMES CANTLIE. We find it very difficult to believe this when confronted with an obsolete breakfast egg.

If all the land in the world visible above water was shovelled into the Atlantic Ocean it would fill up one-third of the ocean bed, says *Ti Bits*. Any

person who catches sight of a Brighton man attempting to push Thanet into the sea should immediately inform a policeman.

In the new edition of the *London Directory* there is a "pedigree searcher." It would be interesting to know how many of the newly rich are paying him hush-money.

It is said that no special arrangements are being made for Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's visit to America. He will travel by one of the ready-to-wear ocean liners.

Speaking at Leicester, Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN said it was impossible to have

should never think of scratching a Liverpool Conservative.

According to a Berlin correspondent, LENIN says he would trust TROTSKY with his life. That may be so, but would he trust him with, say, fourpence in a lump sum?

"The three-and-sixpenny shirt," says a contemporary, "is already in sight." It must be remembered, however, that the cheaper style of shirt is often visible from quite a long way off.

The University of New York has established a School of Retail Trading. The Faculty, we understand, has already decided to offer the Chair of Bargain-Counter Research to the winner of the CARPENTIER-DEMPSEY fight.

"There are various ways," says a contemporary, "in which unemployment can be coped with." The method adopted in Chicago, where, according to a recent report, another five hundred men have been absorbed into the potted meat industry, sounds perhaps a little too drastic.

"Government control of the telephone," says an indignant contemporary, "speaks for itself." "Gggrrrr BBzzzzzzzz Cluck

Cluck Brrrrrr" is what it says on our telephone.

An unexploded Zeppelin bomb has been found in one of the containers of the Metropolitan Gas Company. We have been wondering for some time what it was that made our gas taste so funny.

It is not only the birds that have been affected by the recent Spring weather. In the Midlands, where heavy rains have caused the canals to overflow, several barges have been heard to break into full song.

"The best news," says *The Boston Transcript*, "is that Mexico is at peace with the world." It may be best news from the point of view of the United States, but it has all the elements of scandal-mongering as far as Mexico is concerned.



*Enthusiast.* "GOT DOWN HERE IN UNDER FOUR HOURS FROM TOWN—JUST ABOUT THE TIME IT TAKES TO DO IT BY TRAIN."

*Non-Enthusiast.* "DEAR, DEAR! HOW EXCEEDINGLY PROVOKING! SO YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE COME BY TRAIN AFTER ALL."

a revolution on a Saturday afternoon. League football seems to have its uses after all.

"Mr. 'PUSSYFOOT' JOHNSON," says a gossip writer, "is getting stout." Owing to the high cost of this beverage most working-men have to be content with beer.

We are glad to learn that during the LORD CHANCELLOR's short absence abroad the Great Seal is making itself thoroughly at home in its temporary quarters at the Zoo.

Brigadier-Generals have now become extinct, but we understand that a fine home-grown specimen is being stuffed for preservation in the War Museum.

"Scratch a Liverpool Conservative and you will probably find a Belfast Democrat," says *The Times*. But we



## PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

(With a note to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

'Tis joy to read in early Jan.  
Epistles from the publican;  
And when the winter melts like wax  
I love to pay my income-tax.

Each minute of the previous year  
This thought has made me full of cheer:  
The more I earn by toil and sweat  
The more the Government will get.

I know it drives some people wild  
To think they have no wife or child,  
Because the leeches of the State  
Suck harder at the celibate.

But I, who thank the kindly star  
That made and kept me singular,  
Do not resent the extra fee  
Levied on manhood's liberty.

But even my good nature kicks  
At Treasuries that play me tricks;  
Rudely it peevs this gentle poet  
That they should charge me wrong—  
and know it.

They bid me make a declaration  
Of what amount I owe the nation,  
And then they send me further tracts,  
Simply ignoring all the facts.

With solemn pledges they engage  
To waive a tenth of labour's wage,  
But, when I come to check the bill,  
How much have they deducted? *Nil.*

They offer me some little lenience  
To suit my "personal" convenience;  
Then make me bear the nasty onus  
Of begging for this paltry bonus.

They think, it seems, that any bluff  
For wits like mine is good enough;  
Or that I lack the nerve to fight 'em  
Till they adjust each erring item.

O AUSTEN! ere this shady stroke  
I took you for an honest bloke;  
I never thought that even in jest  
You would have had me so assessed.

You would not (still this hope I nurse)  
For private motives pinch my purse;  
Am I to think that you would take  
False toll of me for England's sake?

I trust your minions were to blame;  
That on their own they did it (shame!);  
Otherwise, O my ancient friend,  
Our intercourse will have to end.

O. S.

## "ANOTHER BAD START.

"The English team, 248 runs behind on the first innings, followed on. Hobbs and Rhodes again opened the innings, while Kelleway and Gregory bowed."—*Provincial Paper.*

Unfortunately the batsmen missed their chance to catch them bending.

## HISTORIC STONES.

[An advance extract from Mr. EDWARD HUTTON's eightieth, or eighty-first, guide-book, entitled *London in the East.*]

I NOW approach a street, little enough, but filled to the brim with that rich, red, romantic life which is passing away from us under the curse of modern civilisation. Dwarfed as they are by the gasworks and the hairbrush factory, the little houses of Spike Row present a fatalistic front, but preserve in their simplicity much of that placid grace of life which was the inviolable possession of folk born *circa* 1850. And here at last, in this tiny street, I realise that I have left the bleak desolation of Hackney Downs and am treading on stones made sacred by a thousand delightful associations. For this is Bethnal Green.

A single glance at the absence of peristyle, mullion, soffit, architrave, clere-story, buttress and pediment indicates the year of its origin. Spike Row obviously dates from 1861. Alas, we shall never know the name of the architect in whose brain was conceived this astounding idea of building twenty-four houses so alike that only by numbers could they—or can they still—be distinguished.

How poignant they are yet, these monuments of a bygone age—their primrose brick mellowed by time, their plaster skirtings kicked away by idle feet and their walls marked shoulder-high by the leaning of Sabbath loafers!

Here at No. 2 one sees all that is left of the early work of 'Enery Banks, who later won a diploma at the local School of Art and distinguished himself by his advertisements of Meston's Mustard. 'Enery wore to the haft who shall say how many pocket-knives in scratching these rude figures across the bricks. One may still trace the outlines of the figures—a woman pursuing a man. Drawing always, as 'Enery did, directly from life, one may suppose that these figures represent his parents. Tradition asserts that Banks, senior, surmising that this was the case, "very near belted the life out of him."

At No. 7 lived that inventive genius, Mrs. Rodgers, who, during a discussion with her neighbour, Mrs. Farrell, conceived the gigantic idea which revolutionised the life of Bethnal Green. It appears that during conversation Mrs. Rodgers, in order to convince the other on some point which had arisen, threw a poker at her. Mrs. Farrell felt the force of this argument, but was able to bring forward another of greater weight, to wit, a flat-iron. Now all this had been done before—such were the ordinary amenities of the beautiful joyous life of that period—but at this point Mrs.

Rodgers entered the circle of creative artists: she threw at her opponent a lighted lamp. This proved conclusive, so much so that at the funeral the neighbourhood agreed that the deceased had been taught a lesson. Since that day only the drunk or inexperienced pass through the poker and flat-iron stages; the adepts have recourse at once to Mrs. Rodgers' weapon.

The doorway of No. 11, too, was the scene of an Homeric conflict as late as 1888. Conky Isaacs—what a charm lies in these romantic names!—one evening leaned against his doorpost in an intoxication of poetry and juniper. Paunchy Summers, passing by, called upon heaven to witness that he could make a better man than Conky was out of chewed paper. Conky disputed this assertion and, as he was wearing hob-nailed boots, brought both of them in to support his denial, an act which he afterwards maintained before the magistrate was one of legitimate self-defence.

However Paunchy, being protected against ordinary weapons by Nature—or, as HOMER would say, Hera—had little difficulty in pushing Conky through his own window. (Our modern "restorers," reared in the traditions of VIOLLET-LE-DUC, have, alas, patched up what should have been left for ever as a glorious ruin.) Conky now brought up assistance in the shape of a short length of lead piping, with tap attached, and contrived to bring it into contact with Paunchy's face, whereupon the latter bit deeply into Conky's ear. When the police arrived it was impossible to separate them. Accordingly the conglomerate mass was dumped into a costermonger's wain and removed.

And so nearly every house in this street breathes romance. Here is No. 14, where that indomitable matron, Mrs. Murphy, poured no fewer than seven gallons of water (the pail, in the final case, included) upon the head of the rent-collector; at No. 15 that loyalist, Nosey 'Iggin, on Mafeking night broke up the staircase and banisters in order to provide fuel for a patriotic bonfire on his roof; at No. 17 resided Ben 'Arris, who once at Hampstead displaced as many as fourteen cokenuts from their posts in fourteen successive shots.

However, we will not linger here too long, but will push on to the "Red Man" tavern at the corner and, if it is not yet 2.30 of the clock, will call on mine host for a tankard.

## How to Check the Milk-drinking Habit.

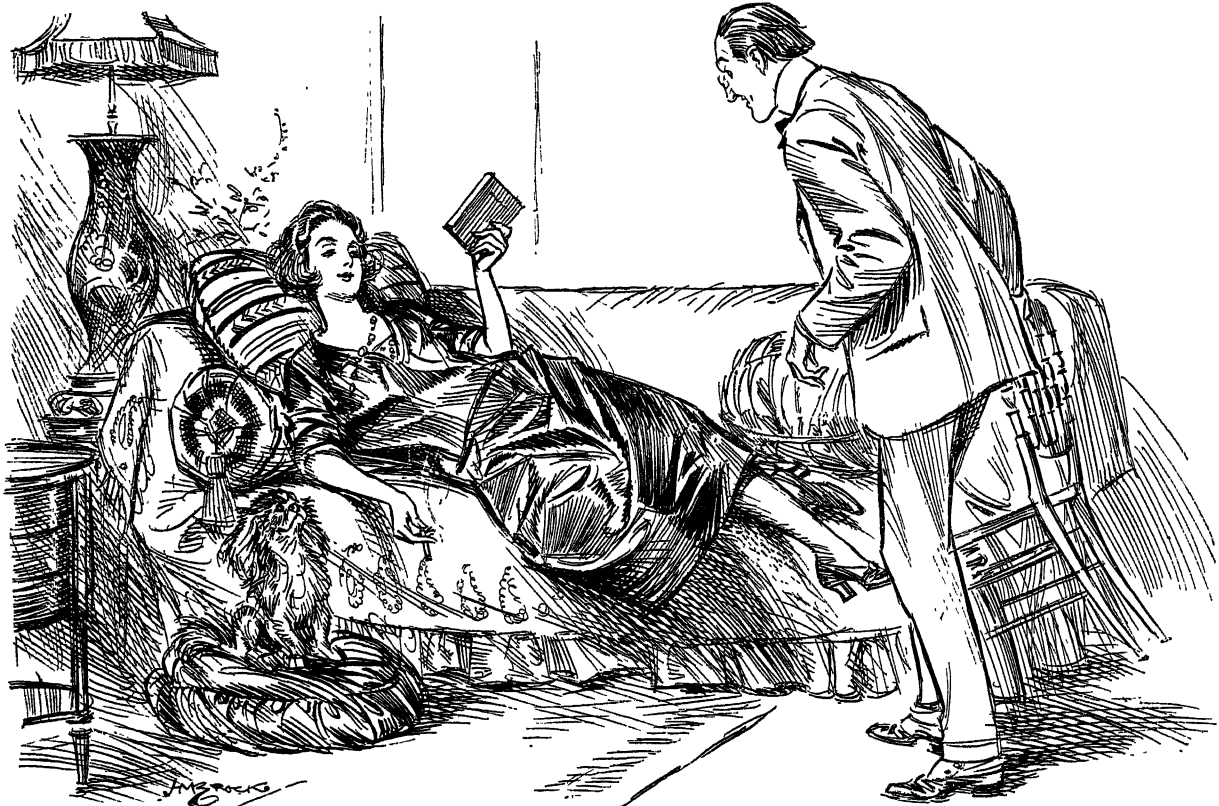
"The Women's Civic Group suggests that the delivery of milk (the most important food for children) be undertaken by the municipality, so that overlapping may be prevented."

*New Zealand Paper.*



### UNDER THE WEATHER.

BRITISH LION. "WELL, I MUST TRY AND KEEP MY TAIL UP; BUT IT'S VERY DIFFICULT; IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING LONGER EVERY MATCH."



*Lady.* "I'VE JUST BEEN MAKING MY SIDE ACHE OVER YOUR LATEST BOOK."

*Author (delighted).* "OH, REALLY. DID YOU FIND IT SO AMUSING?"

*Lady.* "WELL, THE FACT IS I WENT TO SLEEP ON THE TOP OF IT."

### FIVE INCHES.

#### THE GREAT JOKE.

THEY came and split a turkey with us on Boxing Day, ten old soldiers, all out of a job, and only ten legs between them. At least there were only ten real legs; two of them had admirable imitation ones, and there were sixteen excellent crutches. One of them was a miner—*was*, of course; just now he is not mining much; perhaps that is why he seemed such a decent fellow, not at all violent or unpleasant, as one knows those practising miners are. In fact he reminded one of the miners one used to have in one's platoon. Personally I had the honour to have a whole platoon of them. Odd, isn't it, what capital fellows they were then, and how sadly they deteriorate when they get back to the mines? And it was odd too to hear this fellow say that he wished he could be back in the pits; I thought it was such a hateful and dangerous occupation.

Yes, he was a nice miner, and so were the rest of them, very cheerful and respectful. But they didn't talk much—at first. It was strangely difficult to find a safe subject. A few years ago there would have been no difficulty; one would have talked war-shop.

"Were you ever at Ypres?" "I was on Gallipoli." "Did you know Captain —?" and so on. We did a little of this, but it didn't go really well.

In the dining-room I keep a large coloured photograph of the top of the Vimy Ridge on the day of a battle—you know the sort of thing, a hideous expanse of broken brown earth, that dreadful endless brown, with walls of smoke all round the horizon, shells bursting in the middle distance, a battered trench in the foreground, with a few scattered men climbing out of it, gazing at the camera with expressionless faces, stretcher-bearers stooping on the parapet with their stretchers on their shoulders, odd men straying everywhere like lost sheep across the chocolate wilderness, looking aimless, looking small.

Our guests were interested in that picture; it was wonderfully *like*, they said; but I felt that my usual remark about it was hardly suitable. Usually I tell my guests, and it is true, that I keep the picture as a kind of chastener, so that, when I am moved to complain at the troubles of this world, I can look at the picture and think, "At any rate life is better than it was then——" It was on the tip of my tongue to say so to the one-legged men when it came

to me that for them, perhaps, at the moment, it *wasn't* true.

After the turkey and the pudding and the crackers, and of course the beer, there was a slight thaw, but it was still very difficult. We tried to get them to sing. Only a few years ago how easy it was. There was *Tipperary* and many another rousing chorus. One was familiar in those times with the popular songs of the day. Unfortunately these were the only songs we could produce now. And they didn't suit. *Keep the Home-fires Burning*, for instance—one didn't like to suggest that. The chief minstrel of the one-legged men, who was also the chief comedian, disinterred from a heap of old music *Your King and Country Need You*. "How would that go, Bert?" he said. He said it without bitterness, I don't know why, and Bert's answer was a silent grin, and one felt that Bert was right. *Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-bag, Till the Boys come Home*—all the old titles had a certain ironic underlining in that company.

So we abandoned singing and we sat rather silent. There was some desultory conversation about the various "trades" to which a grateful State had trained them, and left it at that; there was some mild chaff of Bill, who had been too



old (at thirty-five) to be trained at all, though not too old to learn musketry and lose a leg; but socially one felt the "party" was drifting to disaster. . .

It was saved, like many parties, by "shop," and not war-shop, at least not exactly. What sort of shop will amuse ten one-legged men? Why, one-legged shop, of course. Somebody said, "Is your leg comfortable?" and that set the ball rolling. All the tongues wagged gleefully at once; all the technical details of one-leggedness, all the points of the various kinds of "legs," were brought out and tossed about and hotly contested as if we had been a number of golfers arguing the merits of different makes of putters. Some of us wear "stump-socks;" some of us can't stand the things. Some of us have "buckets" (graphically described) which we can comfortably pad, and some of us have something else not nearly so good. Some of us are excited about the new "aluminium" legs, four pounds lighter, which are soon to be available, though we think it a terrible waste of money now that we have most of us got wooden ones. Here is a chance for the "economising" campaigners! Now then, Lord ROTHERMERE, "No Aluminium Legs!" What a war-cry! Altogether it is an enthralling topic; there is no more awkwardness. . . .

And it is so amusing. Gad, how we laughed! There was the story of the man on the Underground, a friend of ours. Someone trod on his false foot in the crowded train and, scrambling out in a hurry at a station, he found himself footless on the platform, while the train slid away with the other fellow still standing on his foot. Ha, ha! how we laughed.

But most of us are "above-the-knee," and that provides the best joke of all. You see it all depends on the length of your stump (or "stoomp"). If you have five inches left you get an eighty-per-cent. pension; if you have more you get less—even if it is only five and a-quarter. That quarter of an inch makes all the difference, financially, though practically it isn't a great deal of use. How much have *you* got? Ah, you're unlucky. I'm four and three-quarters—a near thing, eh? Peals of laughter. "You go back and have another inch off. Ho, ho, ho!" We roll about in our chairs.

Well, well, it's a queer world; but the party was a great success after all.

A. P. H.

From a notice of a Life of Mr. "Pussy-foot" JOHNSON:—

"Not a dry page in this book."

American Paper.

Some reviewers are singularly tactless.



*Tiresome Golf Enthusiast.* "THEN OBSERVE THE ABSORBING INTEREST OF THE GAME: THE RHYTHM OF THE SWING AND FOLLOW THROUGH, THE NICE ADJUSTMENT OF THE APPROACH, THE CAREFUL CHOICE OF LINE FOR THE PUTT. EACH SHOT A PROBLEM AND SPUR TO THE INTELLECT. SMALL WONDER THAT GOLF HAS SO GREAT A FOLLOWING. ER—WHAT MADE YOU TAKE IT UP?" *Fed-up Colonel.* "LIVER."

#### TRIAL BY JURY—NEW STYLE.

[During the hearing of a recent case one of the jury produced her knitting in the box. If this thing is done in open court the poet trembles to think what may happen when the jury retires to consider their verdict.]

"'Tis time," the foreman said, "to weigh

The question of his guilt;  
The case to me, I'm bound to say,  
Seems proven to the hilt."

But mid the twelve true souls and good  
One spoke in doubting strain:

"The question puzzling me is should  
The next be purl or plain."

In such a complicated key

Her pattern had been planned  
The case was one that could not be  
Decided out of hand;

For many an hour they sought in vain  
Its mystery to unfurl,  
For six said "Guilty," four said "Plain"  
And two stuck out for "Purl."

The judge sent out to ask them if  
His light on some dark spot  
Would help them: with a scornful sniff  
They answered it would not;  
And, though the felon's guilt was black  
(Past doubt he did the deed),  
They had at last to put him back—  
The jury disagreed.

From a feuilleton:—

"Mary laughed. For the moment she saw a humorous side to the affair. She remembered the screen scene out of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Out of" is good—Mary nearly had us there!

## BRIDGES TO ITALY.

*(A Wholly Fantastical Monologue.)*

SCENE.—*A garden on Boar's Hill. The English POET-LAUREATE speaks.*

COMRADES, leave me here a little; all my heart is filled with song;  
I shall be here very likely when they sound the luncheon gong.

I propose to change my metre, with its curious rise and fall,  
For the simpler, homelier stresses utilised in *Locksley Hall*.

TENNYSON, whose taste was awful and whose style my heart  
resents,  
Touched a livelier chord than I do over topical events;

So for once I mean to ape him and compose a little thing  
On the wounded Roman eagle trailing there his broken wing.

*[Turns towards Italy, strikes harp and continues.]*

Tuscan poet, thou who sangest fame and love and fiery wits,  
Author, I am told, of stories full of most voluptuous bits;

Thou whose various publications date from 1889,  
All the charm of all the *divas* flowering in a lonely line;

Airman, playwright, Empire-builder, whom a small Italia  
irks,  
Wielder of the funniest sceptre ever seized in human circes;

I salute thee, GABRIELE! I am grieved about this blow,  
Ace of all the furious aces, slightly bald D'ANNUNZIO!

Bald! but on thy brow what laurels! thou hast made the  
air thine own—

Realms that DANTE never dreamed of, flights that VIRGIL  
left alone;

Could they scour the empyrean, see the world a map un-  
rolled,

Make a practicable joy-stick from the shadowy branch of  
gold?

Oh, my cousin, eagle-hearted, often have I longed to soar  
With thee on thine airy journeys, swoop with thee from  
shore to shore,

Help thee with thy ships and legions, bid thy battle-flag  
unfurl—

Better stunting over Fiume than a cycle in the Turl.

Often have I dreamed of swapping turn by turn the pastoral  
flute

Whilst we did a spinning nose-dive or explored the seas  
for loot;

Tired at last the sun with singing and returned to graver  
cares,

Publishing our twofold edicts side by side on curule chairs.

Late, too late the dream! A something chillier in the  
Northern blood—

Fear, perhaps, of influenza—nipped this project in the bud;

Still, if there are those who cavil and deride my dreamier  
muse,

Counting it a bit too high-browed to express the people's  
views,

Long to make me catch some portion of thy fiercer spirit,  
seize

Cambridge, get it and establish sweet girl-graduate degrees,

Let them know that all the morning I have paced this  
sandy drive,

Calling on thee, GABRIELE, master of the falcon's dive;

Vowed that if thy heart is planning even now some desperate  
blow,

Toughest of the Italian poets, I will be thy G.S.O.

EVOE.

## REVOLTING APATHY.

BREAKFAST on Wednesday was a gloomy meal, for it was  
then that the paper told us the terrible news. The only  
sign that Ronald's heart was not broken was given by his  
appetite. I thought a visit to town, for lunch and a panto-  
mime, might restore his spirits. He was only just willing.

In the compartment two men by the window talked pigs,  
pulling out old envelopes and pencils to prove that there  
is nothing in pigs in these days.

A lady (actively) and her husband (passively) were en-  
gaged with sales catalogues. "This," she said, "is the  
costume I mean to get for Mollie," pointing to a graceful  
picture with "Only £6 6s." printed below it, and he replied,  
"Um!" She pointed to page after page, and he uttered  
"Um!" after "Um!"

"When I reached eighty-four," said the stout man with  
the cigar, "I went all to pieces. Funny thing!—and gener-  
ally I can give him twenty and then beat him." From  
billiards they wandered to the golf-links.

I had purchased two shillings'-worth of cheerful reading  
for my unhappy nephew, but he turned the pages listlessly  
without looking at them and glowered at our fellow-pas-  
sengers as they talked.

"Sickening, isn't it?" he exclaimed when we had alighted.

"Pretty rotten," I said sympathetically; "but we may  
pull off the other three yet."

"Yes, I know that; but I was meaning those people in  
the railway-carriage. From the way they talked anyone  
might think they didn't care whether we brought back the  
ashes or not."

## THE COMMON TOUCH.

["Dolls, dolls' furniture, coloured bricks and other playthings from  
the tomb of a little Roman girl of the time of TIBERIUS have just  
come into the possession of the Berlin Museum."—*Daily Paper*.]

LITTLE dead maid from the time of TIBERIUS,

You have been sleeping so long with your toys;

You must have hushed them with whispers mysterious,

Bade them be good and not make any noise.

Surely you said at the end of your playtime,

When you had kissed them and sung them to sleep,

"You must be quiet and wait till the daytime."

Oh, the long vigil you gave them to keep!

Where are the rooms that once rang with your laughter?

Where are the stairways that echoed your feet?

Marble and bronze and the sweet cedarn rafter—

All now are dust with the dust of the street.

But in the darkness where someone had laid them,

Since they were yours and that place was the best,

Time and his leaguers—who else had betrayed them—

Shattered an empire but left them at rest.

Down the long road that begins with your story

We have peered wistfully into the gloom,

Watching the shadows of Rome and her glory,

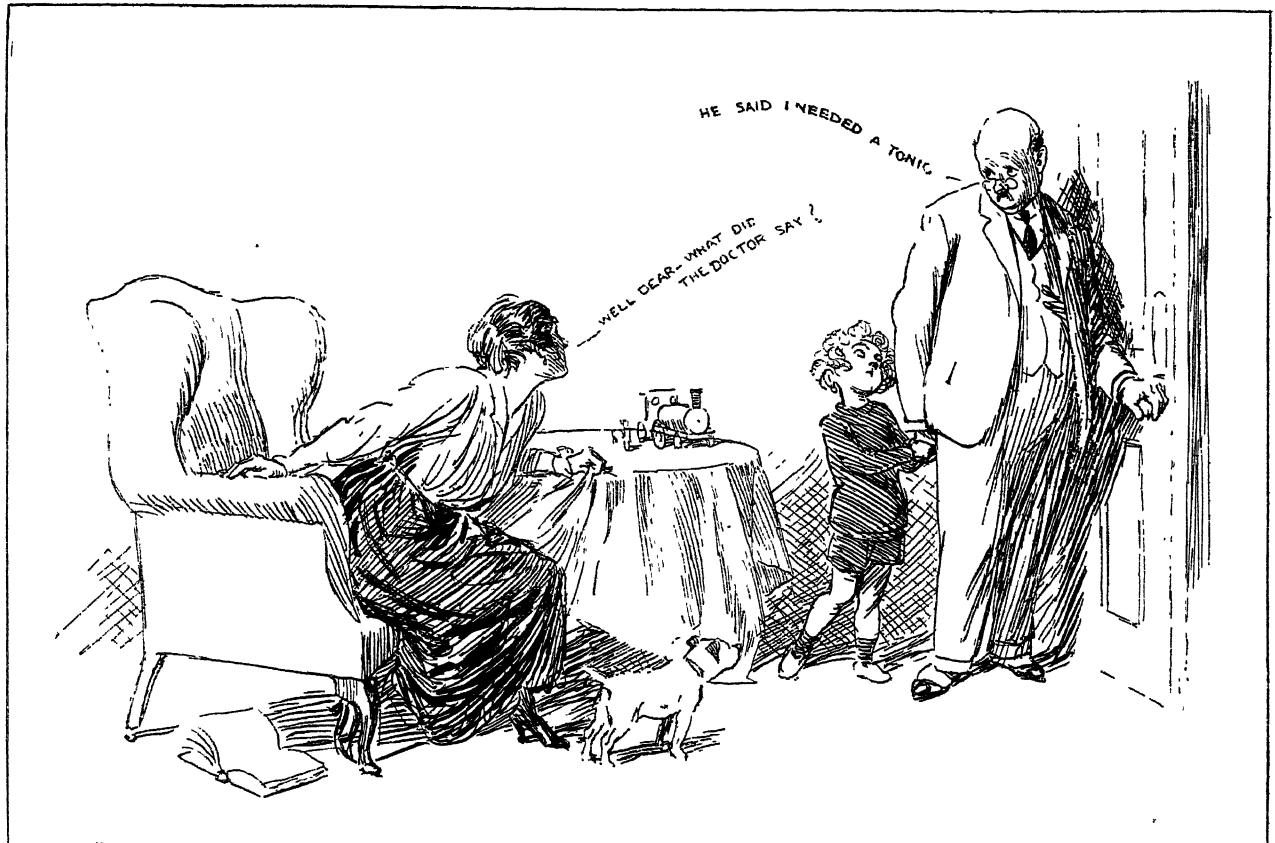
Hearing the echoes of triumph and doom;

Yet, with your bricks and your dollies at bedtime,

You with the games of your brief summer while,

You are the bridge of the living and dead time—

Clio kneels down to your toys with a smile.



THE TWO PATIENTS: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY.

## IN THE HEART OF SINN FEIN.

AN ASTOUNDING DIARY.  
IMPORTANT REVELATIONS.

WE publish to-day the first instalment of a remarkable diary compiled by Mr. Nebbkings Smush, who has recently accomplished a hazardous journey into Ireland and returned safely with a great deal of new and enlightening information regarding the Sinn Fein organisation and its leaders.

Mr. Smush made his journey for commercial purposes, as the trusted agent of a well-known firm of scrubbing-brush manufacturers, with a side-line in galvanised carpet-tacks. The claims of business, however, did not prevent him from exercising his acute intellect and powers of observation upon the harassing problems of the distressful island.

Modestly Mr. Smush makes little allusion to the dangers and difficulties of his adventure. But between the lines will be easily discerned the perils he was called upon to face and the intrepid spirit with which he met and overcame them.

We earnestly commend the diary of Mr. Nebbkings Smush to the attention of the Government. Perhaps a scrutiny of the revelations therein published will induce them at last to depart from the timorous and vacillating policy which has soiled and blackened every page of our post-war history.

## THE DIARY.

*December 3rd-4th.*—Crossed the Irish Sea by steamer. Rough. I was very unwell. Any misgivings I might have experienced on the first sight of the Irish coast were lost in a spasm of *mal de mer*. On disembarkation at Belfast dropped a sample twelve-inch deck-scrub over the quayside and was unable to retrieve it. A bad omen (?).

*December 4th.*—In Belfast. Washed my hands with water and a well-known brand of *English soap*. Significant that. But remarkable that I detected no outward evidences of Sinn Fein. I thought however that the hotel porter wore a furtive expression. He had brown eyes and prominent ears. Moreover the left leg of his trousers was patched—neatly, it is true.

*December 5th.*—Left for Ballymichan. A fairly comfortable and uneventful journey. The engine-driver wore overalls. At Ballymichan I learned with some

excitement that Mr. Michael O'Flaney, on whom I was instructed to call, was suspected to be of Sinn Fein sympathies and under police surveillance. A thrill and a slight wave of home-sickness ran through me, but I determined to fulfil my mission at all costs. Braced myself and sent home a postcard. No difficulty over the purchase of a stamp, as I half expected.

*December 6th.*—Rose, shaved, washed and dressed in the hotel bedroom, which faced south. Boots well polished considering the state of the country. At eleven o'clock I reached the business establishment of Mr. O'Flaney and entered with some trepidation.

He greeted me politely. It was at once evident to me that here was a

four-sided room, possessing both a window and a door. A striking clock on the mantelpiece was twenty minutes slow. On the wall opposite the door was a coloured print depicting two dogs chasing a rabbit.

Mr. Ciorchan is obviously a man of pronounced and forceful character. Both his eyes are a lightish blue, and I was amazed to see his upper lip covered by a growth of hair.

With some diffidence I mentioned in a well-assumed playful tone of voice that the Sinn Fein movement appeared to be occupying a prominent position in the newspapers. I awaited his reply with considerable anxiety.

A slight frown appeared on his forehead and he blew his nose before answering. A thrill ran through me. At last he spoke. His exact words were, "Really? Personally I take more interest in flat-racing." Sent home two postcards, one giving a view of a street in Dublin. The other plain.

*December 8th.*—On the whole a quiet day. A notable incident however occurred at ten minutes past twelve. In the main street I saw an English soldier dressed in khaki. On his head he wore a curious and remarkable hat, round in shape and made of some stout metal. Rather like an inverted basin. To avoid a direct encounter I entered the post-office and sent home a postcard.

A further powerful instalment of Mr. Nebbkings



"'ERE, ALFRED, GIVE TH' GENT ONE O' THEM CORF SWEETS O' YOURS. [Victim protests] OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR, 'E'LL 'AVE IT OUT IN A MINUTE. IT'S ONLY GOT STUCK TO THE LININ' OF 'IS POCKET."

strong, indeed dominating personality. I was astonished to find that he had four fingers and a thumb on each hand and that his nose was set midway between his ears. He wore a dark-blue shirt and carried a fountain-pen.

By the exercise of considerable tact I succeeded in booking a large order for brushes, but galvanised tacks made no appeal to him. He talked well, with a slightly foreign accent, and expressed no hostility towards England. As I left he said distinctly, "Good morning, Mr. Smush. I hope to meet you again." Sent a postcard to the firm. Real butter for tea. Noteworthy.

*December 7th.*—Events march. To-day I was accorded an interview with the notorious James Ciorchan, who was actually imprisoned in 1902 for seditious utterance. Not only so, but I secured an order for a large quantity of three-quarter-inch galvanised carpet-tacks.

The interview took place in a small

Smush's illuminating diary will appear in the next issue. [Not of *Punch*—whatever my Stunt Editor may think.—Ed.]

## BARGAINS ON THE BRAIN.

[The great Press rally to the Sales, with prizes for bargain-hunters, has seriously invaded the news columns. The craze may extend to the magazines.]

THE girl rose and faced him. "No, no, Leonard, it can never be," she said in low but firm tones.

He drew up his form (clad in one of Blackley's famous all-wool Botany serge lounge suits, smartly tailored, hard-wearing and reliable—to-day's price £4 17s. 6d.): "Why can you not love me?" he murmured.

"Forgive me, Leonard," she said, her bosom rising and falling in agitation beneath her artificial silk jumper trimmed in two-toned colours, finished hem-stitching, which she had purchased at BARRODS for the exceedingly low price



"PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR, PLEASE."

of 12s. 11d. "The man I love must be a hero—must do great deeds for my sake, be capable of tremendous sacrifice."

"You go too much to that Pont Street Cinema and get your head full of nonsense," he interrupted gloomily, "though I will not deny that they provide a most excellent two hours' continuous entertainment at popular prices and are showing (for this week only) the Great Wild West film, 'The Rancher's Wooing,' in five reels; but what I mean to say is that a chap doesn't get an opportunity of being a hero in England."

"How then can I ever know if you would perform great deeds for my sake?"

"I'd do 'em all right if I got a chance. Stay," he exclaimed suddenly; "I've got an idea."

"At last, Leonard! Then the 2s. 6d. Elementary Primer of Psycho-Analysis is beginning to help you already. Thousands of business-men, politicians and the like owe their success in life to these primers."

"If I achieved a great and heroic deed for your sake," he continued hoarsely (to clear the larynx take Pip's Peptoniser, 1s. 1½d. of all chemists), "would you then promise to be mine?"

She smiled half incredulously.

"Yes, I think I can safely promise that, Leonard."

"Very well, then, you shall see," he said, and, striding out, he crushed on his brow the excellent quality velours hat which Messrs. Barter's are now selling at 25s. 6d., sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom.

Then he went forth into the darkness of the night.

Not until next morning did Leonard return. He was in a deplorable condition. His suit of Botany serge hung about him torn and mud-stained; his hair was wild and dishevelled; he had lost his velours hat of excellent quality; his face and hands were bleeding from jagged wounds.

"Great heavens, what has happened?" she asked in trembling tones.

"I have fought and bled for you," he cried, "according to your wish. All last night I spent in weary vigil under the stars; when day broke the battle commenced. Three times was I thrust back in the onslaught; twice was I trampled underfoot and left for dead. But undaunted I rose and, pressing forward in the face of fearful odds—"

"I understand," she broke in, "you have been to Peter Selfson's great sale.

Tell me, is it true that they are selling twenty-guinea coney-seal coats for five pounds?"

"It is. I—I secured one for you," he replied simply.

With a cry she fell on his neck. "Oh, Leonard," she murmured, "my hero!" And their lips met.

(For engagement rings at all prices and reliable quality go to Messrs. Abraham and Isaacs. Wide range of plated-goods suitable for wedding-presents always in stock.)

#### Overloaded?

"Nearly £1,000,000 worth of gold was on the Cunard liner K. A. Victoria when it sailed from Liverpool for New York. The consignment weighs between 4 and 5 tons, and the boxes average between 1 and 1½ cwt. each.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is also in the ship."  
*Sunday Paper.*

"Ten sinkers, all Irishmen, employed at the Parsonage Pit, Leigh, Lancashire, had a narrow escape of being killed."—*Daily Paper.*

"The men were cut off from the pit brow, and it was not until three hours later that communication was established with them. Then a cheery voice shouted from the bowels of the earth, 'As tha gettin' owt to eat and drink, and we could do wi' a leet.'"

*Another Daily Paper.*

Notice the strong Irish brogue.





"BE IT GOIN' TO RAIN, JEM?"

"I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, GEORGE, BUT I SEE THE PAPER, AN' THAT DU SAY, 'FORECAST.'"

### LUMBER.

If I'd got to choose alone  
One of all the freights I've known—  
All my cargoes live and dead,  
Bacon pigs and pigs of lead,  
Cattle, copra, rice and rails,  
Pilgrims, colliers, nitrates, nails,  
Lima beans and China tea—  
What do you think my pick would be?

If I'd got to name the best—  
Take just one and leave the rest  
Out of all the ports I've known—  
Coral beaches white as bone,  
All the hot lands and the cold,  
Nights of stars and moons like gold,  
Tropic smells and Spanish wine,  
Whispering palm and singing pine,  
All the isles of all the sea—  
Where do you think I'd want to be?

Loading lumber long ago  
In a ship I used to know,  
With the bow-ports open wide  
In her stained and rusted side,  
And the saws a-screaming shrill  
At the Steveston lumber-mill;  
Where the Fraser floods and flows  
Green and cold with melting snows,  
And the tow-boats' wailing din,  
As the booms come crawling in,

Fills the echoing creeks with sound,  
And there's sawdust all around,  
Deep and soft like drifted snow;  
Nowhere much a man can go,  
Nothing much to see or do,  
Mouldiest burg you ever knew.

But I'd give the years between—  
All I've done and all I've seen,  
All the fooling and the fun,  
All the chances lost and won,  
All the good times and the bad,  
All the memories sweet and sad,  
Far and near, by shore and sea,  
I would give them all to be  
Loading lumber years ago  
With the lads I used to know—  
Loading lumber all day long  
Stacks of scented deals among—  
Loading-lumber at the mill  
Till the screaming saws were still  
And the rose-red sunset died  
From the mountains and the tide,  
Till the darkness brought the stars  
And the wind's song in the spars  
Of that ship I used to know—  
Loading lumber, long ago. C. F. S.

"Wanted, Aberdeen Puppy and Hen House,  
good condition (capacity six)."—*Local Paper.*  
Does "capacity" refer to the hen-  
house or the puppy?

### THE QUEST OF THE STILTON.

"WHAT people lack to-day," insisted Tweedale, "is mental elasticity. Our lives, and consequently our ideas, run in narrow stereotyped grooves. Any suggestion or situation a little out of the normal destroys our mental equipoise in a moment and leaves us hopelessly baffled.

Suppose, for example, I were to stop a perfect stranger in the street, raise my hat and put to him this quite comprehensible question, 'Excuse me, Sir, but could you sell me a Stilton cheese?' what would be the result? He would gape like a fish; he would flounder; he would probably end by calling the police. It is a very discouraging state of affairs."

"I don't see it," objected Ribble. "You could scarcely expect him to answer, 'With the greatest of pleasure,' deftly produce a Stilton cheese from one pocket, a pair of scales from another, and proceed to effect a commercial transaction in the public thoroughfare."

"Of course not," replied Tweedale. "He would only need to raise his hat in reply and say, 'I much regret that at the moment I cannot execute your re-



### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

WORKING MAN.—"I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA, BUT I'M AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO SACRIFICE SOME OF THIS STUFF IF I'M GOING TO GET THROUGH."







Child. "MAY I TAKE MY BEST DOLL TO HEAVEN?"

Mother. "No, DARLING."

Child. "MAY I TAKE MY SECOND-BEST DOLL TO HEAVEN?"

Mother. "No, DARLING."

Child. "WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF I SHOULD HAVE TO TAKE MY GOLLIWOG AND GO TO HELL."

quirement.' Then we should both bow courteously and pass on."

"But, Tweedale," I interposed, "though you are pleased to criticise your fellow-men for their inability to cope with a novel situation, it seems to me that you would be equally at fault through your own inability to create that situation. A bachelor like yourself, taking all your meals at the club, could never be actuated by the desire to purchase a Stilton, which would be a sheer encumbrance, whilst a householder genuinely anxious to stock his larder would obviously adopt a more practical method to attain his end. The situation, you see, is inherently impossible."

"Not at all," retorted Tweedale, "though I will admit that it takes a man of imagination and supreme intellectual detachment to ask for something he does not need from someone who cannot possibly supply it. One may say it requires genius. I should experience a rare artistic joy in such an action."

"An idle boast," exclaimed Ribble. "I challenge you, Tweedale, to come out with us now and do it."

"Right," said Tweedale, "I accept—on condition that you promise to stand by me if I get into any trouble with the police."

We agreed readily and left the club together. When we reached the Strand Ribble and I fell back a few paces to allow Tweedale full scope. A stout prosperous-looking individual with black side-whiskers and a large flower in his coat came sauntering along, glancing somewhat self-consciously from side to side. Tweedale stopped and touched his arm.

"Pardon me, Sir," he said, raising his hat, "but could you sell me a Stilton cheese?"

The stranger halted and a look of intense gratification lit up his features.

"Ah," he cried, striking an attitude, "this at last is fame. For years I have dreamed of the time when my face should be known and loved by London's great cheese-eating public. You recognise me, Sir, as William Stubbs, proprietor of Stubbs's Imperial Stores," and he indicated with his umbrella a large grocery establishment immediately adjacent. Seizing Tweedale's arm impulsively he led him towards the entrance of that emporium. "I have in stock," we heard him say, "an exceptional line of seventeen-pound Stiltons, as rich and ripe as any the renowned Vale of Belvoir has ever produced. You shall take your choice, Sir, you shall take your choice."

When Tweedale emerged some time later staggering beneath the weight of an enormous Stilton cheese and signalled wildly for a taxi he could scarcely speak for artistic rapture.

#### AMANDA AT BREAKFAST.

(A January Idyll.)

WHAT is it that Amanda ails?  
How comes it her complexion pales?  
My badinage completely fails;  
Her face is set as hard as nails;  
She leaves unread *The Dainty M\*\*\*\*'*  
Instructive or alarming tales  
Of earthquakes or terrific gales  
Or strange mortality of quails;  
She's given up practising her scales  
And talking of the PRINCE OF WALES.  
But 'tis no quest of Holy Grails  
That dominates her soul and hales  
Her forth on long and weary trails  
From nine till six; it is the Sales.

#### "CORK CITY ALARMED."

A police party, num-operation almost immediately; and again the ter Meulen scheme would give an equal start to all nationalities who wish to export their goods, whereas mine would give our own traders bering ten, coming from Union Quay, the police headquarters, to Empress-place barracks."—*Evening Paper*.  
Even those citizens who were not actually frightened may well have felt bewildered.

## LONDON ITSELF AGAIN.

THOSE children who for too long have been the victims of the false hopes held out by Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Circus are now happy, for the real thing is at Olympia and the Crystal Palace. For a month the circus is flourishing in London, and those of us who spend the rest of the year in missing it, or stealing away to the country on the track of my Lord GEORGE SANGER, are happy too.

I am personally so absurd and confirmed a devotee of the circus that I can take pleasure even in the preparations. The turn is the *pièce de résistance*, no doubt, but the preparations are most admirable *hors-d'œuvres*. The willing men who rake the tan, and carry the carpets (incredibly heavy), and fix the wires and the ropes, and loosen the bearing-reins, and allow the clowns to harass them and jump over them, and lug in tubs for elephants—of these I tire no more than they seem to tire when all their work must be undone and the carpet's tonnage borne away again, preparatory, as they know, to being borne in once more in a few minutes' time. The greater the number of these men, and all the other camp-followers who stand by the entrances and are never bored by the performance, the more I like it. Both at the Crystal Palace and Olympia there are hosts, while the Crystal Palace adds two elements of drama in a master of ceremonies who strikes a gong when anything new is to happen, and a gateway of curtains which, as the gong strikes, part asunder to let the glory in.

Olympia's circus has but a single ring, but the Crystal Palace has two, in addition to a central stage, within a vast oval course for chariot-racing. I am all in favour of chariot-racing, with three horses harnessed abreast coming along like fate, but I find simultaneous performances distracting. When, however, there is a very special attraction the Crystal Palatians wisely isolate it, as in the case of Norah from the Nile.

Norah from the Nile, being unique, reigns during her *séance* supreme. No *prima donna* could receive more consideration. While she is making a deliberate and, if I am any true student of physiognomy, disdainful tour of the vast arena, the ringmaster is assuring the audience that she is the only trained hippopotamus in the world, and that if

any of us can produce her equal five thousand pounds will be ours; but if any of us can produce her superior our reward will be ten thousand. "The money," he adds, "is waiting." Personally I am not a competitor; whatever animal I selected to train would not be a hippopotamus. But elementary though the tricks of Norah of the Nile may be it is impossible to withhold respect from the man who set himself the task of getting even those into such a cranium.

At Olympia there is, naturally enough,

be under the impression that acrobatics are humour. PIMPO of Olympia, whose universality is a marvel, must be excepted from the rest, but even he has been far funnier "on the road" with his Lordship than in his glittering winter quarters. Yet Olympia cannot lack laughter so long as the sea-lioness rolls on her back and applauds. If there is anything funnier than this spectacle, no matter how often repeated, I have never seen it; while it is equally impossible for even the most atrabilious to remain grave when that exquisite

little grey pony belonging to Madame GAUTIER takes its boxing opponent unawares from behind. The joke is the richer because we can see the attack coming and he can't; we and the pony are fellow-conspirators. It is matter for a BERGSON, for whereas most laughter is said to result from surprise, in this case the only person who is surprised—the gentleman-boxer—is the only person who doesn't laugh. But laughter must be one of the fruits of concerted mischief too.

Some of the performers at both the circuses so obviously enjoy their work that one has the feeling that it is they who should pay to be there and not we, or even that they should recompense us for having to watch them with no chance to participate. The girl who rides the two horses at once at the Crystal Palace, and (I believe) usually wins the race and is crowned with laurels by NERO himself, gives no indication that this is a bread-earning task or anything but sheer excitement and delight; and the three gentlemen in the sky at Olympia, high up above the electric lights, who swing from trapezes and are caught as they fly and safely

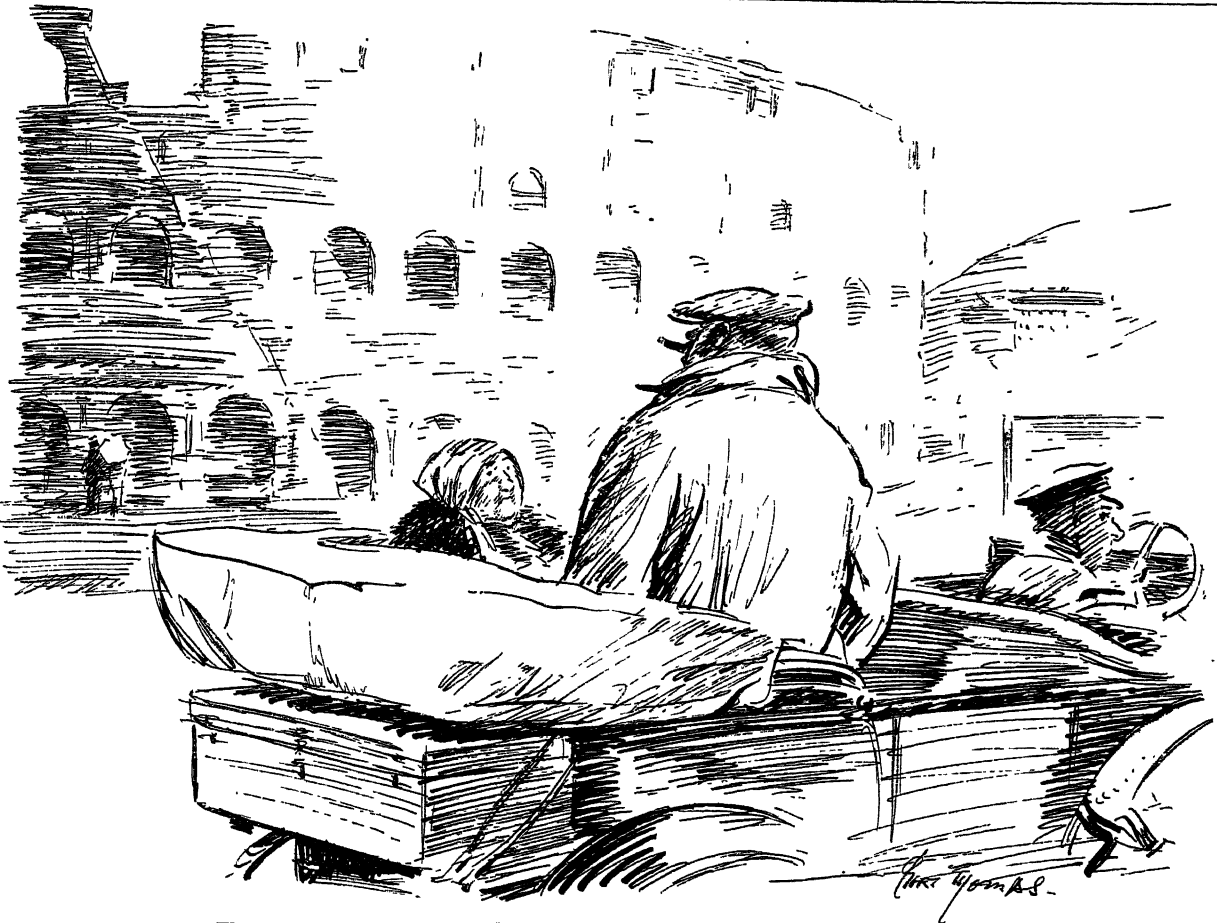
returned to their trapezes again—these must know a rapture that they would not exchange for any vulgar pound-notes. But every performer has a zest—for that is part of the circus tradition, a tradition as old as the circus itself; all are gay and triumphant and versatile; and, whether it is at Olympia or the Crystal Palace, all give the signal for applause with the same gestures of self-esteem. And they get it. Among theatrical audiences you now and then find a grudging fellow with idle palms, but both in level Hammersmith and on the heights of Sydenham you will look for him in vain.

Coming away from Olympia and thinking of all those thousands of gratified satisfied people, young and old, I



"REMEMBER, MRS. WILKINS, IT'S US WORKING WOMEN  
WOT'S MADE ENGLAND WOT IT IS."  
"LUMME, WE AIN'T AS BAD AS ALL THAT, ARE WE?"

no hippopotamus, but some of the honours there go to amphibians—the sea-lions. On the super-intelligence of sea-lions this pen has already exhausted itself; but one of the Olympian performers scores a new triumph by being not only a more expert juggler than 999 out of every 1,000 human beings, but a laughter-maker beyond the efforts of any of the clowns. Olympia and the Crystal Palace make the same mistake in the matter of clowns, each of them preferring quantity to quality. I have never been in the company of so many clowns who did so little that was droll; but perhaps I am not a fair critic, for on my heart is the word "Marceline" engraven. None the less the fact remains that both managements seem to



*The Profiteer's Lady (in Rome). "WOT WAS THE COLISEUM, 'ENRY? A CINEMA?"*

asked myself this: If a permanent circus cannot pay in London, as is always alleged, why does not some millionaire open one for fun? It would be more amusing than a yacht and it might cost less. It might even cost nothing at all (for the experts are often wrong) and make itself pay, as I have no doubt the Cirque Medrano does in Paris. One hears on all sides of Excess Profits being squandered on theatrical ventures so as to defeat the tax-collector—why not on a circus ring? E. V. L.

#### TITLES THAT HELP US.

[Mr. VAUGHAN DAVIES, former M.P. for Cardiganshire, one of the new peers in the New Year Honours' List, will take the title of Lord CEREDIGION.]

The available rhymes for "religion"

Are inept and exceedingly few;  
Infact, besides "widgeon" and "pigeon,"

I can't think of one that will do;  
So the title of Lord CEREDIGION

Is hailed by the orthodox bard,  
Unless, as I fear, the new Cambrian peer  
Insists on the "g" being hard.

#### Another Sex Problem.

"At the West of England Fat Stock Show at Plymouth, the champion bullock was a South Devon cow."—*Local Paper.*

#### THE NEW COMPLAINT.

*Wigmore Street, W.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Valuable if disquieting light has been thrown by the inimitable medical correspondent of *The Times* on the mysterious epidemic of swollen faces by which London and the provinces have been recently afflicted. It is not mumps; the evidence seems to show that it is not tuberculosis; it may be a complication of "influenza." But with admirable honesty our medical Mentor declines to dogmatise. "The nature of the condition is not clear." It may of course prove to be botulism, or periphrastic bletheropsychosis, or even worse, but we must possess our souls in patience until the oracle speaks again.

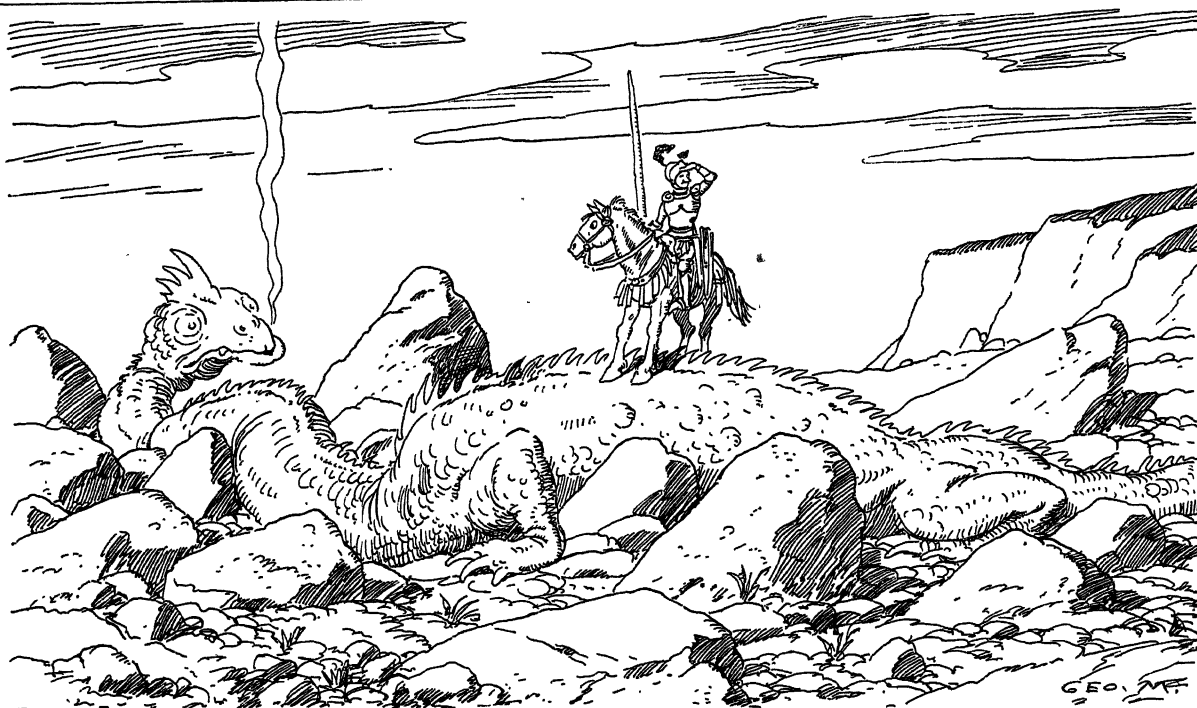
Meanwhile I confess to a certain disappointment that he has failed to notice the cognate and at least equally formidable malady which, under slightly varying forms but with the same general symptoms, has been prevalent since the New Year amongst many of the most influential members of the community. The four outstanding varieties of the complaint are (1) turgescence or perhaps I should say tumidity of the cere-

bellum, (2) cedema of the synciput, (3) bulbosity of the temporal regions and (4) elephantiasis, or in some cases hippopotamitis, of the occiput.

In one instance, that of a peer, who now takes a No. 10 hat (and coronet), the distension was so great as to suggest that the condition was due to internal combustion and could only be relieved by the application of high explosives to the pineal gland. These grave diagnoses naturally caused much anxiety, but happily detumescence has now set in and the patient is at the moment no longer suffering from chimerical bombinations. As to the causes of this strange malady it is impossible to speak as yet with perfect certitude. By some it is regarded as the outcome of the publication of the New Year Honours List. Others ascribe it to an undue addiction to psychoanalysis or to Scoto-Percychosis. All that can be safely said at the moment is that, in the event of a general epidemic of gigantocrania, generous assistance should be given by the Board of Trade to enable the hat trade to cope with the demands of their customers.

Yours faithfully,

PEABODY ALLNUTT.



Short-sighted Hero. "CONFOUND THOSE STUPID RUSTICS! THEY TOLD ME I SHOULD BE SURE TO FIND A DRAGON ABOUT HERE, BUT I'M HANGED IF I CAN SEE A SIGN OF ONE."

## THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

(Some Thoughts on the Rhythm of Titles).

Mrs. Homer ffantail-ffortescue looked at her husband. His expression, attached to another man, would have appeared to her "thoughtful." As it was, he "looked as though he were smoking," so she waited for him to speak.

"It is surprising," said he at last, "how easy it is to make money. There is a fortune, a colossal fortune, to be made out of the pen."

"Do you mean out of literature?" asked his wife, almost scandalised.

"No," he replied crushingly, "I mean out of stuff to be read. The people who make the money are the people in possession of a few trifling but essential points of knowledge. By a coincidence, which I need not explain, I have become one of the few who know."

He divined the emotions that were choking back her unspoken words. He too was strangely affected, and for a moment felt inclined to tell her all, even where to find the brisk little hand-book from which he was quoting.

"Did it ever occur to you," continued the god, "that thousands of books are sold simply because of the swing of the title? Take plays, for example. As soon as you know there is a play called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, you feel as though you ought to see it. The title tells you quite plainly that you

ought to read it. Authors' names, titles of books, titles of plays, either carry conviction or they don't."

His wife agreed.

"When once the public have got used to the swing of a title, it is the easiest thing in the world to profit by their prejudice. Some people know this and make a good income out of the knowledge. I could name you scores of plays that have made money simply because their titles moved to the same rhythm as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. There's *The Case of Rebellious Susan* and *A Woman of No Importance*—to name only two!"

"Well then, Henry, if that's all, I don't see why you—"

"That's not all," cried out Henry excitedly. "That's only one point."

At this moment Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue suddenly remembered that she had bought a birthday book for Georgina, called *The King of the Golden River*, and that Freddie had refused to go to bed last night until he had finished a story about *The Queen with the Swollen Gumboil*. She trembled with excitement.

"That's not all," cried her husband; "we ourselves possess a name that carries conviction! Henry Homer ffantail-ffortescue! Mrs. Homer ffantail-ffortescue! Exactly, to a syllable, the rhythm of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. So there are the two main things settled—author's name and rhythm of title."

"How much do these writers make, dear—I mean these writers who know?" queried the lady wildly.

"Four thousand, ten thousand, anything up to thirty thousand a year."

There was a long pause.

"If only," she said at last—"if only, Henry, you could get started!"

"I shall start, dear, next Monday morning, after breakfast. I must have a day or two to think over . . . a communication I am expecting from a firm of publishers in Soho."

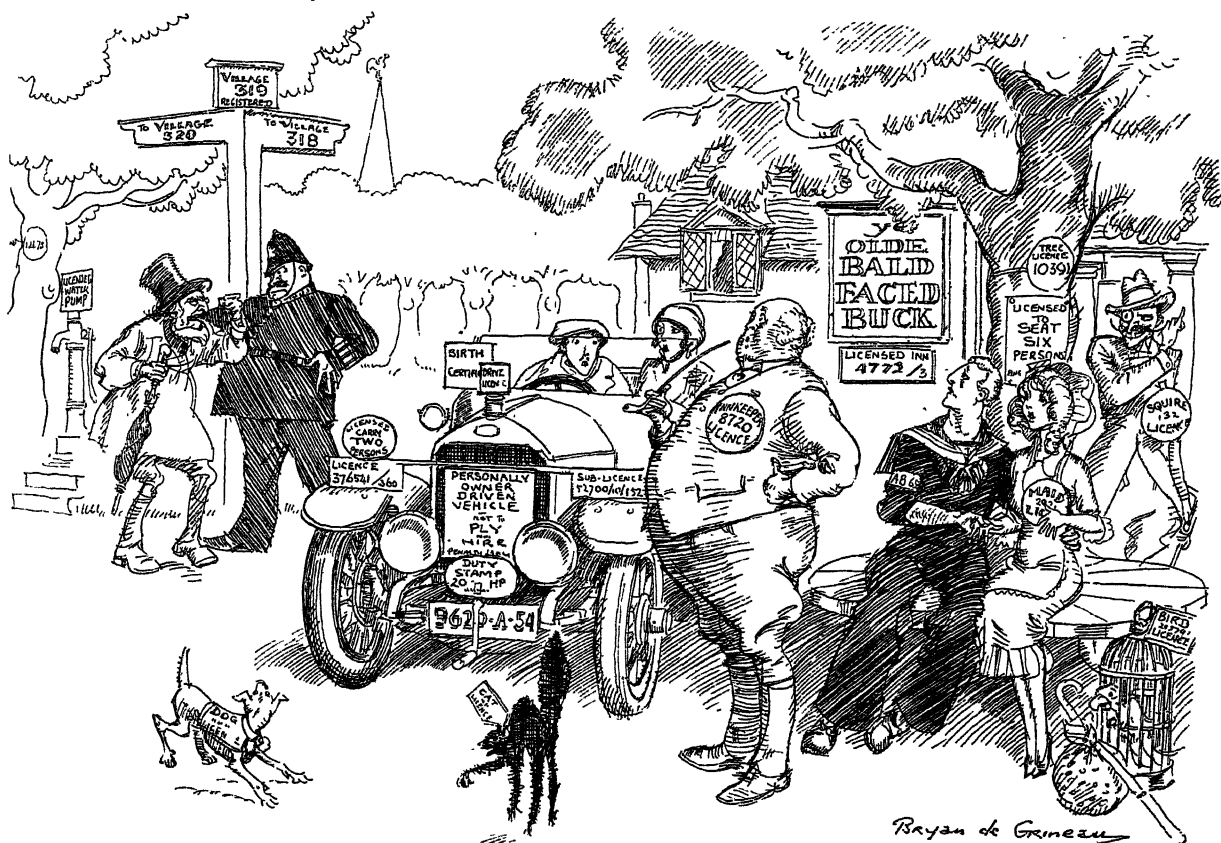
Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue sank helpless on the rug beside her husband's chair. Sables, motors, opera-boxes, the latest in hair and hats, all swirled before her in a maelstrom of dizzy vision.

"To think," she said at last brokenly, "to think that men of genius used to starve regularly in garrets just through sheer ignorance!"

Her husband checked this sentimental current of thought by pointing out to his wife that she had promised at the altar to take him for better as well as for worse.

Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue rose from the rug and, clutching her husband, gathered strength as she spoke.

"Oh, Henry, Henry," she said, bravely struggling with her tears, "what does it matter to me how much you earn? Make it ten thousand a year, twenty thousand if you wish! If the best comes to the best, my place is still by your side." Thereupon she ran hysterically out of the room.



(If the authorities' registration and licensing schemes continue unchecked. A stage village scene A.D. 1930.)

Passing Motorist. "WHENCE THIS UPROAR, MINE HOST?"

Mine Host. "WHY, IF THEY BEAN'T A-RUNNIN' IN OWD JARGE! IT'S HIS HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY TO-DAY AND T' OWD GAFFER'S EXCEEDED THE AGE LIMIT!"

[Motorist shudders and passes on his licensed career.]

Henry forgot her instantly, so great was his impatience for the arrival of the evening post. This delay was galling. He knew the *Writer's Complete Guide* almost by heart, but as yet could not make a cent!

Of what avail was it to know that his MSS. must be neatly typed and packed flat, neither creased like new trousers nor rolled like a cigar? When would he be able to use those half-sheets of note-paper on which he had already scrawled "Usual rates"?

His virgin volume, *A Reed from the Lakes of Silver*, and its companion, *A String from the Lute of Sappho*, would never be written unless he could at least find a theme for his lute, a subject for his reed.

The familiar "Guide" was very good, but it assumed originality.

The post was to bring him the pendant to the "Guide." This new work was a series of daring chapters collected under the title of *The Idea as Mummy*. It undertook to bring originality to the dullest seekers. For what was originality but rediscovery? What was every birth but a resurrection? Every possible subject had already been dealt with. All

the themes of literature were already embalmed in books. The public libraries were catacombs awaiting the explorer. Thus spake the pendant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue ran panting into the drawing-room.

Brown paper and string lay on the floor.

"My book has arrived," said Henry simply.

"You wrote that?" cried his wife, bewildered.

"I said my book," replied Henry with great distinctness. "I bought it."

Here was a chance for Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue to show her sympathy and comprehension. She glanced down the titles of the chapters: "What is Plagiarism?" "Shakspeare Guilty;" "The Idea as Mummy;" "The Idea Transformed;" "The Idea Transferred;" "Foreign Sources;" "The Purchasing Public;" "What are Fools for?" "Fame at Last!"

Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue ventured to remark that the author seemed to know his subject.

"Down to the last detail, dear," said Henry. "With the help of that book

and your sympathy I shall set to work on Monday morning. By the way, dear, have you noticed the rhythm of the sub-title, 'The Path to the Fields of Fortune'?"

"And the author's name?"

"Fourteen Hundred Sterling Out of It," he calls himself. Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU to a syllable!"

"Oh, Henry," cried Mrs. ffantail-ffortescue, "when will Monday morning come?"

#### Literary Note.

We are asked to contradict the rumour that Mrs. ASQUITH is now writing Mr. ASQUITH's autobiography.

"Mr. Richard — has been appointed tramway traffic manager at — at £350 a year, rising by £25 a year to £4000."

Trade Paper.

This is the kind of job one sees advertised as "Permanency to suitable man."

"Electrocution of microbes is the latest dental method. The apparatus consists mainly of an insulted sofa, a glass tube connected with electrical apparatus, and a violet ray."

Canadian Paper.

But what if the sofa refuses to take offence?

### THE PRESENT.

FOR some moments I paced irresolutely up and down in front of the shining emporium, then, mustering up my courage, flung myself into the surging stream of shoppers and was borne into the very heart of the mighty building.

"Something—for a child," I managed to gasp to a worn and buffeted-looking individual in frock-coat and side-whiskers against whom I was eventually flung.

"Toy Department—second-floor," he jerked out with penny-in-the-slot promptitude.

I smiled wanly and clung affectionately to him to save myself from being whirled away into the Glass and Cutlery section.

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I am a little puzzled. Possibly you, as a family man" (I ventured this on the strength of the side-whiskers), "could assist me—"

"Inquiry Office and Information Bureau sharp right and straight ahead," he flipped back.

Another frock-coated functionary (without side-whiskers) took me in hand in the Inquiry Office and led me to a padded chair.

"My small godson is staying with us," I explained, "and it is his birthday on Saturday. It is a little difficult nowadays to know what to give a bright boy of seven."

"We have a large and varied selection," he began in his best "Master's Voice" style, but I switched him off.

"This particular boy," I informed him with a touch of hauteur, "is no common child. He has been blessed with unusually gifted parents."

"Intelligent, eh?" he mused glibly. "Oh, well, a set of mechanical models or a box of Plasticine."

"The boy would be insulted," I countered. "He was designing locomotives and cathedrals before he was three."

I was secretly delighted to perceive that the coarse commercial confidence of the man shivered perceptibly under this stroke.

"A scientific game," he suggested humbly. "We have the finest selection—"

"My dear man," I interrupted impatiently, "Egbert celebrated his fifth birthday by defeating twenty-three leading chess amateurs in four hours. In addition to which he holds the Junior Billiards Championship for the North-West Riding of Middlesex."

The fellow mopped his brow, but a glance at a catalogue restored some of his assurance.

"Of course there are always books,"

he said blandly. "A boy such as that would be fond of books."

"It would be more correct to say he tolerates them—that is, a few of them," I replied. "He has his own ideas on the subject, and they are not flattering to the world's literature. In his *Comments from a Cot*, written some few years ago, he denounces the entire basis of Attic philosophy as unsound, and is exceedingly caustic concerning modern European thought. In his preface to Egbert's forthcoming criticism of *World Religions* the Archbishop of Canichester declares that he (Egbert) has effectually destroyed—"

"We have a menagerie," almost shouted the man, "procured at enormous expense from all parts of the world—"

"For natural history," I said coldly, "Egbert has nothing but contempt. Nature's pig-headedness and lack of originality make him tired."

"Thought-reading, hypnotism, psychical research," he urged pleadingly. "I assure you that our 'Hall of Mystery' is unrivalled."

"Egbert has alluded to all these things as the childish hysteria of a race that is still in the grip of barbarism," I retorted crushingly.

The last relics of the man's stubborn pride left him and he broke down.

"What you want," he sobbed, "is a brain specialist, not an inquiry office."

"Come, come," I remonstrated kindly, "don't give in; there must be a solution somewhere. Try putting yourself in the place of Egbert's father—"

He started up with a glance of terror. "God forbid!" he ejaculated.

The fear left his eyes and he was the man of ideas once more.

"I have a notion. Why don't you give the boy's father something instead?"

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "that's not half bad. I really don't see why, children being so hard to please nowadays, such a practice should not become more or less universal. What do you suggest I should give Egbert's father on Egbert's birthday?"

His eyes gleamed.

"We have a remarkable selection of Malacca canes," he said winningly, "and the Slipper Department is just on your right."

We shook hands and parted.

### A Good Psychical Resort.

From a Swiss hotel prospectus:—  
"Cresta-Run, an unicum, as an Ice-Run for skeletons."

"Mr. H. —, of Torpoint, has been picking bunches of wild primroses at Antony since September, and is still picking them."

*Provincial Paper.*

Why not? It seems a harmless pursuit.

### ODIUM ATOMICUM.

(A very irregular Ode based on a recent correspondence in "Nature.")

SIR OLIVER, who, in the quest of truth, Like "the Pellæan youth,"

Cribbed by the compass of a single world

Beyond its flaming battlements his banner has unfurled,

And, like an *Admirable Crichton*, Is always ready at the shortest notice

to hold forth or write on Any conceivable theme from tennis

faults Or the constitution of double or basic salts

To the most subtle transcendental high kicks

In astrophysics or translunar psychics, Recently published in the columns of

*Nature*

A notable contribution to scientific nomenclature,

Kindly providing us with seven fine and large

Brand-new names for the "hydrogen nucleus or unit of positive charge."

How generous and kind His action seemed to the unthinking

layman's mind! But now, Professor FREDERICK SODDY,

That famous radio-active body, Comes down just like a cartload of

explosive bricks On OLIVER for playing needless tricks;

For 'why, he asks derisively—why pile on

The brand-new names of "proton," "ambion," "hylon,"

"Merron" and "uron," "centron," likewise "prime,"

When all the time The positive nucleus safely could

rely on Its good old name (and surname)

"hydrogen ion"? And then the bellicose and caustic

SODDY, Who treats Sir OLIVER as if he were

Poor Pillycoddly Or any ordinary hoddy-doddy,

Winds up with a sardonic observation Upon the modern "hydrophobic school,

With its inveterate aversion to anything wet;"

Showing that by a curious transmigraton

The hate which theologians as a rule Monopolised may now be met

In the most learned and exalted set Of those whose scientific zeal and piety

Form the chief glory of the Roy'l Society.

"Drumhead court martial is among the powers under marital law."—*Daily Paper.*

It sounds drastic, but we dare say it is no worse than the old-fashioned curtain lecture.





*Sportsman (in Ireland). "BY JOVE, THAT YOUNG ONE OF YOURS WENT WELL!"*

*Cheerful Thruster (who has been going "top of the hunt"). "WELL, NOW, I'LL TELL YE, CAPTAIN, IT'S KICKIN' THE DOGS FROM UNDER HIS FEET HE WAS ALL THE TIME."*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)*

WHEN one opens a book by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC at a paragraph beginning, "For instance, I can imagine some Don of the older Universities (supposing him honest enough to admit the degradation into which the House of Commons has fallen) . . ." one knows what to expect—a large, engaging, nimble but undeniable bee buzzing about in a large, attractive but undeniable bonnet. That, with reservations, is what you will find in *The House of Commons and Monarchy* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). Briefly, Mr. BELLOC's thesis is that there is no hope for the House of Commons, and that the only hope, so far as there is any hope for anything anywhere, lies in a real Monarchy, mildly assisted by Councils. You would hardly think that even Mr. BELLOC could write a whole book to prove that the House of Commons was no good without once considering its claims to efficiency; but he has. That, no doubt, was because of the bee, which buzzed so powerfully that no other argument could make itself heard—the bee, of course, being political corruption, bribery, blackmail and general business with shares; and these, of course, being the sole occupation of every Member of the House of Commons. There are a few quiet corners where the bee is not heard, and in these the author gives as generously as usual of his great knowledge, attractive phrasing and close reasoning; but a writer with so old a passion for plain speaking will not mind my saying bluntly that much of the book seems to me to be great nonsense. I suspect that he has been driven to decide in favour of a real Monarchy by the sad conclusion that there is only one Incorruptible left.

I had what threatened to be a nasty shock over the first pages of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's new volume, *And Even Now* (HEINEMANN), in finding him, the incomparable, apparently preparing to sentimentalize over a broken fan. But of course really it was no such matter. "The Relic" turned out to be but a peg on which to hang certain recollections, wholly delightful, of the writer's early efforts to enshrine its story in a *conte* after the MAUPASSANT model. Is there another hand but this of MAX that can fashion such delicately shimmering silk purses from so unpromising a supply of sow's-ears? What situation, for instance, could seem more barren than to find oneself alone upon a night of storm, in the uninspiring atmosphere of a furnished lodging, contemplating a dubious fire and a shelf of somebody else's books? Yet "A Crime," which tells how one of the books was eventually sacrificed in vain to the fire that perished rather than consume it, is as merry as anything in the bundle. Watch his efforts to encourage the reluctant flames in their work of destruction. "Strange! aforetime a book was burnt now and again in the market-place by the common hangman. Was he, I wondered, paid by the hour?" Max, of course, abounds in these suddenly titillating phrases; they are part of his expected charm. What however is unexpected, what indeed raises the present volume above anything he has yet given us, is the paper, "No. 2, The Pines," describing a visit to SWINBURNE at Putney. Here in a few pages is a tribute from appreciative youth to the last phase of genius, a miniature of biographical word-painting nothing less than exquisite. To me at least it seemed among the loveliest small things that I had met for a long time. This is meant for high praise; I think, after reading, you will call it no more than just.

Perhaps it may make you jump a little to have the title of *The Hare* (GRANT RICHARDS) explained as being colloquial for *Herr*, and referring to the suggestion that an unappreciated young English composer should change himself into a German. However you can jump back again on learning that all this took place in the middle 'sixties, when there was nothing impossible, even for a hero, in such toying with Teutonism. For the rest, Mr. ERNEST OLDMEADOW's new book is a continuation of the history of *Coggin* (whom you perhaps recall from a former novel of that name). In the present volume you have him rescued—a shade too easily, I thought, though the telling is good fun—from the ill-treatment of his native town; and thenceafter his adventures, geographical, amatory and, rather especially, gastronomic, during a wander-time in Central Europe. Throughout all the earlier part of the book indeed I have seldom met any tale with a finer appreciation of good meat and drink. Open it where you will, you are sure before long to find yourself sharing an appetising and sympathetically detailed little meal, fortified by a bottle (with full name and date) of some exquisite vintage of which it is probable you never before heard. It is only just to add that, in the last of its three divisions, the story, a little aimless hitherto, rises to a level of real beauty in the episodes of the hero's love tragedy and its result. "Episodical," in fact, is the term I should apply to a tale (which awaits yet its completion in a third book) written throughout with dignity, but only once quickening to emotion.

The title of *A Girl for Sale* (HUTCHINSON) led me to expect a story so unlike what it really is that I fancy a little of my pleasure in it arose from relief. It is, in fact, a pleasant and amusing novel about a very attractive person with the very unattractive name of *Whiff Woffran*, who, having no money and no work, offered herself for sale to do anyone's bidding for six months and was purchased by a delightful middle-aged bachelor, who employed her to get rid of a truly terrible aunt who had taken possession of his hearth and home. *Whiff*, by an attitude of cloying sweetness and an unending supply of small attentions, dispossessed the aunt so quickly that *Christopher Quinton*, who by then was falling in love with his purchase, had to invent another task for her. He decided to let her find him a rentable house within half-an-hour's journey of town, and that, of course, proved too much for her, though her failure did not prevent a happy ending to the enterprise for both of them. Miss MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY has studied nasty old ladies to good purpose, and *Aunt Sophia* is one of the finest examples I have ever met, in fiction or out of it, and a warning to every woman. At the same time I think she has made a mistake in putting so many swear-words into

her mouth, even in her angriest moments. Nothing is so respectable, however nasty, as a respectable middle-class old lady and nobody more firmly convinced that respectability lies in avoiding all such vulgar, if venial, ways of self-expression. Beyond that I can think of none but nice things to say of this amusing book; and I want to give Miss BARNES-GRUNDY special praise for making the hero's good English one of his most attractive qualities. In real life it probably would have been, but I fancy most authors wouldn't have remarked it.

What strikes the layman about General VON BERNHARDI's *The War of the Future* (HUTCHINSON) is not so much the

shameless reappearance of the "cloven hoof of Prussian militarism" on which his English publisher insists, but the dullness of his observations upon the technical lessons of the War. In particular, he seems to be insufficiently alive to the differences which further developments of aircraft and of the light and heavy tank will effect, and still retains his faith in the large-scale operations of cavalry. It does not aid a temperate judgment of the General's work to find him calmly stating that Germany walked blindfolded and unprepared "into the trap prepared for her by her enemies." The moral of this for the Bernhardis would seem to be that if she did she jolly well deserved all she got for being such a fool. Needless to say the General doesn't draw it, but he does with astonishing candour sketch out the details of the *revanche* organisation, pointing out how after 1806 two hundred thousand men were trained under the eyes of the French garrison instead of the forty-two thousand permitted, so that he shouldn't be surprised if we look a little askance at the *Einwohnerwehren*.

Those who have often found delight in the very human quali-

ties of Miss JESSIE POPE's work, its light-heartedness, too, and its technical dexterity—a rather rare thing in women-writers of light verse—will be glad to have some more of her poems in book-form and to recognise among them several of her contributions to *Punch*. To the attractive little volume in which this new collection is brought together she has given the name *Hits and Misses* (GRANT RICHARDS).

"Sarah is the bigger of the two grey donkeys in 'Chu Chin Chow.' She shares with three two-footed members of the cast the distinction of never having missed a performance since the play began in 1916. Her faithful service was last night recognised by the presentation to her of a handsome bunch of carrots (property). With Mr. Courtice Pounds seated on her back, Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche made the offering."—*Daily Paper*.

For Miss BRAYTON's sake we are glad that it was Mr. POUNDS, and not Mr. ASCHE, who treated her in this cavalier fashion.



*The Charwoman's Husband.* "THE MISSIS IS VERY ILL, MA'AM, AND WON'T BE ABLE TO COME THIS WEEK."

*Lady.* "OH, I AM SORRY, GEORGE. NOTHING VERY SERIOUS, I HOPE?"

*The Charwoman's Husband.* "WELL, MA'AM, SHE WAS SO BAD LAST NIGHT I 'AD TO GO TO THE PICTURES BY MYSELF."

## CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the Press has decided to accept the appointment of Lord READING as Viceroy of India.

According to *Old Moore's Almanack* for 1921, the conjunction of the Sun and Uranus will disturb the workers in the boot factories. We can well understand this, for we ourselves detest the smell of burning brown-paper.

An evening paper announces that a well-known footballer has become the father of a "bouncing boy." Very useful for indoor practice.

A man charged with wandering last week said he was a retired admiral. As he admits that he has never written for the Press the police believe he is an impostor.

It is understood that the main object of the Mount Everest expedition will be to open up a fresh supply of similes for the use of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

When Mount Everest has been climbed, says *The Daily Mail*, "what will there be left for man to achieve?" There will, of course, still be the task of getting the POET LAUREATE to open out about it.

The language of a defendant was stated at the Brentford Police Court to have broken up a meeting of the unemployed. The idea of inviting him to deal with the telephone situation on behalf of the subscribers is being widely taken up.

"The view of the National Chamber of Trade on the subject of these enhanced telephone rates," says a contemporary, "was well expressed by Mr. Patrick Howling." It certainly seemed the right note to strike.

According to an official of the Middle Classes' Union over sixty thousand telephone users will, as a protest against the increased rates, decline to use their instruments. This means, of course, that there will be sixty thousand more wrong numbers available for other people.

Almost the only person to say a good word for the telephones is Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY. It is now up to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to say a good word for Sir LEO.

"For the last two years," complains the Vice-President of the Home and Foreign Produce Exchange, "the price

of bacon has been artificial." And nobody mistook the bacon itself for the real thing.

A man claiming to be a Russian nobleman was arrested last week in Brooklyn while trying to dispose of a diamond necklace worth fifty thousand pounds. The police admit that if he had posed as a taxi-driver or stevedore his action would never have excited their suspicions.



## WINTER SPORTS.

MRS. STRAPPINGTON WRENCH, OF SOUTH HARRINGAY, WINNER OF THE GREAT FIGHT AT JINKS'S SALE FOR THE TEN-GUINEA PARIS TOQUE MARKED DOWN TO TWO-AND-ELEVENPENCE-THREE-FARTHINGS.

(Inset.—Mrs. Bargess, of North Tooting, who was beaten under the counter).

Inventiveness, we are glad to note, is not an American monopoly. Hard on the heels of the ribbed mashie comes the announcement that a Scotsman has designed a reinforced snifter that promises to revolutionise the game.

A contemporary is offering yet another prize of one thousand pounds. All one has to do to win this sum is to be killed during a railway journey, annihilated by a lift or burnt to death.

Scotsmen are apparently much alarmed at the extensive floods which are now prevailing in their country.

They fear that Mr. JOHNSON is showing his cloven pussyfoot in another form.

A contemporary draws attention to the shrinkage of our flocks. Hitherto they have deferred this process until after conversion into chops and tennis-trousers.

A scientist points to traces of gills as evidence that man emerged from the water in the course of evolution. It is no evidence, however, that your family came over with the CONQUEROR.

Employees of the Ford Motor Company have asked permission to use the works to make cars for themselves during the slack period. Employees at the British Mint are wondering when a favourable opportunity like this is going to come along.

"It seems a pity," says a weekly journal, "that Mr. Harold Spender is not an M.P." If there is anything in a name this is just the man the Government is looking for.

A man charged at Brighton confessed to the theft of thirty-nine motor-cars. His only regret is that he should have been caught just when he was working up a nice little connection.

"Sir Hugh Allen," we are told, "is willing to take a barrel-organ and play it in Whitehall." We are doubtful whether this will put a stop to Government waste, but it is worth trying.

During Mr. CHURCHILL's temporary absence in France all pending wars will be held over for the present, though suggestions can still be left with the hall porter.

D'ANNUNZIO is said to be about to write his memoirs. We were afraid that sooner or later he would make himself ridiculous.

The elephant whose remains have recently been discovered in the West End is supposed to have been a Great White one left over from the mammoth sales of an earlier epoch.

The announcement that for three months no Cunarder has sailed without a stowaway will doubtless be an incentive to other lines to compete for this class of passenger.

"The Bolshevik stock," says *The Times*, "is becoming an embarrassment to those speculators who 'bulled' it." And it doesn't seem to be much good to the poor old Bear.

### DEMENTIA, UNLIMITED.

TERRORS are always being added to life, which, however, no matter how the mystics rejoice over its cessation, continues, even to the most terrorised, to be more attractive than the other thing.

Two new terrors have come my way of late, both of which, although all unintentionally, I have, in a manner of speaking, "asked for." For had I been an honest business man I should probably have been passed over as negligible; but, having through some perversity earned my modicum of daily bread and very little butter by means of the printed word, I am resorted to as necessarily (this is funny) a man of intellectual quickness—not a highbrow exactly, but brainy. The result is that, in the present growing excitement over the solution of acrostics, people appeal to me as an ally; they ask me to help them in the elucidation of those weekly perplexities. "If anyone can tell what this means," they say, "you can," whereas the truth is that no one, as they quickly discover, is more stupid. Probably from no mental equipment in the whole universe has the acrostic-solving ability been so completely left out as from mine. I affirm this not in self-protection, but as a fact; but, if it serves as self-protection too, so much the better.

Why the interest in acrostics should have quickened just now to such an extent that it is almost an industry I have no exact knowledge; but maybe it is because this is a time when regular industry everywhere is giving way to substitutes.

But acrostics are not all. I have been the victim lately of a young friend whose wits are being steadily addled by anagrams; and these also I am expected to be able instantly to solve. Well, I can't solve them, but they have a fascination which the acrostic lacks and I cannot help trying. This is the kind of thing he started with:—

"It's —," I said, "to seek the Sale;  
One — there I want to own;  
But having not a — to spare  
I'll lose it and — a groan."

After an hour or so I guessed the word in the last line—there being so few things that one does with a groan—and thus was able to fill the other blanks: "time," "item," and "mite." Then he gave me this:—

As with my — by my side  
We walked upon the — I spied  
The "Bancroft Arms" for —. Just think!  
With finest — for all to drink.

I did not guess that one for three hours, during which I lost, I calculate, at least five guineas, because I was not working. "Don't ever let me see you again," I said; but the next day I was puzzling over this:—

Your — may be clever, yet  
I'm — far than he, I bet.  
You — so much of his acumen,  
But where's the — to illumine?

The worst of it is the virus is working. He has brought me so many that I too am addling; I think anagrams all day and dream anagrams all night. I have no longer any interest in any word that makes one word only, such as "fork." What is the good of "fork" to me? But with a word like "lustre," which is also "rustle" and "sutler" and "rulest" and "lurest" and "result," I am enchanted. A month ago I could sit in a tram or a bus and pay no attention to the advertisements at all, but now I find myself reading every word in them and twisting them inside out and upside down and back-end first. A word has ceased to have any meaning; it is merely a something to juggle with.

The other day an Editor asked me to write him an article and named a good round sum; but, instead of answering him and getting the commission, I passed into a state of coma, during which I was endeavouring to make new

combinations of "A-R-T-I-C-L-E." When I emerged he had vanished.

Meanwhile—as sometimes one can lose a disease by passing it on—here are two more of my friend's problems, which are now lying on my desk to the confusion of all real work. This:—

"Come to the —," Beppo said,  
As — by the hand he led;  
"That is our — to-day, but O!  
Some day it may be —, you know."

And this:—

Now shall the sweetest — praise,  
In — divine, the mystic ways  
Of Him, the — of our days.

Anagrams have this advantage over acrostics, that one can carry the war into the enemy's country. To write a rival acrostic and hand it to one's persecutor is beyond me; but to compose an anagrammatical puzzle is not very difficult, and I have been doing this as retaliation. Not in rhyme, though; that is outside my powers; but in *vers libre*. Here is one of my efforts:—

A — old man named —  
Had an — wife.  
Mercifully she wore a —.  
They used to — in Paris  
And eat — cheese *chez* —.  
Who says so? —.

That, of course, is very easy, especially to those who know the names of cheeses and Paris restaurants; but this is more tricky:—

The two — went into a restaurant;  
One ordered — and the other —.  
"The —," said the waiter, "— ten minutes."  
So they read — together till it was ready.

But this is terrible. I must trifle with the drug no longer or I shall be lost.

E. V. L.

### THE FAIRIES GIVE THANKS.

To all kind folk who make delightful gardens

Where we may live,  
Enjoying days and nights of busy leisure  
Amid devices fashioned for our pleasure,  
Our thanks we give.

For dancing-lawns and gravelled jousting-places,  
For guardian trees,  
For ferny thickets strewn with moss-grown mountains  
And lily-pools and waterfalls and fountains—  
For all of these.

Charged are we also by our little comrades  
The gentle birds,  
That we their messages of thanks should bring you,  
Since they from grateful hearts can only sing you  
Songs without words.

R. F.

### The Late Art Editor of "Punch."

The Exhibition of F. H. TOWNSEND'S *Punch* drawings and cartoons, to be held at the Galleries of The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, will be open to the public on Saturday, January 29th, and will continue till the end of February.

"1902 10 h.-p. —, two-seater; just delivered."—*Weekly Paper*.  
A clear case of faulty transmission.

"En somme, le Gouvernement britannique s'en tient à la politique de 'wait and sell.'"—*Le Temps*, as quoted in *L'Eclair de Nice*.

If they are waiting for better prices we shall try to console ourselves for the present decline in the export trade.



TOWARD MOSCOW.

COMMUNIST. "GOOD! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN."





Small Girl. "I WONDER HOW OLD JOAN IS?"

Small Boy. "I BET SHE WON'T SEE FOUR AGAIN."

## A WEEK-END AT CHEQUERS.

*Saturday Night, January 8th.*—Got down safely this evening after a diverting incident, the chauffeur taking a wrong turning while following BERTIE HORNE's car, and landing us both at the Chequers Inn instead of Chequers. BERTIE HORNE most amusing; said it would never do to let it be known, or somebody would quote from a poem in which a knife-grinder says:—

"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir.

Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers, This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were

Torn in a scuffle."

Extraordinary fellow, BERTIE HORNE—so well educated and yet so humorous. I got him to write the lines down afterwards, and he said, "Mind you don't put 'axe-grinder'!"

A merry party at dinner—READING ("Reading without tears," BERTIE called him), RIDDELL ("The Walton Heathen"—BERTIE again), HAMAR (quite at home under the GREENWOOD tree—this was mine), the American Ambassador and Mrs. DAVIS and MILNER. I was afraid at first that MILNER might not mix with the rest, but he got on famously with HORNE, with whom he talked on moral philosophy, psychology and the classics all the evening.

*Sunday, January 9th.*—As a suitable prelude I thought it well to remark to

the company at breakfast that, while I had no doubt that such a retreat would do much to alleviate the cares of State which Prime Ministers inherited with this mansion, I had no desire to impose any special form of recreation on any of my guests. I am glad to think that this idea was attended by the happiest results. The day was mainly spent in conversation, in roaming about the extensive domains and visiting the reputed birthplace of CARACTACUS. Here on the subject of CARADOC I was able to hold my own against all comers. I may not be a scholar or a geographer, but I would not swap my bilingualism for the gift of silence in seven languages.

The country is certainly beautiful and the Chilterns present agreeable undulations, but I do hanker for my native mountains. The mountain air, like the mountain sheep, is sweeter. RIDDELL and the American Ambassador had a most interesting talk on the relative expensiveness of golf in the States and in England. I was glad to find that RIDDELL had never read OMAR KHAYYAM. We cannot all be omniscient, like BERTIE HORNE and MILNER. But neither of them can speak Welsh or sing Welsh hymns, at least I am sure MILNER can't, but BERTIE HORNE is capable of anything. For the rest READING radiated affability and HAMAR regaled us with lurid tales of Canadian romance. We all agreed that the telephone was a most unfortunate inven-

tion. MILNER and BERTIE HORNE talked theology all the morning. After tea BERTIE gave us a most spirited impersonation of CROMWELL describing the present company. A quiet refreshing day.

*Monday, January 10th.*—The photographs in the morning papers of my "first day at No. 10 in the Country" created quite a sensation at the breakfast table. The critics on the hearth were of course rampant, MEGAN objecting to my tie as reminiscent of a nigger minstrel, and to my habit of turning down the brim of my hat, instead of letting it retain the graceful upward curve affected by READING. She also said that I must get my hair cut; it would disgrace a broken-down cornet-player. Still the one of me with BERTIE HORNE and HAMAR is excellent; it gives me just the right bucolic touch. At the moment we were being snapped BERTIE remarked, "You look just like Farmer GEORGE, only you must wear leggings." Observe the restrained grin on HAMAR's face. I couldn't restrain myself. BERTIE is such a wag and such a splendid mimic, though he talked metaphysics quite a long time last night with MILNER.

Well, all the week-end guests have gone and I must get on with my education. There are five thousand volumes in the library and I have never had such a chance before. But the amount of Tudor history about Chequers that I

have got to get up is awful. By the way, that reminds me of a good joke of RIDDELL's, who asked me what was the difference between me and QUEEN ELIZABETH. I gave it up. "Why, you are a wonder and she was a Tudor." But then RIDDELL must have his joke. It was he who said that Chequers was the Lord Lee-est house in England.

But a truce to jesting. CROMWELL calls; to-day I am proposing to go through his relics, in the hope that from him and them I may get some tips for the treatment of Ireland.

### THE LEGEND OF DOLORES.

IN distant marvellous Peru  
A wonder-child, when only two—  
Her name and surname were DOLORES  
FRANZISKA CARMEN MIRAFLORES—  
Unaided wrote a seismic, fiery  
And psycho-analytic Diary.  
For thirty years it lay unknown,  
Except in the Peruvian zone,  
Till portions of it, sent across  
The ocean, came to Mr. Gosse,  
Who found it vivid, vital, tense  
With cataclysmic innocence,  
And just the lurid lightning flash  
Which lit the work of MARIE BASH.  
Spite of the claims of freaks and mimes  
His essay in *The Sunday Times*  
Struck home, and wide the wonder  
grew

About the marvel of Peru.

The leading agents, Blinker, Sprott,  
Offered "big money" on the spot,  
And Viscount HALDANE with delight  
Most promptly undertook to write  
A hundred thousand words or so  
By way of Preface, and to show  
His philosophic grasp of topics  
Associated with the tropics.  
Lord MORLEY "voiced" a similar  
view

And begged the author to pursue  
Her path with resolute decision  
And print her book without revision.

Meanwhile a crisis grim and great  
Arose in the Peruvian State.  
DOLORES, now aged thirty-six,  
Was suddenly impelled to mix  
In high explosive politics.

The revolution was suppressed;  
The rebels came off second best;  
And all the writings of DOLORES,  
Condemned as *contra bonos mores*  
And tainted with the creed of FREUD,  
Were irretrievably destroyed.

The repercussion of these crimes  
Was felt acutely in *The Times*,  
Where the afflicted Mr. Gosse  
Descanted on the tragic loss  
"To life, to letters, and to me"  
Involved in this catastrophe;  
While SHORTER offered in *The Sphere*  
The meed of a melodious tear.



### THE RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

"IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THE LITTLE CHAP?"  
"PLEASE, SIR, HE'S BEEN HOMR-SICK IN THE SUBWAY."

Whether DOLORES still exists  
Or not is hidden in the mists  
Of wild surmise, but in some quarters  
The cynic view obtains supporters  
That MARGOT and Miss ASHFORD  
("DAISY")

With grief are not exactly crazy,  
While REPINGTON and OPAL WHITELEY  
Are bearing their bereavement brightly.

### The New Viceroy.

REX IMPERATOR, no one will deny,  
Is fitly represented in R.I.

"For Sale.—Pedigree Fox Terrier. Hardly  
used. . . . 15 Records."

*Provincial Paper.*

This is the animal, we suppose, that  
appears in the advertisement of "His  
Master's Voice." We are sorry to learn  
of its hard usage.

### Self-Praise.

"MONTE CARLO'S VULGARITY.  
By Our Nice Correspondent."

*Daily Paper.*

"The inscription on the memorial ends  
with the beautiful Elizabethan definition:—  
'He was a verve parfit gentil Knyghte.'"

*Daily Paper.*

Culled, we suppose, from SPENSER'S  
*Canterbury Tales*.

"Trying to stop the leak with a cork instead  
of putting a new plank into the ship and sitting  
on the edge of a volcano as to matters of finance,  
is not conducive to a just appreciation of social  
and other questions."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

We can well believe this.

It is understood that the mammoth  
remains recently discovered in the founda-  
tions of Cox's Bank are unclaimed  
deposits of the Rhinoceros.



## THE TURN OF THE UNDERGROUND WORM.

I AM growing very tired of the campaign of personal abuse which the Underground Railway (and others) are conducting against me—and against you too, for the matter of that. Everywhere we go in London we see ourselves mocked and ridiculed and lampooned and caricatured, presumably at our own expense, doing incredibly stupid things, asking incredibly foolish questions, looking incredible asses. I hardly like to go out with my wife at all nowadays; for all I know she may be the original of *The Woman Who Didn't*. For all I know I may be the original of one of those pictures of a man getting on to an omnibus by seizing the hand-rail with his right foot, which, it appears, is *The Wrong Way*.

Some day I am quite certain I shall be the protagonist in one of those tabloid tragedies on the posters—you know the *Guignol* touch—about A MAN who

FOR ATTEMPTING TO TRAVEL ON THE UNDERGROUND  
WITHOUT A PASSPORT

Was at Earl's Court, on January 1st,  
**ELECTROCUTED.**

Only mine will read:—

At Bow Street, on January 14th,  
FOR PUTTING UP POSTERS OF AN IRREVERENT  
CHARACTER ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND

A MAN  
WAS  
**EXCOMMUNICATED.**

Attack, as NAPOLEON said, is the best method of offence, and I suggest that it is time we carried the war into the enemy's camp. We will have *our* posters. What about this one?—

### TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

We like looking at your pretty posters. But do you seriously believe that anyone who has not got to go on your wretched railway already will be induced to go on it by seeing a picture—even a picture of a barge labelled "BARNES"?

If you didn't spend so much money on trying to persuade people to go to Barnes you would be able to take me to Charing Cross for a reasonable fare.

- IDIOTS!

That is going to be hung up in front of the homes of all the Directors. Under that there will be another in a more subtly ironic vein:—

"MAN IS BORN FREE; AND EVERYWHERE  
HE IS IN TRAINS."

That's a nasty one.

And how would it amuse them, I wonder, if I paid some clever artist money to draw a caricature of the Directors dithering round the Board Room table, trying to make up their minds about the non-stop trains at Ravenscourt Park,

and then deducted the artist's fee from my fare? How would they like *this* sort of thing?—

So *at last* you are getting some new carriages with sensible doors! We congratulate you. Years ago the public pointed out that the absurd doors on your carriages made it practically impossible to avoid congestion whenever there were more than four people wanting to travel in one of them. You told us then that sensible doors were unsafe. Apparently we were right and you were wrong.

LUNATICS!

Then, of course, we shall have to have some counterblast to those tedious arithmetical posters proving that the fare from Charing Cross to Westminster ought really to be five pounds, because the price of ticket-cardboard has gone up since 1914. Fancy a number of grown-up men spending money on posters to prove to the people who travel daily on the Underground—of all people—that prices have gone up! What sort of figures do they think the passengers could produce?—the author, for example?—

	1914.	1921.
Price of Ink . . .	£145 . . .	£541
" Paper . . .	Four shillings	Seven pounds
" Pencils . . .	Six a penny .	6d. a pencil
" Stamps . . .	One penny .	{ 2d. (increase of 100%)
" Indiarubber	One penny .	{ 6d. (increase of 500%)
" Ideas . . .	046d. . .	(Unattainable)
What do I pay for my ticket? . . .	Sixpence.	
What ought I to pay for my ticket? . .	Nothing.	

But the Underground Railways are not alone, though they are the worst. Nowadays any institution which fails to satisfy the public demand for comfort and efficiency thinks it has only to start abusing the public to be absolved of its sins. Look at the Telephone Book. While one flounders through the seas of advertisements, instructions, execrations and oburgations, hoping sadly to come upon some hidden reference to the number of one's dentist, it becomes increasingly clear that nothing but the mad folly and wickedness of the ordinary subscriber is responsible for any deficiencies in the system. Do not do this—do not do *that*. Confound it all! we don't pay these people to order us about. "Do not say, 'Hullo!'" indeed. What *are* we to say—"Hi!" or what? They know perfectly well that you cannot go through your telephone life *without* saying "Hullo!" It was tried in the Army and it never worked. But they fondly think that if only they tell us to do enough impossible and useless things they can turn round and say, "It's *your* fault," and we shall be cowed into submission. They are wrong.

What would they say of a surgeon who plastered his operating-theatre with notices like—

I WANT YOUR CO-OPERATION.  
DO NOT FIDGET WHILE I AM REMOVING YOUR  
APPENDIX OR I MAY REMOVE YOUR LIVER  
INSTEAD.

What would they think of a dramatist who placarded the stage with—

CURSE YOU.  
"WHY CAN'T YOU BE INTERESTED?"



*She.* "WHO ARE THOSE AWFUL PEOPLE WHO'VE JUST COME IN?"

*He.* "MY DEAR GIRL, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THE RHINO-HYDES? ROLLING IN MONEY. SORT OF PEOPLE WHO COULD AFFORD TO LIVE IN ENGLAND ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

All the same I don't see why the professional humourist should not establish confidence in this way. I hope Lord ASHFIELD, Chairman of the Underground Electric Railways, will read these remarks, and I hope he will be amused. If not I simply say to him:—

A successful joke requires the co-operation of two parties—the person making it and the person laughing at it. Well, I have done my best in the face of appalling difficulties, and if you don't get the benefit of it it's your own fault.

LAUGH—CONFOUND YOU!

A. P. H.

To the Prime Minister.

Farewell to Chequers! That brief Eden's over!  
There at the gate, with fiery sword aglow,  
Stands Mr. BOTTOMLEY, arrived from Dover,  
AND YOU HAVE GOT TO GO!

"'Cyrus' asks, 'What becomes of the guides of a medium when the medium dies?' I imagine 'Cyrus' has a vague impression that the guides of a medium are entirely occupied in looking after him on earth, so that when he passes on they find themselves like Hamlet—their 'occupation gone.'—*Light.*

*Othello* having meantime been born to put the world in joint again.

### YOUNG ENGLAND.

FOAM upon their snaffle-bars, forelocks flying free,  
Busy little Shetlands battle up the ride;  
Cream below the crupper-straps, mud above the knee,  
Vieing with the hunters that pass them in a stride.

Rosy-cheeked and eager, firm as little rocks,  
Down upon their saddles, keen and full and fire,  
Ride the youth of England. *One has seen the fox!*  
*One has had a tumble, tripping over wire!*

Every passing hoof-beat sends them to the whip;  
Every thrilling horn-blast drives an anxious heel;  
Every "Come on, Billy boy!" starts a quivering lip;  
What can man do more than give 'em whip and steel?

Now they're in the open, reaching at the bit;  
Every furry neck is stretched, racing on the grass;  
"Shake 'em up" is now the word—old or fat or fit—  
While there is a pony in front of them to pass.

All the rush and rapture was not fashioned for the few  
Sweeping at the big brook splendid in their speed;  
Youth is there behind you just as keen as you,  
Fretting to be forward, longing for the lead.

Give them room for galloping. Youth will find its year;  
Time will cap them forward and cheer them to a place;  
Dappled hounds will run for them, horses jump like deer;  
These will keep in England the glory of the Chase.

W. H. O.



*Water-logged Sportsman to hare (ditto). "PASS, POOR PUSS! YOUR MISERY IS EVEN GREATER THAN MINE."*

### IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

[Pursuing our attempt to discover a poet whose muse is thoroughly in tune with the national spirit, whatever the national spirit may be, we are privileged to publish in advance four short poems written by Mr. Walter sur Mer, and originally designed for a forthcoming volume of verse entitled *Sea-Cook Pie*.]

#### I.—THE MOCKING NAVY.

"Won't you look out for your Fleet, Mr. Bull?"  
 Quoth the Navy, niggling, nagging in the papers;  
 "Can't you look out for your Fleet, Mr. Bull?"  
 Quoth the Navy, shouting madly in the papers;  
 But the old man's heart with cares was full,  
 And the Admirals seemed to have lost their wool,  
 And never from his bedroom looked out Mr. Bull  
 On the Navy yeo-heave-ho-ing in the papers.  
 "Oh, think about Trafalgar, you poor Mr. Bull,"  
 Quoth the Navy, hauling bowlines in the papers;  
 "Have you quite forgotten DRAKE, then, you poor old  
 Mr. Bull?"  
 Quoth the Navy, dancing hornpipes in the papers;  
 But times were hard and his head was dull  
 And the slump in trade had begun to pull,  
 And out of his old night-cap never answered Mr. Bull  
 The Navy scribbling-scrabbling in the papers.

#### II.—P'R'APS NEVER.

Will he ever be weary of talking,  
 The eloquent one?  
 Ever weary of dealing in day-stars,  
 Where day-star is none?  
 Will ever a shepherd arise  
 On the mountains of Wales  
 And lead all the lambs to his fold  
 With no loss to their tails?  
 Will ever the Talker come down  
 To a grip with the facts,  
 And feed us more seldom with moonshine,  
 More often with Acts?

Will he take us all up in his ship,  
 Steer us and sail us far  
 Where the fortunate islands fit  
 For the Heroes are?

#### III.—SEA FOLK.

The rates are sharks with pirate maws;  
 The income-tax has lobster claws;  
 Poor householders (and such am I)  
 Float up and down like herring-fry.  
 Firm as a rock whose crown is set  
 O'er watery wastes unfathomed yet  
 The State's blind slippery roots pierce deep  
 Where limpets sleep, where limpets sleep.

#### IV.—SEA-COOK PIE.

Who said, "Sea-cook pie"?  
 The first mate to the bo'sun;  
 Who said, "Coming down"?  
 Garters to hosen;  
 Who said, "What does it mean?"  
 Sheer extravaganza:"  
 I did; one has to get  
 On with the stanza.  
 Who said, "We'll keep it dark?"  
 LLOYD GEORGE to someone.  
 Who said, "Dressed crab for dreams,  
 You'll get a rum one"?  
 Who said, "All Time's delight  
 Lives in a song, provided  
 The metre's charming and the words"?  
 Probably I did:

EVOE.

## BRIDGE NOTES.

I NOTICE that another writer on our great national game—nowadays the number of those who seem to think they speak with an authority equal to my own is really laughable—has commented recently upon the psychology of the Bridge partner. He maintains that some people know by intuition at first sight what sort of partner a player will make. It may be so. But I must confess that, though in my time I have met a great many players, some of whom turned out to be frequenters of the Portland Club, and some of whom certainly should have been frequenters of Portland prison, I have never found it possible to forecast their degree of skill with any accuracy.

Because a woman has a double chin it does not follow that she will double no-trumps when she should; because a man wears the right collar it does not follow that he will lead the right card. I have known blue-eyed boys who played like books; and I have known ladies who could blow smoke through their noses, but could not declare to save their lives. So far as the more serious sex is concerned (more serious at Bridge I mean, of course) the only hint I have ever had beforehand is the number and weight of those purses, bags, gold cigarette-cases, pencils, match-boxes, etc., which hang together upon a chain and are dropped by the player on the table beside her with a clang, often to fall to the ground with a crash. I find that the best lady-players do as a general rule have the heaviest collection of these accessories. If your partner has merely one small bag, it is wise to play a defensive game. If she has a jangling collection which dominates the scene and would break your leg if it fell upon it, you will generally be safe to back her declarations.

I had an idea at one time that, where I was cutting for partners for the first time with players who knew each other's play, I could tell by the expression on the faces of the adversaries whether I had drawn the spot player or the "dud." I argued that only the most hardened old poker-players could keep from their faces every trace of satisfaction at seeing the mill-stone hung about the other man's neck. But I found that this theory did not work out very well in practice. I remember an occasion when, noticing that a man with an eyeglass who cut against me was smiling to himself, I jumped to the conclusion that I must take my partner out whenever possible. I found afterwards that she was the best lady-player I had ever met, and that the smile on my opponent's face was



Crane Driver. "WHAT'S UP WITH YER NOW, BILL?"

Navy. "WHY, THAT BLINKIN' UNION O' MINE WON'T ALLOW ME TO SPIT ON ME 'ANDS, SO I'VE LOST ME GRIP, LIKE."

a fixed one, which he was compelled to wear in order to keep his eyeglass in. I was equally deceived in a lady whose face lit up with delight at the result of the cut, or so I thought. It turned out that she was a particularly greedy woman and the cause of her delight was the arrival of the sandwiches. She ate seven out of twelve of them, I remember.

In conclusion I should like to take the opportunity of suggesting an amendment to the Rules of Auction Bridge. It is that, as we are allowed to double our adversaries' declarations, we should

be allowed to halve our partners'. The bidding might then run something like this (after lower bids): A. Three spades. B. Four hearts. C. No. D. *I halve that.* I admit the probability of a permanent estrangement between B. and D. But what is that to saving possibly three hundred above?

"The Bishop of Bangor has appointed the Rector of Llanfaethlu-with-Llanfurog, Anglesey, to be Archbishop of Bangor."

*Provincial Paper.*

But, won't his present Grace of Wales object?



*Granny* (pointing to portrait in album). "THAT'S WHEN I WAS ON MY HONEYMOON."

*Small Child*. "THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME AGO, GRANNY, 'COS DADDY'S QUITE OLD, AND HE WASN'T BORN THEN, I KNOW—'COS THIRTY SEVEN ARE."

### THE SALES.

(With acknowledgments to EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

See the people at the Sales,  
Winter Sales!

What a deal of argument and chattering prevails!

How they rummage, rummage, rummage

Here and there and round about

(Very like a football scrum),

While the shop-girls, feeling some age,

Do weakly shout

With a tremor down the spine,

Calling "Sign! Sign! Sign!"

And the buyers come by 'buses, come by trams and  
trolley mills

To the Sales, Sales, Sales, Sales,

Sales, Sales, Sales,

To the bustle and the bustle of the Sales.

See the women at the Sales,

Jolly Sales!

What a source of happiness and one that never fails!

Crossing through a wakeful night,

How they rush out with delight

Into the dreary winter's morn,

And all aglow.

Like the hunters a streaming up behind the horn—

"Tally Ho!"

Oh, these frolicsome females!

What a wonderful energy their enterprise entails!

Not one pales,

Not one quails

As to the counter each assails:

Not one heeds the other's wails

In the charging and the barging

Of the Sales, Sales, Sales,

Of the Sales, Sales, Sales, Sales,

Sales, Sales, Sales,

In the tumble and the jumble of the Sales.

See the husbands at the Sales,

Awful Sales!

What a maddening maelstrom for the miserable males!

In the hot and stifling air

How they growl out their despair;

Feeling feebly in the way,

They can only pay, pay

As required;

Making pitiful petition to the mercy of their wives;

Expostulating mildly with their fierce and frantic wives!

Pleading for their wretched lives

And for something that revives.

Making weak and vain endeavour

Now to escape or never

From Her Who Refuses To Be Tired.

Oh, the Sales, Sales, Sales!

Oh, the bargains each retails!

Step this way

To the Sales, Sales, Sales, Sales,

Sales, Sales, Sales,

To the clamour and the glamour of the Sales!

### Gigantic Bargains.

"FOR SALE.—Officer's Service Kit, in good order, height 6 ft. 10½ in., medium figure."—*Indian Paper*.

"Gentleman's dinner-suit (smoking) medium figure (7 ft. 5 in.) in perfect condition, for sale cheap."—*Argentine Paper*.





### THE CHIEF'S LAST CHARGE.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA (to the New Juror). "MADAM, I COULD NOT LEAVE THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE IN FAIRER HANDS."





## OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

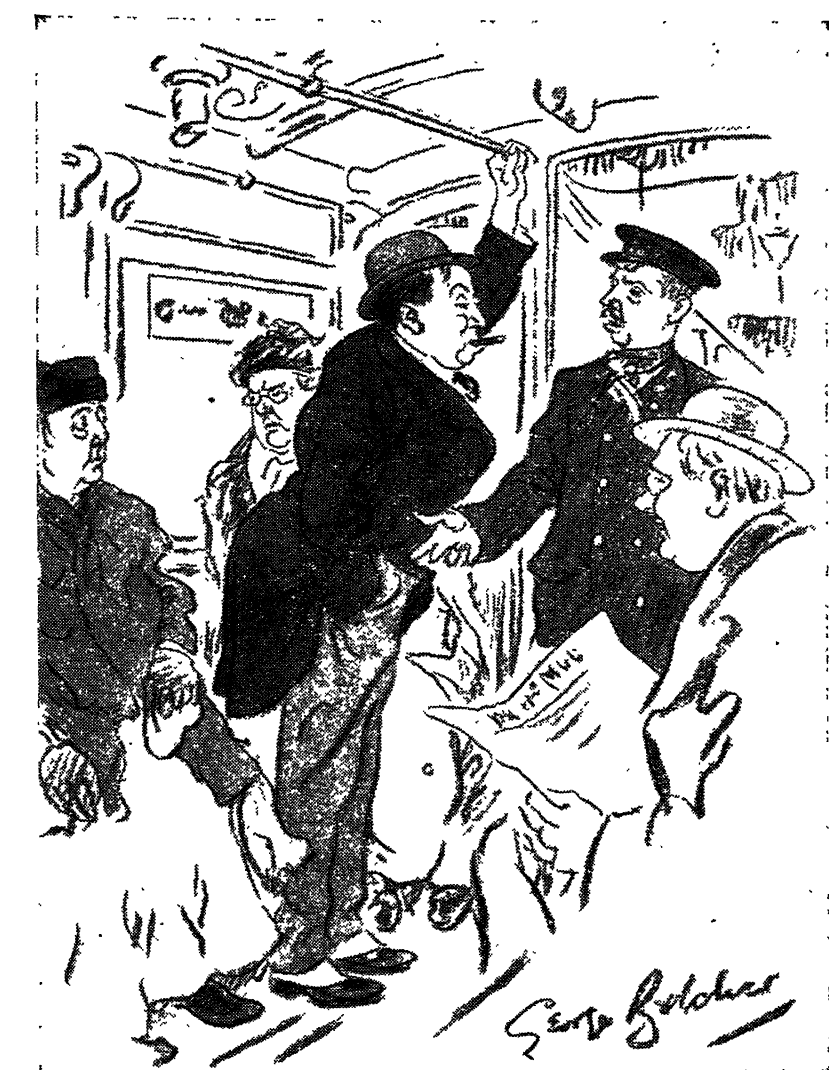
### OUR FUTURE ON THE SEA.

THE vexed question which is so violently agitating the pens of our Naval experts may be concisely summarised in the phrase, "The Capital Ship v. Torpedo Craft," or, "Is the Battleship obsolete?" I do not intend to waste time upon this trivial issue. Capital ships are capital ships, torpedoes are torpedoes; the battle of Jutland, if it taught us nothing else, at least taught us that. In the hope of raising the discussion to a higher strategic plane I will proceed to launch the following pregnant question: *What about the steam-trawler?*

Quite recently a small news item appeared in a provincial newspaper. "The station road at W——," it said, "has been considerably damaged by a steam-trawler employed in hauling stones for the steam-roller at work on the adjoining turnpike." Comment surely is superfluous. The significance of this simple statement, though it seems to have escaped the attention of the experts, can hardly be lost upon the intelligent public. The steam-trawler, you will observe, as now constructed, is able to leave its accustomed element and travel on land with all the ease and agility of a tank.

It does not require much imagination to foresee the future that lies before this versatile craft. In a few years steam-trawlers will be submersible; they will be able to leave the water at pleasure and fly like a bird; probably they will be able to burrow into the earth at the slightest provocation like a mole, climb trees like a squirrel and leap walls like a kangaroo. No one, in fact, but a hopeless reactionary blinded by the limitations of the past and deaf to the tocsin of the future will venture to say what they won't do. Though our North Sea fishermen may be influenced by a certain personal bias when they confidently assert that the last war was won by the steam-trawlers, there can be little doubt that the next will either be won by them or not won at all.

Let us for a moment try to envisage this war of the future. Switzerland, having secretly constructed a vast fleet of convertible steam-trawlers in unfrequented Alpine ravines, decides to assail England. Her trawlers fly easily across France and alight in the Channel; attacked by our obsolete fleet of capital ships and torpedo craft they dive neatly and are next observed swarming up the beach at Margate, launching torpedoes at startled bathers as they go. On being surrounded by our land forces they burrow briskly into the ground, to reappear with alarming suddenness in



Conductor (demanding fare). "NOW THEN, 'CRRY UP! I CAN'T WAIT 'ERE ALL DAY."  
Convivial Gentleman. "WOULD YOU 'BLIGE ME BY HOLDING ON TO THIS RAIL WHILE I FEEL IN MY OTHER POCKET?"

Hyde Park, where they proceed to deploy and open fire on the Albert Memorial. One of their number takes to the air, circles gracefully over London and drops a depth-charge on Carmelite House. England capitulates unconditionally.

This seems to be a reasonable and restrained prediction of the course of the next really great war if we fail to rouse ourselves at once to the realities of the situation. Too long we have listened to the wild talk of the arm-chair critics who don't know a ship's biscuit from a chocolate *éclair*. The time is come to give our practical sailors their helm and let them build more steam-trawlers. Since I first thought of this article I see that America has put forward suggestions for an International Conference to limit naval construction. I'm sorry, but I can't let

that stand in my way now; they should have mentioned it before. England must not be allowed to sacrifice her trawlers (and my article) for the sake of a DANIELS come tardily to judgment.

I trust I have said enough now to convince all reasonable people of the pressing need of the moment. If there are any who still doubt let me conclude with the weighty phrase that so aptly clinches all our naval arguments, whatever their purpose: *Remember the battle of Jutland.*

### Our Candid Contemporaries.

"GOLF NOTES.

Lies."—*Morning Paper.*

"Edward VII. struck some shillings of 1 part silver to 3 parts alloy."—*Morning Paper.*  
How short our memories are! We had quite forgotten this.

## A FAIR TEST.

"WHAT are you up to, Jimmy?" I asked.

"I'm playing a game of my own. Paper Cricket. I expect you'll think it's rather rot."

I glanced down over his shoulder. Before him on the table lay, on the one hand, a paper containing a list of names; on the other, another paper ruled into squares, in each of which appeared a faded and much-punctured hieroglyphic. In Jimmy's right hand was a pencil with a bitten stem; in his left the sharp end of one of those instruments used for describing circles in geometrical drawings of the school-room. I uttered a little cry of delight.

"One of the best games ever invented," I exclaimed. "And I left it behind me thirty years ago."

"Care to play?" asked Jimmy.

"I insist," I answered, "on playing."

"That's all right. You've just come in time, as a matter of fact," proceeded Jimmy, not without a touch of patronage. "I was just going to begin a Test Match. I've stuck down the names of the eleven, and England has won the toss."

"Good! What shall I do?"

"You can do the waggling and calling out, if you like. I'll do the writing down."

I took my seat eagerly, seized the compass-point, and executed circular preliminary waggles.

"Of course," said Jimmy warningly, "everything depends on the waggler absolutely shutting his eyes and being fair."

"Oh, of course," I agreed, "unless something perfectly ridiculous happens, when, if I remember rightly, the waggler exercises a certain amount of discretion."

"Nothing ridiculous happens," said Jimmy. "Now HOBBS, of course, is in first. We have to play it as though it was single wicket and toss up at the end for who is 'not out.' Now, ready? HOBBS?"

I waggled for three delicious, blind, anticipatory seconds and struck.

"Bowled!" I announced.

"Oh, rot! He can't be."

"Sorry, Jimmy. Look for yourself. Simply bang in the middle of the 'b'."

Jimmy groped over my shoulder, breathing heavily.

"Isn't it a '6,' looking like a 'b'?" he asked seductively.

"No," I said firmly. "Play the game, Jimmy. HOBBS, bowled, duck."

Jimmy groaned, sucked his pencil and made the fatal entry. "RUSSELL?" he snapped.

A few minutes later Jimmy threw his pencil on to the table and kicked back his chair.

"You're not trying," he cried. "It's never like this when I do the waggling."

I suffered the reproof humbly. "I daresay it's a very bad wicket," I expostulated.

lows on the Bulli soil of Sydney, STRUDWICK was at the very top of his form. He commenced gaily with three sixes and a four. Then, settling down in grim earnest to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his country, he proceeded to amass runs at a pace which threatened to bring on writer-down's cramp. The minutes passed; on went STRUDWICK mechanically. Darkness fell, but that failed to worry STRUDWICK. He merely paused to have the electric light switched on and continued his masterly innings. He had one dangerous moment—a confident appeal for l.b.w.—but on inspection it was ruled that the actual point of the compass was on the other side

of the line, though it might not look like it from where I was sitting. So STRUDWICK not only survived the appeal for l.b.w., but with great presence of mind turned and hit the ball to leg for six.

At length I paused and rubbed my forearm.

"Jimmy," I said, "unless STRUDWICK gets out soon I shall begin to think this is getting rather far-fetched."

Jimmy glanced at me resentfully, hesitated, waggled once more and sniffed.

"Run out," he muttered. I nodded and commenced a long head-scratching addition.

"Of course," said Jimmy, "STRUDWICK must be the not-out man. It's only fair."

I assented, gesticulating in the midst of my labours.

I completed my auditing and handed the score-sheet to Jimmy without comment.

It was better than anything P. F. WARNER ever chronicled. Jimmy rehearsed it aloud.

HOBBS, bowled . . . . .	0
RUSSELL, bowled . . . . .	8
HEARNE, l.b.w. . . . .	6
HENDREN, stumped . . . . .	24
WOOLLEY, bowled . . . . .	6
DOUGLAS, caught . . . . .	11
RHODES, bowled . . . . .	2
HITCH, bowled . . . . .	6
WADDINGTON, l.b.w. . . . .	1
PARKIN, stumped . . . . .	4
STRUDWICK, not out . . . . .	247
Extras . . . . .	29

Total . . . 344

"Of course," said Jimmy, "it would have been more sensible really if STRUDWICK had gone in first, wouldn't it?"

"Well, perhaps he did," I suggested. "RUSSELL may have broken his boot-



JERUSALEM, 1921.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. "HULLO, ALF! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF JERUSALEM?"

Sir ALFRED MOND. "TOP HOLE, HERB. BUT NOT MUCH ANNO DOMINI ABOUT IT—WHAT?"

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. "NO; MORE LIKE A BIT OF 'ANNO MONDI.'"

"Rot!" said Jimmy; "I'm playing this at Sydney. The wicket there is Bulli soil and priceless for huge scores. Haven't you read P. F. WARNER's books?"

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Jimmy, but there it is. HENDREN, of course, has made a few when the others have collapsed. It's all quite possible, isn't it?"

"No," grumbled Jimmy. "Only STRUDWICK to go in and nobody has made any runs at all."

"You can do the waggling if you like, and see for yourself what a rotten wicket it is," I retorted.

Jimmy agreed, and we exchanged paraphernalia in a painful silence. I felt like a suppressed Minister resigning his portfolio.

It very soon appeared that, however cramped might be the style of his fel-

lace or something just as he was starting, and DOUGLAS may have sent STRUDWICK in with HOBBS. STRUDWICK would be certain to be ready for anything."

Jimmy pouted. "I must try and think of something more likely than that," he said. "I always like to try to make it as likely as possible. Anyhow, now it's Australia to bat. COLLINS is in first."

"COLLINS," I repeated obediently as I inscribed the name.

Jimmy looked at me sharply. He seemed inspired by a sudden hope.

"Look here," he cried; "I vote you do the wagging and calling out for Australia."

I agreed. Again we changed places.

"Now," said Jimmy, settling himself. "COLLINS?"

I shut my eyes and wagged. "Bowled!" I said.

Jimmy threw his pencil in the air with a shout of triumph.

"Hurrah! Who bowled him?"

"I don't quite know how we decide that," I answered.

"Why, waggle down the list of English names and see who you hit. Everybody bowls a bit. Even HOBBS goes on first sometimes, because he can swerve like anything with a new ball."

He handed me the list of names. I wagged. Then I turned a guilty eye towards Jimmy.

"Well," said that enthusiast, "who bowled him?"

"STRUDWICK," I replied.

### NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

#### THE GOLD-FISH.

The gold-fish is shy  
And quickly upset;  
He cannot think why  
He never is ate.

It's because he is red;  
But suppose he was green  
Well, I should have said  
He's just a sardine.

He has much the same nose,  
He is much the same size,  
And I do not suppose  
He is any more wise.

He has only to thank  
His peculiar skin  
That he's kept in a tank  
And not in a tin.

It's a shame, I allow,  
But you had to be told;  
You'll appreciate now  
The importance of gold.

"Stamford Hill.—Delightful small Flat of three rooms and use of bath, standing in extensive grounds."—*Local Paper*.

But is this quite the weather for *al-fresco* ablutions?



*Small Boy (walking round with his father).* "DADDY, HERE'S A BALL FOR YOU."

*Father.* "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT FROM?"

*Small Boy.* "IT'S A LOST BALL, DADDY."

*Father.* "ARE YOU SURE IT'S A LOST BALL?"

*Small Boy.* "YES, DADDY; THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR IT."

### THE TELEPHONE SCANDAL.

We trust that the idea of boycotting the telephone, by way of rebuking the arrogance of our bureaucrats, will not become universal.

It would be a great pity for the telephone to be abolished altogether. As has been illustrated quite recently by the publication of a portrait of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL in the Press, a telephone receiver held daintily to the left ear is a distinct aid to the art of photographic portraiture, creating a wistful beauty in the countenance of the sitter; and every photographic studio should, in the interests of art, have a telephone.

Another reason why, at any rate, a few telephones should be left in the country is that the exigencies of the drama may be met. It is greatly to be desired that the play of to-day should be a true picture of life; and, since the employment of the telephone is indispensable to modern drama, it would be disastrous to remove this ingenious contrivance altogether from our midst.

From the report of a football match:—

"Two coroners were nearly converted."

*Welsh Paper.*

It is presumed that they attended in the hope of sitting on the referee, but saw the error of their ways.

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE BETROTHAL," A SEQUEL TO  
"THE BLUE BIRD."

SOMEHOW I never feel quite comfortable with symbols—except in algebra. In algebra, of course, they are always attractive. At times I tolerate them in pictures; because even when, as happens now and again, the artist has something to say, pictures cannot talk. But on the stage—as nobody knows better than M. MAETERLINCK—you can talk. You can, for instance, have a showman, like Miss STELLA CAMPBELL, to explain things so nicely that your symbolic characters cease to be cryptic and therefore have no reason for existence. Even so, there are figures at the Gaiety—a theatre, by the way, that I have never till now associated with symbolism—which remain obscure to the end.

Take *Destiny*, for one. This figure, designed in the Cubist style, starts by being colossal, and, while still protesting its immutability, gradually grows smaller, till it can be carried about like a babe-in-arms. An average intelligence might gather from this that we were meant to understand how much less we are the creatures of destiny than we suppose, and how much greater is our power of free-will. Yet half the play goes to show that hereditary influences, in which we have no voice, are the governing factor in our lives; that we are as putty in the grip of our ancestors.

Take again the silent close-ly-veiled figure, white and bloodless as a statue, that keeps "squeezing in," as *Tyltyl* says, like a skeleton at the feast and stands there motionless, except once, when it falls over in a swoon. This was to be the bride selected for him by his ancestors (or, failing them, by his unborn children) in preference to half-a-dozen really likely girls. For a symbol of *Joy* I found her most depressing. We had, of course, the advantage of knowing her name from the programme, but I was not in the least surprised that *Tyltyl* failed to recognise her, though he strained his memory very hard.

And how are we to interpret all this? Are we to understand that boys of sixteen try in vain to recapture the joyousness of their youth, like a decadent HEINE? I give it up, but not without a spasm of sympathy for poor *Tyltyl*, who had to sacrifice all those charming

maidens (my own choice would have been *The Beggar Girl*) in favour of a full-grown lady simply oozing with maternal instincts.

Then again I had trouble with those "unborn children"—an obsession, it seems, of M. MAETERLINCK'S. ("It's a little like the Kingdom of the Future in *The Blue Bird*," says *Tyltyl*, naïvely speaking as if he remembered taking part in the play of that name.) Of course it would be an excellent thing if children had a hand in the selection of their parents; but I see no prospect of this. The truth is that in the matter of ancestors and hereditary influences M. MAETERLINCK'S imagery has a foundation of physiological fact; but here

about the words, but just feast your eyes on the movement and colour and beauty of design, for which—and this is where M. MAETERLINCK has been of some use—the play supplies a wealth of suggestion. To Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS must go the honours of the evening for his delightful scenery, for the rich costumes, out of all sorts of periods, worn by the Ancestors, and for the gay dresses of the ballet (arranged by M. NOVIKOFF). And, whatever I may have said about the unreasonableness of the unborn children, the setting of their recognition-scene had great beauty. For all this we owe much to the cunning arts of Mr. GRANVILLE-BARKER, who produced the play; and I venture to take this opportunity of congratulating him on his well-earned hyphen.

The performance could hardly have been bettered. Miss WINIFRED EMERY, it seems, has been away all this time in Fairyland, for there was an air of mature experience about her *Fairy Berylune*: and Mr. WILLIAM FARREN lent a touch of old-time distinction to the rather dull garrulity of *The Miser*. Miss GLADYS COOPER, as *Joy* (for I assume that it was she who was there all the time under that cere-cloth drapery), waited patiently till she got her chance of realising very perfectly the ideal of motherhood (in the BOUGUEREAU manner). The unborn children too were admirably trained, and Miss GABRIELLE CASARTELLI, who played *The Smallest of Them All* with astonishing aplomb, gave promise of great things when she

comes to play the part of a live child.

But I reserve my best compliments for the *Tyltyl* of Mr. BOBBIE ANDREWS. He was always there and always of the right age; never precocious, though in getting him betrothed at so early a stage of adolescence M. MAETERLINCK had indicated precocity; took things as they came, not too seriously and not too lightly, and under the heaviest provocation never even began to be a prig. O. S.

"The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, till the whist-drive being concluded, Mrs. — presented the prizes."—*Local Paper*.  
That is when the trouble usually starts.

"Japanese Student Requires Room with refined family, where he can learn the genuine English spirit and customs; preferably with meals."—*Daily Paper*.  
Far more healthy than between meals.



SOME OF M. MAETERLINCK'S HOUSE PARTY

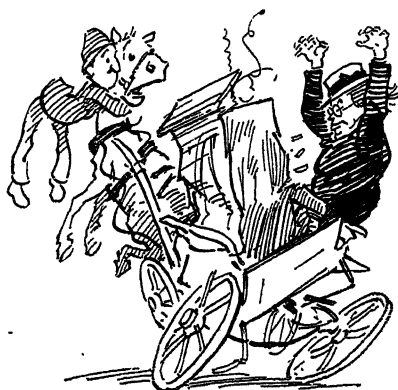
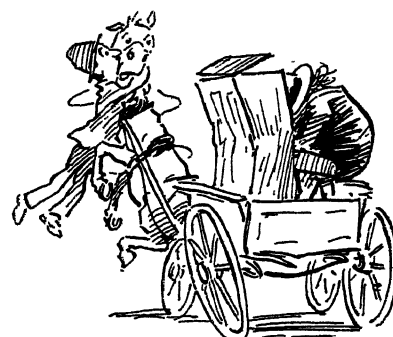
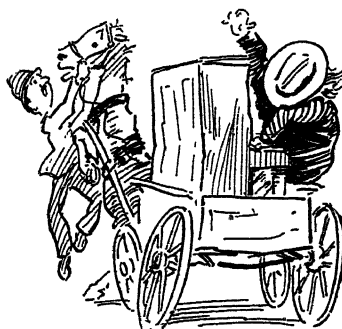
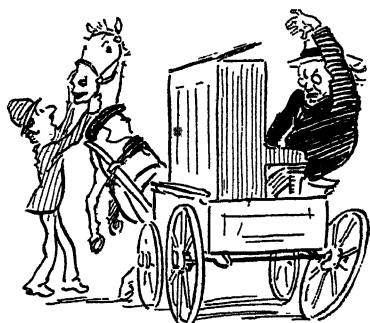
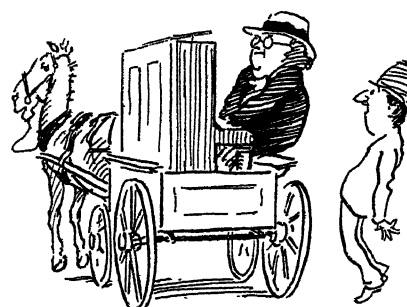
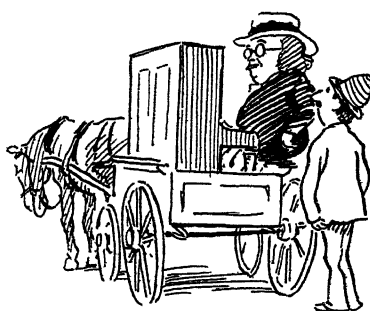
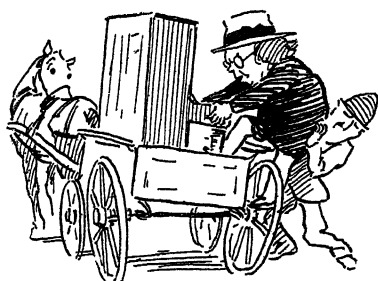
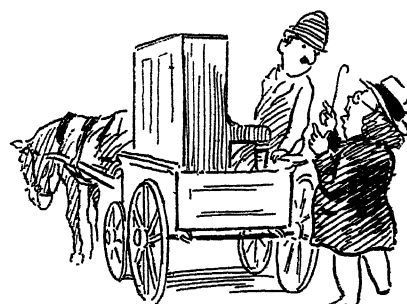
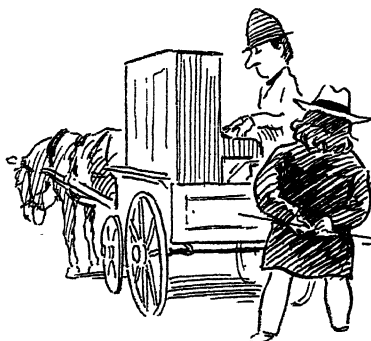
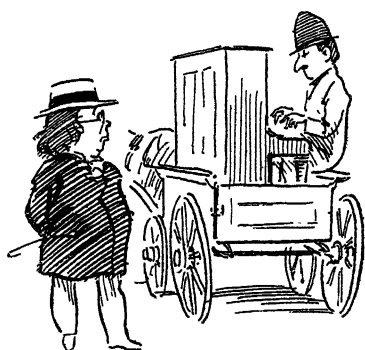
(Reading from left to right).

<i>The Great Ancestor</i> . . . . .	MR. HENRY WENMAN.
<i>Tyltyl</i> . . . . .	MR. BOBBIE ANDREWS.
<i>Joy</i> . . . . .	MISS GLADYS COOPER.
<i>Destiny</i> . . . . .	MR. IVAN BERLYN.

with his galaxy of unborn children he is in the region of pure phantasy. Yet to his distorted vision it never seems to occur that he has shifted his ground; he sees no difference between an atavism and an astigmatism.

And why, I want to know, should unborn generations be bigger as they get farther off from any given ancestor? I had always understood (and even M. MAETERLINCK seems to accept this view) that the latest child in a family is, as a rule, the smallest; and I should have thought that its successors, if sizable, would at the time be smaller still. But I admit that my experience of unborn children is comparatively negligible.

There were moments of relief when the author was obviously smiling at himself, as well he might; but there was a deal of tedious talk. My advice is that you should not worry too much



G. H. STAMP. 1921

THE FAMOUS PIANIST WHO SHOWED HIM HOW.

### A VILLAGE HEADSMAN.

I AM to tell you about a very strange experience.

Our Entertainment in the Parish Hall is an event which recurs annually under various transparent charitable pretexts, but has never yet had the courage or the candour to fly its true colours as a gallant attempt to break the tedium of the rural winter.

And yet nobody who participates in it, either actively or passively, has any illusions as to its real purpose. Ask unexpectedly of one of the audience or one of the performers what charity or good cause his or her shillings or services are intended to benefit and you shall behold embarrassment. Obviously the village, on the stage as in the seats, has in view no other object than its own entertainment.

The programme on the occasion in question was typical. Miss Hooper, chief of the assorted vocalists, opened the proceedings by singing "Land of Hope and Glory." She had contracted the habit at recruiting meetings during the War and found it impossible to shake off.

A triangular contest between a cello, a violin and a piano, steered respectively by Dr. Sawyer, Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Dingleby, was won easily by the piano, and the same instrument, again with Miss Dingleby in the saddle, walked over for two long-distance events.

A young gentleman employed by the local bank, in an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, revealed a command over coins of the realm disquieting to the assembled depositors.

The more intentional humour was contributed by Mr. Sam Hoggett, Junior, of Little Tegstead Farm. He reproduced once again his impressions of eminent comedians which he had formed during a brief sojourn in London some years previously, and he concluded his performance with an impersonation of a Public Character, whom the audience variously identified, with some argument, as CHARLIE CHAPLIN and LLOYD GEORGE.

But that which its novelty alone would have entitled to be regarded as the Star

Turn of the evening was reserved for the second half of the programme. This was nothing less than a Display of Swordsmanship by ex-Sergeant-Major Barker (very formerly of the Dragoons).

It was not to be denied that the ex-Dragoon, better known in the village as Mr. Barker, the new licensee of the "Sheepshearers' Arms," was a fine figure of a man, albeit rather past the perfection of his bloom, as he stood up in his singlet, white-flannel trousers and heavy moustachios.

Having saluted majestically with the

of arm. A sheep's carcase, kindly lent by Mr. Chine, butcher, was suspended in the middle of the stage. Ex-Sergeant-Major Barker measured his distance, raised his sword-arm and with one mighty stroke cleft the carcase almost as cleanly as Mr. Chine himself could have done it with a proper cleaver.

A mutton-shortage made it impossible to comply with the deafening demands for an encore. Instead, the swordsman undertook to contrast force with finesse. Over the sabre, extended at arm's length, was draped a coloured silk handkerchief. A swift drawing stroke and the handkerchief fluttered to the floor in two parts, severed nearly as neatly as by a pair of rather sharp scissors.

The ex-Dragoon then stepped to the edge of the stage and begged to be entrusted with the neck of any member of the audience.

Response was not marked by alacrity. Indeed it was only on a second repetition of the request that, amid tumultuous applause, Mr. Pedley, schoolmaster, reluctantly ascended the platform.

After a short but earnest colloquy with the performer, he was seen to divest himself of his collar and to kneel down in the attitude of the Duke of Monmouth in the picture. Ex-Sergeant-Major Barker then balanced on the meagre bowed neck a large apple, which he proceeded to "address" with the sabre.

Slowly the blade rose . . . Flashing it fell . . .

Two round objects bounced across the footlights and ferns into the auditorium. One was the apple, and the other was the head of Mr. Pedley . . .

For a moment—just for a moment—everybody present, including ex-Sergeant-Major Barker himself, seemed a little surprised. Then it was that the Vicar, rising from his seat in the front row, manifested remarkable resourcefulness. He picked up the apple, examined it and held it on high. "Absolutely untouched," he exclaimed. "Wonderful!"

[EDITOR. And then you woke up, I suppose?

AUTHOR. Marvellous! How do you guess these things?]



*Old Gentleman (much annoyed, to strange lady who persists in following his lead). "MADAM, IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY CUSTOM TO BE LAST IN THIS HUNT. I AM SURE YOU CANNOT WISH TO DEPRIVE ME OF THAT PRIVILEGE?"*

heavy sabre that rumour credited with having been specially whetted to an edge which the barber—or rather his customers—might have envied, he immediately had the great blade flashing, swishing and stabbing through the exercise known to bygone generations of cavalymen as the Pursuing Practice.

After three or four minutes of apparent peril to himself the ex-S.-M., to the general relief, emerged from his self-created nimbus of singing steel and bowed. To the vindication of those critics who had pronounced him short of a few gallops, on the evidence of a certain fulness beyond the girth, he was blowing a little.

Nevertheless he lost no time in setting about his next feat—one of sheer power





### THE NEW APPRECIATION.

Wife (*habituée* of the Ring, gazing after stranger who has knocked her husband down). "THAT WAS A LOVELY UPPER-CUT HE GAVE YOU, GEORGE. I WONDER WHO HE IS?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ENGLISHMEN have been known to describe themselves as "a queer race," occasionally with an air of complacency not wholly removed from the fatuous. But I do certainly think that there are few countries in which, circumstances being similar, such a book as *The Hounds of Banba* (TALBOT PRESS and UNWIN) would enjoy the success that I predict for it with us. The bias, more than that indeed, the whole atmosphere of these sketches, is not only anti-British, but taken for granted as quite incapable of being anything else. One has to admit that the effect is at times a little disturbing to a reader on this side. Almost every one of Mr. DANIEL CORKERY's central figures is a fugitive from the military or police, and his escape or capture forms the climax of the adventure. Prejudice apart, however, it is impossible to blind oneself to the sheer beauty of the telling, or to deny to the author a gift of interpreting the people and aspects of Western Ireland that can make the simplest incident a theme for the most moving artistry. On reflection I am inclined strongly to welcome the publication of the book at this moment. The added understanding that must come with these really wonderful pictures from behind the barrier can surely make only for good. But you must bring patience and tolerance to your reading.

The Hon. and Rev. JAMES ADDERLEY, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden (and more concisely known to a large and varied circle of friends as "Father Jim"), is certainly, if I may say so without offence, an unexpected. Ever since he ceased to play low-comedy old women in

Oxford theatricals, took Orders and plunged the country into controversy with the literary explosion of *Stephen Remarx*, he has been going it in a number of directions. The latest manifestation of this activity is the odd but undeniably interesting volume, *Old Seed on New Ground* (PUTNAM), in which he has retold certain of the Biblical parables in a modern setting. A task, obviously, both of difficulty and danger, but one that perhaps no other living writer could carry through with better prospects of success. It must have been hard enough to avoid, as Father ADDERLEY has conspicuously done, the twofold peril of flippancy and sententiousness. In fact his modern instances, lightly touched, yet with an unstressed moral, could, I think, give offence to no one; though it is perhaps possible that the clever and delightfully humorous drawings by Low may provide a stimulating shock to those well-meaning persons who still think that religion and merriment should be parted by an unbridgeable gulf. In few, a book whose originality and courage may well serve its author's aim, as defined in his brief Foreword, of regaining attention to the ageless humanity of that on which it is founded.

It may be dreadfully old-fashioned, but I confess to a weakness for novels with at least one or two characters in them that I would not shun like the plague in real life. Probably Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD intends to write about quite nice ordinary people and does not realise that her flair for the foibles of humanity is so strong that she produces only cads, fools, acidulated viragos, snobs and debauchees to delight the *Tarzan*-sated public. Such persons in fiction may be tolerable in large quantities when they are treated in the humorous vein of the caricaturist. But unfortunately



Mrs. RICKARD does not indulge humour. In her latest book, *A Reckless Puritan* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), all the characters are thoroughly unpleasant, little-minded, eccentric, malevolent and self-indulgent persons, except the reckless Puritan herself, who is a silly little goose, unsophisticated even for the unschooled daughter of a West of Ireland clergyman. Having flung herself at the head of the complete cad and married him, she discovers his nature and leaves him. Being penniless but proud she goes into domestic service, and ends up, after further flights of hopeless unsophisticatedness, by getting a month's hard labour on a false charge of stealing brought against her by a fashionable female enemy. Misfortune and Mrs. RICKARD having thus done their worst, she comes out of jail to find the cad has conveniently died, leaving her all his money. Then the really nice man (I was wrong to say there was none such in the book), who has been kept in the background for that purpose—one feels that if the authoress had given him her best attention he could not possibly have remained nice—emerges and all ends well.

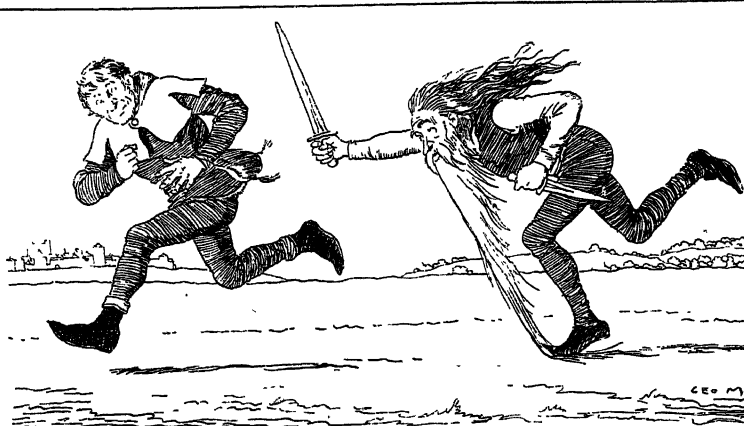
Readers of *The Daily Herald* will not like Mr. BERTRAND RUSSELL's *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). The others will find it a conspicuously honest and judicial book. "As sweated wage, long hours, industrial conscription, prohibition of strikes, prison for slackers, diminution of the already insufficient rations in factories where the production falls below what the authorities expect, an army of spies ready to report any tendency to political disaffection and to procure imprisonment for its promoters—this is the reality of a system which still professes to govern in the name of the proletariat!"—such is the author's summary of the situation. Mr. RUSSELL is a revolutionary at heart, is so obviously out of conceit with the world as it is and so ready to see the best in the idealist conceptions of the Bolshevik that his uncompromising verdict has especial force. He sees no hope in a system whose driving power is the destructive power of hate, when what is chiefly needed is construction. As a democrat he distrusts the plea that the admitted tyranny is only an emergency phase, and sees that, if by any miracle Communism were successful, Communist politicians would be as susceptible as other politicians to the delights of power, and quite unlikely to surrender them on demand. The best thing Mr. RUSSELL finds to say about the present rulers of Russia, and it is an interesting thing if true, is that they seem to have been able to enlist in public service the more adventurous kinds of business ability, "working for success and power, not money." He even has hope that the harsh discipline to which the workers are submitted may induce habits of industry in the sluggish Russian worker. But he concludes firmly that the slender beneficial results are outbalanced by an appalling amount of violence, cruelty and tyranny which can never lead to social justice.

I seem to have read latterly an inordinate number of

books and newspaper articles dealing with our Secret Service from within; but I have observed that the great men whose photographs are inset have all functioned in or about Whitehall, an area which, if its inner intrigues are not without interest, cannot have covered the whole range of our Intelligence. The latest revelations, *British Secret Service during the Great War* (HUTCHINSON) are written by a man who went abroad about it and apparently took considerable risks on its behalf. I take his book to be in some way a counter-blast to the others, the point of it being the statement on the last page: "I have not heard of one single honour or recognition being bestowed upon a soul who actively served abroad in the Foreign Secret Service." The italics are his and, if the assertion is true, no one will grudge them. I could wish that Mr. EVERITT had confined himself to grievances appropriate to his subject; his outbursts as to the incompetence, if not dishonesty, of British Foreign Office work *partout* are misconceived and ill-expressed. Moreover they are tiresome reading and woefully distract attention from the thrilling escapades he has to tell of and the many tricks and devices he explains to the uninitiated. Mr. EVERITT should have written only as the sportsman

which he shows himself to be. His book would then have been half as long but twice as valuable.

In *The Motor Launch Patrol* we are given the history of one of H.M. Motor Launches from commissioning to paying off, and the publishers (DENT) rightly claim that it is "full of vivid incident, both serious and humorous." Lieutenant GORDON S. MAXWELL, R.N.V.R., must forgive me for saying that I think he is inclined to over-esti-



WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A MISHAP TO THE GENTLEMAN WHO VOWED HE WOULD NEVER CUT HIS HAIR UNTIL HE HAD TAKEN VENGEANCE ON THE ENEMY WHO HAD RUINED HIS HOME.

mate the appetite of the public for the humorous incidents of the War. There is nothing very wrong with his sense of humour, but he seems here to have over-indulged it, which I regret the more because he makes such an excellent companion when he is plainly and simply serious. In his account, for instance, of the Zeebrugge Raid he is writing great history, and writing it uncommonly well. The book as a whole gives us a very clear conception of the part played by the M.L.'s in the War. Controversialists may rage about the Battle of Jutland, but even the most active of them can scarcely fall out over the value of the unostentatious work done by this little section of the Service. A foreword by Vice-Admiral Sir ROGER KEYES and some beautiful illustrations by Lieut. DONALD MAXWELL, R.N.V.R., add to the attractions of a volume which is worth anyone's time to read.

#### Traduttore, Traditore.

Notice posted above an *étage* sink in an Italian hotel:—"Visitors is requested not to throw coffee or other matter down this basin. Why, else it stuffs the place inconvenient for the other world."

"When he wants to be gay of an evening the Parisian dandy puts on his 'smoking,' which he pronounces variously 'smokang' or 'smokang.'"—*The Times*.

It is the power to detect and distinguish between these delicate *nuances* of pronunciation that marks the real French scholar.

## CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the delay in fixing up the DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER contest, it is said there is some talk of DEMPSEY qualifying for the NOBEL Peace Prize this year.

We understand that the Shah of PERSIA has expressed his regret that, owing to pressure of other business, he was unable to abdicate in accordance with the newspaper reports last week.

"No satisfactory substitute has yet been found for work," says Mr. HARDING, of the Federal Reserve Board of America. But there are still a few optimists who don't intend to give up trying.

Lord NORTHCLIFFE has left London for the South of France. For some reason or other the barricades in Downing Street have not yet been removed.

The invention of the telephone would have been a great blessing if somebody had not thought of inventing a Postmaster-General to run it.

Up to the time of going to Press the City gentleman who rang up the POSTMASTER-GENERAL in order to tell him what he thought of the telephone ramp had not succeeded in getting through.

According to *The Morning Post* "the houses [of Ilford] seem to have been dropped ready-made upon their sites by some unearthly builder who was also his own architect." We could wish that Dr. ADDISON was a little more unearthly.

A New York paper says that the United States have three hundred thousand men idle in the building trade. They may think they are idle, but they ought to see some of our bricklayers at work before they brag about it.

If and when the coming comet collides with the earth, people falling through space are kindly requested to keep to the right.

A contemporary has an article entitled "Bell-ringing as a Hobby," thus disposing of the theory that they just do it for spite.

A motorist charged before the Hampshire magistrates stated that he had re-

ceived the O.B.E. Why will people persist in trying to play upon the emotional sympathy of the Bench?

"From what does the tortoiseshell-cat spring?" asks a weekly paper correspondent. From a dog usually.

We publish with reserve a rumour that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is now at work upon a book to be entitled *Things That Have Not Interested Me*.

"When an excise official enters a house," says a New York paper, "and

"Mr. VAUGHAN-DAVIES," says *The London Gazette*, "has taken the title of Baron YSTWYTH OF TAN-Y-BWLCH." It seems to have been shaken before being taken.

A plot has been discovered, says a Dutch correspondent, for the reconquest of Germany by the EX-CROWN PRINCE. If it had succeeded it would have served them both right.

Another arsenal, says an Irish message, has been discovered at the Cork Model Farm. The locality of course is in the Ideal Martial Law Area.

The Thames is officially stated to have deteriorated. We have noticed lately that it looked as if it had been diluted.

Rumours of a split in the National Party are apparently unfounded. We are glad to think that cordial relations still exist between these two gentlemen.

The present lady-like method of fighting the rabies germ, says *The Daily Mail*, will fail to stamp it out. So far nobody has suggested that they might set Mr. LOVAT FRASER on to it.

"The New English Dictionary," says a contemporary, "is stranded for the moment on the U's." Probably the hitch is due to uncertainty whether the United States will consent to come into it.

During a case of desertion heard recently in Manchester the wife of a plumber stated that her husband left her ten months ago and had never returned. We advise her to be patient, for surely there is a chance that he

may get the better of the leak in another month or two.

At Kew they have lately increased the facilities for investigating the diseases of plants. Already a magnolia caught malingering has been severely dealt with.

The elms, we read, have not been deceived by the untimely spring. Neither has the POET LAUREATE.

## AUCTION SALE.

About 15 Government Elephants, mostly young once.—*Advt. in Indian Paper*. A few of them, we gather, were "born tired."



Elder McTavish. "WELL, DONALD, AN' HOO'S THE WORRLD TREATING YOU?"

Donald. "VERRA SELDOM, MR. MCTAVISH."

finds a bottle of whisky and a glass on the table there is something wrong." Of course. When the official entered they should have put another glass on the table.

In a recent gale, according to a newspaper description, "hats were flying in all directions." It is, of course, very unusual for a hat to fly against the wind.

"A revival which is always more welcome in the Spring than at other times," says a fashion-writer, "is that of tartan." But it is good news that this season ladies' kilts are to be a shade longer.

### FALLING PRICES AND THE SLIDING SCALE.

LIGHTER than gossamer they mounted gaily  
Up to the peak and sat upon its crown;  
Now, toilsome inch by inch, a few feet daily,  
They drag their slow steps down.

And just in time. For grave had grown our symptoms,  
Pointing to death unless our case should mend;  
With hollow cheeks and eyes and very limp tums  
We'd waited for the end.

Our Stoic courage, worthy of a CATO,  
Still stuck it when we could not pay the charge  
Demanded for a boiled (or mashed) potato,  
Or slab of bread-and-marge.

But now we starve no more on herbs and grasses,  
Nor stand in open places crying, "Give!"—  
It seems that, after all, the Middle Classes  
Will be allowed to live.

But what of Labour? Lo, I scent a crisis  
Soon as the source of those fat times shall fail  
When wages went the pace of soaring prices  
(God bless the sliding-scale!)

That scale, to which their THOMAS drew attention,  
The railway-men approved as they were bid,  
Owing, no doubt, to gross misapprehension  
As to the way it slid.

Will they, I wonder, shunt him in a siding  
When they suspect that they've been sold a pup,  
Not having dreamed of wages ever sliding  
Anywhere else but up? O. S.

### MY BAD RESOLUTIONS.

SPEAKING from the heart, this is the most enjoyable New Year I have known. For twenty years past I have felt rather limp by this date, but when I looked at myself critically while shaving this morning I had to admit that, except for a certain pinkiness about the eyes, I was rather above myself.

In other years, you see, I have always made good resolutions. Heaven is my witness that I have made them resolutely, that I have pledged myself to them, determined to be a better man, and for a week or—well, for three or four days, anyhow—I have been adamant. I have taken myself on one side and reasoned with my ego, and, unless, of course, it's been something jolly uncomfortable or conspicuous, character has triumphed. But it is human to err, and in previous years about the second week of January I have somehow begun to feel a bit of a prig; and, as Ethel says, so long as one shows oneself that one *can* do these sort of things if one likes, what's the use of *doing* them? A very logical girl, my wife, though her book-keeping gets a bit frayed sometimes.

Well, this year I decided to wash out this good resolution business. Ethel wouldn't, though; and as she sat up after the bells had finished, writing down her good resolutions, I felt that one ought to be companionable, and I took a sheet of paper and wondered what I could resolve.

Suddenly it dawned upon me. I am not a brainy fellow, you know, because there's no call for that sort of thing in the Ministry, with Mr. LOVAT FRASER to give us the form once a week. But sometimes things occur to me in a flash, and so I seized my "ever-ready" pencil, and by the time I had got a workable point on it I was *dripping* ideas, just like one of these writing chaps.

"My Bad Resolutions," I wrote, and they simply flew off

the blacklead:—(1) To get out of bed when I feel like it. (2) Not to get out then, really, unless I jolly well must. (3) To have the water just as chilled as I want it (*Memo.*—"I am the captain of my soul"). (4) To shave *after* bathing if I choose, no matter *what* one does in the Navy. (5) To dress in a leisurely fashion, time being made for slaves. (6) To breakfast in my slippers (*Memo.*—The rush of blood to the head caused by buttoning one's boots after breakfast would be diminished if one smoked a pipe first). (7) To refrain from arguing with Ethel across the breakfast-table (*Memo.*—Simple, if one does not answer her). (8) To smoke *two* pipes before buttoning my boots and let the 8.40 go when and where it chooses. (9) Never to fill in counterfoils in my cheque-book. (10) To do just as I dashed well like about things in general (outside the Ministry, naturally).

There were lots more, you understand, but these samples will give you an idea of the scheme. I copied them all out and pasted them on the mirror in my dressing-room.

New Year's Day I woke like a reed-warbler and piously adhered to all my bad resolutions. In fact, by the time I had filled my second pipe, before buttoning my boots (ERIC does not like *laced* boots, I should explain; he says they give a rotten tone to the office. Great fellow for detail, the Chief), I had thought of a lot more bad resolutions in case I got tired of some of the original code. I arrived at the Ministry just comfortably late, with an hour to glance through the papers before anybody arrived who mattered a bun.

I hogged shamefully at lunch, played two games of snooker, got "on" for the 2.30 just before finishing-time—incidentally picking up sixteen of the very best—got back to the office, cleared up, and was at Waterloo inside eighteen minutes from the time the Chief had left. It was, I felt satisfied, a great day, and by dint of sticking to my bad resolutions right through till midnight I went to bed a new man. Ethel, poor thing, was rather cheapish, as she'd had a very mauve time with *her* silly resolutions; but I reflected that (as ROCHEFOUCAULD or somebody says) there is something infinitely consoling to us in the misfortunes of our friends, and I slept like a bankrupt.

Next morning I did fairly well, but I didn't see why I wanted to hang on to my code *too* sedulously, so I cut out one or two of the less wicked of my resolutions and felt none the worse. I eased up a bit during the day too, and backslid shamefully in the evening. By the third morning I was a bit careless even about reading the beastly things; and so it went on.

To-day, at this early date in the New Year, I am back at zero, not doing *anything* improper or unworthy a civilian and a man. Why? For the same reason that you aren't keeping your *good* resolutions, dear Sir. You resolved to be good; I resolved to be bad. Both of us meant what we resolved; neither of us has done what he resolved. And now you see why I, the most reserved and reticent and retiring of men, have burst into print.

You can't keep good resolutions? Of course you can't. I never could. But next New Year's Eve try making some *bad* resolutions, and you'll find yourself very close to bogey for the year, after the strain of the first week or two.

### The Late Art Editor of "Punch."

The Exhibition of F. H. TOWNSEND'S *Punch* drawings and cartoons, to be held at the Galleries of The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, will be open to the public on Saturday, January 29th, and will continue till the end of February.

"CHESHIRE YEOMANRY FALLING OFF."—*Liverpool Paper.*

What! already? before training has begun?



## HATS THAT HAVE HELPED ME.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (*trying on Colonial headgear*). "VERY BECOMING—BUT ON THE SMALL SIDE, AS USUAL."



"HANG IT ALL, MAN, DON'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS! REMEMBER, IT'S ONLY A GAME."

### A PRESS-RIDDEN MAN.

THE beginning of my acquaintance with my next-door neighbour, Horace Pennyquick, occurred when he woke me up at 6.45 one wintry morning by sitting down on his cucumber-frame. When, under the hazy impression that I was in the thick of a midnight burglary, I tracked him down and held him up at the point of a souvenir bayonet, he apologised and explained that at that hour of the morning it was difficult to see anything properly, even cucumber-frames.

I said to him severely, "There are limits even to the enthusiasm of amateur gardeners. You go to bed and give the calceolarias a chance to get their beauty sleep. How would you like to be waked up and pruned at 6.45 on a winter morning?"

He said it was not a question of undue enthusiasm; neither was he pruning anything. It seemed that, according to the "Gardening Diary" thoughtfully provided each day for its readers by *The Morning Smile*, this was the hour at which the destructive hog-beetle was most amenable to extermination. The writer of *The Morning Smile* "Gardening Diary" hinted (delicately, of course, but none the less emphatically) that no scientific gardener who valued his spring crop of broccoli would neglect this opportunity of putting a stop to the ravages of the hog-beetle.

I told Horace that the man who paid any attention to gardening notes, except during the months of July and August, deserved to suffer, and I left him to fool around with a syringe and an electric torch and went back to bed.

I met him one day in the City shortly afterwards and invited him to lunch with me at a restaurant. He was looking thin and haggard and his appetite verged on the indecent. I murmured something tactful about the lack of culinary knowledge among landladies. He blushed with self-reproach and declared, between apologies, that his landlady was not to blame. He added that he supposed there was no question that people who wrote for the papers had undisputed knowledge of their subject.

"No question at all," I replied; "that is, as a general rule. Occasionally, of course, an erroneous statement may slip into print, but such rare mistakes as do occur are invariably due to the carelessness of sub-editors."

"I am glad to hear it," said Horace. "It was foolish of me to doubt it for a moment. But the fact is, *The Morning Smile* recently published an instructive little statistical article showing how an ordinary business man could subsist happily and healthily on thirteen-and-ninepence a week. Probably I have not been sufficiently careful regarding the requisite quantities of proteids and other things, but I cannot help wishing the writer had made it fifteen shillings.

Thirteen-and-ninepence seems to cut it very fine."

"Horace," I said firmly, "you must give up *The Morning Smile*."

"Give up *The Morning Smile*!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have been a 'Constant Reader' for fourteen years."

I did my best, but it was too late. *The Morning Smile* had got Horace. He was as much impregnated with *The Morning Smile* as though he had been wrapped up in it like a haddock and the print had soaked into him. When he first commenced to take in the paper he was young, impressionable, possessed with a thirst for knowledge and an implicit faith in the omniscience of the daily Press. *The Morning Smile* not only formed his political views, but changed them for him regularly before he had time to understand what he was talking about and so become a bore. It showed him how to make things for the house and garden, so he was always pleasantly occupied in his spare moments in putting them together again after someone had touched them. It gave him hints for the boudoir, the bathroom, the nursery, the kitchen, the cow-house and the aquarium. It told him what to say and do at dinner-parties, and he said and did them as long as his stock of friends and acquaintances held out. It told him "why dark girls make good wives" and "why fair women are susceptible to chilblains." It chatted to him every Saturday morn-



ing about his health and told him how seedy he was, so that he spent most of his Sundays in bed for fear he should be too ill to read Monday's "Photographic Causerie," which he would not have missed for worlds. It told him what to do in the Great War, and when he was demobbed it told him what a fool he was to have done it.

As a last resource I introduced Horace to a charming and sensible girl of my acquaintance. He fell desperately in love with her, and when I asked him why he did not propose he informed me ecstatically that he intended doing so the moment he received a reply to his letter to *The Morning Smile*. He said he had written to it describing the girl and asking for advice; he had been especially careful, he told me, to dwell upon her high spirits and violet eyes. *The Morning Smile*, through the medium of "Aunt Betty," referred him to a recent article in the paper on "The Influence of Colour on Married Life," and warned him in a kindly manner to be extremely cautious about proposing to a girl with violet eyes. Instances had occurred, said "Aunt Betty," in which violet eyes had been proved to be unmistakably associated with degenerate ideas. Horace was so cautious that, after waiting eighteen months, the girl married a Nonconformist stockbroker with a passion for golf, which increased Horace's faith in *The Morning Smile* almost to the point of idolatry.

I have not seen him since. Possibly *The Morning Smile* has published some hints on a cheap and handy method of committing suicide, and Horace has taken them. I hope so for his own sake.

### A BROKEN MELODY.

[Recent discoveries as to the qualities and different varieties of "vitamines" made at Washington "emphasise the conviction of scientists as to the importance of vitamins to human prosperity and happiness."

*The World's Work.*]

O VITAMINES, O vitamins!  
Whose potency as far outshines  
The erstwhile overrated "calorie"  
As WELLS and MASEFIELD distance  
MALORY;

Whose presence, as the wise confess,  
Means human health and happiness;  
To you I pen these heartfelt lines,  
O vitamins, O vitamins.

O vitamins, O vitamins!  
Whether one breakfasts, lunches, dines,  
With your assistance to dispense  
Is simply tempting Providence;  
With you in every dish and plate  
We are the masters of our fate,  
And need no fortifying wines,  
O vitamins, O vitamins!



Customer (trying on suit). "HOPELESS—PERFECTLY HOPELESS!"

Horrified Tailor. "WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T LIKE, SIR?"

Customer. "MY PROFILE."

O vitamins, O vitamins!  
Although in scientific shrines  
Your name is held in deepest awe,  
Yet by some strange neglect or flaw  
You are not in the N.E.D.'s  
Unprecedented list of V's  
(I've hunted there and find no signs  
Of vitamins, O vitamins!).

\* \* \* \* \*  
O vitameens, O vitameens!  
Ye vital sparks in eggs and beans—  
An hour ago an expert came  
And taught me how to sound your  
name

As men of science have decreed;  
And, as it dislocates my screed  
And knocks my rhymes to smithereens,  
Farewell, O blighted vitameens!

"A committee appointed by the Ministry of Transport has been sitting on the dazzling headlight for some time."—*Science Paper*.

This should have a sobering effect.

"— Palace Theatre.—'The Lion's Whail,' the late H. B. Irving's Theatrical Success." *Evening Paper*.

Title changed, we suppose, after the last Test Match.

"— Church. 6.30, Evensong. Anthem, 'Ho everyone that thirsteth.'

Call at the popular Market House for Wines, Spirits, and Beer of the finest quality.—*Advt.*" *Provincial Paper*.

We are all for journalistic enterprise; but is not this allowing the advertiser a little too much licence?

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

II.

THE following lines are an essay in the manner of the Gloucestershire School, which for want of a better title we have had to call:—

## FIDELITIES; OR, THE LIFE OF JOHN LINKWATER.

Deeming the Cotswolds were insufficiently loved  
When you compared them with Devon or Dorset or Sussex,  
Although the Ordnance Survey had mapped them completely,  
Noting the spot-levels, bench-marks and good brown roads,  
Metalled and unmetalled, contours and windmills and wind-pumps,  
Green woods, blue rivers and churches with towers and spires;  
From Gloucester to Cirencester (kindly pronounce it as Ciceter)  
John Linkwater loved them. Often he praised them in rhyme,  
Rhyming the cloud-chequered meadows quite freely with shadows  
Like most neo-Georgian poets, and often in blank verse,  
If one can call it blank verse, such as this is,  
And was famous about the West. He knew all the pigs  
In Gloucestershire vales and had counted the patches on them,  
Dove-coloured pigs, and how in the Bicester brakes  
Violets flourish profusely year after year,  
While the Birmingham brakes are chockful of cherry-bangers.  
This was one of the songs that John Linkwater sang:—

*The Parish Pump.*

We stand at the Tarlton pump and are quite contented  
And proud of our little fates;  
The inn is ours, and the church and the vestry meeting,  
And the gas and the local rates.

The stars are all ours, and the moon, and the changing seasons,  
And beetles and bats and flowers;  
What do we care for LLOYD GEORGE and the brothers  
GEDDES,  
Empires and Powers?

All of us only live for a poor brief moment,  
And afterwards where are we?  
Whisper the word "Pork" to the flame of a candle  
Quite softly, and see.

For in eighteen hundred and fifty most likely the poets  
Sweetly and delicately said  
(Very much as I have), "Who shall remember  
Those that are dead?"

And in nineteen hundred and fifty it may be the singers  
Shall sing the same song anew,  
Not exactly knowing, but pretty well guessing  
That I did too.

But after a time John Linkwater grew tired  
Of singing of Gloucester and Bicester and Ciceter,  
And the rattling harness of plough-teams and village inns,  
And the sweetness of Lynch and Oakridge when compared  
With the pomps and vanities of this wicked world;  
And, whether because of the coming of PRESIDENT WILSON,  
Who everyone thought was certain to be the goods,  
Or whether because the English drama was moribund,  
Turned his thoughts westward further than Malmesbury  
And wrote a play all about ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Who seemed to him to be a thoroughly white man,  
Whiter than the limestone upon Cotswold hills.  
And the play prospered and was followed by others  
And led to a lecturing tour in the U.S.A.,  
And another one after that. And John Linkwater found  
That, small though his care for the Empire or even for  
England

Outside Sheet 105 of the one-inch map,  
There is much to be said for a broader view of humanity  
And houses consistently full. And I hear he has written  
Plays upon OLIVER CROMWELL and MARY STUART,  
Both of them thoroughly popular well-known figures  
In Bicester and Birmingham and Boston too,  
Which proves that, though parish pumps give a great  
nobility

To the songs of the singers who sing from Gloucestershire,  
There's a wisdom biding also in making a play,  
Especially one on a sound historical subject  
Likely to charm our cousins overseas.

EVOE.

## R.S.V.P.

SATURDAY afternoon is an afternoon on which to do nothing. "Absolutely nothing," I explained to Margaret as I sank into my after-lunch chair and closed my eyes the better to review the political situation. (We who are abroad often do this on Saturday afternoons.) Margaret sat down very businesslike at her bureau and produced a pile of letters requiring to be answered. The first letter was from our next-door neighbour, and it announced her intention of coming to tea with us that very afternoon as ever was, unless prevented. I was aroused and advised to get busy with my perfect French, the only thing which could be relied upon to prevent her.

"Ma chère Madame Bouvigny," I began a little heatedly. Margaret is one of those people who only ask advice in order to argue about it. "You mustn't be too affectionate," she said.

"Chère Madame," I recommenced quite coldly. "There is no need to quarrel with her," said Margaret. "Ma chère Madame" was my third alternative opening, and "Chère Madame Bouvigny" was what Margaret wrote down.

"What does she mean by threatening to cause a breach of the peace?" I asked. "How dare she?"

"It was your suggestion," said Margaret, "that she simply must come in to tea and see the children any afternoon she liked. This happens to be the afternoon she likes."

"Hasn't she got children of her own to look at?" I asked. She has lots, of course. There they all were in the paddock just outside our window making a most unsaturday-afternoonlike noise.

"Je tiens à vous dire," I dictated, "que . . . que . . ."  
"Twice?" asked Margaret, a laboriously faithful amanuensis.

" . . . que," I answered merely, "en raison des circonstances dont je suis incapable de vous donner les détails plus précis, il me faut vous empêcher formellement de venir chez nous cet après-midi . . ."

"Sous peine d'amende?" asked Margaret. "That will certainly stop Madame, but it will probably bring round Monsieur with his solicitor. Hadn't we better write nothing and let her come alone?"

The disturbing noise of the lady's children determined me not to give in. I began again. "Je viens vous dire . . . qu'" — a single "que" this time and a manx one at that; I had determined to be quite brief — " . . . on sera sorti cet après-midi," I dictated.

Strictly true; "one" would be going out, to wit the house-



boy, to deliver the note. The deed was done, at least it would be if, having begun this letter, we could only manage to bring it to an end.

There are 163 variations of what you can and should ask people to "agree" in French when you have done your worst at them, from "Agréez mes salutations les plus empressées" to "Veuillez agréer l'expression de ma considération la plus haute." And in every varying case one is right and 162 are wrong. For our case we went through the lot, I warmly commending each one as it came up for consideration. Margaret would be satisfied with none of them. She didn't know which correctly expressed her feelings towards Madame. Having no feelings at all myself, I suggested we should have a look to see how Madame had finished her note to us. If we asked her to agree what she had asked us to agree, then we should all end in a state of perfect agreement, should we not?

Madame, it seemed, had neatly avoided the difficulty by a casual "Toutes mes amitiés."

"Toujours à toi," I suggested, feeling now generously disposed.

Margaret downed tools.

"Bien à vous," I tried. Margaret was tempted, but even she had now come to feel that she didn't want to get on too intimate terms with the mother of those noisy children.

"Chère Madame Bouvigny," I began all over again, my dictation being almost drowned by the sounds without, "Ma chère Madame... Ma chère... Chérie... Je viens vous écrire... Je tiens à vous dire... nous regrettons infiniment... et beaucoup d'avantage... on sera sorti... tout le monde descend ici... il est presque impossible de vous recevoir... il est dangereux de se pendre en dehors... c'est tout à fait impossible... défense d'entrer... Agréez, chère Madame Bouvigny, mes sentiments... Veuillez agréer, ma chère Madame, mon adoration approfondie... Prière d'agréer tout ce qu'il y a d'agréable..."

I threw the window open. The children of the addressee were right under it, making pandemonium.

"Tell your mother we're out," I shouted at them in plain English.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having made a casualty of Madame Bouvigny we were next faced with an invitation to attend a memorial service in respect of a deceased gentleman who still commanded the homage of an inch-band of black on all correspondence relating to his departure from this earth on February 5th, 1911. We found it a delicate matter even to accept this invitation. We drafted in our own comfortable language for a start.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank," I dictated, after deep thought, "beg to thank, etc., for the, etc., invitation, which they have much pleasure in accepting."



Peter (languidly, to hostess). "THANK YOU FOR THE PARTY. I HAVEN'T ENJOYED MYSELF MUCH, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER."

Margaret was shocked. "Pleasure?" she said, holding up the blackest of black-edged cards.

I begged pardon and tried to do better justice to the sentiment. Having referred to the proffered honour with which we were dealing, "It will give Mr. and Mrs. Blank," I dictated, "a certain morbid satisfaction to be present."

Margaret wrote it down, wished she hadn't, and crossed it out. I gave her a fresh sheet of paper, told her to relick the pencil and begin once and for all again.

Margaret got ready. "We shall be there," I dictated simply.

F. O. L.

"Applications are invited for the post of Honorary Dental Surgeon from gentlemen who hold the L.S.D. England."—*Lancet*.

This might suit the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who, thanks to his unequalled powers of extraction, holds most of it.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.—Profiteers who give nothing away.

## THE ECONOMIC SITUATION.

It is about time that we took stock of the economic situation again. As I have often explained in the home, it is the duty of every thinking man and woman to keep in touch with the economic situation. At the moment it seems to be generally conceded that it is grave; otherwise there is a certain amount of confusion about it. Not long ago the economic situation was that everything depended on greater production. The idea of that was that if a lot more things were produced a lot more people would be able to buy them; if a lot more people bought them they would spend a lot more money, and that would be paid to the people who were producing things. That meant that they in their turn would be able to buy more things, and the people they bought things from would produce still more things; and so it would go on.

It followed that one had only to start the ball rolling by buying some rotten article one wouldn't have bought otherwise, and one would practically put the economic situation on a sound basis. Seeing how grave it was we decided to do that; even in peacetime one ought to do one's duty if one can without too much inconvenience.

So I produced at high pressure for a long time and received a cheque for fifteen pounds from an editor. With that we bought a dinghy. The effect of our buying it was that the capitalist who made the dinghy said to his men, "I say! did you see that? There's a demand for dinghies. Produce two more at once." And they said, "Yes, by Jove!" and carried on producing dinghies with ill-concealed enthusiasm. Moreover the capitalist charged three pounds a foot for those two, instead of two pounds a foot, which was what he charged for ours; and some of the extra profits were paid to the dinghy-producers, and each of them went off and bought a new tooth-brush; and all the tooth-brush-producers said, "My goodness, did you see that? Let's produce some more tooth-brushes." And so it went on.

You see what we had done. We had stimulated production. And as we swam about in that confounded dinghy, wondering which of the producers had produced the large round hole by the garboard strakes,\* we consoled ourselves

with the glad reflection that we had saved the economic situation.

I ought to have mentioned, by the way, that all those tooth-brush-producers made so much more money out of the extra tooth-brushes which the dinghy-producers bought, owing to the fact that we had bought the *Beetle* (that was her name), that the amount they paid in income-tax went a considerable way towards wiping off the National Debt. It was good to think that even to that extent one had been able to help.



"AND DO YOU REGARD A DARNED SILLY QUESTION LIKE THAT AS A GOOD SIXPENN'ORTH?"

So everything was going very well, until a terrible thing happened. Somebody realised that the whole transaction was downright scandalous waste. You see we didn't really need the dinghy; it wasn't a necessity, though, in view of that hole by the garboard strakes, it could hardly be described as a luxury; in fact I don't know what it was. But *The Daily Snail* did, and so did Lord Motherdere. He said that it was a piece of extravagant expenditure—in other words, waste; but it was no wonder I had done it in view of what the Government had done at Slough.

The Government, on the other hand, said that it was all my fault. They pointed out that it was for the private citizen to set the example, and they

said, very justly, that, if they hadn't felt sure that I should be buying a dinghy, they would never have thought of buying Slough.

Meanwhile the position was awful. What had happened, you see, was that I had wildly flung my money into the dinghy, which was absolutely unproductive—though in view of that hole by the garboard strakes I don't myself see any objection to that description—instead of saving it up, flinging it into Treasury Bonds and so paying off the National Debt. I shall never forget the shock of horror with which we realised this. I was sitting in the dinghy at the time and I nearly fell through the hole. . . .

Well; there was only one course for an honourable man. We sold *The Beetle* at a loss and put the proceeds into Treasury Bonds. The effect was instantaneous. Once more the National Debt went through the motions of being nearly wiped out. On the other hand the capitalist who made dinghies said, "Goodness! Did you see that? They don't want any more dinghies;" and he discharged nearly all the dinghy-producers and most of the ones who made the holes. These men, with a callous disregard for their fellow-workers, stopped buying tooth-brushes altogether and caused a great deal of trouble in that market. But never mind them, I said; my money was in Treasury Bonds. I at least was doing my duty.

But what was my horror to discover that my sacrifice had been in vain. *The Government were not wiping off the National Debt with my money, after all.* They were buying a battleship with some of it; the rest of it they had flung into Mesopotamia. Indirectly, by my example, I was helping to increase the National Debt instead of reducing it. At the same time, of course, by drawing 5s. 7d. interest (less income-tax, 5s. 6d.) on it I was directly augmenting the national indebtedness.

Meanwhile the dinghy-producers had no work, and it became increasingly clear that it was time for me to stimulate production again by buying another dinghy. You see, what is wanted is the free flow of commodities, and anybody can start that, especially with a dinghy that has a hole in it by the garboard strakes. I thought at first of buying back *The Beetle*, but the man who bought her had refused to part with her; as a matter of fact he was living in her. I sold my Treasury Bonds—at a loss, of

\* A technical term. *Vide Manual of Seamanship.*



Counsel (seeking to put witness at ease by affecting the Doric). "WHAUR DAE YE WARK?"

Farm Boy. "AT MACPHAIRRSON'S FARRM."

Counsel. "WHAT'S YER JOAB?" Boy. "AH FEED THE COOS."

Counsel. "WHAT DAE YE GIE THEM? NEEPS?" Boy. "NA. TURNIPS."

course—and then another terrible thing happened. There had been so many losses at the various stages of my operations that the money had dwindled in a most curious way. Instead of fifteen pounds I had now only five pounds, and they would not give me a dinghy for that, not even a hole.

Well, what do I do with the money now? If I buy anything with it it's waste; if I put it back into Treasury Bonds the Government will probably lay down another battleship at once; and anyhow I shall be regarded as a capitalist, and one doesn't want that. If I give it away that's charity, and nothing messes up the economic situation like charity. What shall I do?

I shall bury it in the garden. There was a man who did that with a talent, wasn't there? And, as far as I remember, he won.

Now I know why. A. P. H.

"His sister describes him as having a dark complexion, light grey eyes, even white teeth, and a pale complexion. He is slightly knock-kneed."—*Daily Paper*.

And double-faced too, we fear.

"The number of voters is 26,651, of whom exactly half are women."—*Daily Paper*.  
One of them, presumably, being a "better-half."

#### POLICEMAN TOPP.

(After W. S. GILBERT.)

Policeman Topp my hero is,  
An officer who knew his biz;  
As upright as a man could be  
Was William Arthur Topp, P.C.

In chasing man or stopping horse  
He had no equal in the force;  
In haste at answering a call  
He was superior to all.

His taste in areas was fine;  
No one surpassed him in that line;  
In fact we find in P.C. Topp  
A model of the *genus* cop.

His was no studied stately beat;  
He sang and danced along the street;  
He pirouetted down the lane,  
Hopping and skipping back again.

His Superintendent said, "It's true  
Few men can dance as well as you,  
But I must say such agile grace  
In constables seems out of place."

But Topp continued every day  
Singing and dancing on his way,  
Till his Inspector mused and said,  
"He is affected in the head."

He questioned Topp: "For song and dance  
What sound excuse can you advance?

What explanation give for these  
Perverse irregularities?"

And William answered, "I was sad  
To see the world around so bad,  
And I opined that if I could  
Amuse them I should do them good.

"Experience shows that folk are less  
Disposed to vice or wickedness  
In places where amusements fill  
The dreary hours that foster ill.

"My beat is situated far  
From music-hall and sinnymar,  
And so I dances, skips and sings  
To bring the folk to better things."

Then the Inspector said, "What would  
Become of us if all were good?  
For virtue we don't care a cuss;  
Iniquity is life to us.

"Your moral exercises, Topp,  
You will be well advised to drop,  
Remembering, from our point of view,  
'Tis best to have a crime or two."

"ANNUAL FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL.  
DINNER TALES MAY BE BOOKED."

*Provincial Paper.*

Are we to understand that the after-dinner ones are unsuitable for publication?



Vicar's Wife. "WHAT ARE YOU CHILDREN DOING IN DADDY'S STUDY?"

Ethel. "IT'S A GREAT SECRET, MUMMY. WE'RE GIVING DADDY A NEW BIBLE FOR HIS BIRTHDAY."

Vicar's Wife. "OH—AND WHAT ARE YOU WRITING IN IT?"

Ethel. "WELL, YOU SEE, WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER COPY WHAT DADDY'S FRIENDS PUT IN THE BOOKS THEY GIVE HIM, SO WE'RE WRITING, 'WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.'"

### A GRAND SLAM.

At Christmas I always go to stay with my sister Agnes. She has four children, three boys and a girl—a charming if rather impertinent family.

Naturally enough the choice of suitable peace-offerings is a yearly problem. Some presents, according to Agnes, are "bad for children," others "bad for the furniture," whilst "useful presents," though not taboo, are not always as popular as they should be with the recipients.

After mature consideration I purchased four cameras, all alike, to avoid any possibility of unpleasantness. I was rather pleased with my choice; it seemed to me that I had steered very cleverly between the shoals of parental disapproval and the rocks of nepotial disappointment.

On Christmas morning I had no reason to change my opinion. My gifts were received with smiles by Mamma and with rapture by the children; and my vanity was suitably tickled in the

course of the next few days by the anxiety of everybody to take my photograph. I posed for them in turn in the dining-room and in the garden; in evening dress and in golf attire; in serious mood and in my lighter moments. But I was careful, as I always am, to be taken front-face, because, if I have a fault, it is that I have inherited my grandfather Higgins' chin—that is, none to speak of. This is but a blemish of the profile; front-face, I flatter myself on a certain regularity of feature that is not displeasing.

From the subject of cameras I pass by an easy transition to the famous game of Family Grab. I expect you know the rules. At Christmas-time the family photos—what self-respecting house hasn't stacks of them?—are collected into packs and dealt out as in Bridge. Cards are played and tricks taken also as in Bridge, but there the resemblance may be said to end. This is necessarily so because you cannot say definitely that Aunt Jane, for instance, is *higher* than Uncle James, or

that Cousin Martha is a trump and that Cousin Susan isn't. But you *can*, and in the bosom of the family *do*, say that one is plainer or looks funnier than the other. That relative who by a show of hands is judged ugliest takes the trick. That's all there is in Family Grab.

It was early in the New Year that Tom, the eldest, suggested a game. Bertie, the baby, who eight years ago had committed the indiscretion of getting born too near to Christmas, had overeaten himself at his birthday tea and been sent to bed to sleep it off.

"Never mind," said Tom. "You'll play, won't you, Uncle Ernest?"

I agreed. We sat down, Alice opposite, Jack, the second nephew, on my right, and Tom on my left.

Tom dealt. When one has played the game once or twice one gets to know the winning cards at a glance. There are some that always take tricks. I saw at once that I had a first-rate hand. Did I not hold Great-Aunt Eliza, *etat* sixteen, with a huge crinoline and her



## THE WORLD'S PREMIER DUETTISTS.

THE WELSH HARP. "YOU WON'T TAKE THIS PIECE TOO *FURIOSO*, WILL YOU, DEAR BOY?"

THE FRENCH HORN. "CERTAINLY NOT, *MON BRAVE*; NOT IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT TOO *MODERATO*."





hair done up in a string-bag? And Mamma (sister Agnes), taken in the days when ladies wore skin-tight jackets with big sleeves and had their hair pulled back as though an invisible maid was standing behind them and dragging it by main force off their scalps? And see! here was the ace of trumps—an aged daguerreotype of Grandfather Higgins himself, taken side-face. Since first I played Family Grab Grandfather H. had never failed to take a trick.

I had some other cards too that might be relied upon if judiciously played. In fact my only really *bad* one was a recent photo of myself.

Alice led Aunt Mary, taken in the "big-hat-hobble-skirt" period. Jack capped it with a whiskered Father-in-a-pepper-and-salt-suit-and-brown-bowler.

"No good, Jack, old man," I sang out cheerily, and flung down Grandfather Higgins.

I drew the cards towards me, only waiting for Tom to discard before gathering in the trick. Judge then of my horror and amazement when he jumped up shouting; "Not so fast, Uncle Ernest; I claim the trick," and threw down a photo of—what do you think?—Me! Me! Me! shaving! Me with my head craned forward towards the looking-glass, my neck stretched out and my chin— Well!

A burst of laughter greeted the apparition.

"Really," I began rather warmly, "don't be absurd. Grandfather Higgins *always* takes the trick."

"Always *used* to," gurgled Alice, and collapsed into her chair.

"It's exactly like Grandfather Higgins," spluttered Jack, "only *much* funnier."

The trick was awarded to Tom by three votes to one.

I will not burden you with the details of that unfortunate game. I will merely say that that miserable boy had cheated. His hand was composed of nothing but snapshots of myself, all taken unawares, all taken side-face. One of me eating soup, one of me playing Blind-Man's-Buff, several of me asleep—none of them (need I add?) in the least like me. No one ever lied so abominably as the man who said the camera couldn't.

To cut a long story short, Tom secured a grand slam in Uncle Ernest's.

I am not the man to nurse a grievance; I soon got the better of my outraged dignity. But something had to be done. The world is far too small a place to contain thirteen side-face portraits of myself. So on the night before Tom returned to school I purloined all thirteen of them from the



Hon. Treasurer of our Village Club. "IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE WITH ME THAT THE SMALLEST BALANCE ON THE RIGHT SIDE IS BETTER THAN THE LARGEST ON THE WRONG ONE."

bottom of his play-box, and in their place inserted two notes, one signed by FISHER, the other by myself. The latter, as being perhaps the more valuable, I will give you in full:—

DEAR TOM,—I am going to introduce Family Grab into my Club, where they play cards for money. So I have bought your thirteen winners for a pound. They will be worth all that to me.

Your affectionate,  
UNCLE ERNEST.

"STRAYED.

A Good General Servant."—*Irish Paper*.  
We always hobble ours.

"As Working Housekeeper in small house; middle-aged; good reference; will help occasionally."—*Daily Paper*.

Subject, we suppose, to the rules of the Housekeepers' Union.

#### Light on the Exchange Problem.

"The premium consists of 300 fr. (£50) for the third child, and 50 fr. (17s.) for each subsequent child."—*Daily Paper*.

Now we begin to understand the fascination of a gamble in francs.

"Rehearsals have commenced for the presentation of Sir Edward Elgar's opera, 'A Princess of Kensington,' by the — Operatic Society."—*Daily Paper*.

For an overture they might play Mr. EDWARD GERMAN's famous march, "Pomp and Circumstance."

"At a conference on Wednesday the matter for consideration is the amalgamation of the Midland Gold Association and the Midland Golf Competition. There is a feeling in the Midlands that the fusion will strengthen interest in the game."—*Provincial Paper*.

Yes, but will it help the movement for cheaper golf?

## JORROCKS'S.

## CHAPTER I.

"Mr boy," said my Colonel—always at his heartiest when about to say something unpleasant—"you should get yourself demobilised."

"Oh, Colonel," I cried, "think of all I have done for you!"

I well remember that day in the dawn of 1919. I had strolled into orderly-room to see if any leave were to be picked up.

"Surely," said the Colonel, "you must be anxious to take up your civilian occupation. By the way," he added, screwing in his eye-glass and looking at me sharply, "what is your work?"

I think that somehow my Colonel had never associated me with work.

"I did have a job once," I said, "but my place has long since been taken by a better man; probably by a woman."

"Take my advice," said the Colonel. "Go at once to the Ministry of Toil, Jorrocks's Hotel."

"Very good, Sir," said I, knowing that the Colonel was intent on demobilising all his temporary officers, "and I will ask you for a fortnight's leave."

## CHAPTER II.

I went to Jorrocks's next day, and they were very kind and encouraging. My only fear was that they would find me a job too quickly—before I had taken a thorough holiday. I was given a form to fill up, and only then began to realise what a fine fellow I was. With difficulty I hid my blushes when I read over what I had written about myself. I saw myself at my true worth. I put it at a thousand a year.

The remainder of my fortnight's leave passed very pleasantly.

And then I got myself demobilised, and took good care to call at Jorrocks's and tell them the glad news, and to say how keen I was to buckle down to work.

## CHAPTER III.

Nothing happened for three months—as to work. Otherwise time passed very pleasantly. As the March of 1919 gave way to April, there came a letter headed, "Situations Department." How hope leapt up at the phrase! They had had time, I thought, to study my application form. They knew me now for the man I was.

The letter began, "Dear Sir."

How unlike the Army, I thought, with its curt mode of address, simply "Sir," whether you happen to be a duke or a drummer-boy.

It went on: "I have to request you to be good enough to inform me what your position is regarding *Demobilisation*."

It ended "Yours faithfully," and was signed by indecipherable initials, followed by "District Director."

I loathed that District Director. His "Dear Sir" by now had lost its savour. I felt I could not write to him without being rude. So, to restrain the flow of language his letter inspired, I wired.

"I AM demobilised. I informed you of this three months ago. Please make every effort to find me appointment. Gratuity money exhausted. Prices rising daily."

original portrait I drew of myself. It was rather tame. I trust the revised version will enable you to fit me with an appointment forthwith. Otherwise I shall have to take steps accordingly."

I think this letter must have been rather well worded. The veiled threat in the last clause may have alarmed Jorrocks's. Possibly they thought it meant suicide—or murder. By return of post they wrote again.

They sent me, with their love—at least they said with great pleasure—a thing called a Registration Card. Evidently they looked on this as a very special bit of magic. It did not seem to have much bearing on anything in particular, but it bore the hopeful words, "Candidates are advised to carry this card with them wherever they may be."

This mascot, this talisman, I have carried about with me ever since. It has shared all my holiday pastimes. Sometimes, to show it extra honour, I take it to bed with me.

## CHAPTER V.

The next letter came from Girlie.

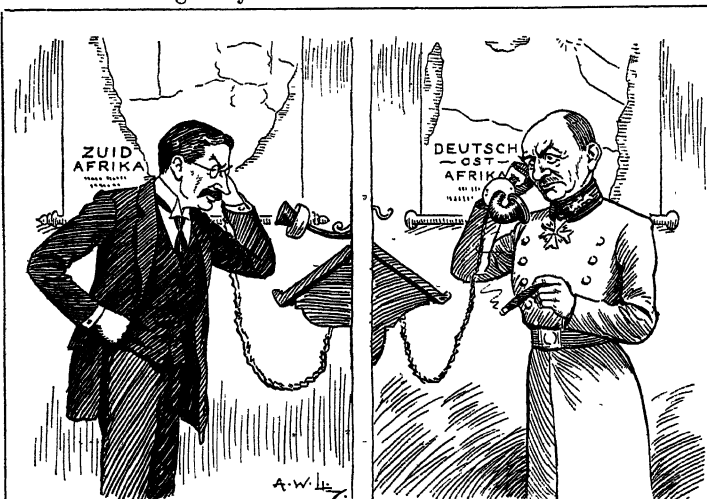
So at least I read the signature. It was a single name—it looked like a feminine name—in fact, like Girlie. It was a pretty signature too. I felt sure she must be some tender-hearted secretary at Jorrocks's who had taken compassion on my long, long holiday. The letter was dated March, 1920, and in it Girlie asked if I desired to call.

I was drawn to Girlie.

She, with her quick womanly intuition, knew how heavily time must be hanging on my hands; she thought a trip to Jorrocks's would cheer me up. I might call on any week-day, she said, except Saturday.

But, though the letter opened thus cordially, even as she penned it Girlie's enthusiasm seemed to cool. Half-way through she suddenly threw cold water on the whole proposition. She pointed out, not mincing her words, that all expenses incurred by travelling must be borne by myself. She added with emphatic tautology, "They cannot be paid by this Department." And then, as a final cold douche, she added that my appearance at Jorrocks's in person would not in any way guarantee that I should be offered a suitable post. She begged that I would write soon, to SAVE DELAY.

It was unfortunate that this letter should have reached me just after I had



General Hertzog (leader of the South African Nationalist Party). "I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A TIP OR TWO ON CAMPAIGNING AGAINST JANNIE SMUTS?"

General Von Lettow-Vorbeck (late Commander-in-Chief "German" East Africa). "WELL, SPEAKING FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, I RECOMMEND YOU TO KEEP MOVING."

## CHAPTER IV.

Many moons have waxed and waned since the date of my last chapter. Time has rolled on to January, 1920. In all that weary space not one word more had come from Jorrocks's. Mr. Cox, the banker, wrote to say—however, I will not dwell on that.

In January came this letter from Jorrocks's:—

"DEAR SIR,—I regret that our efforts to obtain an appointment for you have up to the present proved unsuccessful. I should suggest your revising your application, when it will receive our immediate attention. Yours faithfully—" Signed by indecipherable initials, followed by a postscript: "To avoid DELAY, write your reply below."

I obeyed orders implicitly.

"To avoid DELAY," I wrote, "I write at once. I have now repainted the

put some three hundred miles between Girlie and myself by going down to Devon for a quiet Easter holiday—a holiday from a holiday, as it were, like a home from home. I at once wrote to explain how awkward this was, and how I should love to call about three weeks hence, if she would name a day.

Alas! poor Girlie. I have a very strong suspicion that shortly afterwards she was married to a high official at Jorrock's—the one, perhaps, who disguised his name under impossible initials—and never thought of me again, for she failed to confirm the assignation.

#### CHAPTER VI.

After Girlie's effort to cheer me the silence of the tomb.

For three months it reigned. Then came a letter in a new style altogether, curt, official, reeking of the new broom. (It was this that made me think that my friend of the initials had given himself the finest appointment at his disposal and married Girlie out of hand.)

"Sir," said this letter, "are you still desirous of employment? I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant—"

It was not even signed.

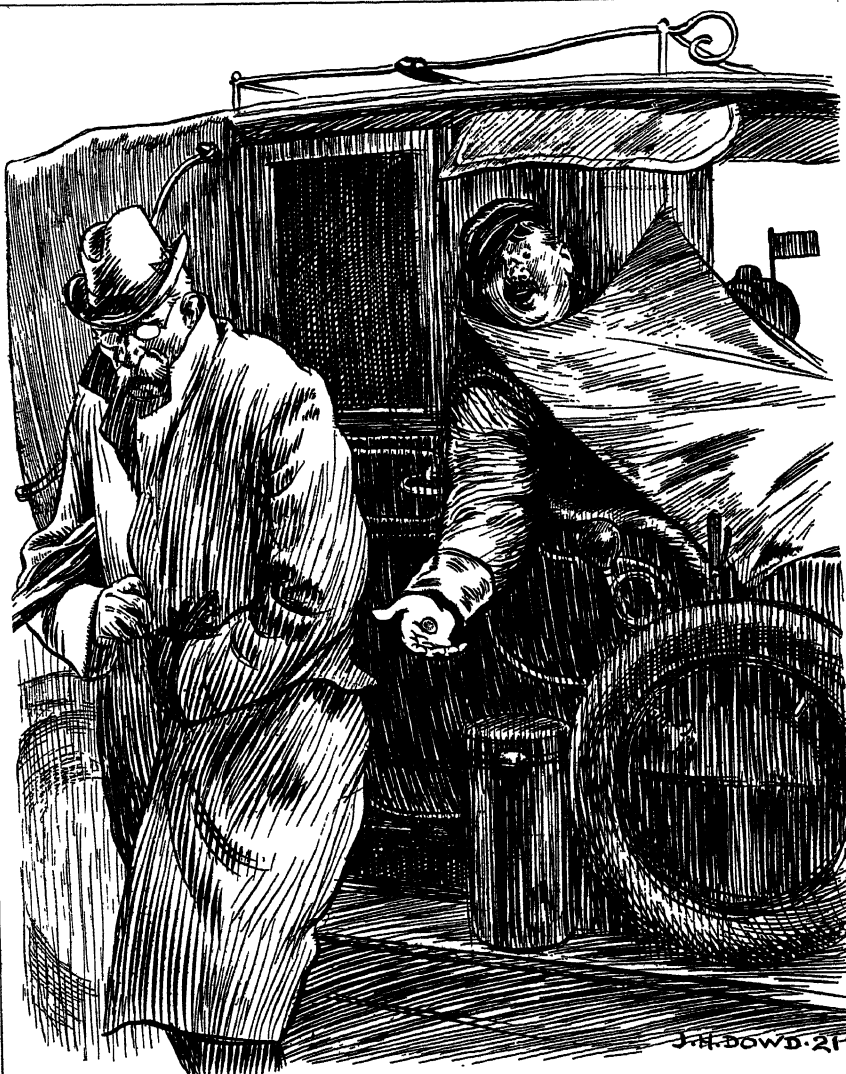
Something was in the wind, I concluded. New Broom, I felt, must have found a job going begging. I could picture his eager excitement. He would be in such a hurry to communicate with me that he could not wait to sign the letter. I saw him dashing it off, and then rushing out hatless into the street to post it without a second's delay. He was by far the best man, or woman, I had yet dealt with, for he sent me a franked envelope for my reply—no doubt to SAVE DELAY. But I could not wait for the post. I tore down to our village post-office and sent off a telegram to answer his delightful question in a double-barrelled affirmative.

"Yes, yes," ran my answer.

#### CHAPTER VII.

New Broom, however, seemed to have exhausted all his energy in that first feverish burst. Months passed and not another word came from him, from Girlie or my friend of the initials, or anyone. So I played the next card myself.

I wrote last week and *applied for myself*. I asked if they could put me into touch with any ex-officer seeking an appointment who possessed such-and-such qualifications. And the qualifications detailed were exactly those which I had told them in two applications that I possessed—in full measure and overflowing. And I gave the name and address of my nearest neighbour in the country, entering into an arrange-



Taxi-driver (on receiving correct fare—a silver two-shilling piece). "I SUPPOSE YOU 'ADN'T GOT A NICKEL ONE?"

ment with him whereby he should pass on any answer. I begged for a reply by return of post—to SAVE DELAY.

Jorrock's answered with commendable promptitude and, as they said, "with pleasure." They sent me a list of many candidates for just such an appointment as I had been seeking. Their names and their ages; their ranks in the Army and the distinctions they had earned; their schools and their colleges; their degrees and their languages; all their careers since babyhood were set out at length. It was simply wonderful what fine fellows they were, how good-looking, how cultured and what experience they had enjoyed in my profession. And to think they were all out of work!

And will you believe it? After all my correspondence with Jorrock's, after my repeated applications, after I had painted my portrait in colours even more radiant than theirs, my own name was totally absent from the list.

#### More Waist, Less Waste.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer the country needs is a man who can put his food down and resist his colleagues."

*Indian Paper.*

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's performance at the next Ministerial banquet will now be anxiously watched.

"That is the high road. In the residential roads of the great suburb there is not a light, nothing but cinemerian gloom, as when the maroons fired, the guns boomed and the Germans 'came over.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

"Cinemerian gloom" sounds like the stuff they give you at the "movies."

From a review of last year's weather:—

"In January, when cold weather could reasonably be expected in this district, the barometer never fell below freezing point."

*Daily Paper.*

And, if we remember rightly, the thermometer remained at "Change" throughout the month.



*First Sportsman (at conclusion of beat, after a sumptuous lunch). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WAS THAT A PEACOCK FLEW OVER IN THAT BEAT?"* *Second Ditto. "YES, I THOUGHT SO—DIDN'T YOU?"*  
*First Ditto. "YES. BUT I DIDN'T LIKE TO SAY SO TILL I'D ASKED YOU."* *Second Ditto. "SAME HERE."*

### LETTERS I NEVER POST.

*In these letters, as I explained when the first instalment was printed, I am borrowing the device of a friend of mine who, when he is annoyed by incompetence or conscious of some defect that might be amended, writes a letter about it and then tears it up.*

#### TO A POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Since the new rule of life seems to be to charge more for things because they have deteriorated, I am not going to add my voice to the clamour about the revised telephone rates. But don't you think, Sir, that you would cut a more impressive figure as a practical administrator if you knew what reign you were living in? Close to the Houses of Parliament is a letter-box with "V.R." on it, and the nearest letter-box to St. James's Palace has "E.R." In fact I believe I am right in saying that it is the exception to find our present monarch's initials. But then he has been on the Throne only ten and three-quarter years.

#### TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

DEAR SIR,—I wish, not only in the interest of economy, which is fantastic,

but for my own comfort, that you could arrange that only one collector is allowed to bother me with income-tax forms. I don't know what these forms, with accompanying envelope, cost, but it must mount up, and the postmen have to carry them too. While you are on the subject of income-tax revision don't you think you could devise a scheme better than the existing one, which makes us all the target of any sharpshooter who thinks we may have been overlooked?

#### TO A MAGICIAN.

I have read with delight your posters on the Underground inviting us to join your School of Magic and become wizards too. What a school to attend! No truants there, I am certain. But why, in your description of the happy results of your tuition, do you distinguish so oddly? You say that you will qualify your pupils to "amuse their families" and "amaze their friends." Why mayn't we amaze our families too? It is every man's ambition and so difficult to accomplish.

#### TO A NUMBER OF LONDON EDITORS.

DEAR SIRS,—May I draw your attention to the fact that the evening session

of a billiard-match can be as well worth describing as an afternoon one? Quite often there are as good strokes between eight and ten as between three and five, and (although you may be surprised to hear it) even after dinner one or the other of the players often makes a break of three figures. Will you not let your readers know about these post-prandial feats too?

*But why should one always be carping? Sometimes there are letters of appreciation which go unposted too.*

#### TO THE MANAGER OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

DEAR SIR,—May I congratulate you on a departure in stage decoration as successful as it is novel? When I went to see your pantomime, *Aladdin*, I was startled and delighted to find that upon the sliding red lacquer panels which serve for a curtain had been painted a copy of one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, too little known even to Londoners, although it hangs for all to see at any daylight hour in the British Museum—"The Earthly Paradise," the work of a Chinese artist centuries ago. Among the pictures that one would never expect to find reproduced in a variety theatre this is prom-

inent; and yet how naturally it consorts with *Aladdin's* atmosphere! My felicitations to the artist to whom the credit for the thought is due.

#### TO A MESSENGER BOY.

I don't know your name and therefore cannot address you by it. But I was so struck the other day by an action of yours which I chanced to see that I thought I would write you a little note about it. You were coming along the Strand, by the island site, not walking fast enough to do your system any harm (but perhaps your errand was completed), when you were attracted by a row of pavement pictures. Having glanced at each you did what no other recent passer-by (including myself) had done; you gave the artist a penny. I thought this very nice of you, and my wish for you is that you may grow up to be rich and that some day you may have a picture-gallery of your own with a Corot in it.

E. V. L.

#### BOOKS THAT WILL BRIGHTEN US.

(By *A Man with a Microscope*.)

THE announcement that Mr. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, the redoubtable author of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, will shortly publish a new volume on *The Principles of Probability* has naturally awakened lively expectations. Mr. KEYNES is a great and subtle artist in nomenclature. He likes to put people off the scent. For example, nothing could have been more forbidding than the title of his first book—nothing less indicative of those vivacious and mordant character-sketches of the principal actors at the Peace Conference which constituted its chief attraction to a public avid of personalities. We have excellent reasons for believing that a similar surprise is in store for the readers of *The Principles of Probability*—that it is no dry philosophical treatise, but a sparkling yet exhaustive examination of "systems," fallible and infallible, enlivened with brilliant studies of famous gamblers and gaming-table-keepers, including CHARLES JAMES FOX, CROCKFORD and "the Jubilee Juggins." In fine the book might have been entitled *What's the Odds?* That it is not can only be attributed to the author's fastidious distaste for anything that might savour of *réclame*. As considerable divergence of opinion still prevails as to the correct pronunciation of his name, we may add that it rhymes, not to "CLYNES" or "Deans," but to "brains."

Some misunderstanding has been created by the title chosen by Dr. ETHEL SMYTH for her new volume of sketches and recollections. *Streaks of*



Barber's Assistant. "Oo—MERCY! I THOUGHT I'D FINISHED WITH ALLOTMENTS!"

*Life* is not, as some of the rasher literary paragraph-mongers have imagined, a contribution to the Baconian controversy. It is true that its pages include a detailed study of the late EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, for many years Dr. ETHEL SMYTH's neighbour and close friend, but no mention is made of the EMPEROR's long imprisonment in and escape from the fortress of Ham in the 'forties.

The discovery and forthcoming publication in *The Strand Magazine* of the Honeymoon Diary of NAPOLEON's second wife, the EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE, has naturally caused considerable stir among serious historical students. In this context it is worth noting that during the course of recent excavations in Rome Professor Pifi, the well-known Czecho-Slovakian antiquarian, unearthed a manuscript which proved to be a journal kept by AGRIPPINA, the mother of NERO, both before and during

the reign of her notorious son. An English version, edited by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, is in active preparation. Mr. LE QUEUX, it may be added, declares the journal to be "the most lurid and hectic piece of feminine self-expression in any language."

Messrs. COLLINS announce amongst their forthcoming novels *The Dragon in Shallow Waters*, by VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST, which is described as having a soap factory as background. Without unduly discounting the pleasures of perusal it may be hinted that the tragedy of the story resides in the fact that the dragon could never get enough water for his ablutions, in spite of his unlimited command of soap.

"House and Shop for Sale; excellent position; tenant under notice to expire end of March."—*Welsh Paper*.

But suppose, like CALVERLEY's parrot, he refuses to die?



## AT THE PLAY.

"DANIEL."

THE brief phantom who gives his name—without any Biblical significance—to this play from the French lived a retired life in his own private den (opium), and was probably not presentable till late in the evening, for he didn't appear at all before the Third Act.

I should describe him as a *quartum quid*, sketchily attached to an ordinary vulgar *ménage à trois*. The lady whom he adored with an unrequited passion had made a marriage of *convenience* with his brother *Albert*, and subsequently conducted an intrigue with somebody else. Meanwhile *Daniel*, having in desperation taken to a solitary course of doping, held no communication with the lady except to send her a bouquet of flowers twice *per annum*.

Learning from her own lips that she has a lover, whom her husband proposes to kill as soon as he can identify him, *Daniel* is at first a little shocked that the lady has not been more loyal to the memory of a man who had done her the honour to drug himself nearly to death for her dear sake. Then, in a spasm of nobility, he determines to save her lover by taking his guilt upon himself. This he contrives very cleverly by alleging that certain love-letters of hers entrusted to his care had been addressed to him.

The ruse does not impose for very long, but his death, following on all this excitement which must have been very bad for his health, has a greater and (I trust) more lasting success. It so melts the heart of the husband and so purifies his spiritual outlook that he undertakes to consult the convenience of the lovers and arrange a divorce.

The Third Act, in *Daniel's* den, was stuffed full of matter and movement. One looks for a certain deliberation in tragedy of this kind, but here people came and went with the rapidity of a farce. The trouble was that, though we were always being thrilled, our concern about the issue was only academic. All playgoers are children at heart, and they want, like children, to take sides. Neither husband nor lovers contrived to touch our sympathies very closely, and we never felt that the heroism of this moribund drug-maniac was likely to cost him much. One had to fall back for one's interest upon the author's ingenuity, a relatively bloodless matter, affecting the head but not the heart.

Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, whose

return was very welcome, had a difficult part as *Marguerite* and perhaps a little disappointed her old admirers. She struck the tragic note too early. She was so anxious to make us understand what she felt like inside that she seemed to forget how a woman in actual life would conceal her feelings in public for the sake of decency. Her performance was most sincere, but I could have sacrificed some of this sincerity for a little more charm of manner and grace of movement.

Mr. LYN HARDING as the husband easily realised the self-confident man of affairs, who assumes that his domestic arrangements are running as smoothly



## A ROARING LION IN DANIEL'S OPIUM DEN.

*Albert Arnault* (Mr. LYN HARDING) to *Daniel Arnault* (Mr. CLAUDE RAINS). "I DON'T SO MUCH MIND MY WIFE'S PAYING YOU A CLANDESTINE VISIT, BUT TO GIVE HERSELF AWAY BY LEAVING HER BAG BEHIND—THAT SORT OF DULL OLD STAGE-TRICK DRIVES ME WILD."

as his office routine, and, when his complacency receives a shock, exposes certain brutal instincts till now overlaid by prosperity. It might have been harder to make us accept his generous concession at the finish, but by that time we were ripe for any relief, reasonable or not.

Mr. LESLIE FABER as the lover had one of those thankless parts which do not lend themselves to any very distinctive colouring, on the stage or off. If it had not been for Mr. AUBREY SMITH's consummate ease of manner as the *Doctor* (*amicus curiæ*, as they say), I don't know how we should have got through the rather tedious and perfunctory First Act. In his quiet humour he was admirably supported by Miss EDITH EVANS as a frivolous hypochondriac, and Miss ALICE MOFFAT

as a worldly flapper with a glad-eye on the main chance. Other small parts were nicely played by Mr. GEORGE ELTON (*Daniel's* faithful henchman) and Miss GLADYS GRAY (a red-haired lady, who divided her time and talents between opium and the music-halls).

The most popular performance was that of Mr. CLAUDE RAINS as *Daniel*. He owed a good deal to his excellent make-up and his suggestive background (when I take to opium I shall certainly place an order in Tottenham Court Road for just this atmosphere); and the part was perhaps not quite so difficult as it looked. Still it was a very clever study. His hands in particular were worth watching closely. And it was to his credit (and the author's) that he did not try to get cheap effects by insisting on the nature of his malady. If we hadn't been told I doubt if we should have distinguished it from several other diseases that have nothing to do with opium.

M. LOUIS VERNEUIL, who made the play, is to be complimented on an ingenious piece of mechanism. Indeed, to have created so effective a drama of love and sacrifice, with scarcely a single note of beauty in it, must be regarded as something of an intellectual feat. O. S.

## Ancestor-Worship.

"Americans are offered perfect Grandfathers, one dwarf, one inlaid." *Connoisseur*.

## Commercial Candour.

"Modern House, 2 reception rooms: 4 bedrooms, bath, and every modern inconvenience."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Messrs. — Bros., LTD.—This week, impossible as it may sound, has been even more successful than last, when records were smashed in nine departments. Crockery seems to have made a sudden spurt."—*Sunday Paper*.  
It sounds as if there had been a "bull" in the china department.

There was a disciple of FREUD  
Who was seriously vexed and annoyed  
By his failure to see  
In the "complex" L. G.  
Whether GEORGE was subconscious, or  
LLOYD.

From a catalogue:—

"NATURE'S FREAKS AND ODDITIES.—These provide a very useful and interesting object lesson for children and students on Nature's ingenious methods of securing adequate seed dispersion.

457 Caterpillars. } Easily raised from seeds.  
458 Snails. } The number of seeds in a packet varies.  
459 Worms. } Each, per packet, 2d."

Notice to birds. Grow your own worms and avoid early rising.





"MOLLIE, YOU HAVEN'T SAID YOUR PRAYERS."

"I'M GOING TO SAY THEM IN BED TO-NIGHT."

"OH, MOLLIE, THAT ISN'T ETIQUETTE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My first duty with regard to *Not Known Here* (HUTCHINSON) is to felicitate Mrs. WILFRID WARD upon having evolved a central situation as ingenious as it is poignant. The position is this. When the story opens you have at Dearmer Hall a household comprising *Hugh* and *Pamela Dearmer*, a devoted couple, no longer young, and two children, *Karl* and *Mary*, the boy being regarded as the son of Mrs. Dearmer by her former marriage with an unpleasant Prussian Baron, now happily defunct. All this of course in the years before the War, when people still did such things. *Karl* adores both mother and stepfather, of whom the latter seems the more passionately to return his love. Then, when *Hugh* is visiting the boy at Eton, *Karl* suddenly avows his hatred of his mixed origin and his passionate regret at not being English and the son of the "daddy" he so admires—to be in a moment crushed by the confession that this is in fact the case, his mother and *Hugh* having been lovers before the death of the Bosch husband. Of course the great question is: Would any father blurt out such a revelation? Here I think Mrs. WARD has been beforehand with criticism in the care and subtlety of her preparations, since not only is *Hugh* drawn as a selfish sentimentalist, who might be thus betrayed, but as suffering at the moment a double reaction from the after-glooms of influenza and the emotions of revisiting his old school. Anyhow there the situation is, tremendous. I have dwelt upon it in detail, because it is the central point of an admirably told story. Recall the course of recent history and you can imagine what sympathy and sincerity of treatment (as here) would make

of it. I permit myself to disagree with the climax; but, this apart, can record only a whole-hearted appreciation of a profoundly moving tale.

I am tempted to wonder whether Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has definitely established a cult of the chorus-lady in our modern fiction. Because, without the least suggestion of conscious discipleship on the part of Mrs. SYLVIA LYND, I rather fancy that, but for the Carnavalesque influence, the gyrations of her heroine in *The Swallow Dive* (CASSELL) would hardly have followed precisely their present course. Told very briefly, *Caroline's* adventure with life was, on finding herself with no money and a mother incapable of keeping her, to take to the stage (the publisher's advertisement says as a show-lady in Revue, but this argues an imperfect familiarity with the text); to be pursued by a number of suitors and finally to become the victim of a melodramatic coil from which she is only rescued by the skin of her dainty teeth. All this told in a spasmodic, impatient manner, at times a little slovenly, but at its best scattered with rewarding touches of observation, and always brilliant with great splashes of impressionist colour. The author's feeling for a vivid effect, for glitter and high tones, naturally makes her very much at home in the atmosphere of a modern spectacular theatre, in which most of her action passes. You will gather already that *The Swallow Dive* contains all the elements of a vast popularity. I have to complain however that the artist of the pictorial wrapper has played us false. At the most critical moment the intrigue demands that *Caroline* should be swathed from head to ankles in an ermine cloak, but this is reduced by the sketch to the dimensions of a small bath-

towel. "She looked," says the text, "like a tulip in a heap of snow." Pictorially, there appears to have been a thaw.

It must be terribly difficult for an author to stand by and see his or her hero "beaten up"—this is an American book, so I really ought to say it like that—and it is quite easy to understand that Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, having made her *Willy Cameron* too lame to get into the American Army, just couldn't bear to see him anyone's inferior, even in one respect, and so let him fight like a tiger when rioters threatened the existence of law and order. This inconsistency may annoy some people, but I myself found it quite forgivable, because I have so keen an enjoyment in seeing these shabby, lame young men of fiction proving themselves great-hearted leaders of men, being looked up to by the rich and powerful and marrying girls who are our equivalent of the kings' daughters in the fairy tales. What is so good about the fairy tales is the encouragement they contain for the poor wood-cutters' youngest sons, and, as most of us are poor wood-cutters' youngest sons in one way or another, many thanks to Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART for so ably translating a fairy tale into the terms of today. *A Poor Wise Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a strong and stirring story of love, noble and ignoble; of Bolshevik activities in America; of fighting and plotting, of adventures and achievements. I hope and imagine that, in the year following the Armistice, agitators did not carry things quite so far in America as she suggests, but, at any rate, their machinations give her hero and his friends a fine field for the display of the jolly good "stuff" of which they are made, and herself the opportunity of saying about the relations between Capital and Labour and the value to a nation of its homes a great many wise things of a sort that can hardly be said too often.

My impression of *The Yellow Poppy* (DUCKWORTH) was that it should be numbered amongst the tales of which one instinctively feels that they are enduring but a probationary existence in cold print before finding their real fulfilment in the transformation of the footlights. Certainly it contains one situation so admirably dramatic in the theatrical sense that, if it has not previously been used, I can but wonder. This is the moment in which, by a set of "favouring chances" that I confess did not sound overwhelmingly probable, the former *Duchesse de Trélan*, supposed to have been decapitated in the Terror, found herself installed by the Directorate as official caretaker of what had been her own palace. Surely that in itself is sufficient to agitate the telephones of the agents and the film-producers! The drawback is that Mr. D. K. BROSTER seems hardly to have had the full courage of his own invention. The *Duc de Trélan* had sensibly departed for England at the first sign of revolution, thereby mortally offending his bride, who had other views of her obligations

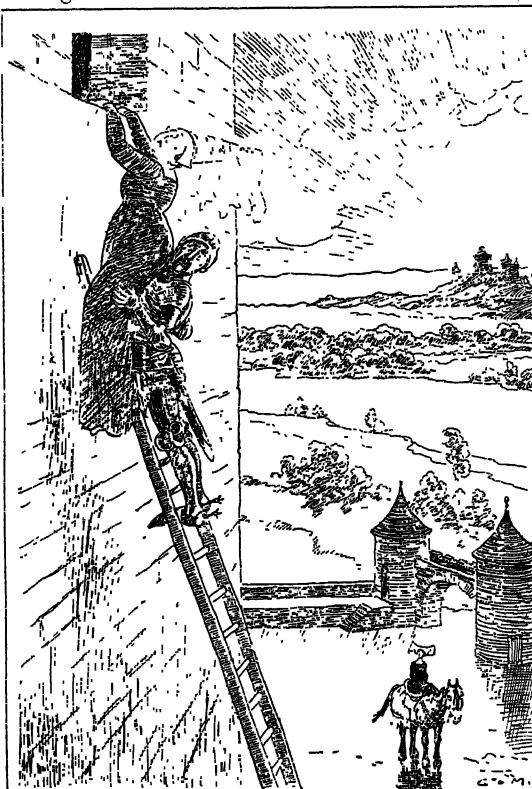
to her position. So he went alone, leaving her to be reported killed, and himself, under a false name, became a general of the Chouan army. (Have you ever marvelled, by the way, at the number of severed but mutually adoring couples who seem to have been wandering round France at this period?) What I mean about Mr. BROSTER's apparent hesitation between the claims of full-blooded romance and the historical conscience is that surely, having got the *Duchesse* into the ancestral château, he might have strained a few more points and arranged for the *Duc* also— But, of course, any actor-manager will see to that.

"Charming" is one of the most overworked adjectives, but since it is the only word which by itself fairly describes

*Drumsticks* (MELROSE) I must use it here this once more. It is a good thing that the less amiable adjectives have a knack of fitting in with "charming" without any effect of contradiction, for *Drumsticks* is a little bit irritating, a little bit ridiculous and very sentimental as well. *Drumsticks* herself is one of those pathetic childish figures which you meet sometimes in fiction and never afterwards quite forget. The friendship between the little maiden and *Jack Poole*, that kindly sinner, is a very tender and graceful thing. *Charlotte*, his wife, is a dear but very Victorian person, and her concern because her seven-year-old adopted daughter dies declaring that she doesn't believe in God is quite in character. What is surprising is that Mrs. CHEEVER MEREDITH quite obviously expects her readers to feel anxious too and spends some time in reassuring them. On the whole the real reasons why people do things and say things do not escape her, and her little book gives many evidences of a keen insight into human motives.

If you should meet *The Impossible Apollo* (LANE) I strongly advise you to refrain from reading the words written on the inside of the picture-cover unless you want to know practically all about Mr. THOMAS COBB's pleasant little comedy before you begin it. The situation is founded upon a friendship made between two young men when they were comrades in the War and the difficulties of maintaining it after they had reverted to the respective social positions, very widely separated, from which they had been drawn. In such a story it is easy enough to tilt furiously against snobs and snobbery, and it is vastly to Mr. COBB's credit as an artist that he refrains from any such indulgence. On the whole he states the case fairly. And, as is customary with him, his women, both old and young, are subtly and surely drawn. I thought the semi-educated hero fired off "Cheerio!" rather lavishly, but apart from this minor extravagance I got a good deal of pleasure out of this unassuming story.

ROMANCE IN COURT.—To the Ladies of the Jury every judge is a Darling.



*Industrious Knight-Errant* (replying to a question). "OH, THAT'S THE LADY ALYS WHOM I RESCUED THIS MORNING ON MY WAY HERE."

*The Lady Isoult* (slightly piqued). "PLEASE DON'T THINK ME UNGRATEFUL, SIR KNIGHT, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE SAVED ME FIRST."

*Industrious Knight-Errant*. "FORGIVE ME, DEAR LADY, BUT I WORK ON THE ALPHABETICAL SYSTEM."

## CHARIVARIA.

As an outcome of a recent newspaper controversy it is proposed to institute a Dartmouth Continuation Course in order to encourage retired admirals to take up the study of grammar.

Lord NORTHCLIFFE and Mr. CHURCHILL have been photographed together at Nice. This was done, we understand, in order to refute the theory that no plate could hold them both.

An American scientist states that the world will last several thousand years longer. Supporters of CARPENTIER hope that DEMPSEY will not leave it to the last moment.

Lord ASKWITH says he would like to see the telephone in every man's cottage. We trust we are too humane for that.

Bad luck continues to dog the M.C.C. team. One of its members, who, in addition to playing a little cricket, writes for the Press, is reported to have had the misfortune, at practice, to split an infinitive.

The Prussian Minister of Welfare has given permission for a skyscraper to be erected in Berlin. It will be recalled that the previous All-Highest was a failure.

There is no truth in the report that a committee of experts has been appointed to consider whether we should build any more Big Cabinet Ministers.

The Zoological Society announces that more than a million and a half people visited the Gardens last year. Only two demanded their money back, a small boy who dropped his bun down an alligator and a nice old lady who couldn't find the way to the Geddes House.

Professor ALBERT MICHELSON, an American astronomer, has just succeeded, with the aid of an apparatus he has invented, in measuring the star Alpha Orionis. It is also reported that Secretary DANIELS is busy constructing a number of apparatuses for taking the measure of the Rising Sun.

The taking of the Japanese census

has resulted in the discovery of a "lost" tribe of aborigines in the forest of Saitama. It is stated that on being told the daily net circulation of the *Nichi Nichi Shinbun* they unanimously decided to stay lost.

"THE LITTLE FISHES  
ARE THEY ENDANGERED BY OIL?"

asks *The Morning Post*. Our own investigation of the effect of mint-sauce on the longevity of lambs leads us to believe that they are.

Following decontrol, Welsh wool skins have dropped from 6s. 6d. to 1s. apiece in Carnarvonshire. The quaint old custom of nailing up the Welsh wool-

world's record for long-distance crowing is claimed by Rock Island, Illinois, for a cock whose crow can be heard six hundred miles away. This is something like the America we used to know before the War.

"The Postmaster-General," says *The Saturday Review*, "should be made a Lunacy Commissioner." Meanwhile he will continue to control the telephones in order to ensure a nice steady flow of customers later on.

Two men who call regularly at the Camberwell Labour Exchange for their out-of-work donation ride up every time on motor-cycles. We suppose they can hardly afford motor-cars nowadays.

Mr. EDISON claims to be perfecting an instrument which will enable us to communicate with the next world. It may be all right if he can keep Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S hands off it.

There is no work for immigrants in any of the Dominions at present, says an Australian official. Some of our Labour Party's protégés declare that they are willing to waive the demand for work provided the wages are adequate.

There were ten thousand cases of pilfering from railways last year. In spite of the high prices that are being paid for

genuine antiques we are glad to say that no attempt was made to purloin Charing Cross station.

The Central Aircraft Company are producing the smallest motor-car ever made, but with very powerful engines. It is said that these cars can climb the steepest pedestrians.

We trust there is no truth in the rumour that one of the most promising of Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S string of by-election candidates has wrenched his tongue at exercise.

"POOR DEAR GAS," said a *Times*' headline the other day. Our sympathies are rather with the poor dear consumer.

"Women in the shopping areas are fast becoming a nuisance to traffic," complains a contemporary. It looks as if they may have to be abolished.



Mistress. "OH, COOK, BE SURE AND PUT PLENTY OF NUTS IN THE CAKE."  
Cook. "YOU DON'T CATCH ME CRACKIN' NO MORE NUTS TO-DAY. I'VE VERY NEAR BROKE ME JAW ALREADY."

skin in Printing House Square may shortly be resumed.

We fail to see what the papers found so very remarkable in the fact that the REGISTRAR-GENERAL was once a poet. It would have been much more interesting if this discovery had been made about the LAUREATE.

"There is a possibility of a great reduction in the Cross-Channel passenger rates," says a contemporary. This sounds like the death-knell of the Channel swimming adventures.

We are glad to be informed that Mr. and Mrs. McCURE, of Yokohama, are taking their youngest baby for a tour round the world. It is thought that if the child likes the world it may decide to settle down in it.

According to a Chicago message the

## THE INGRATITUDE OF WALES.

(*Reverie by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.*)

O MOUNTAINS of my natal land  
 (Snowdon and such), where I would climb  
 To view the prospect, vast and grand,  
 That coloured all my early prime,  
 No more your mists or noonday glory  
 Shall furnish me with flowers of oratory.  
 O rabbits (Welsh), both tame and wild,  
 Whose innocence enhanced the scene;  
 Whom I have fondled as a child  
 And fed with lettuce young and green,  
 Or vainly stalked along the furrows  
 Adjacent to my own Carnarvon Burrows;  
 Dearly I loved your playful airs  
 Until you tore my faith in half;  
 When one of you at unawares  
 Came up and bit me in the calf;  
 And now your charms no longer please  
 Save in the toothsome form of toasted cheese.  
 O harp that once I played (in Welsh)  
 And set the Cymric soul on fire;  
 Whose poignant notes were good to squelch  
 The noise of any local lyre,  
 Till Cardigan opposed (Good Heavens!)  
 My secretary, Captain ERNEST EVANS.  
 Ah, vile ingratitude, thy name  
 Is WILLIAMS (LL.). To think that he  
 Who often used to strum the same  
 Sweet Liberal melodies with me  
 Should turn and rend the old Welsh-harper—  
 'Tis like a serpent's tooth, but much, much sharper.  
 Poor harp, if you, whose state recalls  
 That instrument in WATTS's *Hope*,  
 Ever again in Cambria's halls  
 Accompany a mountain-trope,  
 I'll make it either Scotch or Swiss,  
 And give my native scenery a miss.

O. S.

## LOVE AND CRICKET.

Peter is engaged now, and I wish him all joy; but, to be frank, I don't think he deserves the lady, considering his behaviour at the moment of proposing.

He is tremendously keen on cricket; during a Test Match he is almost unapproachable.

Ethel, on the other hand, is not quite sane during the tennis season, but had never shown any interest in the more intellectual game. Not many women do, and yet they've got the vote.

Peter regretted this indifference to the nobler aspects of life, but said that the colour of her eyes nearly made up for it.

He had fallen in love just after the M.C.C. team arrived in Australia. I think myself that it was only this newly-found happiness that enabled him to survive the shock of the first two Test Matches. He lost flesh and his temper at lunch-time was often vile. But his eye retained a certain lustre and he would go off to visit Ethel and listen to her talk about tennis champions with outward signs of cheerfulness.

Then came the long-drawn agony of the third Test Match, and Peter could not bear two suspenses, so he suddenly decided to propose.

It was on the Sunday evening that he came to this decision. It was then anybody's game; WOOLLEY and

RUSSELL were still not out and the wicket was apparently playing well.

So he rang Ethel up and asked if he could see her to-morrow. She told him to meet her at ten o'clock by Peter Pan's statue and walk through Hyde Park with her on her way to purchase a skein of pink wool at the sales.

He agreed at once. Judge from this how deep and true was Peter's love.

Not counting the Albert Memorial, perhaps the chief drawback to Hyde Park is the fact that you can't buy an early evening paper there; they only sell them in the street outside.

Consequently at ten o'clock, when the papers first come out with the cricket scores—a trifle earlier in Fleet Street, of course—Peter would be walking along those silvan paths with no news at all. It was heroic, but it was hardly cricket.

Naturally he had a very bad night, but he started punctually in the morning, and went with drawn face and weary eyes to keep his tryst.

They walked through the park and Peter's rambling proposal occupied nearly all the time. He finished his peroration as they reached the Marble Arch.

It was now Ethel's turn to speak. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, as any womanly woman's eyes would be at such a moment.

For one fateful second Peter took his ardent gaze from her, and the first thing he saw was a placard: "England on top—close of play."

Even as he bent down to catch her first murmured words he signalled to the news-boy, put sixpence in his hand, waved him away like a conspirator and made a ridiculous attempt to open the paper with his left hand.

Ethel was now well away with her speech, but her eyes were still on the ground. Peter turned half-left, flattened out the paper and turned half-right again. For an ex-officer he did the movement very well.

Then as Ethel looked up, her eyes all bright with a woman's selfless love, what did she see? Not the ardent lover challenging her gaze, but a man reading a paper and muttering inanely to himself. "A lead of ninety-three," he was saying. "Three of their wickets down for seventy-one; we ought to pull it off," and so on.

For a moment Ethel seemed pained, and then her nobler love prevailed. She seized the paper and gasped, "Oh, Peter—darling—we ought to pull it off."

Peter took her hand in all reverence. "We ought," he said thoughtfully; "but I doubt it with this Australian team; they've got no tail, you know—sweetheart."

And so their troth was plighted. He is now teaching her how to keep a bowling analysis. For ashes may come and ashes may go, but the flame of true love—and cricket—burns on for ever.

## The Income-Tax Assessment Scandal.

The printed form of demand for my super-tax (writes a correspondent) begins as follows:—

"The Special Commissioners of Incommissioners (*sic*) to request (*sic*) that the super-tax under the assessment already notified to you remained unpaid on the —"

It looks as if the Commissioners of Income-Tax were adding insult to inaccuracy by being funny at our expense. I say "at our expense," as I suppose we have to pay for it.

"The customary oats were also taken in due course by the Magistrates,"—*Scottish Paper*.

The Scottish Press is beginning to make a habit of this sort of announcement. We think, for a change, the magistrates might be allowed thistles.



## IN THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (who in the act of apostrophising his native mountains has been bitten by an Independent Welsh Rabbit). "ET TU, BRUTE!"





Antonio (explaining the situation). "‘E COM’—‘E TRIPPA OVAR DE MONK—AN’ ‘E SPILLA DE MUFF.”

### THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

[I understand that there is a dearth of the kind of horrible little plays which the public really wants. It ought not to be difficult to meet that want. Nearly everybody I know is good at dialogue but can't do plots; personally I teem with plots, but am not so good at dialogue. So I propose to present you with the ground plan—the *scenario*—of a few really sensational, thrilling and, on the whole, unpleasant playlets, and you can do the rest.]

#### I.—THE MISSING STAR.

(“Adapted” from an old legend.)

THE scene is the interior of a small tent at a country fair. Through the open door can be seen the back of Bert, who is shouting madly, “Walk up! Walk up! Now showin’—the Performin’ Fleas! Edward! Edward! Does everything but talk. Walk up! Walk up!” Seven or eight people file sheepishly into the tent and stand reverently in front of the small table under the single bright light—a soldier and his love, two small boys, a highly respectable mater and paterfamilias, with Reginald in an Eton collar, also a young man who may be a barrister, or possibly one of those writing fellows. They do not look at each other; *they are ashamed*.

The red velvet curtain is drawn across

the door of the tent, muffling the wild noises of the fair.

Mr. Slint, the little showman, adjusts his gold pince-nez and speaks; the audience close round the table and crane their necks. Mr. Slint speaks in the patronising, almost contemptuous tones of the expert lecturer who has something unique to offer.

Mr. Slint (quietly). I now show you the Performing Fleas. The fleas are common fleas, trained by myself. Perseverance and patience is alone required.

The Writing Fellow (intelligently). You never use the whip?

Mr. Slint (taking no notice). Now the nature of the flea is to ‘op; it is *not* the nature of the flea to walk. I’ve trained the fleas to walk. I will now show you the flea as newly captured. Being still untrained, ‘e still ‘ops, you see.

He produces a miniature kennel, to which is attached “by a ‘uman ‘air” an undeniable flea. The flea hops gallantly, but is clearly impeded from doing its best jumps by the human hair.

We are now shown a second flea which is “only half-trained.” He has certainly forgotten how to hop. Indeed he seems to be suffering from congenital

inertia. He scrambles a centimetre or two and sometimes makes a sort of flutter off the ground, but he rather suggests a solicitor learning to fly than a flea learning to walk.

Mr. S. I will now show you the flea when fully trained.

He opens a small cardboard box which seems to be full of toy four-wheelers and hansom-cabs. They are made of some metal, brightly painted, with substantial metal wheels. One of these vehicles is placed on the lighted board and begins to move. It is drawn by Eustace. It moves at a steady pace towards the materfamilias.

Reginald (suddenly, in a high piping voice). How does he feed them, Mother?

The Materfamilias. Hush, dear.

Mr. S. (impassive). The fleas are fed on the ‘uman arm. (An after-thought) My own.

Reginald (an imaginative child). Does he feed them one at a time, or all together, Mother?

The M.F. Hush, dear.

Mr. S. I will now show you Edward, champion flea of the world.

Edward is indeed a magnificent creature. He is drawing a light racing hansom and he shows an amazing turn



of speed. Eustace with his heavy old fourwheeler has a long start, but in a moment Edward is up with him; he has passed him.

*Reginald (breathlessly).* Mother, he's running!

And so he is. He is making a bee-line for the M.F. *Will he reach her?* No. Mr. Slint has coolly picked up Edward's hansom and is showing him to the spectators through a magnifying-glass. The limelight is thrown on to Edward's swarthy features and by an ingenious use of the cinema we are now shown a striking "close-up" of Edward's expression as he is passed round before the people in the tent, hanging in his tiny collar at the end of the human hair. Rage, hatred, mortification, boredom, and what can only be described as the lust for blood are indicated in turn by the rolling eyes, the mobile lips. And, as he passes before the M.F., he wears a look of thwarted ambition which makes one shudder.

Now comes the final spectacle. Out of the little box Mr. Slint rapidly takes cab after cab and sets them on the white board, line abreast. Each cab is drawn by a single devoted flea. On the right of the line is Edward, on the left is Eustace. In perfect order the fleas advance, dressing by the right. . . .

It is a moving sight. There is something very sinister in that steady, noiseless calculated progress—for I need not say that the fleas are moving away from Mr. Slint: they are moving with machine-like precision towards Reginald. No, they have changed direction. Edward has given them "Right incline!" They are moving with machine-like precision, silent, inexorable, cabs and all, towards the materfamilias.

*R. (shrilly, still worried).* Do they have to be unharnessed for meals, Mother?

*The M.F.* Hush, dear.

Mr. Slint purrs on about his patience and perseverance. Suddenly there is a stir on the right of the line; there has been an accident; Edward's wheels are locked with the careless four-wheeler's on his left. A scurry, a sharp cry from Mr. Slint and Edward has disappeared.

Mr. Slint acts promptly. The door of the tent is barred. He announces to the cowering spectators that a valuable artiste is missing and that those present are to be searched before leaving. *He suspects foul play.*

Suddenly he makes a dart at the M.F. and from her shoulder—oh, horror!—he takes a *Thing*. "Larceny!" he cries; "I mean abduction. Quick, Bert, the police."



*Stranger.* "EXCUSE ME, BUT HOW CAN I GET INTO THE DOCK-YARD?"  
*Stoker.* "NO-'OW—NOT IN THAT 'AT."

*The Paterfamilias.* Spare her, Sir. She is a mother.

*A policeman (entering).* Now then, what's this 'ere?

*Mr. S. (moved by who knows what chivalrous impulse).* Madam, I have wronged you. This is not Edward. It is one of yours. *(He replaces the Thing.)*

*The M.F. (shrieking).* Oh, oh! The shame of it!

*Reginald.* I know, Mother! Put it

on the table. If it's Edward it will walk: if it's one of—if it's not, it will hop.

The *Thing* is placed solemnly upon the table. All crowd round and watch for the issue. The flea does not walk. On the other hand it does not hop. Nothing happens. The flea is dead.

*So no one will ever know.*

The M.F. swoons away. . . .

CURTAIN. A. P. H.

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

## III.

In order to present the full scope and variety of modern verse as vividly as possible to the reader's mind we have found it necessary to imagine a meeting between Mr. EZRA POUND, the troubadour (who not only writes things of his own but borrows with the utmost eccentricity from all kinds of ancient models), and Mr. W. H. DAVIES, "the tramp poet," whose simple rustic muse has found so many admirers. As the likeliest place for this interesting meeting appeared to be the Underground Railway, we have regretfully placed it there and entitled the drama

## THE ROVERS.

*Scene.—A platform at Charing Cross Metropolitan Station. Mr. POUND (emerging from a throng of passengers and addressing the station roof).*

Lo, I am weary of travel,  
And the reading of many notices has tired my eyes  
Until they see nothing but dots . . . . .

. . . . . Bah!  
Little red lamp words pointing me onwards,  
Little green lamp words pointing me onwards,  
Little white lamp words pointing me onwards,  
Onwards and onwards . . . . .  
. . . . . Ai-ee!

I have sung rondels in many cities  
Because they delighted my heart,  
All about Ysolt and Audiart,  
Loosely adapting from lots of originals.  
I am a jongleur and free of the world,  
Yet nevertheless

I have lost my way on the Underground line.

*Mr. W. H. DAVIES (likewise emerging from the throng).*  
Are you looking for the Bakerloo?

*Mr. E. P. I am.*

*Mr. W. H. D. So am I too.*

I also am a poet, and I thirst  
For flowers and clouds and birds and buds and  
hares;

I do not understand these moving stairs  
That one must get off with the right foot first.  
When I see cows chewing quite quietly,  
With wet pink lips—

*Mr. E. P. (interrupting in the rather unusual manner of "The Seafarer," circa 800).*

Song space a moment seek I your grace for,  
While I point out how perfectly poisonous  
Railfare down here is.  
Bitter boot-pains have I abided  
Woeful wind-loss and whangs in the waistcoat  
And eke in the sides off. A moment ago I  
Nearly a new hat battered to bits had  
In the stour\* stamped on; fain would I stick  
steel

Through the Directors.—

[*He pauses.*

*Mr. W. H. D. (hopefully).* Hear how my friend the jongleur sings!

I too have suffered many things;  
At Oxford Circus I have known  
What townmen call the "stentorphone,"  
Most like a hive wherein are bees  
Which told me to "keep moving, please,"  
And made me from my skin to leap  
Higher than lambs do round calm sheep.  
When I reflect on caddis-worms—

\* Early English.

*Mr. E. P. (not to be denied and overbearing him).*

Hung hard to high straps, where hot the air is,  
There I heard nought save "Whew, whew!" and  
"Ow dear!"

"Golly!" "Sardines!" "Get out at Victoria!"  
Rotten romances were for my reading  
Bought at the bookstalls (none were *Ballate*),  
Seen over shoulders as sadly I swayed there,  
Scent of some bad kind abundantly breathing;  
Bits of tobacco and match-heads bestrewed me;  
Flecked was my collar; full often some Bolshevik  
Blew smoke about me.

*Mr. W. H. D. (feeling that they are not getting much further and pointing to a chocolate-stall).*

That is a nice girl over there;  
How prettily she tilts her head aside  
As birds in spring do on bent sprays;  
Perhaps, if we approach her, she will guide  
Our footsteps through this spiteful maze.

*Mr. E. P. (approaching stall and singing in a rich baritone).*  
Sith in sooth you wish me well,

Balatetta, Balatetta,

My white, my slender, my cruelle—

*Mr. W. H. D. Stop! I can do this so much better.*

[*Addresses girl, who seems slightly alarmed, in a soothing manner.*

Molly, so fair of face and form,  
The dainty comfits on your stall  
Would scarcely make you seem more sweet  
Suppose you were to eat them all.

Give me your answer plain and true,  
How shall we find the Bakerloo?

[*She points the way. Exeunt arm-in-arm, Mr. W. H. DAVIES silent but triumphant, Mr. EZRA POUND singing lustily and incorrigibly in the manner of a Villonard.*

Drink we a skoal\* for the leathern thong!  
Tube-mates merry and stout and strong,  
And this be the strain of our dangling-song  
That Hell† burn all the Management long!

[*His voice dies away.*

*A Porter. Lor lumme!*

EVOE.

## THE ROTATION OF CROPS.

THERE was recently in the papers an account of a most interesting and instructive court case. A young man went into a hairdresser's establishment. He said he went in to get his hair cut, but the barber told him that his skin was tender. He then rubbed a violet electric-light bulb all over the young man's face and said, "That will be five guineas, thank you," or words to that effect. The young man paid the five guineas by cheque and went home. It is not clear whether he got his hair cut. On reaching home, however, he decided to stop his cheque and laid information against the barber. The case was brought, the barber was heavily fined and the young man complimented on his public spirit. And quite right too. When I read the account my heart warmed to the young man. I nearly wrote to him to say how highly I thought of him, and to ask if he would bring a similar case against my own hairdresser. I could guarantee success and no doubt some more compliments from the judge. I did not write, however, because I felt sure the young man would ask why I did not bring a case myself. And I dared not admit to him that I am afraid of my own barber.

That is the awful truth. I am being steadily robbed by

\* Early English.

† Plain English.

*Jorgasse*



OLIVER OFFSIDE, THE ROTTENHAM  
HOTSTUFFS' CENTRE FORWARD—



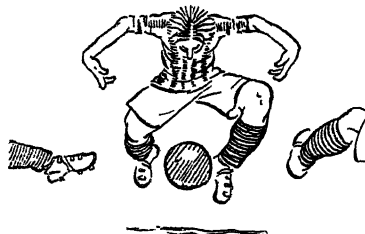
—WAS BORN IN SWANSEA—



—AND PLAYED FOR A SEASON OR TWO  
WITH A JUNIOR TEAM IN GLASGOW—



—BEFORE BEING APPROPRIATED BY  
HURLINGHAM HUSTLERS—



—WHENCE HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO  
TILBURY TWISTERS—



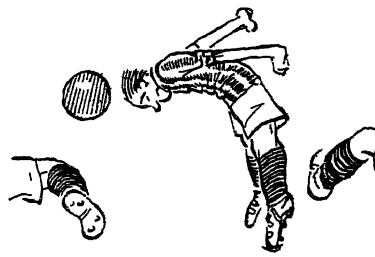
—WHO EXCHANGED HIM WITH WARRINGTON  
WONDERS—



—WHO BARTERED HIM TO DEVONPORT  
DODGERS—



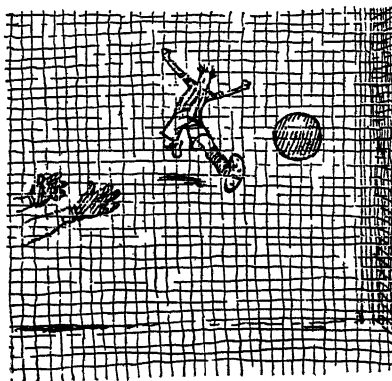
—WHO SOLD HIM TO STOCKPORT STIFFS—



—WHO SWOPPED HIM WITH BANBURY  
BOUNDERS.



THIS OF COURSE EXPLAINS THE FACT  
THAT—



—WHENEVER HE GETS A GOAL—



—A WAVE OF EXCITEMENT PASSES OVER  
THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

an oily man with a curly moustache and I haven't the pluck to complain about it. There is something about a barber that leaves me weak and helpless. I feel quite certain in my own mind that there is somewhere a secret college that trains barbers to "handle" their clients. Some students take a course of hypnotic eye, and others specialise in non-stop one-sided conversation that leaves the victim no opening to protest, whatever is done to him.

But there is something further about barbers that is less easily definable—something remorseless and irresistible; some will-to-victory that cannot be overcome or even shaken. I know because I have tried. Sometimes I go to a new hairdresser who does not know me. I decide to start a new era. I think out beforehand just what I will say and how I will say it. I plan the procedure something as follows:—

I walk into the saloon firmly and with a square chin, like Mr. AUBREY SMITH'S. They see at once I am not to be trifled with. I hand my hat and stick to a boy and sit down. The barber approaches.

"Hair-cut," I say shortly, before he can get a word in; "not too short—just trim it—nothing else—no grease—nothing."

Then I close my eyes and he carries on. I allow him perhaps a few tentative suggestions as to shampoos or thinness - on - top - or solidified brillianine. But either I ignore them entirely so that he ceases for very shame or I snap out a curt "No" and frighten him into silence. Very soon he finishes. Perhaps I am not quite satisfied. I want a little more taken—but no, I am exaggerating. Let us be honest. He finishes. I hand him his one-and-sixpence or two shillings (never more and sometimes less), take my hat and stick from the boy and am bowed out into the street.

You see how easy it is.

Sometimes when I am feeling particularly brisk I go even further in my imagination. Instead of merely negating all the barber's suggestions I permit myself to play with them a little at his expense.

"Hair's a little dry, Sir," he says.

"Ah! that's the hot weather we've been having lately,"

I answer jocularly. "We mustn't risk a singe."

Or—"Beginning to get just a little thin on top, Sir."

"Yes," I say, "an infernal barber did that. Rubbed it off shampooing me. I shampoo myself now."

You realise how effective a simple counter of that sort would be with a hairdresser. He simply wouldn't know how to go on. Yet somehow I never seem able to carry out my plans in practice. I am a man as other men are. I know what I want and what I do not want. If my waiter attempted to force unwanted dishes on me I should know how to deal with him. If my hosier tried to sell me a pink tie with green spots I should wither him with a glance. Yet with my hairdresser I am as wax on his moustache.

Sometimes I get very depressed about it. I feel I must be exceptionally weak-willed. But it is not so. Go into any

hairdresser's and you will find a row of men of all types being not only shaved and trimmed, but washed and scorched and pummelled, massaged and frictioned and electrified. They pay pounds and pounds for it, and you can see from their looks that they don't really want it done at all. They are hoping all over their faces that the barber won't think of anything else that he can do to them. And when he finishes you can see them trying to slink quietly away before he sells them some shaving-soap or nail-polish.

Really it is rather amusing when other people are the victims. I have a brother-in-law, for instance, who prides himself on being a man of iron. He is always sneering at his wife (my sister) for being weak.

"Nobody on earth could make me buy what I don't want," he says, when she goes out to purchase a couple of dusters and comes home with half-a-dozen table-centres. I used to believe him until one day I went to a hairdressers' establishment with him.

"You wait," he said. "Only a shave. Shan't be two minutes." Then he went into the inner chamber. Some hours

later, when I had read several ancient copies of *Punch* and all the morning papers, he rejoined me. He had a scared look in his eye and a small parcel under his arm.

"Hurry up! hurry up!" he whispered, and scuttled out. I hurried after him.

"What's the parcel, John?" I asked innocently, after a minute or two.

He coughed awkwardly.

"Some—er—stuff," he muttered; "very good for the—er—hair."

"Oh!" I said.

We travelled on a 'bus. When we got off John left the—er—stuff behind and the conductor shouted after us and returned it. He tried again in the Tube and a small boy jumped out after us.

"Hi, guv'nor! you've dropped yer parcel," he shouted. John snatched it from him without a word and hurried away. The boy called rude things after us as we went.

When we were nearing home John let the sad bundle fall gently to the ground. I coughed quietly.

"John," I said, "you've dropped your—"

"I know I have," he said, turning on me fiercely. And as, a little later, we took off our overcoats, "Alan," he whispered, "if ever you mention that stuff to Cecilia—"

Well, I never have mentioned it to Cecilia. If she reads about it here that's not my fault.

Anyhow it proves that all men are equal—equally helpless, at any rate—when there is a hairdresser to deal with. That is why I admire the young man in the newspaper. He was overwhelmed at the time, as the best of us are, but he got his own back. I should never dare to try that.

"When the score was 170 Krishnaswamy was dropped by Findlay at the square leg boundary off his own bowling. This sort of luck cannot always endure."—*Indian Paper*.

No, we suppose not. Next time FINDLAY may start before he has delivered the ball.



Artist (modestly). "I KNOCKED THIS OFF THE OTHER AFTERNOON."  
Visitor. "BY JOVE! WHAT A PITY. IS THE DAMAGE BEYOND REPAIR?"



*Gentleman (having sent for landlord of inn).* "I SAY, WE SHALL ALL BE POISONED BY THAT GENTLEMAN'S CIGAR. COULDN'T YOU ASK HIM TO THROW IT AWAY?"

*Landlord.* "CAN'T VERY WELL DO THAT, SIR. YOU SEE, I'VE JUST SOLD IT HIM MYSELF."

### ODE TO A HAGGIS.

O'er the high moor and through the lonely corrie,  
Where cold sheep huddle, drives the Winter blast;  
The mountain sleet pursues its human quarry  
Remorselessly; the bank-high burn runs fast,  
And peaty-brown among the wind-nipped heather,  
And stocked, no doubt, with eligible fish  
For sporting Scots with hides of jerkin leather,  
Who do not care how hard the hailstones swish—  
A Saxon, trudging on, cries "Blistering snakes! What  
weather!"

Thus musing on he slogs, wet through and weary,  
The ten long miles that lead to his hotel;  
He hears the eagle yelping from his eyrie,  
He sees the red stag browsing on the fell;  
Before his feet the startled blackcock whirl; he  
Sees the sly hill-fox flit across the track.  
These things do not intrigue him. He is surly  
Because the rain is seeping down his back;  
His thoughts are of hot grog and going to bed quite early.

But now the haven looms upon his vision;  
The welcome threshold greets his squelching toes;  
When straightway from the kitchen an Elysian,  
A Paradisal, odour smites his nose;  
A sweeter savour than was e'er exhaled  
From Coptic fleshpots in the blushful South,  
To cause a Pharaoh to expand a pale lid  
Or bring the instant water to the mouth  
Of jaded Sultans, Suleyman or Khaled.

I wis no nursling of Parnassus' lost rills  
Could do bare justice to that gracious smell  
That leaped into the jaded traveller's nostrils—  
Ambrosial fumes, but what he could not tell.  
Gone was the dull fatigue, the indignation  
At having walked so far and got so wet,  
As a delicious tintinnabulation  
Told that the THING had not been eaten yet,  
But also that the event brooked no procrastination.

He did not stop to change his sodden raiment;  
He scarcely paused to drop his cap and stick;  
Spurred by the man within him, hoarsely clamant,  
He merely muttered, "Let me at it, quick."  
Scarce had the waiter ceased to make the bell ping  
Ere loud the famished Sassenach 'gan whoop,  
"Here's half-a-crown. I want a double helping  
Of what that smell is. Never mind the soup.  
I've got an appetite that's positively yelping."

What was it that aroused these gastric frenzies?  
'Twas thou, ambrosial Haggis, it was thou!  
The analysts may frown on thee with lenses;  
We do not ask of what thou'rt made or how.  
But, when the pibroch sounds its cheery greeting  
And borne on high men usher thee in state,  
There never is a member of the meeting  
That leaves a fragment of thee on his plate,  
But eats till he must stop yet fain would still be eating.  
ALGOL.



*Elder Sister (having had occasion to explain the day before that nice people always choose the SMALLER of two chocolates) "Now, CHARLIE, CHOOSE."*

*Charlie. "THANK YOU, MAUD, BUT LADIES ALWAYS CHOOSE FIRST."*

### BRIDGE NOTES.

I WOULD like to draw attention in my Notes this week to the very remarkable fact that, despite the present urgent need for good new plays, no playwright has yet made use of the great dramatic possibilities of Bridge. I do not mean that it has never been touched upon in the theatre. In Mr. MAUGHAM's play, *Smith*, for instance, we had the painful experience of seeing our noble game held up to contumely. And more recently, in *The Prude's Fall*, a game of three-handed Bridge is about to begin, only to be abandoned, however, to the great annoyance, I am sure, of a large proportion of the audience. But in no play has Bridge yet, so far as I know, been given a dominating part; even the film, *The Auction of Souls*, as I found to my disappointment when I hurried to see it, had nothing to do with Auction Bridge.

And yet what theme could be more dramatic, more thrilling? Picture the scene. The hero, to save the heroine from the terrible consequences of a wild three-diamond declaration, nobly takes her out into four clubs.

"I double," hisses the villain.

The audience holds its breath. Not

a sound is heard. Not a pin drops. The hero rises (this is unusual, but would be extremely effective).

"I re-double," he cries in ringing tones.

This should bring the house down and the curtain with it. Otherwise the curtain must come down by itself.

Then there is the revoke. The wretched man, after revoking for the second time in one evening, strides, head on breast, towards the door.

"Ernest," cries his heroic wife, flinging herself after him, "for better or for worse I took you; I will come too."

Or, again, the heroine has revoked—we have seen her do so. And the hero, playing against her, has seen it too. We know it from his face. But with a mighty effort he controls himself and, his partner being fortunately asleep, the revoke goes unclaimed. Could human sacrifice rise higher?

Enough has been said. Doubtless one of our budding dramatists will take the hint. I would have written such a play myself but am kept too busy answering correspondents, such as "Dummy" (who must please never again talk about "the one of hearts") and "Rubber" (who must be a masseur, I think).

### THE MUSIC THAT COUNTS.

(By a Philistine.)

THERE was a composer named Bong  
Who composed a new popular song;  
It was simply the croon  
Of a love-sick baboon,  
With occasional thumps on the gong.

It was slated by ALLEN (Sir HUGH)  
As a "horrible hullabaloo;"

But it gained many scores  
Of ecstatic encores

In a great super-Tarzan revue.

Moreover the eminent Bong  
Came out in the Press very strong,

Where he challenged his foes,

If they could, to compose  
A more thoroughly popular song.

As for me I have felt all along  
That both of the parties are wrong.

I don't care for croons

Or for love-sick baboons,

But I love to play tunes on the gong.

"Mr. — took great interest in the welfare of — Grammar School on the governing body of which he was the representative of the Abdominal Council of Oxford."—*Local Paper*.  
Another name, we presume, for the City's "Corporation."





## RUNG OFF.

THE TELEPHONE AUTOCRAT (to Business Man). "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? YOU SURELY DON'T EXPECT THE GOVERNMENT TO LISTEN TO PEOPLE WHO CAN'T STRIKE?"



### UNREST IN THE ART WORLD.

(An anticipation based on recent revelations in "The Morning Post.")

THE seething discontent among artists came to a head with yesterday's monster demonstration, and there is reason to hope that, now the eyes of the authorities are opened to the dangerous temper of these workers, immediate steps will be taken to adjust the very real grievances which have provoked it.

The main body of the demonstrators, many thousands strong of both sexes, formed up on Chelsea Embankment, the various sections displaying banners inscribed "New Masters for Old," "Life is Long and Art is Short," "We Demand a Cubic Deal," "Oil on the Troubled Water-colourists," "Back to the Landscape," "Our Frames Want Filling."

Headed by a rag-time band the procession marched in an orderly but determined manner by way of Victoria Street and Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, where its numbers were augmented by contingents from Camden Town, Kensington, Bedford Park and other centres.

The first speaker to address the great concourse was Mr. Aurelius James. He said that if artists did not stick together, oil and water, pastelist and Futurist, there would be no combination. Shoulder to shoulder they must sweep away the frowsy traditions of Burlington House. He denounced in strong terms the dastardly reactionary proposal to close the art schools as a remedy for the present state of affairs. He declared that the solution lay in educating the buyers. Thus only could England become a land fit for artists to live in.

Mr. Dogger, A.R.A., followed. He asserted his conviction that without cohesion artists would never stick together. He reminded his hearers that for the rubbishy productions of dead aliens thousands and thousands of pounds were being paid which ought to go into the pockets of honest British workers. He was then interrupted by yells of "Boorjaw!" from the revolutionaries, who were becoming increasingly impatient.

The uproar changed to a storm of cheering as Mr. Lewisham Wynd, the extremist leader, clambered upon the plinth. Mr. Wynd insisted that unless artists combined there could be no unity. He protested that the two preceding speakers had been talking out of the backs of their necks. He derided them as practitioners of the dead art of to-day. He declared that the lesson artists and buyers alike had to learn was that the only art was the art of to-morrow—and after. With a dramatic gesture he indicated the National



Youthful Dominie (fresh from a course of phonetics). "BUT THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS 'WA'ER.' IT'S 'WATER.' SAY 'WATER.'" Wee Sandy. "WA'ER."

Dominie. "No, BOY. I TOLD YOU IT WAS 'WATER.'"

Wee Sandy (with great effort). "WAT-TER."

Dominie (with a sigh of relief). "YES—THAAT'S BE'ER."

Gallery. From those walls, he said, he would like to see the art of the day before yesterday torn down to make room for the art of the middle of next week. His burning words fitted the mood of the hot-heads. For a moment they threatened to advance upon the historic building, but were fortunately stopped by the promptitude of a policeman, who held his hand up.

At this juncture Lord Shuttermere, President of the Snap-shooters' Federation, speaking through a megaphone, appealed for moderation and announced that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had intimated his readiness to arrange a meeting between representative patrons and the artists' leaders.

The demonstrators thereupon dispersed.



### A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

*Specialist.* "YOUR DAUGHTER IS SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION."

*Mother.* "OH, DOCTOR, YOU FRIGHTEN ME."

*Specialist.* "CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, THE DUCHESS OF DILLWATER, WHO CONSULTED ME YESTERDAY, IS SUFFERING FROM THE SAME COMPLAINT."

*Mother.* "OH, WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE."

### THE PIPERS ARE CALLING.

SOMETHING had gone wrong with our hot-water pipes. I make no pretence of understanding the method whereby hot water is conveyed from the kitchen boiler to the bath, but all I know is ours wasn't.

So I said to my wife, "I say, next time the plumber comes to look at the boiler you might tell him that, although the kitchen fire is heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated, there is no hot water. Tell him that awful mysterious throbs go on somewhere inside the walls. Tell him to look at the walls and, if he is fond of novelty, at the bath. Anyhow, tell him to do something."

Six days later the plumber asked to see me. I thought at first that he was going to look at me, but it wasn't that. He was shown into my study, where he issued the following report:—

"Re the matter o' them pipes. They're furred, ye see—furred. They're furred. The pipes is furred."

"Oh," I said. "So what do we do now?"

"Ye'll have to have 'em seen to," replied the plumber. "Otherwise——"

He paused with a menacing shake of the head.

"Confound it," I said. "I've only taken this house furnished for six months. When were the pipes last seen to, do you suppose?"

"Oh, Moses! About a 'undred years ago, I should say," replied the plumber.

"The house is only twenty years old," I retorted. "And my name, by the way, is Fletcher."

So I wrote to Messrs. Hipper and Hipper, the agents from whom I had taken the house. The two Hippers were no ordinary agents. They simply fell over each other to get the matter put in hand. Six weeks later they sent an expert to investigate.

The expert was a short man with a bowler hat, a red handkerchief and a ginger moustache. He went into the kitchen, sought a secluded corner of the grate and expectorated upon it gently. Then he went away.

On the following Monday week a foreman and two aftmen arrived with a

ladder. They spread dust-sheets on the floor and drew their fingers across their noses.

Next day they came again. This time they got to work suddenly and with totally unexpected vigour. Before I had finished breakfast they were watching me through a gigantic hole in the wall of the dining-room.

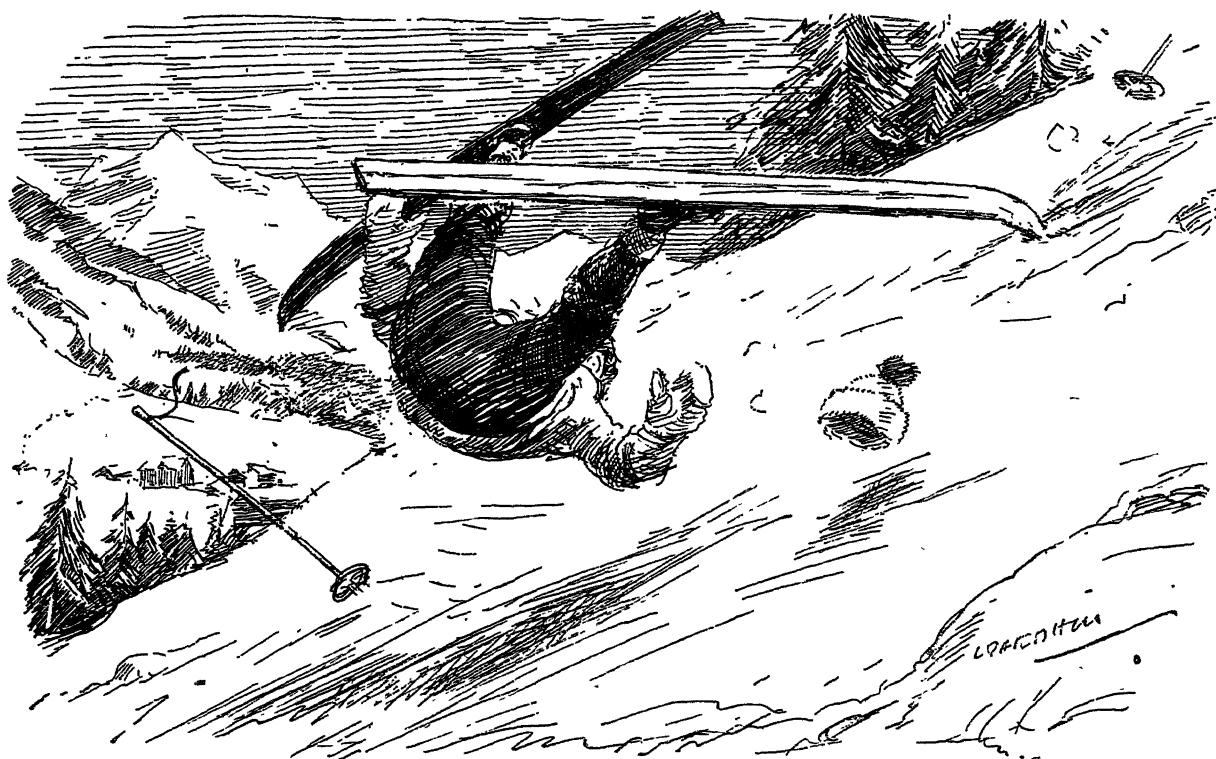
After breakfast the foreman put his head through the hole and asked me whether I could see him. He led the way upstairs. In his hand was a heavy iron bar with notches at the top, like a mediæval instrument of battle.

He halted on the first landing and indicated a swollen and discoloured blister on the wall-paper.

"Now this," said the foreman, and as he spoke he caught the blister a resounding blow with his iron weapon, sending fragments of sodden plaster flying in every direction—"I shall 'ave to go into this."

He smote the blister a second time. Another large quantity of plaster fell away in great luscious flakes.

"Oh," I commented, "you'll pretty



Extract from Correspondence of obscure person in Switzerland:—"DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU SEE MY PHOTOGRAPH IN ONE OF THE SOCIETY PAPERS."

soon be able to go into it at this rate; but is it necessary?"

"Well," said the foreman, "if we wants to find out as to the cause of as to why this should be like this"—biff!—"we shall 'ave to go into it, shan't we?"

"Personally," I replied, "what I want to go into is a hot bath. If this will help——"

"You see," said the foreman, "until I've gorn into this"—splosh!—"I don't know exactly where I shall be."

"Oh! I can tell you that," I cried. "You'll be in the spare bedroom."

The foreman looked at me critically. Then he turned and poked the blister. Already I fancied I could see the upper portion of "The Soul's Awakening" on the opposite wall.

"'Ow long 'as this bin like this?" insisted the foreman, with a final devastating prod.

"Well," I replied pleasantly, "it's rather hard to say. It gets more like that every time, so to speak, doesn't it?"

The foreman stretched out a hand for his coat, which had been suspended on the banisters.

"Ah," he said, "when I comes to-morrer I'll go into it proper."

"Government gutter will be cheaper on February 7."—*Scottish Paper*.

We trust this will not entail any deterioration in Ministerial language.

#### TO M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

[A welcome from Mr. Punch to the Author of "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble," who lectured last Thursday in London on "Discovering the English."]

MAUROIS, discoverer-in-chief

Of England in this generation,

Not merely of her beer and beef,

But of the spirit of the nation;

Best server of our common ends—

But why proceed with this preamble

When you have made us all your friends

With your delightful *Colonel Bramble*?

It is not always perfect bliss

To see ourselves as others see us,

Though BURNS, who seldom wrote amiss,

Prayed that some Power the gift might gie us;

But even the most exacting Scot,

The haughtiest of the Clan of CAMP-BELL,

Might feel contented with his lot

As typified by *Colonel Bramble*.

Yet yours is not the facile praise

Of those who fawn and flatter blindly;

In scores of most ingenious ways

You pull our leg, but pull it kindly;

And as with unobtrusive art

From gay to grave you roam and ramble

We long to see some counterpart

In English to your *Colonel Bramble*.

But then how few in England's isle

Combine with clarity of vision

The graces of the Gallic style,

Its wit, its exquisite precision!

Your prose is elegant yet terse;

It puts to shame our awkward shamble;

And how distinguished is the verse—

AURELLE's and yours—in *Colonel Bramble*.

Still it was war that winged your pen—

That season of relentless trial

When weary agonising men

Lived years in hours upon the dial;

Your brotherhood with us was sealed

In arms, not in the social scramble;

Your types are true and self-revealed,

Doctor and Priest and *Colonel Bramble*.

You saw war's flood-tide overroll

Your land, and kept your head above it;

Deep down into the British soul

You gazed and laughed and learned to love it;

So, when contending patriots rage

And with our common interests gamble,

We turn for solace to the page,

The golden page, of *Colonel Bramble*.

#### Cheaper Mutton.

"A lamb with six legs has been born at Exminster, Devon."—*Times*.

**OUR BRIGHT SNAPPY LEADER PAGE.**

(With acknowledgments to a contemporary with a lot of net sales.)

BUNGLABAD.

By Bluffit Blazer, the famous Oriental Authority.

ARE you, the British voter, aware of the existence of Bunglabad? Let me tell you a few facts about this blot on the Empire.

Thirty thousand elephants were employed for two years in tramping down a motor-road to Bunglabad. Barracks for sixty thousand troops were built there. Polo-grounds were laid out for officers and football-grounds for men. And directly it was completed Bunglabad was evacuated.

Forty millions of your hard cash was squandered on Bunglabad.

Four thousand luxurious motor-cars were dumped there. In the bazaar at Bunglabad you can buy a Daimhard for the price of a box of Turkish Delight.

The only local industry—brigandage—is ruined, because it is easier to take things from the dumps than to steal. We have undermined the industrious habits of the population.

You pay for Bunglabad. Bunglabad means higher taxes for you. Send the wasters to Bunglabad.

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**SHOULD GRANDMOTHERS REMARRY?**

By February Glendower, the Expert on Courtship and Marriage.

A great deal of water has gone under the bridges since Victorian days. Then grandmothers were grandmothers. Today grandmothers are actually granddaughters.

The Georgian grandmother of sixty is only about thirty. She is more active than her daughters and grand-daughters and often more youthful and attractive in appearance.

Is she to be denied the pleasures of courtship, the holy joys of matrimony, because of a mere accident of age? I say emphatically, "No!"

I have known many beautiful and touching romances amongst the grandmothers of to-day. I recall one delightful marriage between a charming young lady—nominally sixty but actually twenty-two—and a bright young officer of twenty-five. They are so beautifully matched that everyone declares their married life to be a perfect idyll.

Deny the grandmother the right to court and marry and you open a very grave moral abyss.

The most attractive of our social leaders to-day are grandmothers. Better, far better, encourage them to marry.

Otherwise they may become a serious moral danger to the community.

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**BRIDGE SAVAGES.**

By A. B. Fanning Moster, the Eminent Bridge Expert.

Latter-day bridge is often spoiled by the savagery of its votaries. For example, at a large West-End club last week I was surprised to see one of the players with his dirty boots on the card-table. This is distinctly not the thing. Nor if a partner makes an error in judgment is a player justified in leaning across the table and wringing his nose. Whenever I see this done I think that the partner would be quite justified in throwing up his hand and leaving the table.

In the same way the practice of pinning an opponent's hand to the table with a knife is to be deprecated as savouring of discourtesy. Bridge is a game for ladies and gentlemen and should always be played with due consideration for the feelings of others.

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**ARE OYSTERS INDIGESTIBLE?**

By J. Gulligan, the Eminent Dietician.

I often find that people complain of a feeling of repletion after their five hundredth oyster, and consequently refrain from consuming this nutritious bivalve in adequate quantities.

Now I have eaten oysters myself in Malaya, Hong Kong, Shaftesbury Avenue, Socotra, Philadelphia, Monte Carlo and Southend, and never, even after my thousandth oyster, have felt the slightest discomfort, but merely a genial sense of well-being.

The secret is simple. With each hundredth oyster drink alternately a glass of hock and a glass of chablis. With the aid of this slight stimulant the digestive organs will readily respond to any strain put upon them.

Remember this advice when you enter for *The Daily Mail* Oyster-Eating Championship. \*\*\*

**SHOULD GOAL-POSTS BE EXPANDABLE?**

By J. Whuffey, the eminent Soccer Expert.

Serious concern is felt in Soccer circles concerning the great decline in gate-money. At the last match between the Cockspurs and the Mudlarks barely two thousand pounds was taken at the doors. And this at a time when it costs three thousand five hundred pounds to purchase any player with two sound legs.

What is to be done to remedy this evil? It has been suggested that each side be provided with a ball. This would double the rate of scoring, but it would involve the training of a race of squinting referees.

To keep gates up, the home side must always win. My idea is that for each goal scored against the home side the opponents' goal-posts should be placed five yards further apart. Thus when six goals had been registered against the home team their opponents' goal-net would be extended by thirty yards and their goal-keeper's task would indeed be an onerous one. Expanding goal-nets mean expanding gates, and after all isn't that what matters?

**A FLAPPER'S REFLECTIONS.**

WHEN Grandpapa gets in a garrulous mood

You'd love to listen, I'm sure you would;

He's a perfectly priceless, dear old bean  
And he tells me of all the things he's seen

Hundreds of years ago—I mean

In Grandpapa's youthful days.

Victorian manners were in their prime  
And girls must have had a most putrid time;

They never motored or golfed or shot,  
They just did crochet and sketched a lot,  
And they used to faint and all that rot  
In Grandpapa's youthful days.

But the girls whom Grandpapa used to meet

Appear to have been extremely sweet;  
When describing their frills and their furbelows

He gets rather confused, but he says he knows

They didn't show yards of silken hose  
In Grandpapa's youthful days.

Men were so odd that one simply shrieks

At the thought of such perfectly frightful freaks;

The weirdest hats of enormous height!  
Dundreary whiskers, a shocking sight!  
But everyone must have been most polite

In Grandpapa's youthful days.

People would talk of "Beaux" and "Belles,"

And Knuts were known as "Heavy Swells"

Or "Bucks"—it really was too absurd  
That they couldn't think of a better word—

And nobody called a girl a "Bird"  
In Grandpapa's youthful days.

You'd hardly believe that his tales are true,

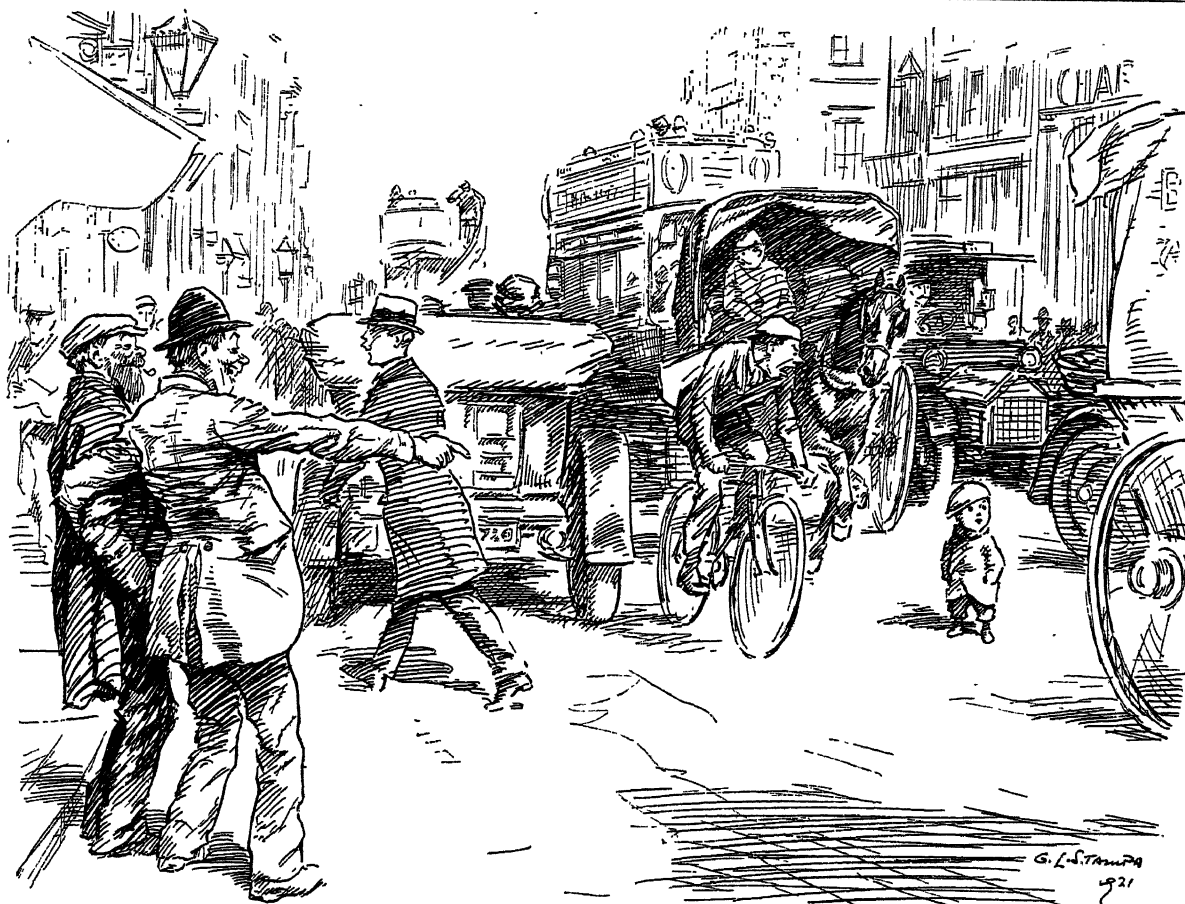
So strange are the things that they used to do;

For girls would curtsey and men would bow,

And never get ragging, as we do now,  
Or just behaving any old how,

In Grandpapa's youthful days.





Proud Father. "LUMME! LOOK AT 'IM 'MONG ALL THE TRAFFIC! AIN'T 'E GOT A NERVE?"

### A READER OF CHARACTER.

EVERY table was occupied in the popular café in Oxford Street when Mr. Parker Foster entered for luncheon and, after careful investigation, selected a seat opposite a youngish couple in a far corner.

He had recently been practising the analytic study of character, so, after giving his order, he took advantage of his present opportunity and fell to scrutinising the pair before him.

The man was dark, thick-set and some five or six years the woman's senior. His eyes were lowered to a daily paper and his expression was morose, almost savage.

The woman, on the other hand, was exceedingly fair and fragile, and her eyes of cornflower-blue betrayed a world of sadness. Mr. Foster noticed that the wedding-ring seemed too big and heavy for her delicate finger. She sipped a glass of lukewarm water, whilst her companion emptied a tankard of beer at a draught.

It was obvious that the couple had nothing in common and that the man was bored, for he continued steadily reading his paper and ignored her timid

request for the salt. Mr. Foster's hasty attention to her needs was rewarded by a smile of rare sweetness.

Having finished his steak the man ordered himself a sweet, pushing the menu across to his companion entirely as an afterthought. Mr. Foster's blood rose at the sight and he took a big mouthful of chop to choke back the angry words. He could have dashed the scoundrel's tankard in his face. The cad!

The woman did not speak again. She did not even raise her eyes when the brute rose and brusquely left the table. A moment later she looked across the table at Mr. Foster and smiled wanly.

"He's gone then," he said. Out the words came hotly.

"Yes."

"I can't think how you women stand it. How long, may I ask, have you been married?"

"Five years. Why do you ask?"

"Five years! Good Lord! And is he always like that?"

"Who?"

"Your husband."

"My husband's been dead three years."

"Then who—who was that man who just walked out?"

"Oh, *that* man." Her blue eyes suddenly crinkled and danced. "I don't know. I've never seen him before."

### THE PERFECT CURE.

(Suggestions for a modern medical advertisement.)

If you think that KING TINO a victim of malice is;

If you cannot recall where the Greek river Halys is,

Or whether the Premier at Athens still RALLIS is,

Or that *salix* has genitive singular *salicis*;

If you think that Alicia nicer than Alice is;

If you mix up the chants that are STAINER's with TALLIS's,

And look for the Crystal where Buckingham "Pallis" is;

If you're suffering from partial or total paralysis,

Come to me and I'll cure you by psycho-analysis.

### The W.R.A.F.'s again?

"General and Mrs. — have two daughters and a son in the Air Force."—*Weekly Paper*.

## THE WARDROBE.

ONCE upon a time there was a wardrobe in which a man's clothes were kept, the coats and waistcoats hanging over wooden shoulders and the trousers from clips. It was large enough for all his various suits, morning and evening; and they were all on fairly good terms with each other, even if the Harris tweeds were a little clannish and the frock-coat a little superior. This was because the frock-coat had been to a garden-party at Buckingham Palace; for the owner of the clothes, you must know, was what is called a man about town, who had time and opportunity to do the correct thing.

The oldest suit in the wardrobe was one of the Harris tweeds. It had been there for fifteen years and was still worn on holidays. Its age and its Scottish sagacity made it the natural head of the company, and its advice was often asked; but, owing to the difficulty of following its Highland accent, was taken only by accident.

It was an exciting moment for the clothes every morning when their master opened the door and took out a pair of trousers. He always took the trousers first and the coat and waistcoat a few minutes later; but the choice of the trousers told what the coat and waistcoat would be. In these few minutes there was no end of chatter.

"Hullo! it's golf to-day," the others would say, as the knickerbockers disappeared. Or "A luncheon-party, I think," if it were one of the pairs of trousers worn with the frock-coat.

"I hope there'll be some nice dresses to talk to," the frock-coat would say if it was his turn. Sometimes the waistcoat would be left behind, and then they would know it was a wedding and one of the white waistcoats would be needed.

"I don't care much for weddings," said the frock-coat. "Although there's always a lot of company, it's usually too new to be interesting, straight from the tailor's and the dressmaker's. But what I most resent is the confetti."

"Ay, man," a Harris tweed replied, "that's where we have the advantage over you. Rain, snow, hail, confetti, rice—it's all one to us. We're the only sensible practical suitings among ye. But it's awfu' seeing the guid wholesome rice being wasted."

"Economy! what a boring theme!" a fancy waistcoat remarked.

It was also always an exciting moment when a new suit was hung in the wardrobe, because the new clothes brought tidings of the tailor's—the old homestead, so to speak—and there were countless questions as to who had cut it, who had stitched it, what changes there were in the staff, and so on.

In the evening, when their master came back, the excitement was confined to the dress-suit and the dinner-suit—which would it be? Would there be beautiful dresses and therefore the long tails and white waistcoat, or just men only and a dinner-jacket? Not that other men's clothes are so dull: dinner-jacket can have a vast deal of gossip to retail to dinner-jacket; but full fig is more amusing. You see, some of the new

I am wrong. There were, of course, those that were out of season—they knew that their time could not come again just yet—and there was the pair of black trousers at the back, which could never go out unless someone had died. They were very seldom wanted, although the door never opened without giving them a little shock; but once—it was during a bad influenza epidemic—the black pair had been out three times in a fortnight. How they talked about it!

And then one day the man died himself, although the clothes did not know for quite a long while that this had happened. He had often been ill before and had not needed them, and this might be the case now. They wondered exceedingly what was going on, but James never came near, and so

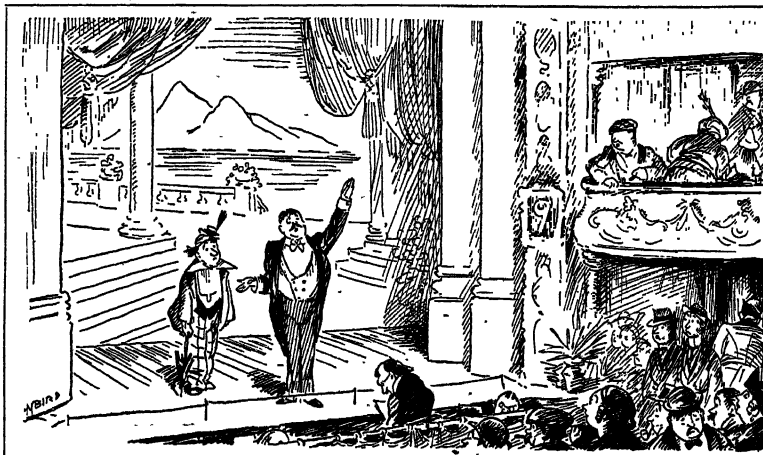
there was no chance of discovering by asking his coat. Ordinarily they liked it when James (and his brush) stayed away, but not this time.

It is a terrible day for wardrobes when their owners die and they fall into the hands of the people who buy such things. I say "buy," but that is a slip: ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes are not bought, as any advertisement column will tell you: they are purchased. These clothes were the perquisites of James, who, being a little brisk

fattish man, had no personal use for any of them, and so he transferred the whole lot to a dealer who snuffed through his nose and had a Platonic love for Palestine.

It was then that their agonies set in. They were marked at prices disgracefully below their cost; they were handled and tried on; they were depreciated by intending purchasers and extolled without any truth at all by the dealer, who said that they had been the property of a Duke who was moving to the tropics; they were bargained over and at last sold. And that was not the worst, for many of them were altered—and oh, how clothes hate that! In every case there was a distressing social fall.

Only the Harris tweeds were happy. They did not care who wore them so long as they were worn and were out in the open air again. E. V. L.



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE KEEP YOUR SEATS. I HAVE AN EXPLANATION TO MAKE ON BEHALF OF MR. HARRY HOWLING. HE DESIRES ME TO TELL YOU THAT IT IS WITH THE MOST PAINFUL REGRETS THAT HE APPEARS BEFORE YOU TO-NIGHT WITH HIS NOSE WHITE. HIS HAVING TO DO SO IS ON ACCOUNT OF A PIECE OF OUTRAGEOUS PROFITEERING ATTEMPTED BY THE ONLY MAKE-UP MERCHANT IN THE TOWN."

gowns have delicious Parisian scandal to unfold, and the less discreet can even be counted upon for revelations of their wearers. It was well to keep in with daddy long-tails, as he was called, if you wanted to have these stories repeated to you.

As the week wore on another excitement developed, for the great question which then began to exercise the clothes was—"Is he going away from Saturday to Monday, or not? And, if so, what will he take?" The actual packing they did not like at all; being jammed together in a bag is no joke; but it was all right when they were unpacked amid the new surroundings. It was interesting too to see what kind of valets or maids there were, and if they were rougher with the brush than their own James was, or more gentle. James had a savage way of castigating them.

But when I say that all the clothes were agitated by this week-end problem

"£150.—12-16 h.p. 1812 — Touring Car, fully equipped."—*Daily Paper*. Should go well to TSCHAIKOWSKY'S music.



American Sportsman. "ALWAYS RUN IN CIRCLES, THESE JACK RABBITS OF YOURS, DON'T THEY?"

Master of Harriers (a very slow huntsman). "YES, GENERALLY."

American Sportsman. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR DOGS ROUND AND MEET HIM? HE 'LL BE OVERLAPPING YOU IF YOU DON'T."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Revolution* (COLLINS) is Mr. J. D. BERESFORD's vision of the issue of our present discontents. It is engineered in 1924 in a peaceful but forcible way by a fine fellow named Isaac Perry, who conducts negotiations in a perfectly candid manner with a reactionary Government that knows as many tricks as a lorryful of monkeys. An idiotic sniper, picking off Perry in a Tudor Street scrap, does the country the disservice of handing over the movement to the wild men. Mr. BERESFORD watches the working out of the bad business in a country district through the eyes of a mystic, Paul Leaming, tea-merchant and ex-officer, who takes neither side, forms a Soviet in his district, nominating in the interests of peace as the first members the local landowner and the local ne'er-do-well and revolutionary who has just opened the ball by shooting Paul's father. This, I am afraid, is being rather more mystical than the most peaceful among us can count upon being in a similar emergency. However Mr. BERESFORD works out Paul's thesis and the resultant situation with much earnestness and plausibility, though I could wish that he had for once pocketed his predilection for queer mental states and given us the reactions of a healthy cross-bench mind in the exciting situation he has outlined. "Fighting in the North," breakdown of production and distribution, cessation of imports, dissatisfaction of the common man with his new masters—all this leads to a successful counter-revolution, Paul comforting himself with the hope of a new dawn, of which I am bound to say he could produce surprisingly little evidence.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is, as everyone will admit, a writer of proven gifts. Personally I have before now had to thank him for frequent entertainment. Having said so much I think for all our sakes I had best be brutally frank and add that nothing but this recollection could have driven me forward through the almost unbelievable inanities of his latest publication, *The Bronze Venus* (GRANT RICHARDS). I hate to be unkind. Solemnly to criticise a nonsense-tale is, I know, to break a butterfly—or in this case a gnat—on a most disproportionate wheel. If I must indicate the plan of a story which, though short, is all too long, I will say that it professes to record the schemes of two young men to get engaged to the daughters of a self-made plutocrat whose treasured possession is a bronze Venus, alternately stolen and restored by them at the demand of the dreariest intrigue that, I think, I ever encountered. The whole thing has the humanity of early-Victorian farce, without its movement. I will say no more, except that not the least of the mysteries connected with this amazing production is why, being called *The Bronze Venus*, it should display on the wrapper a statue that is neither Venus nor bronze, but closely resembles the archaic "maidens"—in tinted marble—of the Acropolis Museum. Yes, another word I must in justice add, and that is to acknowledge gratefully a remark of the millionaire about his absent son: "He is at that age when young men like to lecture, so he has gone to America to do so." For this I might have forgiven a story almost as deplorable as *The Bronze Venus*. Almost—but not quite.

When I have found every page of a book "good reading,"

in the best sense of the phrase, my gratitude to the author makes me hate to find any fault with it and hate the author for giving me occasion to do it. If Miss ELIZABETH SOUTHWART had been moved to write *The Story of Jenny* (ERSKINE MACDONALD) in any other form than the dangerous one of diary and letters the question as to whether it really is the "Mill Girl's Diary" it purports to be and doesn't, to my mind at least, at all resemble, need never have arisen. In that case too the feeling that Miss SOUTHWART has dressed up a lot of real people as mill hands not quite correctly would probably not have obtruded itself. *Jenny* is a rare young woman, but not unique; her father and mother and some of the other characters have been caught in real life and transferred to the written paper almost with the cunning of genius. The Great War comes into the story, but not regrettably, for, like everything else, it is only important because of the part which the knowledge and sorrow it brings her play in the shaping of *Jenny's* outlook on life. It is a very simple tale, without plot, surprise, adventure or any of the tricks that hold a reader's attention, yet it seems to have been awarded a prize offered by Mr. ERSKINE MACDONALD. Whatever the prize was I am sure Miss SOUTHWART deserved it. I don't know whether to admire her most for writing this book or Mr. MACDONALD for choosing it from among all the highly-coloured tales of adventure and entanglement from which it must have been sorted out.

It was a happy thought on the part of Miss E. C. SOMERVILLE to search out and collect into one volume the fugitive journalistic writings of herself and the late "MARTIN ROSS," apart or together; so that yet once more their countless admirers may enjoy in *Stray-aways* (LONGMANS) the unexpected delight of another book from the famous partnership. It was moreover a task well worth doing for its own sake. There is not one of these papers, brief and vagrant as they are, but reveals some quickening touch of the familiar charm. Clearly, I think, it has been Miss SOMERVILLE's loving intent that the work of her partner should hold chief place in the collection; the initials "M. R." embrace more than half, and those the more considerable, of the pieces, ranging from vivid little studies of West Ireland life to some delightful recollections of art-student days in the Quartier, and (unexpected and unforgettable) a fragment of stark tragedy in the haunting short story called "Two Sunday Afternoons." The longest contribution, joint work of the partners, records a visit paid by them to Denmark in the Autumn of '93, a tour of which the swift passage of events has rendered some aspects of only archaic interest, though nothing could stale the delightful sense of laughing adventure with which it is told. I have left myself hardly space to mention the many spirited drawings by Miss SOMERVILLE, or (what no Irish R.M. book has ever failed of) some exquisite gems of peasant speech. Here is one irresistible,

from an old woman who, speaking of such a willing visit as a lover might pay to the home of his love, said, "You'd lead him there with a halter of snow." A book whose every page is a pleasure.

Among tales of fantasy I would award a high place to *The Pilgrim of a Smile* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) if Mr. NORMAN DAVEY's judgment was not so conspicuously lacking. With imagination he has been abundantly endowed, and he writes—as a poet of his capacity may be expected to do—with a nice sense of words. Moreover he has knowledge of strange people, of places out of the beaten track and of many sides of art. All these gifts are his, and yet I am constrained to say that his book is not free from grave defect. No one who is fair to Mr. DAVEY's intentions will complain that *Mr. Matthew Summer*, whose adventures are related here, had a genius for meeting queer people and for becoming entangled in queer situations. What they may reasonably complain of is that some of these adventures are rather dis-

tasteful. The tale, for instance, about *Professor Phipps* is as unpleasant as it is clever, and that is saying a good deal. When Mr. DAVEY learns to restrain his imagination I shall hope to be able to praise his work without any troublesome reservations.

General Sir JAMES WILLCOCKS, of Indian frontier fame, finds the pen mightier than the sword, in the sense, I mean, that it is much more difficult to wield. His book, *With the Indians in France* (CONSTABLE), is not a particularly readable volume, partly because he is preoccupied in refuting criticisms of his beloved corps and la-



TEMPTATION.

*The Chemist (compounding a prescription).* "AH—WHAT'S THIS? 'SEVEN HAIRS FROM THE TAIL OF A BARBARY APE.' TUT, TUT. HOW UNFORTUNATE I SHOULD HAVE RUN OUT OF THOSE! I WONDER IF IT WOULD MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE IF I —"

bouring under some sense of personal grievance while doing it, but really more because through his anxiety to claim justice for his friends very many of his pages contain little else but bald lists of names coupled with such phrases as "cool bearing and gallantry" or "personal disregard of danger." Now it would never occur to me to question the gallantry or criticise the bearing of the troops that India sent to the Western Front. Their valour is so taken for granted that not even the author's protestations could pervert me to the opposite view, or even to an interest in the controversy, if such exists. And lists of glorious names we can all supply. Still if the public at large may pretty safely give this book a miss it will take its place in that considerable and enduring library of appreciation where special phases of the War are specially treated for special persons to read. General WILLCOCKS knew and loved his men as few commanders have done, and it may well be that in India his word of commendation will be prized beyond all others.

#### Our Spartan Infants.

"BABY COMFORTS.

Asbestos-Cement Building Sheets and Slates, and Compressed Asbestos Fibre Jointing. After the War, as before."—*Indian Paper*.

## CHARIVARIA.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA has ordered the Allies to evacuate Mesopotamia. It would be just like him to step in and claim the credit after Mr. LOVAT FRASER had done all the heavy spade work.

"The wise men of the Government," we are told, "have their ears to the ground." Not to the telephone, you notice.

A new film entitled *Let his Follies be upon his own Head* is shortly to appear in the country. The report that it will feature Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and his complete collection of hats still lacks confirmation.

According to a well-known statistician someone in the world dies every time we breathe. On the other hand, if we stop breathing, we die ourselves. It is a very painful dilemma.

Football referees in Italy have struck for better protection. They complain bitterly of being butchered to make a Roman half-holiday.

"Can Shakspeare's plays be acted by amateurs?" asks a weekly paper correspondent. They can, of course, but usually they are not.

The Bishop of DURHAM expects a second NAPOLEON to appear in Russia. Lord NORTHCLIFFE wishes it to be known that he has no intention of extending his present trip beyond the South of France.

Mr. HAROLD WEBBER, of Ivy Bank, Worcester, has written to *The Daily Mail* to say that a wasp has stung his mother. It is not known what our contemporary will decide to do about it.

An engineer looks forward to the time when specially-constructed passenger-carrying aeroplanes will make hourly trips to Ireland. All we can say is that anybody can have our seat.

"The smart man is thinking about the new Spring styles," says *The Sartorial Gazette*. Our advice is that he should confine himself to thinking about them.

Artists should cheer up, for many of

them may yet come into their own. A Chicago burglar has been frightened away from a house by a picture.

The star Betelgeuse in Orion, says *The New York Evening Post*, has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles. We don't care.

For the third time a Surrey clergyman has had his bicycle stolen and his congregation have presented him with another. This means, of course, that the thief will have to start all over again.

At Ballarat the members of a trade union have solemnly resolved to drink water instead of beer. We recommend this to the notice of our bricklayers as a way of avoiding the evils of dilution.

that the Third International expressly prohibits bathing in anything but blood.

We regret to hear that a fish-curer known as the Haddock King has been condemned to pay a fine. In consequence of this it is said he will lose his title and be reduced to the rank of the Kipper Prince.

It seems that the Dutch Government had no official knowledge of the visit to Holland of Sir ERIC GEDDES. They just felt the ground shaking.

According to a contemporary, when the Parliamentary session opens several new faces will be found on the Opposition benches. But, as the House fills, even the newest and most independent Member will be obliged to sit more or less upright.

Professor BROWN MORGAN, of the American Statistical Bureau, declares that the world will end in seven thousand years. It is rumoured that an exception may be made in the case of the Government Huts in our public parks.

"We shall raise objections to the Allies," says Herr SCHIFFER, "and we shall raise our voices." It would save a lot of bother if they would just raise the wind.

There is no foundation, we are glad to observe, for the report that Mr. Justice DARLING's face has been overruled on the ground of misdirection.

"Where do most people get their motor-cars?" asks a Labour paper. We cannot say, but we know where most pedestrians get other people's motor-cars. In the back.

## Our Stylists.

"Any effective plan to replace the hewn woodlands of Ontario must come from experienced lumbermen of whom Hon. E. C. — is emphatically not one of which."

*Canadian Paper.*

## "THE DANDY OF 1921.

The following point should be noted by smart men, we are told:—

Coal pockets should be jettied, i.e., no flaps."

*Liverpool Paper.*

We don't know what "flaps" are, but it doesn't much matter, as we always carry our little stock of coal in a sovereign-purse.



"WOT'S A MINIMUM WAGE, ALBERT?"

"WOT YER GETS FOR GOIN' TO YER WORK. IF YER WANTS TER MAKE A BIT MORE YER DOES A BIT O' WORK FOR IT."

Bermondsey Council has issued an order permitting its out-door employees to work and smoke at the same time. It is pointed out that no self-respecting employee can be expected to smoke in comfort under such conditions.

"Fishermen are now pinning their faith to the powerful support of *The Daily Mail*." This is due no doubt to a common taste for net sales.

The fishermen's strike, we are told, will have a far-reaching effect on the herring industry. It is felt that the Government should hurry up and have their Red Herring Supper while there is yet a chance.

Though the onethousand unemployed who recently seized the Edmonton Town Hall were granted the privilege of free baths at their own request, only a handful have taken advantage of this option. The explanation appears to be



## THE CHAMPION (INCOG.).

'Tis about a dreadful dragon,  
 How he wasted far and wide,  
 Leaving scarce a single rag on  
 Anybody's shivering hide,  
 So outrageously he ravaged, eating up the countryside.  
 From his home address at Chequers  
 He would issue like a blight;  
 All the population's peckers  
 He reduced to pulp at sight;  
 For his maw was simply monstrous and he ate with all  
 his might.  
 So he gorged and gorged unsated  
 Till they said, "This Thing Must Go!"  
 And at last his doom was dated  
 And the papers let us know  
 They had made complete arrangements for the valedictory  
 blow.  
 There, in type that mocked denial,  
 Anyone who ran could read  
 All about the bloody trial,  
 How the programme would proceed—  
 But they never even mentioned who would do the glorious  
 deed.  
 No one seemed to know the answer,  
 Who it was—his style and rank—  
 Who would ride upon his prancer  
 (Or perhaps inside a tank)  
 And exterminate the waster with a puncture in the flank.  
 None has named *The Times'* selected,  
 Yet he's not *incog.* to me;  
 In rehearsal I've suspected  
 'Tis no other knight than HE—  
 Yes, beneath that lowered vizor lurks the bold HORATIO B.  
 O. S.

## A RURAL DIALOGUE.

I HAVE the reputation of being a nice-spoken gentleman. Indeed, to be frank, I *am* a nice-spoken gentleman.  
 "A fine day!" I cried with boisterous *bonhomie*. It wasn't really; it was just an "Oh, to be in England" sort of day. But I felt fine. It was approaching lunch-time.  
 "Eh?" The ancient rustic stopped and, dragging forward an ear, made a rude mud-guard for it with a curved gnarled hand.  
 Of course I knew at once I had made a mistake. The fellow wasn't typical. He was a post-war rustic. Had he been the real thing he would have tottered with humility and pulled his forelock and quavered:—  
 "That it be sure-ly, Sur, and thankee kindly for a-mentioning of it."  
 But this chap was deaf. Not picturesquely and apologetically hard-of-hearing, but crudely deaf. I mean, he couldn't hear, and did not scruple to show it.  
 "A fine day," I repeated more boisterously but with some slight diminution in *bonhomie*.  
 "Eh?" A dreadful dogged expression had come into his old eyes.  
 "I said," I shouted, "it's a fine day."  
 "Speak up, can't you?" he snarled.  
 A dirty-faced little girl, pushing a wheeled packing-case, in which a dirtier-faced littler girl was precariously seated, paused near us.  
 "There," said Dirty-face to Dirtier-face—"there, Mewriel, 'ark at the funny gentleman and Old Ben giving their-selves back-answers."

"It's a fine day," I bawled.

Dirtier-face in the miniature cart crooned rapturously and Dirty-face nodded encouragement.

"What'd I tell you?" she prompted. "Didn't I *say* you'd 'ave a treat if you was good and gave-over eating the 'ood?"

A butcher-boy dismounted from his blood-stained bicycle and joined our group. The ancient rustic, with every outward sign of boredom, presented to me his other ear.

"Now then," he said bitterly; "try again, Mister."

I admit I was getting annoyed.

"It's a fine day," I bellowed.

Two women with aprons, one youth with a mouth-organ and a dog with a cross (a pug's tail at the end of a fox-terrier's body) were now of our party. The ancient rustic remained unmoved.

"Well," he asked impatiently, "'ow long are you goin' to keep me 'angin' about 'ere?"

I shrugged my shoulders and would have left the ungracious fellow there and then but he caught me by the coat-lappet and held on.

"No, no," he protested, "we got to thresh this thing out."

With an effort I achieved patience.

"I simply remarked that it was a fine day," I stated in a deliberate and scientifically projected yell, putting my lips close to his ear.

The Ancient scowled up at me.

"I don't want to 'ear no scandals," he threatened. "If it ain't fit for the 'ole parish to 'ear I don't want to 'ear it."

My position was now an intensely embarrassing one. By this time our audience numbered quite a dozen; it included a postman, a male child with a basket on his head, and a hedger-and-ditcher who had temporarily abandoned hedging-and-ditching for the more fascinating occupation of looking-and-listening. Everybody seemed to be in the highest spirits. Dirtier-face in the packing-case was rocking herself to and fro in an ecstasy of appreciation, her nose repellently unkempt; upon Dirty-face's countenance there dwelt the showman's smirk. The little group closed in upon us. The dog with a cross barked with all a dog's instinct for a climax.

I lost my nerve. It seemed to me that I was destined to stay here for ever, hurling weather-platitudes at a stone-deaf bumpkin.

"A fine day! A fine day! A fine day!" I shrieked, dodging dizzily from ear to ear of the Ancient.

"Eh?"

I threw up my arms in a gesture of surrender. The Ancient immediately doubled his old fists. He thought—not without reason—that I was about to kill him. But at this juncture (as has often happened in our rude island story) the crisis produced the man. The butcher-boy tapped the Ancient on the elbow.

"The gent says as 'ow it's a fine day," he said in a calm distinct treble.

The Ancient lifted sceptical brows to the heavens. Simultaneously a beastly little cloud—though I'm prepared to swear there hadn't been even a man's hand of one to be seen on the horizon when I first made my nice-spoken comment—burst in a spatter of rain.

The Ancient turned up the collar of his coat.

"E's a liar," he said contemptuously.

"The Bishop of —, who was enjoying the balmy morning driving his car, after a laborious Sunday, gave the Hounds a 'view holloa' when the second fox broke, and the gallant Master rewarded his lordship with the brush when hounds rolled him over."—*Provincial Paper*.  
 Very rude of the hounds and very thoughtful of the Master.





THE RECKONING.

1914-1921.



"MAN, I WOULDNA GIE MA CONSENT TO A FULE WHO HASNA TEN SHILLIN'S IN THE WOR-R-LD."  
 "THAT'S OWER STRONG, SIR." "AWEEEL, MAYBE. HA'E YE MAIR THAN TEN SHILLIN'S?"

## THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

### II.—WORSE THAN DEATH.

THE scene is laid in the chart-room of *H.M.S. Shuttlecock*, a very small ship, which is proceeding with difficulty through the Mediterranean somewhere between Malta and that part of Africa where the big corner is. One side of the chart-room is filled by a kind of colossal chest-of-drawers covered with charts. At the chest-of-drawers stands *The Sailor*, playing with the charts and a pair of parallel rulers. He has one of those square faces and is very calm. He is doing dead-reckoning or something of that kind; now and then he picks up his dividers and coolly divides the Mediterranean into several pieces; then he draws a long straight line and says, "Thirty-six North, Eleven East."

All this time the ship is rolling dreadfully. This will have to be arranged somehow.

Behind *The Sailor* there is a sort of couch, and on the wall above that an object like a large aneroid with a moving finger, which shows how many degrees the ship rolls. Whenever there is a very bad roll the limelight is turned

on to this machine, which is called a Rolling Indicator.

Now and then the door opens and a signaller comes in, bringing a wireless message from an Admiral (on shore). There is a frightful noise; the wind howls, the sea splashes, the woodwork creaks; but all the time the wireless can be heard saying, "Ra-ti-ra-ra—Ti-ra-ra-ra—Iddy-iddy-umpty," and so on.

Somewhere in the chart-room is *The Soldier*. He is one of these intellectual soldiers with a silky moustache, and I am afraid he has red tabs. He does not look very well. It is impossible to say exactly where he is, because sometimes he is lying on the couch and sometimes he is lying on the floor and sometimes he is clinging to the legs of *The Sailor*, who takes no notice but stands immovable without apparent effort. But wherever he is *The Soldier* watches with the fascination of extreme anxiety the moving finger of the roll-meter. He is quite clear that the ship will roll over in a minute. It is awful.

The dialogue opens like this:—

*The Soldier*. Damn!

*The Sailor*. Why?

*The Soldier*. Why not?

(Hours pass. The curtain descends to denote their passage.)

Then it is brought out that the ship is bound for Gibraltar, and that it will take about five days to get there. When *The Soldier* hears this his spirit is broken. This is obvious to everybody except *The Sailor*, who is growing calmer than ever. There is a terrible roll. The roll-meter says 39 degrees. Terrified, *The Soldier* inquires at what point the ship may be expected to roll over for good. "Forty," says *The Sailor* coolly. It is now obvious to everybody but him that *something is going to happen to The Soldier*.

The door opens and a wave comes in; in the middle of it is a wireless operator with a reply-paid telegram from an Admiral. It says, "Proceed BZEBTA forthwith." "Where is that?" asks *The Soldier*. "Africa," says *The Sailor*; and with the marvellous exactitude of advanced navigation *The Sailor* is able to state that it will only take between three hours and two days to get there. *The Soldier* breathes again—which of course is very nearly fatal.

*The Sailor* says he must go up to the bridge to arrange about the ship

turning off to the left; he goes out, and several of the charts go out after him.

And now there is a wonderful piece of drama. Left alone, *The Soldier* shows every sign of worry. He feels that with luck he may last out now as far as this Bizerta place without—without being—well, *you* know; so he sets his teeth and realises for the first time the origin of that phrase. At every roll he hisses like some password of security, "*Bizerta, Bizerta!*" But the storm grows worse. The ship rolls more violently than ever; every now and then she snuggles down on her side like a man who has just been called in the morning; and one feels that she will never get up. The face of *The Soldier* shows us that at any moment the climax may come. Will he last out? Will the ship last out? And if not, which will last out the shortest? Fascinated, he stares at the roll-meter, bathed in limelight, and the audience, with a horror second only to his, are able to see the moving finger point successively to 40 degrees, to 45 degrees, and even 50 degrees. Surely *The Sailor* should be told.

*The Soldier* totters to the door and opens it; the Mediterranean shuts it again. He is alone once more. Alone! Then through the window he sees the distant lights of Bizerta (so do we), and hope returns, though this time he is careful not to breathe again.

But "*Ra-ra-ti-ra—Ra-ti-ra-ra—Ra-ra—Ti-ra-ra,*" goes the wireless. The door opens; a signaller swims in and is washed out through the window. But as he swims past he leaves another signal, thinking that *The Soldier* is *The Sailor* (you see, he is only a temporary signaller and has not yet been trained to recognise uniforms under water). *The Soldier* glances idly at the message. Then he starts—very carefully, of course, in the circumstances. His face blanches. The message says:—

"Proceed ATHENS forthwith."

Athens! *The Soldier* is a Public School man; he knows that Athens is miles away—in a different Sea altogether. His spirit is broken again. But stay—*The Sailor* has not seen the signal. Why should he ever see it? Why not destroy it? No one will ever know. At least, by the time they do know *The Soldier* will be safe on dry land again, safe at Bizerta—O blessed word! In some little African village he will live down the scandal. So he soliloquises with a ghastly face. There should be a great chance here for a good piece of acting.

*The Sailor* returns and the signal is thrust into *The Soldier's* pocket; he has not decided. And now follows another



Wife (reading from catalogue). "THE ARTIST. BY HIMSELF."  
Husband. "SO HE OUGHT TO BE."

scene of amazing power. I am afraid I have not written it yet, but I can feel it. *The Sailor* starts a hearty conversation; he still does not realise that at any moment *The Soldier* may be—may be defeated; that sort of thing doesn't happen in his sort of ship. He offers *The Soldier* a cigar; he talks about food.

All the time we can see *The Soldier* wrestling with his temptation. Everything *The Sailor* says makes the temptation more difficult to resist. The lights of Bizerta grow larger. *The Sailor* describes the hotel where they will dine to-night. The ship rolls—it grows darker. *The Soldier* has practically decided. Then *The Sailor* remarks, "What a rotten time you fellows must have in the trenches!" He praises the heroic endurance of the Army. "Our job is nothing to it," he says.

*The Soldier's* professional pride is restored; he is on his mettle. He takes the signal from his pocket; casually he says, "Oh, by the way, *this* came;" then he goes to the door, prepared to suffer the last agony for his country.

"Athens!" says *The Sailor* gladly; "I never thought I should live to see Athens."

"Nor did I," says *The Soldier*, "and now I hope I never shall."

\* \* \* \* \*  
There is a great lurch. He goes out.  
There is a dreadful sound "off" . . .  
CURTAIN. A. P. H.

"Easterly wind from the north will cause colder weather in all districts for a time."  
Daily Paper.

We are hoping later for a southerly wind from the west.

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

IV.

IN the verses which follow we have tried again to show how a contemporary poet might be expected to cope with a political crisis. They are modelled on Mr. ROBERT GRAVES' *Ballad of Nursery Rhyme*, in which (after a rhapsody on wild strawberries) the following stanzas occur:—

"May sudden justice overtake  
And snap the froward pen  
That old and palsied poets shake  
Against the minds of men.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"But may the gift of heavenly peace  
And glory for all time  
Keep the boy Tom who, tending geese,  
First made the nursery rhyme;"

and much more in a similar strain. Our poem is called, even more prettily perhaps,

MOTHER GOOSE.

Wild brambles may be plucked for tart  
Or turned to jellies fine,  
I like them best, untouched by art,  
Straight from the woodland vine.

In unpremeditated streaks  
Their purple should be spent,  
To stain the little children's cheeks—  
Which points my argument.

No statesman of the stodgier school  
Is half so wise as he  
Who nothing plans, but makes his rule  
A wandering fantasy.

Then out upon that futile set  
Of feeble-minded men  
Who strive with palsied words to get  
Two parties back again;

Who vainly round St. Stephen's buzz  
And seek constructive links  
Between the things a Premier does  
And those a Premier thinks.

But let the trombones and the drums  
Sound forth from either side  
For GEORGE, who took from each the  
plums

And kissed them when they cried;

And knew that policies meant strife,  
And strife and feuds were wrong,  
And made the keynote of his life  
One grand sweet nursery song;

And bought a fiddle for eighteenpence  
And tried to make it play  
"I see the dawn, though night is dense,  
On Welsh hills far away;"

And jigged it now with Polish cat,  
And now with Tartar keen,  
And sometimes gave the Frenchmen fat  
And sometimes gave them lean;

And picked a peck of pickled grief  
When *Old King Cole* was king,  
And stuffed a leg of Tory beef  
Into a bag pudding;

And Liberal blackbirds by the score,  
Gammon and spinach too,  
And, when the pie was opened, swore  
He heard the ringdoves coo;

And told how wolf and bear and fox  
Waylaid him in the wood,  
But he was little *Goldilocks*  
Or else *Red Riding Hood*;

And tipped the wink to BONAR LAW  
And GUEST and YOUNGER gay,  
And high above the old see-saw  
Went gathering nuts in May;

And kept a neat and handy list  
Embroidered on his bib  
Of Coalition Unionist  
And Coalition Lib.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now, though certain seats are lost  
And certain things gone wrong,  
And facts about the final cost  
May spoil the fairy song,

For evermore in children's books  
The story shall be told  
Of how for years, by hooks and crooks  
And wanderings manifold

By east and west, through vale and pass,  
When DAVID wound his horn  
We knew the sheep were in the grass,  
The cows amidst the corn. EVOE.

## AN ANTISEPTIC FOR EFFICIENCY.

To those who deplore, as I do, the hurrying spirit of the age and its reckless pursuit of efficiency I have a word of comfort. Our point of view is not wholly neglected. Quiet earnest workers are in our midst training the young mind in the traditions of our grandfathers, or a bit earlier.

It was by accident that I discovered this. While on a visit of duty to my godson I chanced to pick up the spelling-book which had recently been purchased for him. The date of the edition was 1920.

As I turned over the pages forty years slid away from me and I was back in a garden where there was a scent of tea-roses, trying to fix my attention on the doings of "Tray," a dog, although on the opposite page a fat seal on a rock clamoured for consideration. I turned more pages and found "Farmer" in top boots and a long flapped waistcoat; "Watchman" in a three-caped coat, bearing a lantern as big as a parrot's cage, and "Veteran," who might have seen NELSON cover his stars when he fell.

But didn't I remember "A Ship" somewhere? Yes, here it was, a brig of the forties with a row of gun-ports, and single topsails that must have required the efforts of the whole watch to stow them properly, waiting for

something or other with her yards backed. The boat on the quarter-davits had been manned to bring fresh water from some uncharted island, and—but here another memory struck me, and I searched and found "Fred" of the curly hair and striped stockings who rode his nag. As of yore I doubted the statement that "Fred will not fall off, he can ride well." I longed to ride another nag in the way it should be done and to push hard against him. Perhaps his cap at least would fall off. And then once more I reflected that if "Fred" had seen me as "Hussar," wearing the flying dolman that went out in the Crimea it would have helped to modify his insufferably self-sufficient expression.

Deep peace came upon me for, in addition to the somnolent effect induced by the dear old pictures, I was convinced that the book had been reproduced on the sound principle that it was wise to ignore all that had happened on earth since its first publication three-quarters of a century ago. Modern children can thus get their ideas of Britain's sea power from "Admiral," with his hand on the breach of a gun such as is seen on the bowling-greens of watering-places, with a board stating that it was captured somewhere in 1799; their ideas of the age of speed from "Coach," which is of the kind that took *Tom Brown* to Rugby; and their ideas of the mighty power which controls governments from "Printer," who is operating a press which resembles in all essential aspects that from which CAXTON dashed off the *Morte d'Arthur*.

Moral lessons are not wanting; they bear the stamp of antiquity. "Prisoner," for example, looks repentant, and the chains on the wall of his cell, strong enough to hold an elephant if need were, are a warning to any boy of vicious tendencies. "Deserter," marching handcuffed between soldiers in shakos and tailed coats, shows what may happen to those who evade their responsibilities to King and country. Respect for civic authority is taught by "Police Station," which depicts constables in stiff top-hats.

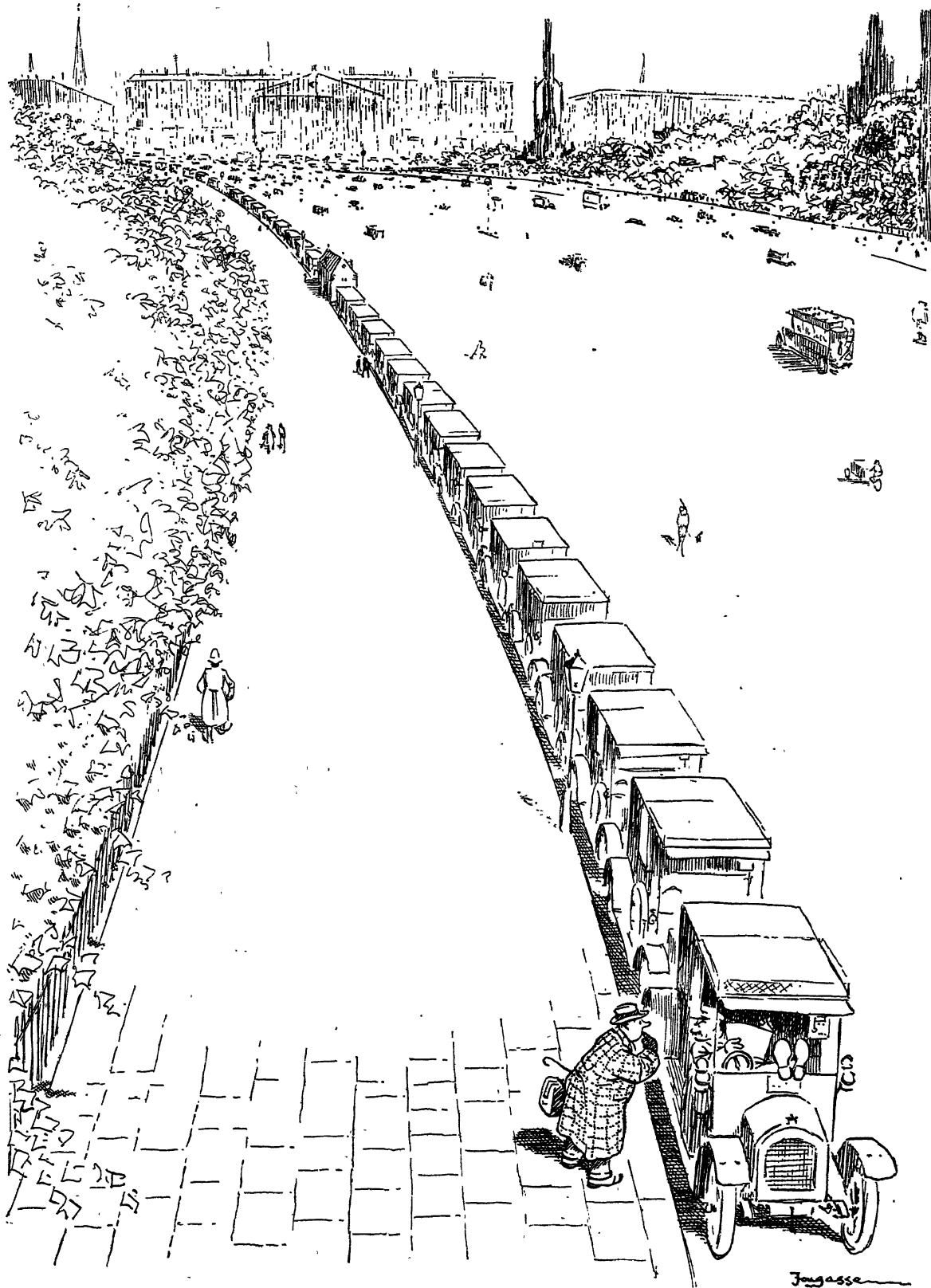
Let us be reassured. In this excellent book—old when I was young, but reproduced for the market of 1920—we have a sure antidote for the modern spirit of unrest, an admirable corrective for the present craze for efficiency.

From our Correspondent, London.

The Daily Telegraph says that Lord Lee is soon to resign as minister of agriculture. His likely successor is Sinn Fein Arthur Griffith of Boscawen, now parliamentary secretary.

Calgary Herald.

We cannot help thinking that Sir ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN might have selected a better *alias*.



TACT.

"EXCUSE ME, DRIVER, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I'D BE MOST LIKELY TO FIND A TAXI?"



## THINGS THAT MAY POSSIBLY BORE YOU.

BY ARNAUD BENNAY.

## The Public.

IN the grand stand of the football ground at Knype Lady G., when I had told her my opinion of contemporary politicians, English opera and the late EDMOND ROSTAND, asked me suddenly, "Whatever makes you write the kind of books you are writing now? Don't you think that such authors as you and Mr. H. G. WELLS have a very great responsibility towards the human race?"

I answered that I would write what books I liked and when I liked and that, if the human race did not like them, they would be compelled to lump them.

"I see," she said; "yet I am sorry to say that one of your recent works has given me and my friends the greatest pain."

I knew immediately that she was referring to *The Perfect Lady* and smiled rather grimly. It is a way we have in the Five Towns.

"There are numbers of people," she went on, "who seem to think that you are playing down to the public taste."

"Not at all," I replied calmly. "It may be that the public doesn't like the books I am writing now; but they have to read them. They have got the habit; and so long as they continue to swallow them what does it matter to me?"

"You dear naughty man!" she cried, tapping me playfully on the cheek with her muff-warmer. "You are angry with the human race, I do believe, and are determined to punish it."

I was rather pleased with her and offered to show her some of my COPLEY FIELDINGS.

## Paris.

It seems only yesterday that I decided that I could live nowhere in the world but in Paris. I consider Paris to be my spiritual home, though Lisbon or Burslem may be my temporary setting. I think I have Montmartre in my blood, and I can never forget how much the water-colours of my earlier manner were liked in the Quartier. French customs, traditions, idiosyncrasies and *petits soupers* have always appealed to me. There is no hypocrisy in Paris, and when a man is a great artist the Parisians are not afraid to tell him so repeatedly to his face. If there is one thing that I prize above others it is this type of intellectual candour.

## Manners.

My toleration of a humble friend was justified the other day by the following incident. He was speaking of a certain novelist of distinct promise, who has recently written a long book about the World. Admitting that this writer was rather a great man I said that what I always objected to in him was that he habitually wore trouser-clips. When I went upstairs before dinner and examined myself in the pier-glass I noticed that I was wearing a trouser-clip on

in. I looked round the room. There was thick dust on the incandescent-light shade and on the window-sill, that on the latter being of such a depth that I was able to write my name in it. A soiled cap and an old coat hung from a single wooden peg in the left-hand far corner. I noticed that the shaving mugs were of an obsolete type and bore indescribably ugly patterns. None was Wedgwood or Spode. The revolving hair-brushes, actuated by means of a metal rod near the ceiling, were poor in quality, especially the medium, from which a number of fibres were missing; and I noticed a flaw in one of the leather connecting belts. A daily newspaper, thrown carelessly on a chair, had been stained by a patch of pomatum.

I am interested in barbers. Italian hairdressers are good; the French have temperament but not genius; those of Nijni-Novgorod are affable but dirty and incompetent. In Portuga they turn a fire-hose on to your face after shaving; in Budapesth they slap it until it is dry. I have found that Finnish barbers possess the most intimate and delicate manner of caressing the chin.

I looked round the English shop again and was disgusted with the squalid interior. There was not an etching by ROPS nor a water-colour by BONINGTON on the walls.

"Do you realise," I said to the man when he at last began to operate on me, "that the whole of my working capital is now in your hands?"

"Is that so, Sir?" he replied. But he did not appear to be interested and continued his task with the dull indifference of an automaton.

I refused the bay-rhum spray.

## Bradshaw.

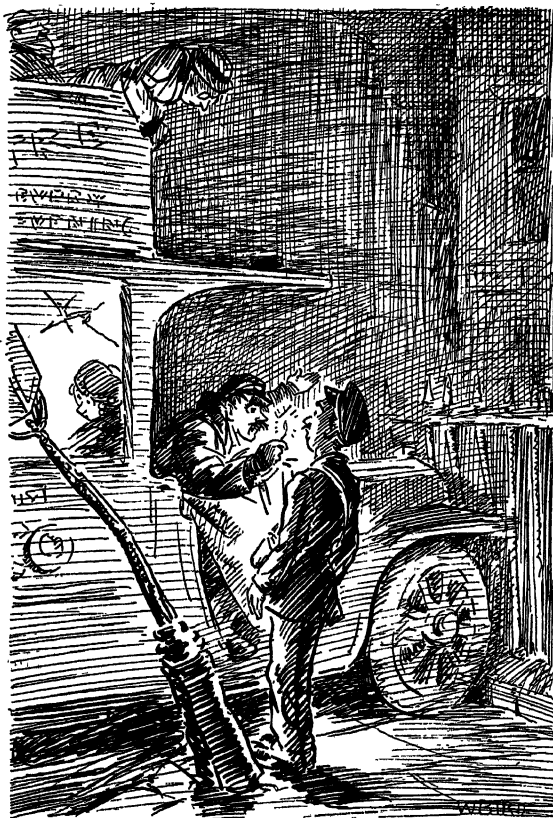
A man asked one of the porters in the Grand Babylon Hotel what "S" stood for on a certain page in *Bradshaw's Guide*. The porter replied that he did not know. I happened to be passing and pointed out that it meant *Saturdays only*.

"Well, it will not affect me," said the man cheerfully, "for I am going by a different route."

I smiled and passed on.

## Malaise.

I felt just as usual after breakfast. Nothing particular had happened on the day before. Only I had found a slight swelling on the lower side of my



FOGGED.

"HELLO! IS THAT YOU, CONDUCTOR?" "YES."  
 "YOU'RE THE BLINKIN' CONDUCTOR OF THE BUS, ARE YOU?" "YES."  
 "WELL, CONDUCT IT."

the right leg. My friend had never alluded to the fact, or even hinted at it. I call that tact.

## The Tonsorial Art.

I went into a small barber's shop in a country town recently to get a shave. There was a slanting pole outside, painted red and white. In the front window were a number of packets of cigarettes, a few sticks of shaving-soap encased in tins, and several walking-sticks with either silver or some other bright metal mounts. I passed into the back shop. The barber was shaving another customer, but he did not look up to greet me or show by any sign that he realised who had come





### FROM EAST-END TO PARK LANE NON-STOP.

*Lord Algernon Montmorency (Leing entertained by Profiteer in Park Lane). "YOU MUST COME AND HAVE DINNER WITH ME IN MY TINY FLAT IN KENSINGTON."*

*Profiteer. "I SHOULD LIKE TO VERY MUCH. CAN'T SAY I KNOW THE SUBURBS VERY WELL."*

left cheek. I put some butter on the place with the breadknife and lay down to rest on the sofa. I must have slept for about three-quarters of an hour, but when I woke up the swelling had not subsided. If anything it had increased. I had a cup of tea and three cream-buns and sat down to read a book.

After about an hour I found that the swelling had extended itself to the right side of my face, and was now higher on the left cheek than it had been before. There was no pain, but a certain physical pleasure, mingled with lassitude, in the process of magnification. After a time I decided that a brisk walk would be good for me, and, going to the front-door, put on an old Homburg hat. I was surprised to find that the base of the leather lining, where it came into contact with the crown of my head, seemed tighter than before. Evidently the inflammation had made further progress. There was, however, still no pain. EVOE.

"PIANO PLAYER WANTED.—Must be good make, modern and very cheap."

*Evening Paper.*

They may have the girl next door for nothing.

### TROPHIES.

My married sister, who is wondrous wise,  
Says to me now and then,  
Viewing with candidly contemptuous eyes

My (doubtless) noisome den,  
"Why don't you burn these mouldy  
heads and skins?  
The things are only fit for rubbish bins  
And dust. It's just like men."

Records they're not—at least, in one  
sense, no;

But in another, yes—  
Records and annals of the long ago  
And much rare happiness;  
They bring me back the Land of Heart's  
Desire,

And, when I'm seeing pictures in the  
fire,

Treasures are these no less.

They are not chronicled in ROWLAND  
WARD;

As heads they mayn't be much;  
But each of them has some old tale to  
guard,

Some answering chord to touch;  
In every one of them is locked away  
Some golden memory, some sunny day;  
And one has need of such.

The Bastar jungles, sweet with mohwa  
trees,  
Godavari's fine flow,  
An azure morning on the Nilgiris,  
Coorg and the ghats below—  
Grand countries all, the countries  
whence came they;  
Haply they gather dust, perchance  
decay,  
But shall I scrap them? No!

Bison and tiger, sambhur, barasingh,  
Stout friends and sportsmen dear,  
To all of us old Time sees fit to bring  
Change with the changing year.  
If you are dusty, I am something dry;  
If you are getting mouldy, so am I.  
Hang sisters! You stay here.

H. B.

### The N.L.C. Portraits.

In defence of the refusal of the Committee of the National Liberal Club to hang the portraits of the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. CHURCHILL *The Westminster Gazette* remarks:—

"It is of no interest to anybody outside the Club what pictures the members decide to look upon when they are at dinner in times when political feeling (*sic*) runs high."

And this in the Pea-green Incorruptible!



Wife. "IT'S RATHER AWKWARD, HENRY, BUT THE NEW LADY-COOK SAYS SHE FINDS SHE'S A SORT OF SECOND-COUSIN OF YOURS. WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

Husband. "THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE, MY DEAR. OVERLOOK IT."

### THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

Philippa is in one respect very much like *The Daily Mail*; she goes through life moving from one obsession to another—from Early-Victorian Antimacassars to Jazz Poetry, from Physical Jerks to Voices from the Other Side, and the like. Recently she only escaped a severe attack of psycho-analysis by becoming involved in a patchwork quilt.

We caught her in the thick of it—of its construction, that is—a few weeks ago when Suzanne and I dropped in to tea. She was busily engaged in cutting little bits of paper into hexagonal shapes, some of which she had already covered with cloths of many colours. About her were spread remnants of curtains, chair-covers, blouses, frocks and garments of all kinds and hues and materials, from which every now and then she selected a snippet, and we were privileged to gaze upon a small section which she had already made up into a coherent piece of quilt. The effect was startling but not displeasing.

That, as I said, was some weeks back. Since then, whenever Philippa and I have met the talk has been all of patch-

work. I have been invited, as soon as the quilt is finished, to lend my legs for the display of a pair of patchwork socks; I have been entreated to get a patchwork competition started in the paper that least frequently rejects my contributions; I have even been called upon to assist in the formation of a Patchwork Institute, where Philippa, apparently, is to instruct the mothers, wives and daughters of the very poor how to convert their old ball-dresses into useful bed-coverings.

"Wait till the quilt's ready for exhibition," I have always replied to these overtures. "How's the work progressing?"

Philippa's answer has invariably been couched in optimistic terms, but I was able to judge of her truthfulness a few days ago, when I returned home to find Suzanne seated in the parlour with Philippa's patchwork quilt on her knees. When I say quilt I should explain that in its then existing form it would not have effectively covered a cradle.

"She's asked me to take it over," said Suzanne, "because she's just had her hand read, and the palmist told her she

was being stifled for want of self-expression, so she's going to learn to be a film star in six lessons."

Something in the pattern of the snippet which Suzanne was just insinuating into a vacant space struck me with a sense of familiarity.

"Where did you get that bit?" I asked.

"That? Oh, I found a clean corner in one of your old ties that you couldn't possibly wear any more, so I'm putting it to a good use."

"But that's my Old Jacobean tie!" I exclaimed. "I've had it for years and years."

"That's why," said Suzanne complacently. "Doesn't it make a striking splash of colour? I always said you could never wear it with that hair."

"Look here, this vandalism has got to stop," I said firmly. "I shan't have a respectable tie left if—"

"Do cut me out some more of those funny-shaped bits of paper," begged Suzanne. "You do it so nicely and mine won't fit into each other at all."

By the end of an hour or so I had produced an imposing pile of most accurately constructed hexagons, and



“IN THE SPRING A PRESS-MAN’S FANCY—”

MR. BONAR LAW. “EVERYTHING SEEMS VERY FORWARD THIS YEAR.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. “YES—AND THAT REMINDS ME—ARE WE READY FOR A GENERAL ELECTION?”

MR. B. L. “WHAT DO WE WANT WITH A GENERAL ELECTION?”

MR. L. G. “MY DEAR FELLOW, IT’S NOT MY IDEA; I GOT IT OUT OF THE PAPERS.”



Suzanne had added over a square yard to the quilt.

Next morning, on putting on a clean shirt of a particularly pleasing pattern, I noticed that it seemed unusually short. I called out to Suzanne that she would have to change her laundry, as the things were being sent home in a grossly shrunken state. "And the curious part is," I said, "that this shirt of mine has shrunk at the back and not in the front . . . Ow!"

The last exclamation was caused by a needle which I discovered stuck in the base of my shirt. In a moment the true explanation flashed upon me.

"Suzanne," I thundered, "I see it all. You've been robbing my shirt to patch your infernal bedspread. Come, woman, confess your quilt—I mean, your guilt."

"But it was only a little bit," pleaded Suzanne through the dressing-room door. "I didn't think you'd miss it there."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have probed the mystery if you hadn't been so careful as to sew up the hem again and so careless as to leave your needle as a clue. Like all great criminals you've given yourself away by just one little oversight, which I was sharp enough to spot."

"Don't you mean the oversight was sharp enough to spot you?" asked Suzanne, whom it is impossible to abash for long.

I went about the day's labours with a distinct feeling of chilliness, and on my return was greeted by Suzanne's displaying before my gaze the patchwork quilt as a completed article. I gave it one long and searching look, in which my eyes examined in turn every one of its patches and then I rushed to my wardrobe. There my worst fears were confirmed. My only two remaining pairs of pre-war pyjamas (silk finish) had been ruthlessly and obviously truncated, so that they now reached but a few inches below the knee; a bandana handkerchief and a scarf of old and valued associations were missing *in toto*; and the unworn necktie which Suzanne's mother had given me for Christmas was left to mock me in its unmutated impossibility.

I draw a veil over the scene that followed, which in the end cost me a dinner and a theatre.

Yesterday Philippa, who has already had two of the lessons that are to transform her into a film star, flickered in to tea and discoursed at length on her need for self-expression. That done, she announced that I might regard the patchwork quilt, displayed there in all the pride of a *fait accompli*, as a present from herself.



Foreman. "CAN YER 'EAR ME, BILL?"

Bill. "Y'us."

Foreman. "CAN YER SEE ME?"

Bill. "No."

Foreman. "WELL, I RECKON THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD WALL, THEN."

"Cherish it well," she said. "One expresses oneself in many ways and there's a good deal of me in that quilt."

"And there's a good deal of me in it too," I rejoined. "Do you mark that pink-and-green note that repeats itself at intervals? It tells of cloistered courts and placid swards and a world set right by youth that knew. Or those purple patches of wondrous lustre? How well that colour suited me in the days when I was yet—heigho!—a bachelor. See that drab touch of khaki, so quietly scornful of its gay companions—what thrilling scenes does it not recall of Flanders' stricken fields! What stain is that upon it—the splash from a reeking sword or the overflow of a gin-and-bitters? Suzanne, I could not sleep o' nights beneath that load of crowded memories."

"Don't worry," said Suzanne; "it's going on Barbara's cot."

"A happy thought!" I cried. "My stock of bedtime stories is running sadly short. Now there will be a tale for every patch—of all the gallant men I knew and all the beauteous maids I wooed and—"

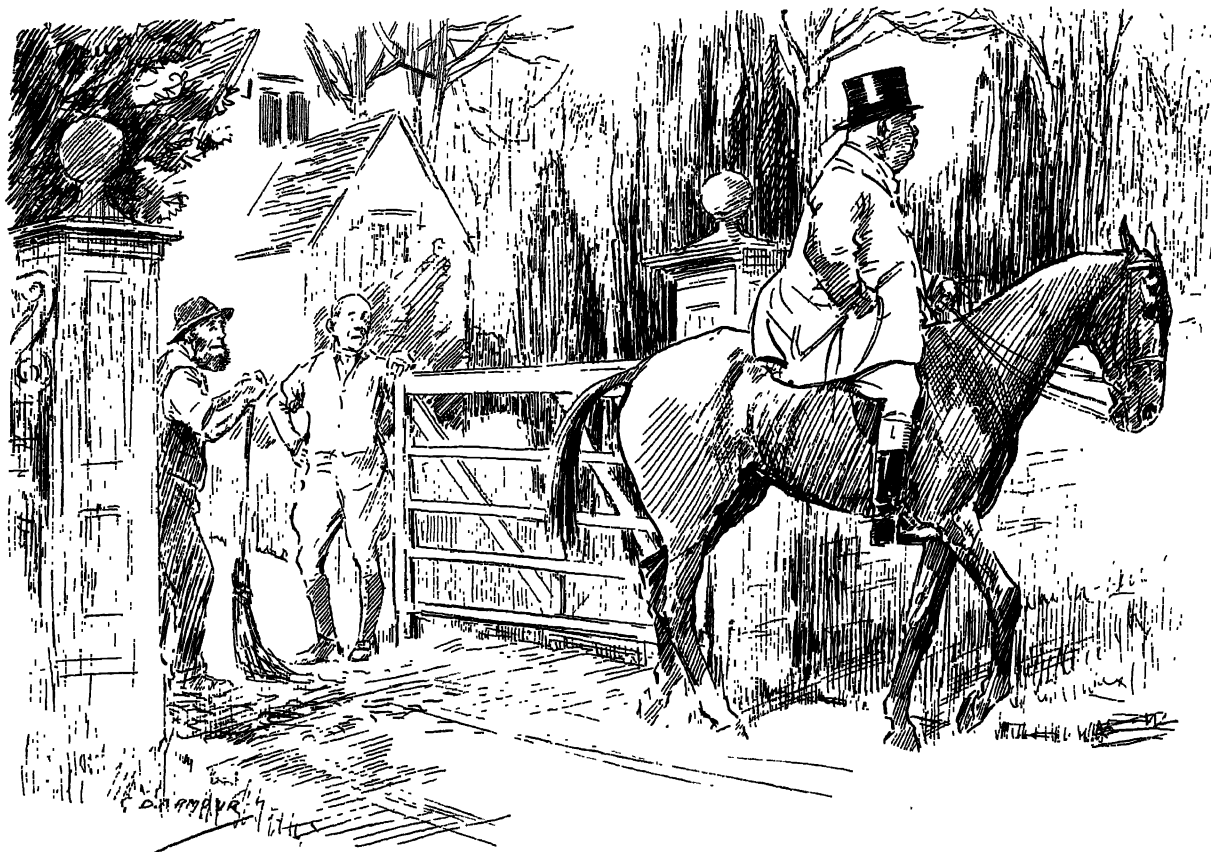
"I think, after all, I must change these purple patches," said Suzanne.

#### Housing—Another Solution.

"For Sale, large Fowl Pen and Run, also Perch, suitable for residence."—*Local Paper.*

"They were lunching at Ciro's at a table near mine a few days ago, the Duke looking very fit and smart in flannels and a brown striped coat that was an excellent match to his hair!"—*Sunday Paper.*

Last year's fashion of wearing one's hair in checks is no longer the style.



Groom. "'EART-BREAKIN' 'OSS THAT IS. I CAN'T GET NO FLESH ON 'IS RIBS NO'OW."  
Gardener. "GOT PLENTY ON 'IS BACK, ANYWAY."

### GOING TO THE DOG-SHOW.

SOMEBODY once said that dogmatism is only puppyism come to maturity. I quite agree with him. I wish I had thought of it myself.

I begin like this because I want to tell you that I did not set out for the Dog Show because I hold strong views about the breeds of dogs. As a matter of fact I cannot tell a Dandie Dinmont from a Pekingese. Most of my dogs have been strays that I have rescued in the street and given a home out of compassion. Stray dogs are generally brown, with very long tails and an affectionate disposition.

I do not love a dog for any of his physical good points. If he wags his tail at my approach, can catch a lump of sugar in the air, beg and shake hands nicely—that is good enough for me. People who go to Dog Shows do not care for vital things like these. And I should never have turned my steps towards the Agricultural Hall if Aunt Julia had not commanded me. I usually do as Aunt Julia tells me. Being a woman I have a will of my own, of course, but so has she; and she might add a codicil to it not in my favour if I didn't obey her. She lives in the country and wrote

to me that a friend of hers was coming up to London to exhibit. I was to go to the show, find her and take her out to dinner when it was all over. Aunt Julia, who is incurably vague, said I should distinguish her at once because she was exhibiting a Sealyham with red roses in her hat.

I set out therefore discouraged, because I did not even know what a Sealyham looks like. Passing the Leicester Galleries I had a sudden inspiration that the PICASSO pictures might provide a clue, but I soon decided to ask a policeman at Piccadilly Circus instead.

Lightly holding up eight hundred odd tons of traffic, he was just telling me that Sealyhams are shaggy, with drooping ears, when Lottie, whose car was among those my policeman was restraining, accosted me. At least I had to guess it was Lottie, for she had just got back from Paris and was affecting the abnormally high collar that rages there just now. As her hat drooped down to meet the collar on the up grade, her face struck about as dominant a note as the ham in a railway sandwich. "Don't stop me," I said; "there's a Dog Show on and I'm going to it."

"Nonsense," she replied; "there's

also a lecture on at the British Museum about the architecture of the Hypæthral Temples of Ancient Greece—but that isn't to say I shall be there. You must come along with me; I'm going to a *thé-dansant*. Hop into the car."

Lottie is like Aunt Julia—she makes you do what she wants.

"I'll put in an hour, if you like," I said weakly, "and I can go to the dogs afterwards."

An hour later I left the *thé-dansant*. I should still be in excellent time for the Dog Show. And when I encountered Matilda my heart leapt with joy. Matilda is the doggiest person I know. Obviously she would not be in London just now for anything but the Dog Show. I would go with her and she would help me with her advice. For she can talk glibly and with insight of Bedlington, Labrador retrievers, Borzois, and tell you all the points of the Alsatian wolf-dog.

"Matilda," I exclaimed, hurrying up to her, "I can guess why you're here. You're going to the Dog Show."

"Guess again," she replied. "It's a hat show I've come up for. Just think, Léontine is having a show of advance Spring models."

"Spring models already," I mur-





Housemaid. "THE GOVERNOR'S BEEN SAYIN' SUCH NICE THINGS ABOUT YOUR PASTRY, COOKIE."

Cook. "WOT'S HE BIN SAYING NOW?"

Housemaid. "HOW CLEVER YOU WAS TO MAKE BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW."

mured. "How splendid! May I come with you? Then perhaps while we're going you can tell me what Sealyhams look like."

"Sealyhams," repeated Matilda in an abstracted manner. "Here, let us take this taxi. Sealyhams, you say. Let me see . . . do you think big hats are likely to be worn this year? I hope not, as they don't suit my nose."

An hour later I left Léontine's. Yes, the hats *are* going to be big this summer—but I want to tell you about the Dog Show.

I had hailed a taxi to take me there; I had opened the door and said to the driver, "I want the Agricultural Hall;" he had expressed his willingness to give it to me; and then my eye fell on the jumper in the shop-window.

You know the kind of jumper I mean. Directly you see it you know it is your jumper. It is your colour, your style; it expresses your individuality.

"Wait a moment," I said to the taxi-driver, and I dashed into the shop. After all, the Dog Show could wait a little longer. There are always dogs in the world, aren't there? But that jumper—I might never look upon its like again.

It was indeed a lovely one. I tried it on. Also there were many other lovely jumpers. I tried most of them on. When I came out of the shop the

taxi-driver was still waiting for me. It was nice of the man, no doubt, but it made the jumper rather an expensive one.

I found that it was now too late to go in search of red roses and Sealyhams, so I'm still wondering what the latter look like.

#### "Dementia Unlimited."

At the request of several correspondents Mr. Punch furnishes the solutions of the anagrams in the above article (January 19th, 1921, page 42).

- (1) Time; item; mite; emit.
- (2) Elsa; Leas; sale; ales.
- (3) Pater; apter; prate; taper.
- (4) Lago; Olga; goal; gaol.
- (5) Seraph; phrase; shaper.
- (6) Vile; Levi; evil; veil; live; Ivel; Viel; I (E. V. L.)
- (7) Kates; steak; skate; takes; Keats.

#### Commercial Candour.

"Plugs will not fail you at the critical moment. This is not an extravagant claim, they have done it so often."

Advt. in — Year Book.

#### The New Amalgamation.

"The great *Globe* itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."  
*The Tempest.*

Here *Prospero* seems hardly fair to  
*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

#### TO A SPORTSMAN.

For seasons beside me you pattered,  
Taking furrow and fence in our flight;  
If hounds were ahead nothing mattered  
So long as we kept them in sight.

When the horn in a covert was singing  
How you tugged at the chain to advance,

Ears eagerly cocked for a ringing  
"Who-whoop! Gone to ground"—  
and your chance.

"Loo, wind him!" No need to persuade you

To burrow in smother and muck;  
And cute was the fox could evade you,  
Small skinkful of fury and pluck.

For ever as soon as you'd spoken  
There followed a scurry and rush—  
"Tally-ho, tally-ho!" he had broken  
With you like a burr at his brush.

But the bravest by fate may be shackled;

A sportsman may fall in his stride;  
Death grinned in a drain when you tackled

A sinking dog-fox; and you died.

Though ungraved in the annals of glory  
Our huntsman has honoured your name,

Summing up in a sentence your story:  
"Old Viper, the sport, finished game."

## OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

### A DISCIPLINARY PROBLEM.

BEFORE getting under way with this story I ought to explain that when you join the Royal Navy you cease, strictly speaking, to possess a personal appearance; you become part of the personal appearance of your ship. Hence it is just as serious a crime for an ordinary seaman to appear on parade with an incipient growth of whisker as for the captain of a super-Dreadnought to allow his ship's keel to become clogged with barnacles. Theoretically, both offences demand a court-martial, but in practice the necessity for such an extreme course is avoided by a convenient disciplinary fiction.

Whenever an inspecting officer observes a man in a criminally unshaven condition he stops before him, frowns darkly and inquires in ominous tones how long it is since he shaved. To this question the guilty party always makes the same reply: "Last night, Sir." This is a tradition of the Service, and by means of it the fiction is upheld that the man, after taking reasonable precautions, has been the victim of an unexpectedly vigorous nocturnal output and is consequently not guilty of mutinous neglect of that part of the ship for which he is directly responsible.

Thus his default may be met by some minor punishment and the dignity of the court-martial preserved.

Ordinary Seaman Archibald Timson had attained the age of twenty when the incident occurred which made his name notorious in every Naval mess from Rosyth to the China Station.

He was a tall fair youth, and in the matter of chin-fringe nature had been kind to him. At the worst he could achieve nothing but a trifle of semi-invisible fluff, and he found that to shave once a week was sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous inspecting officer.

On one fatal occasion, however, in the excitement of an approaching leave, Archibald so far forgot his duty as to allow the razor to rust unused for the lengthy period of ten days. As a result he appeared on parade with cheeks surrounded with a little halo of golden down; unobtrusive, certainly, but yet not secure from the hawk-like eyes of our vigilant junior officers.

The inspecting officer, making his tour, stopped before the man on Archibald's left and frowned heavily.

"How long is it since you shaved?" he asked.

"Last night, Sir," came the prompt reply.

Nodding to the attendant petty officer to take the man's name the I.O. moved on and would have passed Archibald without comment if at that moment a gleam of sunlight had not fallen across his face, illuminating his halo in all its modest glory. The I.O. paused and frowned again.

"And how long is it since you shaved?" he demanded.

Then Ordinary Seaman Timson forgot himself. Impelled

by an impulse of revolt he stifled the orthodox reply as it rose to his lips. "A week last Wednesday, Sir," he answered briskly.

If a sea-serpent had suddenly appeared over the ship's bows, knocked the Commander's hat off with a playful whisk of its tail and swallowed two midshipmen, it could not have created a greater sensation than these simple words. The I.O. staggered back in horror; chief petty officers uttered choking cries; able-bodied seamen clung to each other for support. At length the Master-at-Arms was summoned, Archibald was placed under arrest and the I.O. rushed off to report the outrage to the Captain.

The Captain was appalled; he had never heard of such a thing. It was clearly a case of mutinous neglect of duty calling for inquiry by court-martial; but how could one hold a court-martial on a man for not having shaved since a week last Wednesday? He (the Captain) would be the laughing-stock of the squadron. Determined to shift the

responsibility he sent a wireless signal to the Commodore outlining the situation and requesting instructions.

The Commodore, however, had been in the Navy too long to be caught so easily; grasping the situation at a glance he transmitted the signal to the Vice-Admiral at the base, who, after an anxious consultation with his Flag-Captain, sent it on to Whitehall. Here, after some trifling delay, it passed through the hands of the Sea Lords, who despatched it with a memorandum to the First Lord of the Admiralty, by whom it was laid before an urgently summoned meeting of the Cabinet.

Meanwhile the excitement throughout the Fleet had become intense; everyone, from Captain to ship's boy, was discussing the unprecedented conduct of the ordinary seaman who had dared to affirm that he had not shaved since a week last Wednesday. Furious arguments were waged concerning his probable fate, and well-known Admirals contributed powerful articles to the Sunday Press. Matters reached a climax when a daily paper printed a leading article, entitled "The Writing on the Bulkhead," which clearly proved the deplorable occurrence to be directly due to the frenzied finance of our Ministerial spendthrifts.

At this critical juncture, as so often before in times of national danger, the conspicuous courage and ability of the PRIME MINISTER came to the rescue. After he had studied a volume of Naval Regulations for several hours his anxious colleagues saw a smile of triumph flit across his features.

"Listen," he said, and began to read. "Reg. 599, cap. iii. Any petty officer or man wishing to grow a beard must first obtain the permission of his Commanding Officer; anyone detected growing or attempting to grow a beard without such permission shall have committed an offence against this Regulation, and be liable to punishment at discretion."



"I HOPE YOU AIN'T LOSING YOUR APPETITE, SIR?"  
"OH, NO, MRS. BRIGGS. BUT I RATHER FANCY THE LONG SPELL OF COLD MUTTON HAS GIVEN ME A CHILL ON THE LIVER."



Bored Clubman (noticing fellow-member yawning, to aggressive guest). "SH—SH—WE ARE OVERHEARD!"

"I think that solves our difficulty," continued the P.M. with superb nonchalance.

A spontaneous salvo of cheers burst from the assembled Ministers. Instructions were hastily sent out, and in due course Ordinary Seaman Archibald Timson was brought before his Captain, charged with attempting to grow a beard without permission. As he had already spent several weeks in the cells and was able to bring witnesses to prove that his attempted insubordination had been a palpable failure, he was released forthwith; but to this day he is pointed out with awe as the man who told the inspecting officer that he had not shaved since a week last Wednesday.

#### A SEA-CHANGE?

[Very conflicting opinions are expressed as to the effect of oil-fired ships upon the fisheries.]

ONE ÆSCHYLUS, accounted rather great  
By men whose judgment cannot be refuted,  
Referred to fishes (*Persæ* 578)

As "Silent children of the unpolluted;"  
It looks as if sea-water must have been  
(Round about Athens) reasonably clean.

Moreover I have traced in later bards  
A "silver sea" whose task is "pure ablution;"  
All competent authority regards  
The ocean as a cleanly institution;  
Fishes have heretofore enjoyed (we think)  
A wholesome unadulterated drink.

But now they are disgruntled; they've been done;

Haddock and herring find their cellar faulty;  
The brands on tap in 1921

No longer rank as " $H_2O$ , best salty;"  
Fishes, I fear, that tipple in the deep  
Must weep salt tears (if fishes ever weep).

For X and Y declare (while A and B  
Insist that X and Y are Ananias,es,  
Which makes it mighty hard for you and me  
To draw the line between their several biases),  
That oil will decimate the fishy tribe  
By poisoning the liquor they imbibe.

"When steam was paramount," cries expert Y,  
Smoke sped aloft or kept a decent level;  
Fishes can't suck pollution from the sky,  
But oil, I tell you, plays the very devil;  
It pours into the sea from under deck,  
And these poor fishes get it in the neck."

"Not so, my friend," his rival interjects;  
"Scrupulous chemical investigation  
Proves that the deleterious effects  
Vanish before ozone-oxidization.  
Again, if oil saponifies, the grease——"  
[EDITOR. "This discussion now must cease."]

"Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played as the bridegroom was leaving the church."—*Local Paper*.  
No doubt the bride wanted something to remind her of him.

## THE ROAD TO REMEMBRANCE.

(BY LORD THANET.)

My attention has been directed to a remarkable article by Lord BEAVERBROOK on "Success" in *The Sunday Express*. Success in his view is partly a matter of destiny, largely one of free-will. But he differs from the poet—a namesake and possibly a relation of my friend Dr. ADDISON, the Minister of Health—who wrote:—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success."

At least he goes as far as to maintain that of the three essentials to success (judgment, industry and health) two at least can be acquired and the third improved. There are many weighty and pregnant sayings in the article, as for example that SHELLEY would not have been a success in Wall Street; but I cannot refrain from expressing my regret that my noble friend should not merely have espoused the popular view that success is and should be our great aim in life, but that he should have declared that it can be achieved without possessing or cultivating any of the higher or nobler attributes which distinguish man from the beasts that perish.

Personally I confess that there was a time when I too shared this materialistic opinion and saw in success—above all in power, which is the product of brains *plus* money—the true goal of human effort. It would take too long to tell how I came to change my mind. Enough that I have done so completely, and am now convinced that KINGSLEY was right when he wrote:—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever."

So with all the force at my command I would maintain, in opposition to Lord BEAVERBROOK, that not success, but goodness, is the road to remembrance; and that the three pillars which support the golden pinnacle of goodness are magnanimity, consistency and independence.

To take magnanimity first. It is true that we are not all born with *Al* souls; but we can cultivate and expand the seed of nobility that is in each of us to almost any extent by the daily practice of what I may call spiritual deep-breathing, or what Mr. HAROLD BEEBIE calls uplift. It is a holy and exhilarating gymnastic, and gradually expels every particle of jealousy, rancour or personal animosity from the mind. The magnanimous man is incapable of harbouring any hostility towards, or pursuing a *vendetta* against, even the most unscrupulous and ungrateful politician. In the grandeur and amplitude of his designs he may emulate a NAPOLEON, but he will never show a trace of that revengefulness which has from the

earliest age been characteristic of the Corsican race.

Serene in the consciousness of his own rectitude he will never suffer the tortures endured by those petty natures who are always expecting rewards and recognition and mortified when they fail to receive them.

I set consistency second; perhaps fidelity would be a better word, for I mean that stable, even and loyal temper which makes its possessor the best friend and master. Alas! there are some great, but not good, personages whose "inconstancy is such as all men must abhor," who are as far from the true ideal as a quivering shape of jelly is from the Rock of Gibraltar, who are everlastingly sacking those they backed six months or six weeks ago, and, worst of all, pursuing with a sort of cannibal and unnatural fury those whom they themselves created.

Thirdly and lastly there is independence—the noble aloofness of those who never glue their ear to the ground to hear the roaring of the many-headed monster, but live in that Olympian detachment of which GIBBON spoke when he said that "conversation may enrich the intellect, but isolation is the true school of genius." The good man, as I envisage him, will never hold any State appointment. Indeed he will conscientiously avoid office, regarding its sweets and spoils alike as a menace to his self-respect, and prefer to radiate the search-lights of his wisdom on humanity, unfettered and uncontrolled by any State supervision, enjoying all the glory of kingship without the irksomeness of a crown, all the power of autocracy without any of the perils that attend its formal assumption.

## INVALIDS' AID.

WHEN one is ill one does things that in a more robust condition there is not opportunity for or even inclination. One reads, for example, the Personal Column of *The Times*. In health I often find myself glancing at this curious miscellany; but it is only a glance; whereas when one is ill one begins at the top and reads steadily through to the bottom, and then turns over and begins again, preferring its mixed flavours to the activities of all the leader-writers, of the Naval gentlemen who can't agree about battleships, and even the analyst who reduces Front Bench figures to normal or less than normal size.

Not being very well myself at the moment, I have been doing this too, and revelling in the human nature that the Personal Column reveals and wondering what luck attends its contributors. Does the Second-lieutenant whom Peace has left high and (I hope,

fairly) dry, get the land-agency job he so desires? Will the lady find a customer for the Rolls-Royce chassis? Will they get on the track of Sophie Zuck (or Symon)? How many frivolous readers are pulled up short by the texts from Revelations and behave themselves accordingly? Was X.Y. on the platform at Paddington at the time appointed to meet Q.? Will a small woman be forthcoming to buy the second-hand (astride) riding-habit? Is there really a Eugenie conspicuous for "haughtiness, trumpery and gilding"? or is this, as we have always been told of so many Personal announcements, only another communication between criminal and criminal?

"We are," runs a recent notice, "strange creatures. There is nothing we want more than joy, and yet when the cup is put within our reach we shrink from taking more than a few drops. God wants us to drink the cup of blessing to the dregs." What kind of a friend of humanity is willing in these costly days to pay five shillings a line to give such altruistic counsel as that? Even more perplexing are the people who wreak their spleen on their faithless acquaintances by means of these public pronouncements. Who are they? Does one number any among one's own friends? Running over mine I can think of none who would spend money that way.

With ever-fresh interest I seek to penetrate Beyond the Veil. Did the Silver Mermaid see the message from Lucien—"A Zephyr has fanned the dying embers of my dull life"—or may she not have missed that number of *The Times* altogether? What kind of journeys are those motorists to the Riviera likely to have who ask for travelling strangers to take the spare seat and share expenses? Mustn't they often wish, before they are as far even as Amiens, that they had gone alone? Will M. play a straight game? How soon will Rory be cured of his cold feet? These and similar problems, new every morning, feed the languid curiosity of the sick and help the hours to pass. Long therefore may the Personal Column flourish!

But nothing of late has interested me so much as one of its ordinary commercial advertisements. This one:—"Ladies' Evening Shoes Recovered, 9s. per pair.—Apply," etc. It is a serious, almost a tragic, thought that *Cinderella*, had she but known, might, the next morning, at the ridiculously small cost of four-and-sixpence, have got her slipper again—and thus have ruined the most beautiful story in the world. How fortunate for that world that she left the matter to the Prince! E. V. L.



*The Knight.* "EXCUSE MY INTERRUPTING, BUT I THOUGHT I HEARD A FEMALE CALLING FOR HELP."  
*The Churl.* "IT WAS ONLY MY WIFE, SIR KNIGHT. SHE ALWAYS DOES THAT WHEN SHE BEATS ME."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. STACY AUMONIER, whose work is always interesting, has put together a bundle of excellent little tales with the alluring title (from the setting of the first of them) of *The Love-a-Duck* (HUTCHINSON). This was the sign, whose invitation I am sure I could never have resisted, of the country inn that was the scene of an amazing competition—arranged by the landlord for the confounding of an unwelcome client—as to which of two small boys could recite the greater volume of poetry. I don't think the trick that gave victory to the sympathetic side would really be possible; but the way of it makes first-class entertainment. Mr. AUMONIER follows this with an effectively quiet little study, "The Great Unimpressable," about a Yorkshire postman who, as a soldier in the Great War, experienced every variety of its wonder and horror, with apparently no emotional reaction whatever, only to break down when at last he returns home and learns that his dog has been killed by a motor. The mingled sympathy and dry humour of this are admirably touched. From the preface one may judge that Mr. AUMONIER takes the art of the short-story-teller with a becoming gravity. Amongst his masters in this kind he mentions some five great names, from DE MAUPASSANT to TCHERKOFF. After reading "The Golden Windmill" (perhaps the most charming thing in the collection) I thought he might well have added STEVENSON to his list. I can say nothing better.

MR. MICHAEL SADLIER has already made his mark, with two previous novels, as a writer of originality and power. His latest book, *Privilege* (CONSTABLE), will go far to

strengthen this impression. It is a study of the end of an ancient House and of the struggle made by its last active head to reassert the theory of caste against the encroachments of democracy. With such a scheme of forlorn hope the tale was bound to be a poignant one. It opens and closes amid the symbolic pageant of autumn; the glory of belated sunlight on the decaying woods of Whern answering the brief revival in the House itself, before the final catastrophe. It is a tribute to the quality of Mr. SADLIER's work that not once does this epic of decline sink to be merely depressing. In the various members of the Whern family he has given a series of almost violently realistic studies, each admirably alive, and by consequence interesting. Their talk especially is the actual thing; I can imagine few books that would give to some modern *Rip Van Winkle* a better understanding of the attitude of a certain type of aristocratic youth towards the life of to-day. Perhaps, for a story so restrained, the end is a trifle overdrawn; it hardly carried me so inevitably as did the rest; but Whern had to go down in some climacteric ruin, and the method of it is at least unexpected. To sum up, a novel that is both individual and touched with a dignity too rare in these days of slovenly fiction; an impression, it is only fair to add, greatly helped by admirable type and paper.

MR. ARTHUR WARREN, who has written his reminiscences under the title *London Days* (FISHER UNWIN), was London correspondent of *The Boston Herald* for many years and in that capacity had the opportunity to meet almost any man of eminence whom he marked down as his prey. In this volume will be found the fruit of his interviews, together with one or two character-sketches artfully suggesting a foundation of personal intercourse that never existed—such



as the chapters on GLADSTONE and on TENNYSON. As for PARNELL, Mr. WARREN frankly admits that that sinister figure successfully eluded him and describes circumstantially his fruitless pursuit. Of these men we should be glad enough to hear more at first hand; but Mr. WARREN is more communicative when he is among lesser figures. There is, for example, more than enough of JOHN STUART BLACKIE; nor does he bring anything very remarkable, except the statement that MEREDITH was not an artificial talker, from a day in the Box Hill cottage, where he was accompanied by Mr. JOHN BURNS. WHISTLER, it is true, Mr. WARREN knew better, and HENRY IRVING seems to have disclosed to him more than to most; but there are no new good stories of either. Finally, there is a chapter on BOULANGER, the real hero of which (to my delight) is not the somewhat theatrical and very temporary "Saviour of France," but Mr. Punch's own Mr. RAVEN-HILL, who, with pencil drawn and sharpened, joined Mr. WARREN in his pursuit of "le brav' Général." No book of reminiscences is the worse for containing descriptions of living friends of one's own, and it is pleasant to find our cartoonist's gifts so well appreciated. Altogether an agreeable book, which would have been valuable too had it more anecdotes and authentic strokes.

Mr. HENRY S. SALT, with more humour and less bitterness than usually distinguishes his tribe, cheerfully labels himself faddist in *Seventy Years Among Savages* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). You and I, dear reader, who eat meat and wage war and see murderers executed and foxes hunted without being appalled, are the savages. We are also slaves to "the ethics of the pack," and we have on occasion "gorilla faces." I will confess for myself that this "Unusual" (appropriate name that the author has devised for himself and his friends) has made me feel a little uncomfortable. He is logically so right and so kindly in intention. And yet one hesitates to be baptized into the faith of the "Unusuals." I have a feeling that if we all forswore chops someone would arise promptly to suggest that the cauliflower also has his feelings, and dispute vehemently our right to rend him from his stalk and keep him on the boil. You will make acquaintance in this volume with many of the most engaging cranks of our and an earlier day; you will respect your author even while you smile at him, and will appreciate the piquancy of all this kind of thing coming from one who has been an Eton boy and an Eton master.

I am not at all sure that the personal history of a Dublin gamin will appeal to a very wide circle of English readers at the present time when the allure of that dear, dirty and urchin-infested city is eclipsed by the menace of the furtive gunman. *Adam of Dublin* (COLLINS) is a clever and sincere *mélange* of character studies, and Mr. CONAL O'RIORDAN has allowed sincerity to make him tedious. Certainly it has

compelled him to abandon the sense of construction that a novelist must preserve at all costs, otherwise he would not have written a story that ends as well as begins *en plein air*. We follow *Adam* through years of adolescence, first as a barefooted newspaper-selling scamp whose drunken father Mr. O'RIORDAN has portrayed with the loving care of the hopeless realist; and later as the half-retrieved *protégé* of two priests, one of whom is as delightful as the other is unpleasing. It is not surprising that the prehensile but untaught gutter-snipe, suspended, as it were, between the spiritual sweetness of *Father Innocent* and the harsh and worldly vigour of *Father Tudor*, finds no sure grounds upon which to lay the foundations of a decent self-respect. As a matter of fact we leave *Adam* before he has exchanged his motley rags for the subfusc garment of respectability, and there are indications that Mr. O'RIORDAN intends to reintroduce him to our notice in a subsequent volume. Those who have read *Adam of Dublin* will not grudge so skilful a writer as his creator a second trial, but it will be all to

the good if he will remember that character without action in a novel is as disappointing as eggs without salt at a picnic.

The first dozen pages of a new novel, even if we are spared the gaudy picture-cover, and the author's name is unfamiliar to us, usually give us old stagers a fairly easy clue to what is before us. Anyhow, on beginning *Captain Macedoine's Daughter* (SECKER) I felt pretty sure that I was going to read a tale in which incident would play the dominating part. And I was hopelessly wrong. Mr. McFEE's book is not lacking in incident, but its very considerable

importance is derived from his admirable style and his acute observation of character. The story is put into the mouth of *Engineer-Lieutenant Spenlove, R.N.R.*, who told it to his fellow-officers while they sat on the deck of *H.M.S. Sycorax*; and they had the good sense to spend the best part of a night in listening. The *Sycorax* at the moment was in the *Ægean Archipelago*, and this bugbear of our early classical studies provides a tale full of plots and counterplots. But its interest, as I have said, lies not so much in its adventures as in its characters, notably *Captain Macedoine*, a rather attractive humbug, and the heroine and Mr. Spenlove. Even at the risk of decreasing the circulation of this novel, I feel constrained to say that it furnishes food for thought. And now that I have met Mr. McFEE's work I shall never make another wrong guess about the nature of it.

Mr. Punch regrets very much that in his last week's review of *The Bronze Venus* by Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS he did an injustice to the artist and the publishers when he complained that the figure on the wrapper did not illustrate the title. He is now convinced that it is a true reproduction of a bronze statuette of Venus in the British Museum.



BLUE BLOOD.

Mrs. Profiteer. "Is this a pedigree dog?"

Dealer. Pedigree? I should just think 'e is, Mum. Why, if the animal could only talk 'e wouldn't speak to either of us."



## CHARIVARIA.

LORD CLIFFORD of Chudleigh, in a Sunday paper, predicts that a hundred years hence the thought process of the average bricklayer will equal that of a present-day K.C. Already they seem to spend a good deal of time practising.

It is unfortunate that the opening of Parliament on Tuesday should have clashed with the appearance of a green butterfly at Horsham.

Birkenhead has decided to have no more policewomen, on the ground that they "get married almost as soon as they are enrolled." It all comes of teaching them to say, "You come along quietly," in just the right tone of voice.

With reference to the spectators who rushed the ground during the Rugby International match at Cardiff we gather that it was due to an oversight. Some of the young miners from the valleys mistook it for the Third International.

"Can some one tell me that the danger is past?" asked Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Central Hall last week. We can only say that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was seen to whizz by several weeks ago *en route* for the Continent.

"Let Ireland have her own Chancellor of the Exchequer," says a contemporary. We can only say that we are not standing in the way of her having our Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN if she really wants him.

"Horsehair coats, which are now becoming more fashionable, give the wearer quite a smart appearance," according to a trade journal. The last horse we saw was wearing one, and a very good fit it was too.

"The demand for a soberer finance," declares a persistent contemporary, "still goes unheeded." The report that the pair of giant guinea-pigs recently presented to the Zoo are to be entered on the Society's books as fourteen-and-six-penny pigs refutes this view.

The new Lord Fermoy, we are told, must choose between losing his American citizenship and losing a good slice of the county of Limerick. It is no secret that anybody who can lose a good slice of County Limerick at the present time can name his own price.

"The recent experiment of paving streets with rubber sheets has proved satisfactory," says *The Sunday Times*. Our own view is that unless a wider road or a smaller pedestrian is introduced into the game it will cease to be an exhibition of skill.

According to an American correspondent a hitch has occurred in the publication of the two-million-word codification of the laws of the United States. It appears that at the last moment the word "When" was left out.

According to an evening paper the

This reminds us of the old suggestion that our own House of Commons might be all right if it was only set to music.

A Paris message states that a contest between CARPENTIER and MORAN has been arranged. It is said that DEMPSEY has offered to lend MORAN a few postponements which have only been used once or twice.

A scientist has asserted that there is enough latent energy in one's little finger to run all the trains in the United Kingdom for a few minutes. It would be interesting to know his estimate of the duration of the power of Sir ERIC GEDDES's thumb.

According to a contemporary the fly that attacks British bees has been identified as *Hammomyia (Hylophila) Unitruncata Zett.* It is believed to have been passing under the name of Murphy.

It is hoped that Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES's mysterious visit to England will result in a complete understanding between Great Britain and the United States in the matter of the stymie.

A bust of TROTSKY is now being exhibited in London. The head differs from the original, being only life-size.

The Chinese, we are reminded, claim to have known all about the telephone thousands of years ago. Then we think it was unfriendly of them not to have warned us about it.

Numbers of the Cardigan-shire voters understand nothing but Welsh. It was a clever idea to have a by-election in a language Mr. BOTTOMLEY can't speak.

## Our Antediluvians.

"The arks Committee of the London County Council have come to the conclusion that the demand for Sunday games and boating in the Council's parks and open spaces is not at the present time sufficient in evidence to justify the Council in altering its regulations prohibiting games at parks and open spaces on Sundays, and also boating, excepting the cases of Battersea and Victoria Parks, at which such facilities were granted before the arks were taken over by the Council."

*Provincial Paper.*

"The Prince of Wales . . . had an enjoyable day's shooting with the Belvoir hounds on Saturday."—*Irish Paper.*  
Even the "United Press" of America will hardly believe this.



THE SKEINS OF JUSTICE.  
A POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE KNITTING JURYWOMAN.

manager of a well-known hotel has recently placed large mirrors on all the walls of the saloon bar. A Scotsman who happened, the other evening, to be the sole occupant of the bar waited for three-quarters of an hour for one of the other fellows to stand him a drink.

Fourteen attempts have been made to set fire to Upper Frognal Lodge, Hampstead. It is too many.

The Westminster Guardians have decided to purchase a bacon-slicer at a cost of eighty-three pounds. "North Foreland" writes to say that he knows where they could have got a golf-slicer at a third of that price.

Debates in the Uganda Parliament are often accompanied by a jazz band.

## THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB AND THE PREMIER'S PORTRAIT.

IN that great Tavern of the Liberal Tap  
That lurks obscure behind the filthy huts  
Which MOND, who loves them so, is loth to scrap—  
The same that incidentally abuts  
Upon the humble lodging where I labour,  
Much gratified to be its neighbour—

I hear a rumour (which I should not care  
Save in the closest privacy to repeat)  
How very grave dissension rends the air  
Touching the PREMIER'S painted counterfeit;  
These saying, "Let its beauty grace our wall,"  
And those replying, "Not at all."

For some, while they lament his late decline,  
His lapse from paths austere to primrose ways,  
Yet out of deference to auld lang syne,  
The lovely, unforgetten, Limehouse days,  
Yearn with a loyal heat that almost boils  
To hang this work of art (in oils).

But others answer, "Here we have the Face  
That from our Wee Free lips would dash the cup;  
Down in the cellar let it find its place,  
Or hang it in the cloak-room wrong way up."  
Some even, deeming he were better dead,  
Would hang the Original instead.

I hold *The Westminster's* judicial view  
That this affair concerns the Club alone,  
Yet, as a Coalition Christian who  
Regards his neighbours' good before his own,  
On principle I cannot but deplore  
These ructions going on next-door.

O. S.

## THE SWISS-ROBINSON.

I SHOULD not have cared to tell you anything about Mr. Bateson of the Old Moat Farm and his Swiss-Robinson car if it had not been for Mr. FORD. Mr. FORD has announced to the Press, it appears, that he is going to abolish horses and cows.

"The horse," he says, "is a clumsy hay-motor of one h.p.," and cows are not only unnecessary, but actually harmful.

It seems that the FORD laboratories can take the various foods which cows eat and turn them into milk superior in every way to the milk of cows. "Cows," says Mr. FORD, "are the crudest machines in the world." This being so, it would be unfair, I think, both to Mr. FORD and the general public, especially that part of it which is interested in psycho-analysis and similar manifestations, if I failed to point out the curious experiences which Mr. Bateson has had with his four-seater Swiss-Robinson.

"That there car," he has often informed me in a voice husky with emotion, "has been more like a brother than a machine to me." From the very first, he assures me, it began to whinny with pleasure at his approach, to self-start, to follow him about wherever he went, to nuzzle in his coat-pockets for apples and to bound to his side at the slightest whistle. It would constantly lie on the hearth-rug gazing up at him with a pathetic look in its head-lights as if imploring him to go out. It proved a good mouser and a demon for rats. Only after a few months did the idea occur to him of cooling the engine with barley-water and employing a mixture of shell and maize in the place of petrol. When he did so and turned the crank handle, eggs were discharged with incredible velocity through the exhaust. Later he began to feed it a mixture of cake and

mangolds, and was both delighted and surprised to find that it was equally prolific of rich milk.

It was not long before bees began to swarm freely under the bonnet, and Mrs. Bateson has had some success in training it to sing like a roller canary. Almost all the operations of agriculture come instinctively to the Swiss-Robinson if you treat it kindly, says Mr. Bateson, and do not mess about underneath the works. It will drill, plough, harrow and thrash. It can be employed to mangle, saw wood, churn butter and make cheese. It backfires when strangers approach the farm.

Mr. Bateson's specimen is a fine upstanding strawberry roan, measuring ten feet from the snout to the tip of the tail-feathers, and is about fifteen-hogpower with a four-cylinder engine. It is perfectly quiet with children.

I cannot close without mentioning two remarkable samples of sagacity on the part of the Swiss-Robinson, to which both Mr. Bateson himself and the proprietor of "The Green Cheese" are equally willing to testify. One evening, as Mr. Bateson was returning from market in the dusk, the car stopped suddenly. Mr. Bateson was annoyed and, getting out, struck it a severe blow over the bonnet with his ash-plant. The car groaned slightly and raised its front wheels in protest, but still refused to budge. Mr. Bateson went back with a lamp, looked at the sign-post and found that he had taken the wrong turning.

On the second occasion Mr. Bateson had sent his car out with the shepherd. This was new work for the Swiss-Robinson and apparently it found the continual rounding-up of stray sheep on the hillside a tiresome and unwonted tax on its mechanism and springs. On the following morning, when Mr. Bateson went round to the kennel, he was astonished to find that the Swiss-Robinson was quietly bleating to itself. It had evidently decided to add the functions of a sheep to its other accomplishments and thus enable its owner to dispense with this class of animal.

EVOE.

## MUST THE FUR COLLAR GO?

FROM a perusal of the daily pictorial Press we gather that one of the Candidates in the Cardiganshire election is going about without a fur collar to his overcoat.

This defiance of a time-honoured custom is much to be deplored. For many years it has been the unwritten rule that during an election the Candidates, and the Candidates only, should wear fur collars in the locality concerned. By this means the electors have been able to distinguish them from ordinary men; and if any other person in the neighbourhood has affected this embellishment he has had only himself to thank if he has suffered personal injury owing to a misapprehension as to his identity.

In these days, when the women's vote has to be reckoned with, additional importance is to be attached to the Candidate's attire. A white slip in the waistcoat, a cardigan jacket, even cloth-topped boots, are of themselves not enough. But a nice bit of chinchilla or skunk or musquash, extending from the base of the skull well down the back and reaching round on either side towards the pearl tie-pin, is bound to catch the eye of the fair voter and to win her approval.

It matters not what the coat be lined with. There need be no fur out of sight; so long as the collar is a conspicuous feature of the scene when the Candidate comes down the street it makes no difference whether the lining be of fur or silk, cotton or sackcloth.

Poverty is no excuse for eschewing the fur collar. Labour Members have been known to affect it, and to win; and any journalist who has succeeded in getting into Parliament would be only too willing to say where he borrowed the coat that achieved his success.



### THE FOUR-HUNDRED-POUND LOOK.

FIRST SPLENDID PAUPER. "I HEAR WE'VE GOT TO REFORM OURSELVES THIS SESSION. HOW WOULD YOU SET ABOUT IT?"

SECOND DITTO. "WELL, TO START WITH, I SHOULD TAKE THE COMMONS AS A MODEL AND INSIST ON THEIR VOTING US A BIT OF POCKET-MONEY."



*Spectator (furious at the reticence of the referee). "WHAT'S THE WHISTLE FOR?"*

*Informative Stranger (on his first visit). "I UNDERSTAND THAT IT IS A SIGNAL FROM THE REFEREE TO THE PLAYERS TO INDICATE THAT THE GAME IS TEMPORARILY STOPPED OWING TO A BREACH OF THE RULES, OR TO THE BALL HAVING PASSED OUT OF THE FIELD OF PLAY, OR——"* (*Ambulance sent for.*)

## THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

### III.—THE FUNERAL.

[*"Tyltyl. It seems hardly worth while, then, to take so much trouble."*—*The Betrothal.*]

I AM afraid this little Guiggol has somehow got mixed up with M. MAETER-LINCK; but the two schools have, of course, a good deal in common, so it should work out fairly well.

The play opens in The Place Which is Neither Here nor There; it seems to be a high hill entirely surrounded by fog. The unfortunate *Bill Tyl* and his sister *Methyl*\* are doing their utmost to die, driven on by the sinister figure of *Indigestion*, which grows larger and larger as the play progresses. They meet with a good deal of opposition in their simple project, and when the play begins they have already been to The House of Uncles and The Abode of the Half-Baked for permission to die; but they always find that before they can do it they have to go to just one more place for information and advice. It is like walking up one of those tiresome

mountains which never seem to have a top; or it is like trying to find out which Government Department is *really* responsible; or it is like . . . But enough.

*Bill* and *Methyl* have now been told that they cannot die until they have gone down and rescued all the people that have been left in The Lurch during their lives; so they are discovered standing on the hill preparing to go down into The Lurch. *Indigestion* endeavours to dissuade them, saying that they had much better go down the other side of the hill into The Limbo. But the seductive figure of *Food* intervenes, gorgeously dressed in aspic, and eventually prevails.

At this point there is a jolly bit of dialogue:—

*Bill (profoundly).* Food is good.

*The Oldest Uncle (I forget how he got there).* Food is very good.

*Food (mysteriously).* The food which you eat is good, but the food which you do not eat is better.

*Methyl (frightened).* What does she mean?

*Bill.* I do not know what she means.

*Food.* I do not know what I mean.

*The O. U.* I do not know what the author means.

*M.* Does anybody know what he means?

*Indigestion.* He does not mean anything.

*Bill.* Oh, oh! I wish he would mean something.

*Ind.* He is pulling your leg.  
The next scene is The Lurch itself, a very horrible place, where we see all the people who have been left in it wishing they could get out of it; at least we don't see them because the whole place is full of a dense fog; but they are there, groping about and contemplating unutterably the opaque immensities of boredom. Their hands move invisibly through the vast gloom, plying the instruments of *Destiny*; they are, in fact, knitting. You see, they are nearly all Old Maids. None of them can be got out of The Lurch until those who left them in it remember them and return. There are also, of course, large crowds of Old Men in all stages of decay. Many of them are Colonels who have been left in The Lurch by the Government, and naturally there is no hope for them. It is all extremely sad.

\* Who afterwards gave her name to the celebrated spirits.

In low tones they do a little dialogue, like sheep bleating on the Mountains of Eternity.

*The Oldest Old Maid.* Will he never come?

*The Oldest Old Maid But One.* He will never come.

*A Frightfully Old Man.* The fog is very foggy.

*The O. O. M.* It is difficult to see things in a fog.

*The O. O. M. B. O.* If he came I should not see him.

*An Awfully Old Colonel.* You are lucky.

*The O. O. M. B. O.* I am not lucky.

*The O. O. M.* She is not lucky.

*A F. O. M.* There must be some mistake.

*An A. O. C.* You are not waiting for the Government. That is what I meant.

*The O. O. M.* Oh, oh! He meant something.

*A F. O. M.* There must be some mistake.

*The O. O. M. B. O.* Oh, oh! Somebody is coming.

*Bill* and his party come in on all-fours. You cannot see them because of the fog, but you can hear them coughing. It is terrible. There is a scene of intense intensity while *Bill Tyl* and *Methyl* crawl about trying to find the people they have come to find. *Bill* keeps finding the *Awfully Old Colonel* by mistake, and this causes a great deal of emotion. The one he is after is *The Oldest Old Maid But One*, and, as she says nothing but "Oh, Oh, I cannot smell him," instead of saying, "Here I am, *Bill*," it is very difficult to identify her.

But suddenly *Methyl* remembers that in all her blameless life *she has never left anyone in The Lurch*. (Wood-wind, *sotto voce*—and strings, *vibrato*.) The rule is that anyone who comes down to The Lurch and remembers things like that may rescue everyone who is in The Lurch at the time.

This gives general satisfaction and the whole party sets off to the top, Old Maids and all.

In the next scene we are back at The Place Which Is Neither Here Nor There again, only now we have a splendid view of The Place of Ecstasy and The Golden Sea. Also a little to the left we see the yawning chasms of The Limbo (which is only one better than The Lurch).

The Place of Ecstasy is top-hole. Gleaming unspeakably in the unimaginable radiance of the inconceivable light (80 watts), immense columns of barley-sugar melt away into space, avenue by avenue, while just below in The Golden Sea, which is entirely composed of the finest golden syrup, wallow in



"TWO MISTAKES HERE, WAITER—ONE IN YOUR FAVOUR, ONE IN MINE."  
"IN YOUR FAVOUR, SIR? WHERE?"

a refined manner Those Who Have Arrived.

The travellers feast their eyes on this vision of bliss. And now comes the terrible, Guiggolian thrill. There has been a good deal of dialogue on the way up from The Lurch, and poor *Bill* has been brooding gloomily over the prospect of spending eternity in the same company.

All the *Old Birds* are standing in a violet haze of ineffable gladness on the brink, with joyous springs of orangeade bubbling at their feet and castor sugar descending in showers all round, when

*Bill* has a very naughty impulse, which I regret to say he makes no attempt to resist.

He pushes the whole crowd of *Old Birds* over into The Limbo. Then with a great cry of joy he and *Methyl* plunge into the *Golden Sea* . . .

*Food* and *Indigestion* are left behind—immutable, eternal . . .

CURTAIN. A. P. H.

"The — Waterworks Committee yesterday decided to make application for a Ministry of failure."—*Provincial Paper*.  
Which one would they like?



## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

v.

It seems high time to consider the Extreme or Vorticist School in modern poetry. Unfortunately Vorticist poems, even the best ones, seldom have any metre or plot, and this is rather tiresome. We have thought it better therefore to construct the kind of poem which WILLIAM WORDSWORTH might have written if he had suddenly become a Vorticist at about half-past four on a February afternoon. And, instead of calling it *Spokes* or *Clatter* or *Hullabaloo*, as we might otherwise have done, we have adopted the more stately title of—

ODE ON EBULLITIONS OF ECCENTRICITY THAT OUGHT TO  
• HAVE BEEN OVERCOME IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

Well then :—

I have a mind where meadow, grove and stream  
And common things like cats and bricks

To me do seem

Much as they might to lunatics,  
The strange hallucinations of a dream.

Prosaic persons think I am a bore :

Think whatsoe'er they may,

I see and say

That is a pea-green monkey climbing up the door.

The rainbow comes and blows

A cornet to the rose ;

The moon amidst the night

Shrills louder than the trombone's blare ;

Waters from a topaz height

Let down their turquoise hair ;

And songs of birds are ripened fruit,

And shadows creak through woodlands sleek—

In all that shimmering uproar why must I be mute ?

Now, while the sharp falsetto of the rain

Shampoos the bleak and bistre square

And all seems lone and bare,

A crimson motive flaunts upon the breeze,

A parrot voice reiterating "TEAS,"

And I feel well again.

The clockwork buses move towards the Strand ;

And there are golden-ceilinged cafés still,

And penny toys are sold on Ludgate Hill,

And bales of incense come from Samarcand ;

Things are not really bad ;

My crackling thought

Munches the future like an ought,

And how shall I be sad

When toasted teacakes can be had ?

Ye glittering ones

Pounce round me, let me see ye pounce, ye panther-hearted  
buns !

Ye buttered crumpets, I have heard the call

Of crocodile to crocodile,

In amorous morasses near the Nile ;

And seen the crested lizard scrawl

"Tarzan" on a temple wall,

Or, if I have not seen, I dreamed—I dreamed it all.

O hapless day ! if a critic

Should breathe some word of annoyance,

Marring my joyance,

In a world paralytic

And plumed and tense,

And ask what in thunder can be the sense

Of sound-waves—and still the words outpour

As the babble of children when they roar

"Hurray ! Hurray ! It is my birthday !"

Yet fears I have, not frequent, when  
I gaze upon the books of bygone men,  
That make me ask, "Is mine a poet's pen?"

The primrose at my feet

Takes up the awful bleat ;

And "Yes, it is, it is, it is !" I scream ;

"Give me more cake—more cake and lots more cream."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then come from mountains high and hear my prayer,

Ye Muses with the waspish golden hair

And faces lovely as warm apricots,

Woolly and freckled over with brown spots,

And plump as bird-song at the break of day,

And lead me under yak-haired deodars

That eat the fretted orange of the day,

To find flamingoes, rising a pink spray,

And warm as stars ;

And let me listen to the creaking moon

And hear the brittle laughter of the breeze,

Patchouli-scented as a blonde marquise ;

And publish me at once, and publish soon.

Thanks to the vogue of Futuristic things

And constant tumult of a negroid band,

To me a chocolate *éclair* often brings

Thoughts that not even nurse can understand.

EVOL.

## "FORTY-(TWO) YEARS ON."

It is a pleasant thought that Lord HALSBURY will not be more than a hundred and thirty-eight when the last instalment of Germany's indemnity is paid. Many of us will not live to see that happy day, forty-two years hence, but we have great hopes that his lordship will. Our gallant PREMIER, still, we trust, enjoying his punctual personal triumphs, will be exactly a hundred ; WINSTON CHURCHILL, ready as ever to exchange office if there is any new departmental world to conquer, will be eighty-nine ; Mr. BONAR LAW, vowing with the old faithful cry never to desert *Mr. Micawber*, will be a hundred-and-five ; Lord ROBERT CECIL will be ninety-nine, and brother HUGH ninety-five, but their independence will be as marked as ever ; and Mr. BERNARD SHAW will be an *enfant terrible* of a hundred-and-seven, but still crying in the wilderness. And *les jeunes*, it is terrible to think what will have happened to them, for forty-two years is a long spell. The rebels of the Café Royal, where will their revolts be then ? How many will have R.A. after their names ? The *vers-librists* will have come into rhyme, like all the rest, and be solid British merchants. And, saddest of all, HOBBS and HENDREN will be old fellows of eighty-one and seventy-four, with all their runs behind them. Let us draw the curtain on such scenes as these.

And what of the world at large ? Will there be general disarmament ? Will there be any houses, any flats, any servants ? What kind of a land will England be for heroes ? Who can say ? One thing only is certain : *Chu Chin Chow* will still be running.

## "THE LITTLE FISHES

ARE THEY ENDANGERED BY OIL?"

Referring to a recent paragraph in *Punch* with the above heading, a correspondent writes : "Last week I bought a tin of sardines ; upon opening it I found the box full of oil and *every fish was quite dead !*"

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON at the Harrow Luncheon Club :—

"Many parents desired that the education given at the school should fit a boy for any modern vacation."—*Local Paper*.

And, to do it justice, we believe it does.





## A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

"I SAY—COME AND DANCE. THIS IS A TOPPIN' FOX-TROT THEY'RE PLAYIN'."

"THANKS—BUT I'M ONLY WALTZING THIS EVENING. WE'RE STILL IN MOURNING, YOU KNOW."

## BIG SHIPS OR STANDARD BALLS?

(Being an impression of the principal correspondence columns of a contemporary.)

We continue to receive a large number of letters on the relative merits of the submersible ball and the battleship. We print to-day, among others, a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Bowling, who deals with the question from the point of view of bunker-accommodation, and another, signed "Hydroplane," on the subject of "Flight and Float."

SIR,—The whole subject of tee-power resolves itself into the question of bunkers. A vessel whose bunkers cannot carry sufficient coal for a protracted cruise is useless. Well, a ball that cannot carry bunkers is useless, whether it floats or submerges. Unless these elementary facts can be drummed into the heads of the effete politicians at Whitehall who control the destinies of the royal and ancient game, the whole future is in the hands of the United States. Yours, etc., T. BOWLING.

SIR,—To those who can read the signs of the times it is clear that the key to future success is summed up in the two words "Flight" and "Float." "Flight" to enable you to cross a water-hazard; "Float" to enable you to find your ball if you drop into it.

The suggestion that all seaside courses should be covered in, to protect them from hostile aircraft, is as pusillanimous as it is impracticable. The only sound policy is to defeat the enemy *in the air* by devising a ball that will outrange him.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,  
HYDROPLANE.

SIR,—It is now some weeks since I first propounded the simple question, "What is the use of a baffy?" Hitherto I have received only one answer; it came from a simple but intelligent caddie, who told me that it was "no dam good at all."

That caddie was *right*.

But how long is it going to take the Admiralty to make up their minds about it? How much longer will they con-

tinue to be led by the nose by the foreigner and waste the taxpayers' money on these expensive monstrosities? Will they at last realise that, on the ocean and in the fairway alike, iron beats wood every time?

I have fought against many bogeys in my time and defeated them. Let us not be put off our game.

Yours, etc., PERCY SPOT.

"Arrangements for holding the sessions of the Councils under the new constitutions in Delhi are nearing completion. The ventilation of the Chamber has been improved by the installation of five large exhaust fans, which will continually draw out hot air."—*Indian Paper*.

A very necessary precaution.

"The lines of Tennyson, 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined'; 'No sleep till morn where youth and pleasure meet'; and 'To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,' were the subjects of three panels filled with graceful figures."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

They say TENNYSON is coming into his own again—and apparently BYRON's as well.

## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

ALL the best authors have a quotation like that at the beginning of their stories and I am no exception, only most quotations seem to me to have no possible bearing on the story, whereas there never was a more apt quotation than mine.

For I would tell you of Arthur—Arthur, our pet mouse. Not "pet" in that he was pink-eyed or white or lived in a cage. No such conditions would have suited our Arthur, for he was a man—I mean a mouse—all through.

When first Joan and I came to live in this little cottage the place was, as the saying goes, infested with mice. Joan used to sit on the piano and sing, "I love every mouse in that old-fashioned house," while I chased them round the kitchen with a poker.

It was a strenuous life. But gradually brains proved superior to numbers (I—not Joan—was in charge of the campaign of extermination), and by steady and subtle use of trap, bait and gin (an old English word meaning something quite different, of course), I steadily wiped out the field-grey hordes.

"Wiped out," did I say? Not quite. I reduced them; reduced them until only one remained. And that one was—need I tell you his name? No? Well, I will, then—it was Arthur! Little Arthur of the small twinkling feet and bright humorous eyes. Arthur cared nothing for trap or bait—or even gin. Vainly I tempted him with toasted cheese. He laughed at it openly. He would sit by his hole within an inch of the trap, his sides fairly shaking with laughter as he looked at the clumsy instrument that was to lure him to his death. Then he would become aware of Joan and myself peering cautiously round the door, and, because he was by nature a gentlemouse, he would sit up on his hind-legs and stroke his mouth vigorously, trying to stop his merriment and so save our feelings.

At last, to hurry on with our story, we made a peace. Joan, speaking on behalf of us both, told him so one evening as he sat stroking his whiskers and watching us with a twinkle in his eye.

"Arthur," she said, "you are a little sport. The fight is declared off."

And, if you will believe me (but of course you won't), Arthur deliberately

took one paw from his whiskers and saluted.

And so there was peace. Arthur came and went as he pleased until we grew thoroughly attached to him. He was as a dear younger brother. The old trap still stood baited by his door, and sometimes we would speak of it laughingly to Arthur and he would laugh with us.

Do I seem to be delaying in my story? I will hurry on again then past the happy times (which are always monotonous) to a day when Joan was making pastry one evening and I sat near her and read the evening paper.



OUR VILLAGE BAND.

Vicar. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A DRUMMER, CLUTTERBUCK."

Clutterbuck. "NOR I BE, ZUR. AN' I KNOWS NOWT 'BOUT DRUM MUSIC NEITHER; BUT I DEALS IT ONE WHEN I THINK IT WANTS IT."

"It is now a punishable offence," I read, "to have rats or mice on any premises unless the tenant can prove that he is taking effective measures to exterminate the vermin."

"Quite right too," said Joan, and then stopped.

The same thought was in both our minds.

"What about Arthur?" I asked hoarsely.

"It can't apply to a little dear like him," said Joan; "he's not vermin. Besides," she added, "we are saved in any case. There is the trap for the inspector to see."

I looked again at the paper.

"The placing of ordinary mouse or rat traps is not considered sufficient by

the authorities," I read, each word falling like a knell. (I know perfectly well that a knell does not fall, but please don't interrupt the story just here.) "Poison will be supplied by the District Rat Officer, who will personally supervise operations, and is empowered to prosecute any persons failing to comply with the regulations." There was silence.

"Poor little Arthur! Whatever shall we do?" said Joan.

Were ever people (outside, I mean, of a *Daily Mail* feuilleton) placed in so devilish a situation? On the one hand to deliver up our little Arthur to the District Rat Inspector and a Campaign of Poison, on the other the Yawning Prison Gates.

We looked in vain for light. And then we heard a faint squeak. It was Arthur. He was sitting as usual by his hole just outside the trap. He had been listening to every word. While we hesitated he had decided. He knew that if he lived the Coalition Government would throw Joan and me into gaol for harbouring him. His mind was made up. Even as we looked he squeaked a last good-bye and flung himself head-first into the trap. There was a loud snap as the spring was released, and then—silence.

Arthur was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joan and I have decided to leave the old cottage. Its memories are too painful. We are going to live in Thanet, where the sun always shines, and vote against the Government that instituted Rat Officers. The rest of Thanet—if they are true to The Amalgamated Press—will be voting against the Government for one reason or other, so at least we can count upon being among friends.

## UNPROFESSIONAL COMMERCE.

As soon as Daphne showed above the skyline, having kept me waiting about twenty minutes, I knew that there had been an adventure. Not because she was late for lunch—that would not mean anything beyond the normal—but there was a certain glint in the eye, a certain air of "I think I brought that off rather well."

"And what have you been up to this time?" I asked as soon as we were settled at a table in a corner of the restaurant.

"I have had rather a successful morning," she began. "First of all,

I've bought a new hat. I'm wearing it now. How do you like it?"

"Not so bad. It suits you very much better than that red one of yours."

I thought Daphne was going to embrace me in public.

"You've said exactly what you were meant to say," she cried, "because I've sold the red one. I'll tell you. I went to Gay and Snelbred's and, after trying on about thirty hats, I chose this one and said I'd wear it at once. While the woman was away altering the position of the feather I noticed another girl trying on hats. She had tried on a large number, and the server had gone away in search of yet more hats, when her eye fell upon my red hat lying, fortunately, in a becoming light. She seized it and put it on. I kept my head admirably. 'I fear that that hat is mine,' I said sweetly, 'but it *does* suit you, and if you really like it you can have it for thirty shillings.'

"She was awfully surprised, of course, but by the time I had succeeded in convincing her that it was really mine we were the firmest friends, and the woman who had served me returned just in time to see one pound ten disappearing into my purse.

"She did not fully grasp things at first. 'Where shall we send your hat to, Madam?' she asked.

"'You won't have to send it,' I said calmly. 'I've sold it to this lady.'

"She gave a sort of gurgling gasp and her eyes positively bulged at me. It was evident that such a thing had never happened in all the annals of Gay and Snelbred, and, the other server returning at that moment bearing a creation in velvet at four and a-half guineas, the extraordinary incident was imparted to her in a horrified voice.

"An animated discussion ensued. It seemed to be the general opinion that it simply couldn't be done.

"'But it's been done,' I said.

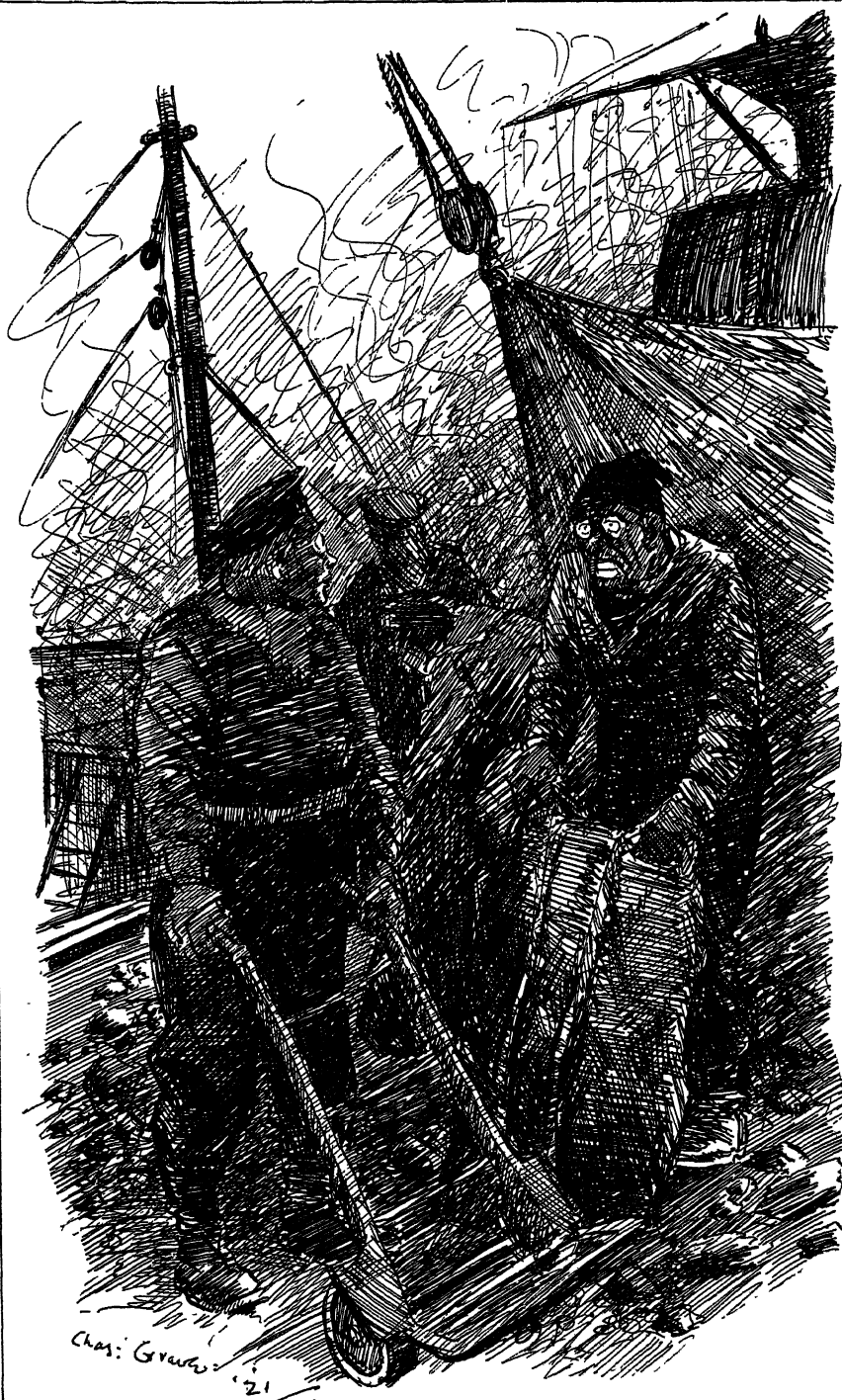
"More discussion. Then, as a final bolt, 'We must fetch Mr. Pellett.'"

"Well," I asked, as Daphne ceased speaking and attacked the *hors d'œuvre*, "this is most interesting. What did Mr. Pellett say?"

"To tell you the truth I don't know. You see, it was getting so late, and you don't like being kept waiting, do you? As it was, you were just a little bit strict. So, much as I should have liked to meet Mr. Pellett, I took the opportunity to slip away."

I felt extremely disappointed at this tame ending, but had to content myself with speculating on the most probable *dénouement*.

Messrs. Gay and Snelbred certainly had a case against Daphne and her friend for dealing in a commodity on



First Jack (engaged in coaling a battleship). "DO YOU THINK AS SUBMARINES WILL EVER MAKE BATTLESHIPS OUT O' DATE, SAM?"

Second Jack. "I BLINKIN' WELL 'OPE SO."

their premises without their permission. They may well have refused to send the other lady's hat home for her, because she hadn't bought one from them. She may have carried it away in her hand, of course. On the other hand they may have seized it in payment of what we may describe as corkage.

The situation is certainly packed with possibilities, and now I come to think

of it we might have a Prize Competition about it. A prize of two guineas for the best solution in not more than five hundred words is accordingly offered by the Editor (of some other paper).

"Mr. Lloyd George was to-day presented with the freedom of the city in a silver guilt casket."—*Birmingham Paper*.

We suspect a Wee Free hand in this.



Manager (by way of introducing rival stars). "LET ME SEE, HAVE YOU TWO GLARED AT EACH OTHER BEFORE?"

### LONDON DOCKS.

#### GHOSTS IN DEPTFORD.

If ghosts should walk in Deptford, as very well they may,  
A man might find the night there more stirring than the day,  
Might meet a Russian Tsar there or see, in Spain's despite,  
QUEEN BESS ride down to Deptford to dub Sir FRANCIS knight.

And loitering here and yonder, and jostling to and fro,  
In every street and alley the sailor-folk would go,  
All colours, creeds and nations, in fashion old and new—  
If ghosts should walk in Deptford, as like enough they do.

And there'd be some with pigtails, and some with buckled shoes,  
And smocks and caps like pirates, that sailors once did use,  
And high sea-boots and oilskins and tarry dungaree,  
And shoddy suits men sold them when they came fresh from sea.

And there'd be stout old skippers and mates of mighty hand,  
And Chinks and swarthy Dagoes, and Yankees lean and tanned,  
And many a hairy shellback burned black from Southern skies,  
And brass-bound young apprentice with boyhood's eager eyes.

And by the river reaches all silver to the moon  
You'd hear the shipwrights' hammers beat out a phantom tune,

The caulkers' ghostly mallets rub-dub their faint tattoo—  
If ghosts should walk in Deptford, as very like they do.

If ghosts should walk in Deptford and ships return once more  
To every well-known mooring and old familiar shore,  
A sight it were to see there, of all fine sights there be,  
The shadowy ships of Deptford come crowding in from sea.

Cog, carrack, buss and dromond—pink, pinnacle, snake and snow—

Queer rigs of antique fashion that vanished long ago,  
With tall and towering foc'sles and curving carven prows,  
And gilded great poop-lanterns and scrolled and swelling bows.

The Baltic barque that foundered in last month's North Sea gales,

And last year's lost Cape Horner with the wonder on her sails,  
Black tramp and stately liner should lie there side by side—  
Ay, all should berth together upon that silent tide.

In dock and pond and basin so close the keels should lie  
Their hulls should hide the water, their masts make dark the sky,

And through their tangled rigging the netted stars should gleam

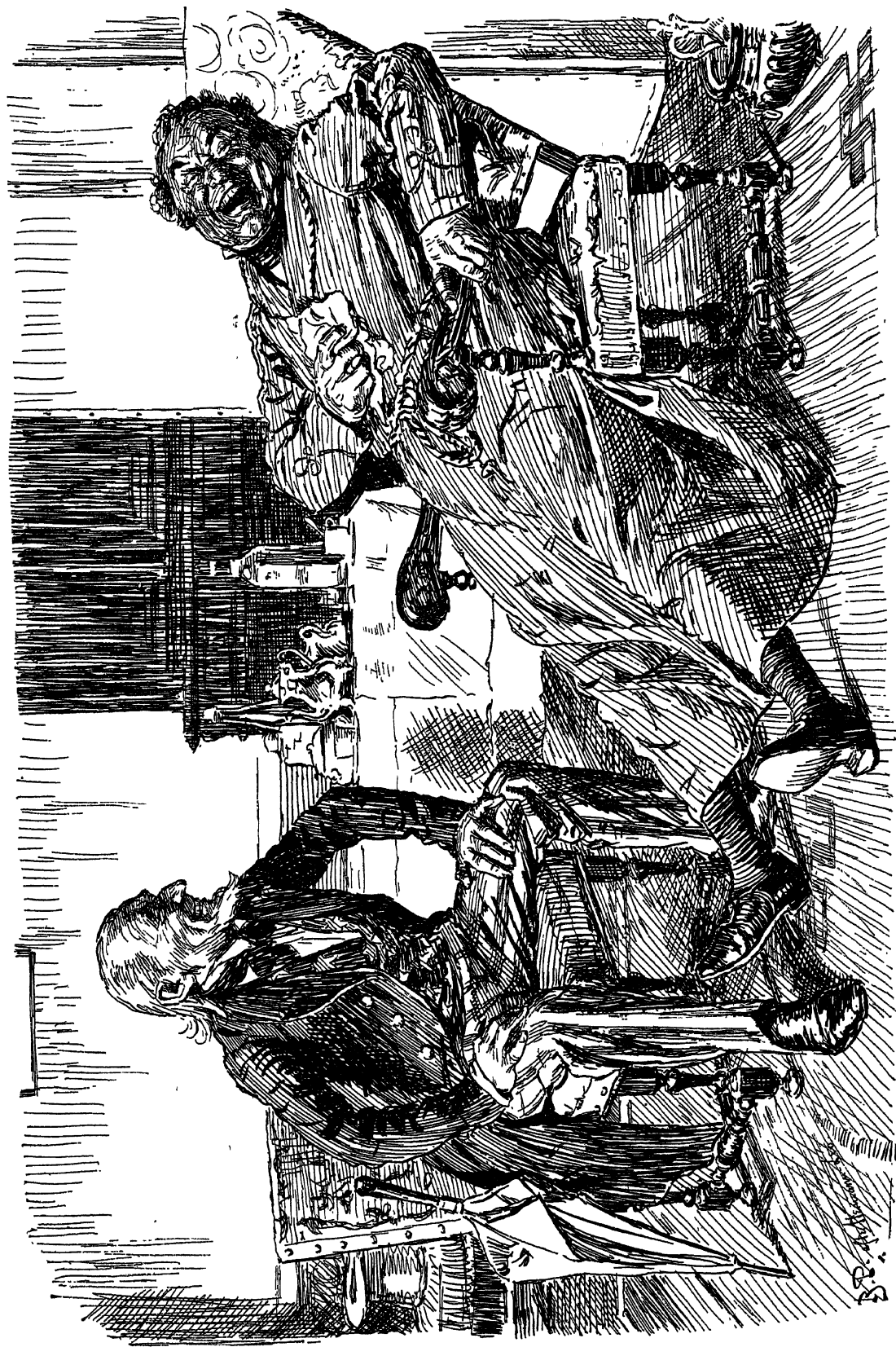
Like gold and silver fishes from some celestial stream.

And all their quivering royals and all their singing spars  
Should send a ghostly music a-shivering to the stars,  
A sound like Norway forests when wintry winds are high,  
Or old dead seamen's shanties from great old days gone by,

Till eastward over Limehouse, on river, dock and slum,  
All shot with pearl and crimson, the London dawn should come,

And fast at flash of sunrise and swift at break of day  
The shadowy ships of Deptford should melt like mist away.

C. F. S.

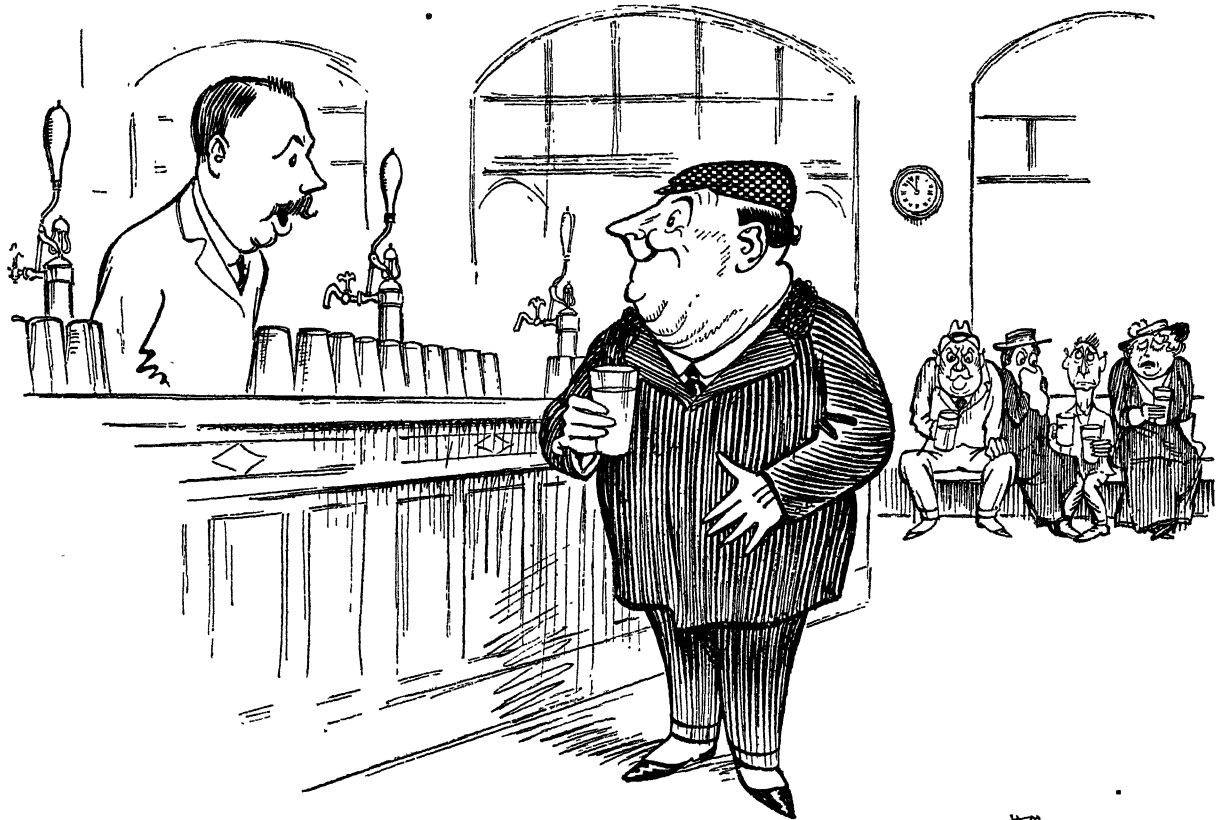


“UNE BONNE HISTOIRE.”

UNCLE SAM. “THEY TELL ME, JOHN, THAT YOU AND I ARE DRIFTING INTO WAR!”







H.M.  
BATEMAN:  
21.

### THE MAN WHO LIKED IT: A PUMP-ROOM SENSATION.

#### LITERARY SELF-ADVERTISEMENT.

THE young philanderer in *How He Lied to Her Husband* (Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW) produces tickets for a performance of *Candida* (Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW). In *The Betrothal* (M. MAETERLINCK) the principal character, as pointed out in Mr. Punch's notice, makes a reference to *The Blue Bird* (M. MAETERLINCK).

Solitary cases, lightly considered at the time, often herald the outbreak of a far-reaching epidemic, and, without wishing to be an alarmist, I feel that we should try not to be scandalised if Mr. GALSWORDY gives us something like this in his next:—

*Hornblower.* Ye think this and ye think tha-at, but, by Goom, Ah'm telling ye what happened before.

*Forsyte.* Nonsense.

*H.* Ah tell ye it did.

*F. (anxious).* Not—?

*H. (triumphant).* Ay.

*F. (slowly).* In the—

*H. (shouting).* Skin Game!

[CURTAIN.]

And for those who assisted last Thurs-

day at the first performance of the play in which Mr. WELLS and Mr. ERVINE have collaborated, there must have been some anxious moments. The proposal scene, for example, might conceivably contain dialogue on the following lines:—

*George.* Once all this would have mattered immensely—the absolute obliteration of everything. But the trouble is that we don't really exist.

*Ethel.* But Mr. St. JOHN ERVINE said in *The Obs*—

*G. (disregarding interruption).* We want to do things. Things that matter. We strain to be something until all the fine aspirations of youth become blunted by meanness and ugliness. Mud and slime. And so it has been through all the History of the World.

*E. (intelligently).* Then you too have read Mr. H. G. WELLS's *Outline*?

Or, again, in one of your hardy feuilletons by Miss Pearl Bellairs:—

Trevor breathed deeply, his broad chest rising and falling tumultuously, and *Roseate Mists* (the novel to which this present one is a sequel) slipped from his brown fingers. His deep-set grey eyes, which ordinarily gazed so ruthlessly from beneath the steady black brows that strong men flinched from their glance, now kindled with a tender light, and round his finely chiselled nose, inflexible mouth and purposeful

chin the harsh lines relaxed, and his face became suffused with an unaccustomed gentleness.

"Then—you—love me?" he faltered huskily. "Yes," she whispered, pillowing her head on his shoulder with a happy little sigh. "There has been a mistake all along, just as there was in *Purple Twilights* by Miss Pearl Bellairs."

"And also," he said, kissing her full on the mouth, his great arms crushing her in their strong embrace, "in *The Heliotrope Curtains*, by the same author. Both," he whispered to the enchanting curl which nestled by her dainty ear, "published by Blotto and Bent, eight-and-sixpence net."

At this point it is perhaps not out of place to remark that it is impossible to judge the capabilities of a literary artist from a short article such as this. I would therefore urge the reader, before forming any opinion on my work, to purchase some of my novels, of which I can specially recommend—

[Not in these columns.—Ed.]

"No time limit has yet been decided upon for the Scottish visit, but it may be taken for certain that the Prince will spend from four to seven days south of the Tweed."

*Glasgow Paper.*

No English paper would have dared to hint at a change in the site of Scotland.



*Prospective Owner.* "BUT THIS CAN'T BE THE BOAT I'VE COME DOWN TO SEE? THE ADVERTISEMENT SAYS SHE'S WELL KNOWN ON THE SOUTH COAST."

*Local Worthy.* "THEN THIS MUST BE HER, SIR. SHE'S BIN LAYIN' UP 'ERE SO LONG SHE'S A REG'LER LANDMARK."

#### A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE.

In the "best," central, right-hand page,  
To high affairs once consecrated,  
And where the Leaders of the Age  
Are still in leaders flagellated;  
Where FISHER vented his disgust—  
That most vivacious 'Bible-quoter—  
The only theme to-day discussed  
Is "Shall we standardise the  
Floater?"

No more for what shall take the place  
Of Battleships we go a-hunting,  
Where pushful PERCY set the pace,  
Past-master of the art of stunting;  
The topic which a week ago  
I tackled with my morning bloater  
Yields to the clash of *con* and *pro*  
The standardising of the Floater.

No more one reads the wondrous screeds  
That hailed Miss PICKFORD as  
"Queen Mary,"

No more one's heart in anguish bleeds  
Over the PREMIER's last vagary;  
Nay, e'en the hopes of Cardigan  
And the rebellious Cambrian voter  
Play second fiddle to the plan  
How we may standardise the Floater.

Strange that a most "colossal" brain  
(*Vide* the tribute of the KAISER)  
In his peculiar "news" domain  
Should not be just a little wiser;  
Strange that the Saviour of the State,  
A Super-Ptolemy and Soter,

Should now select for high debate  
The standardising of the Floater!

What next may follow in this craze  
For glorifying unessentials  
One knows not, and one only prays  
For themes that carry *some* creden-  
tials;

It may be "Hygiene in Hats,"  
Or "Should a Bishop wear a  
'bouter'?"

Or "Shall we chloroform all cats?"—  
It cannot sink below the Floater.

Golf needs no praise in print or speech,  
Though it is growing, *pace* RIDDELL,  
A luxury beyond the reach  
Of all the class that's labelled  
"middle";

But still *est modus*; and *The Times*  
Was ne'er from sanity remoter  
Than when it justified these rhymes  
By fetish-worship of the Floater.

"Carpentier wants employment, help at  
anything. Box 386."—*Canadian Paper.*  
Can't DEMPSEY pretend to be 386 and  
give him a job?

"Tarantulus, 3-bottle, one broken, Rs. 15."  
*Ceylon Paper.*

"His comrades returned with him to the  
vault, and began the chase of what was after-  
wards described as a tantalus or giant spider."  
*Liverpool Paper.*

Thus East joins West in a community  
of misprints.

#### THE DRUG HABIT.

WE of the New Poor, who are cut  
off by financial considerations from golf  
and theatres and even the pictures,  
cannot afford to neglect any little gra-  
tuitous diversion that comes our way.  
And in what will you find better free  
entertainment than in the sight of other  
people taking their medicine? How  
else can you witness such startling facial  
contortions, unless you pay good money  
to watch cinema stars doing it for a  
living?

Very well, then, when our friends and  
relations are ill (but not too ill) let us  
not forget to be thankful for small  
mercies.

The exponents of the delicate and  
varied art of medicine-taking may be  
conveniently classified as Stoical, Abus-  
ive, Appreciative, Familiar and Frankly  
Cowardly.

The Stoical are strong silent men  
(less frequently women), such as SETON  
MERRIMAN used to write about, who  
scorn to betray any emotion and drink  
down the most nauseating draught as  
though it were clear spring water,  
scarcely raising their eyes from their  
newspapers. Only by the stern set line  
of their lips immediately afterwards can  
one take the measure of their marvel-  
lous self-control.

The Abusive are a different type alto-  
gether. One gathers from their loud

and emphatic remarks that the doctor does it on purpose to spite them, knowing the delicacy of their palates; and that he shall never darken their doors again. They tell you this when they have drunk half the allotted portion. Then, having eyed the rest furiously, they gulp it down, bang down the glass with an emphasis that threatens its very existence and stamp from the room.

Widely different again are the Appreciative drug-absorbers. A parish doctor will tell you that this type is to be found in the most perfect state among his old women, whose principal enjoyment in life is their weekly or bi-weekly bottle of medicine. They judge of the strength and efficacy of the drug by its nastiness, and they roll a really loathsome one round their mouths with a gusto that suggests that other and worse things than olives and caviare may be an "acquired taste." The difficulty with people of this type is not to make them take their medicine, but to prevent them from taking (1) all their own allowance for a week in one day, and (2) as much of other people's as they can manage to commandeer.

By the Familiar I mean the people who profess to know all about the ingredients of their medicines and the effect that they will have on their complaints. Fred is one of them. He holds his glass up to the light, tastes it in epicurean fashion and analyses it as containing *sodii sal.* or *nux vomica*, "with just a leetle too much gentian in it, my dear doctor;" or tells you that he's having a little ordinary *mist. aceti co.* this time. My own opinion is that Fred is a fraud and that when he is drinking stuff like rotten sea-water he talks about potash and ammonia just to divert your attention from his disgust at the flavour.

Of course the most satisfactory people, from a spectacular point of view, are the Frankly Cowardly, and by the mercy of Providence they are also by far the most numerous, so that scarce one of us need go all the winter through without being cheered by the performance of one or two of them. And for that reason the performance is too well known to need description. The groans and gasps and shrieks, the coughings and splutterings and shrinkings and shudderings—have we not all witnessed these things? Nay, have not many of us on occasion even contributed such to the mirth of nations?

So much for classifications. Above and beyond all these must be mentioned Cook, who, firmly declining to be "gawped at," retires with her draught of healing to the scullery, where, for all we know, a sink being conveniently handy, it becomes in effect a libation to Hygieia.



### PSYCHO-ANALYSIS:

OR, THE NEW GAME OF LAYING BARE ONE'S INMOST SOUL.

#### DISCIPLINE.

(By a Student of the present state of Unrest.)

THE rain, it did not cease to pour;

The sea was "rather rough";

The Poet stood upon the shore

And felt he'd had enough;

He felt that he could do without

The overhanging murk;

"Come out, old Sun," he cried, "come out,

And do a job of work!"

That Poet meant to have his way

Or know the reason why,

And opposition yields to-day

To him whose hand is high;

"Come out, old Sol, and stay out too!"

(He called him by his name);

"Come out, you lazy lubber, you!" ...

And out the old 'un came.

"The tyrant touch is but required,"

The Poet said, "and that's"

Dictatorship so much desired

By proletariats."

His wife confessed a sense of thrill

(As women should withal)

Then set about (as women will)

To go and spoil it all.

There are who love the kindness-cum-Conciliation touch,

Who ask of life the minimum

And thank it overmuch;

Her humble word of thanks to Sol,

Polite and kindly meant,

Was wasted on his brazen poll,

And in the blighter went.

The rain it recommenced to pour;

The wind came with the rain;

The Poet stood upon the shore

Too cross to try again;

The sea was rough and even rude,

The Sun was firmly "in."

That came of trying gratitude

Instead of discipline.

F. O. L.

## OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

### THE EPISODE OF THE GLEAMING EYE.

To the simple seafarers who form the greater part of the brotherhood of the White Ensign there seems something uncanny, something awe-inspiring, about the subtle workings of the Naval Intelligence Department. The peculiar atmosphere of mystery which envelops the members of this branch of the Service always fills us with a disquieting sense of inferiority when in their presence. They have the impressive manner, too; one feels instinctively that they know more than they care to tell.

This is particularly the case with Sebastian Carraway, one of the shining lights, or perhaps I should say one of the dark lanterns, of the N.I.D. Only hear him talk for five minutes and you will begin to realise how history comes to be made.

It is true that the general public as yet knows neither the name nor the deeds of Sebastian Carraway. Wait till he is at liberty to publish his diary. Then you will learn, for example, of the daring German plot to lower our naval prestige by kidnapping the statue of NELSON from the summit of his column in Trafalgar Square and substituting in its place an effigy of VON TIRPITZ. You will read with intense interest how Sebastian, having discovered the conspiracy, secretly substituted himself for the figure of the Admiral and, when the marauders dropped silently from the sky in an airship, calmly handed their astonished commander a pamphlet entitled "Elementary Hints on Espionage, for Beginners." You will also read—but it would be unfair both to Sebastian and his publishers if I anticipated this remarkable volume any further. I will confine myself to recording a little adventure in his career which I have reason to suspect may be absent from its pages.

I was spending a brief leave in London and Sebastian had snatched a few hours from his task of baffling the cunning stratagems of unscrupulous foreign agents to take me round. As a special treat he took me to the Café des Assassins.

The Café des Assassins, Sebastian informed me, is a bit of the genuine underworld. There you may see hirsute cosmopolitans drinking beer and wiping their unkempt beards with fine careless sweeps of the forearm. Old-fashioned Russian anarchists, driven into exile by the violence of the Bolshevik régime, sit brooding sorrowfully over the dear old past. Suspicious-looking foreigners with saturnine features come and go furtively. The place makes you realise what a terrible thing a national strike of barbers would be.

Sebastian was in his element; the congenial atmosphere seemed to stimulate his imagination. He regaled me with a series of personal reminiscences that MÜNCHHAUSEN himself, entertaining a squad of Marines, would have been fully extended in surpassing. I began to suspect that my innocence was being imposed upon.

"Why, you sea-going beans would never believe half the things we run up against every day in the ordinary routine of duty," he observed patronisingly.

"Not a quarter," I admitted, secretly nettled by his slighting reference to me as a "sea-going bean."

Sebastian smiled complacently and began pointing out notorious characters seated around us. There was scarcely one of them, it appeared, who had not good cause to know and fear him.

"Who should you think that is coming in now?" he inquired.

"Not—surely it can't be *Tarzan*," I hazarded.

Sebastian frowned. "That man," he said, "is a Jugo-

Slovakian spy, who——" He broke off suddenly and clutched my arm in a convulsive grasp. "Good heavens," he cried, "there's the mysterious Count Omega."

I started in spite of myself. "Where?" I exclaimed.

"Two tables to the right," hissed Sebastian, "sitting with his back to us—in the bowler hat. That is the president of the most powerful secret society in the world, the Fraternity of the Gleaming Eye. Their agents are everywhere. That man has baffled the police of four continents time and again."

At that moment the Count slightly turned his head and I caught a glimpse of his face. It was quite an ordinary one.

"Are you sure that's the man, Sebastian?" I asked.

"I don't make mistakes," he said tersely.

I felt that the moment had come to assert myself.

"Well, just to show you what we sea-going beans think of your secret societies," I said deliberately, "I'll bet you a level five bob I'll knock the fellow's hat off."

Sebastian gazed at me in horror. "My dear fellow," he cried hoarsely, "it would be sheer suicide! Nothing could save you from his vengeance. The Gleaming Eye would have you in less than an hour."

"Pouf," I exclaimed, "Gleaming Eyes don't worry me;" and, shaking off Sebastian's frantic clutch, I strode up behind the unsuspecting Count Omega and with a deft movement tilted his bowler smartly over his nose on to the table.

The President of the Fraternity of the Gleaming Eye sprang to his feet with a snort of surprise and turned on his assailant. It looked as if I was bound to feel the icy thrust of a stiletto between my ribs; but I stood my ground. Then a strange thing happened.

The countenance of the mysterious Count Omega was seen to broaden into a grin of recognition and he held out his hand.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "why, I thought you were somewhere up round Scapa. Sit down and have a drink."

"Delighted," I replied; "but first let me introduce you to a friend of mine who I'm sure is most anxious to make your acquaintance," and I turned to lead him to the spot where I had just left Sebastian.

But Sebastian had fled.

## THE POET AND HIS PUBLIC.

I SENT them at Christmas a volume of verses,

A modest collection of gems of my own

I had lately exposed to the critical mercies

Of a world which had left it severely alone;

I doubted their taste for my "Petals of Poppy,"

But still to a far from pecunious bard

This use of my last complimentary copy

Was cheaper than buying a card.

So when to their home yestereven I journeyed

And called on the twain, I was fittingly proud

And more than a little astonished to learn he'd

But lately been reading my verses aloud;

I cooed with delight as he hastened to mention

The tonic effect of my stanzas "To Greece,"

A poem she also found worthy attention

And called it a "nice little piece."

But gone in a moment, snuffed out like a taper,

Is all the elation to which I've confessed.

This morning at breakfast I saw in my paper

That reading is useful to strengthen the chest;

Since when a suspicion I cannot ignore racks

My soul with a fear that has steadily grown:—

Did the poem (my longest) please only his thorax

By taking most time to intone?

# CARNIVALITIS.

*Duration of attacks, two to three hours.*



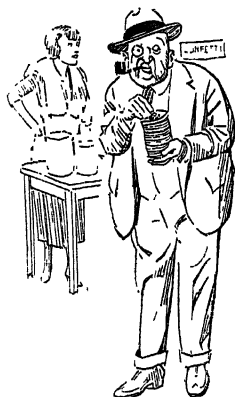
"ROTTEN, I CALL IT—



—ALL THIS CONFOUNDED—



—CONFETTI BUSINESS.



OF COURSE IT AMUSES—



—SOME SILLY—



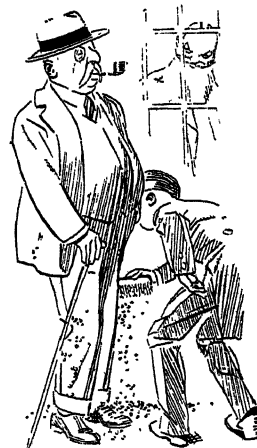
—ASSES.



JUST THE SORT OF THING—



—THAT WOULD AMUSE THEM.



ROTTEN, I CALL IT."

## NON-SUITED.

WHEN Sir Harold (but more often 'Arold) Duesbury had by unsparing patriotism amassed a considerable fortune during the Great Upheaval he decided that he had reached that stage of social development at which a man should bear arms (not in his hands, Heaven forbid, but emblazoned over the chimney-piece in his manorial hall, upon the panels of his Daimhard, his Rollergique and his Fordler, also upon his gold watch, ditto cigarette case, and on each and every article upon which armorial bearings might, could, would and, by Jove, *should* be emblazoned).

Urged thereto also by Lady Duesbury and the heir, home from Harchester for the holidays, Sir Harold hied him to the College of Arms, where heraldic balm is dispensed.

The fact that his family tree must have been nurtured in a hedgerow troubled the good knight not at all; the Earl Marshal's Court, now but an entrance-hall and waiting-room of the College, neither impressed nor depressed him. What occupied his thoughts was an anxiety lest his English pronunciation should escape his precarious hold upon it during the approaching interview.

A door opening on his right, he was ushered into the presence of a pursuivant (unfortunately anglicised into "percyvant"), who bowed politely and asked how he could serve his visitor.

"I want a coat-of-arms," said Sir Harold. "Something natty, full size, of course, and plenty of colour. I can pay for it." He was going to add, "Let's have a look at your samples," but thought better of it.

The potential Herald winced slightly at the mention of money. "Ah, I see," he said. "Well, perhaps you will kindly tell me something about your family?"

"There's only me and Jane, that's the miss—my wife, I mean, and Bert, that's my boy, y' know. Of course there's the servants, six of 'em, and——"

"Tut, tut," said Percy (we'll call him that for short, shall we?). "If I am to look into your pedigree it will help me to have some details of your descent and may save a certain amount of time and consequently expense."

"Oh, never mind the expense, my dear boy. I mean—er—that doesn't matter. My father's name was Duesbury, and so was his father's."

"I gathered it might be so," said Percy, smiling, "from your own."

"Yes, but *his* father changed his name to Duesbury so as to get a bit of money that was left him on that condition."

"What was his name," asked Percy, "before he changed it?"

"Well, I believe," said Harold, "that it was Smith, plain Smith, so it wasn't a bad exchange."

"Payne-Smith," repeated Percy, brisking up considerably. "This sounds

position as would have justified him in wanting one; he hadn't made the best part of a million in wool."

"My dear Sir," said Percy, who had only half wakened from his abstraction and was turning over the leaves of a big tome on the Smiths, Smythes, Page-Smiths, Playne-Smyths and other permutations of these names, "we can do nothing for you without tracing your family so far as they can be traced. Of course we *could* begin *de novo* as it were, disregard the family tree, root and branch, but——"

"That's the ticket," said Harold. "Put in a bit of Duesbury and then a bit of Smith, especially if there's

any Payne-Smiths or Page-Smiths with something a bit fancy in their coats-of-arms. But what I want chiefly is something appropriate, say three good Cheviot rams with horns in gold on a red ground; that would look something like—what? I want something bold, with a good splash of colour in it, but not vulgar, of course; something that will show what did the trick for me. You understand, a coat that will fit my——"

Percy shut the Smith-Smythe tome gently but sadly. "I'm afraid," he said, "there's some mistake. I understand your requirements pretty well now. You should have been directed to our—er—branch establishment in the Strand, if Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY will allow me so to describe it."

## MINSTRELSY À LA MODE.

THERE was a young Bard who said,  
"I've

A great plan to make poetry thrive;  
Henceforth I'll dispense

With rhyme, metre and sense;"  
And he did, but he didn't survive.

For a new generation arose  
Who were steeped in the Freudian pose,  
And the Bard was disrowned,  
Disestablished and drowned  
In a flood of Sub-Conscious Art-Prose.

"The Clerk stated that the Labour Master at the Institution had given a month's notice, as he was leaving the country, which would expire at the end of the month."—*Local Paper*.  
It is a dreadful loss, but surely the country won't die of it.



Mother. "AUGUSTUS, YOU NAUGHTY BOY, YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING. DO YOU FEEL VERY BAD, DEAR?"

Augustus. "THANK YOU—I'M ONLY DYING."

interesting," he added, retiring to a bookcase in a corner of the room.

Harold was sharp, or he wouldn't have been so successful during the War, and Percy's evident mistake gave him an idea. A double-barrelled name appeared to be an asset in these cases. Manufacturing was in his line. This was an easy job. "Payne-Smith," he corrected. "At least that's what I think it was, though it might have been Page-Smith. I never really took much notice. I've always been a busy man; director of four com——"

But Percy was busy at a bookshelf and wasn't attending to the details of Harold's activities. "Page-Smith," he was muttering; "it seems familiar."

"Look here," said Harold, "I won't be certain on the point, but I'll find out more about it and let you know, though personally I don't see as it matters, because I want a coat-of-arms for myself, not for him. He hadn't a





*The Young Woman.* "I HEAR THE NOO DOCTOR'S A VERY CLEVER YOUNG MAN AND QUITE UP TO DATE."

*The Other One.* "WELL, I SHAN'T AVE 'IM, FOR ONE. I PREFERENCES AN OLD MAN AND ONE WHAT I KNOWS, EVEN IF IT DO MEAN A LONGER ILLNESS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is not my fault that, much as I detest the phrase, I must describe the appearance of a new novel by Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS as "a literary event." Because that is in fact the precise truth. Certainly those persons, still perhaps a company more select than numerous, who see in Mr. LUCAS one of the most satisfactory of living novelists will extend an eager welcome to *The Plunge* (BLACKWOOD). They will find nothing there to lessen their esteem; indeed, for my own part I should say that this story, shorter and slighter than the two that preceded it, marks the author's highest achievement. At first the plot seems likely to be no great matter. How into the drab provincial existence of *Katherine* there breaks the romantic figure of the young singer, *Gilbert*, with his good looks, his fluent charm and his intriguing halo of mystery, all combining to captivate her too-ready heart—this is an opening that (for all the sympathy and humour of Mr. LUCAS's telling) holds no special promise of originality. That in full measure comes later, when *Katherine* has taken her impulsive plunge and unbidden followed her hero to London. What happens there, and in particular the strange working-out of the real character of *Gilbert* (nothing of which I shall reveal) will make the story one not easy to forget. As always, Mr. LUCAS's style is of a seemingly effortless surety that conceals its own art. I was sorry when, following *Katherine*, we left her otherwise objectionable school-town, since this meant losing sight of the

wholly delightful *Grensted* children, amongst whom *Eileen* may rank with the best of Mr. LUCAS's always adorable little girls. The least reason why you should instantly purchase this book is that it is published at the now phenomenal price of six shillings.

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU is a clever and energetic young man who, I understand, divides his activities between dropping successfully into satiric verse and instructing the work-a-day world upon its behaviour through the medium of the popular Sunday Press. Now, not content with these achievements, he has been sighing for new spheres to conquer; and not only sighing but inventing, with the result embodied in a long tale of impossible adventures, in regions equally incredible and unpronounceable, which he has called *The Seeds of Enchantment* (HUTCHINSON). I must admit that this seems to me a regrettable lapse on the part of a writer who, as satirist of the familiar, has made a deserved reputation, but who lacks (to my taste) the peculiar touch that alone can create illusion about places and events that confessedly have no foundation in fact. By an obvious paradox restraint has a large share in this art, and restraint would appear to be the last thing that Mr. FRANKAU takes with him upon his imaginary adventures. Ask me not to detail these, though in your interest I turned all the three hundred and twenty-seven pages of them. Opium dens, secret kingdoms, dwarfs, kind elephants and maidens lovelier than the moon swam before my dazed intelligence. Occasionally, as in the moral

anæmia that all but overcomes the adventurers after their residence in the pacific community of the flower-country, I seemed to detect some suggestion of allegory, but so faint and so stifled by the preposterous that I could not be sure. It is well we see not all alike, for on the cover of this book that produced in me only a boredom beyond words I read the almost defiant boast, "First edition, 10,000 copies." I incline my head and pass on.

I hope that Miss KATHERINE MANSFIELD will not take it as in any sense disparagement when I say that from the fourteen clever tales bound together in *Bliss and Other Stories* (CONSTABLE), I have gathered an impression of her as working somewhat after the manner of an extraordinarily able photographer. Her skill in catching her subject at exactly the right moment, in knowing just how long to expose her plate, what background and distance will be most effective and how to trim the print she presents for inspection so that you shall notice just what she means you to, is something to marvel at. Her studies are, for the

most part, of her sitters' minds, and her portraits show a faithfulness in recording the unlovely and morbid characteristics of their subjects which has made me quite firmly resolved that nothing on earth shall persuade me to stand still if ever—which is most unlikely—I see her camera pointing in my direction. She has perhaps learned something of her absorption in feelings rather than actions from Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON, but she preserves the balance better, and often it is from some event outside the control of the man or woman through whose eyes she is looking that she draws the delicate stroke of irony which gives point to all that has gone before. There is, as of course you will have guessed, very little "story" about "Bliss" or the "Others;" they are brilliant studies of the minds of a score or so of men, women and children; of selfishness, discontent or desire altering the whole flavour and colour of life; of the play of mind on mind and of the influence on thought itself of impulses which are seldom acknowledged and even less often set down in such very plain English.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON think that the reminiscences of Major G. M. MÉLAS form the most candid and outspoken book ever written about a living monarch. Whether that be strictly the case or not—and one cannot forget that the head of the house of Hohenzollern has been the subject of some moderately blunt remarks—it is certainly true that the author of *Ex-King Constantine and the War*, though he tries to be scrupulously fair and even respectful, is not out to mince matters. Moreover, as Tino's private secretary and adviser, he had such first-rate opportunities for learning all about those shuffling intrigues of the Greek Court that plagued us with their obscure obstruction for so long a period of the War, that his readers might reasonably expect at last to get some light on the subject. But per-

haps there never was and never could be any clearness about it. Many intimate details are here, yet the author—a secretary too!—has arranged his story so untidily, with parentheses three deep and innumerable chronological side-slips and restarts, that nothing at all resembling a consecutive account "emerges." This I have to say even though the writer tries to disarm me in a foreword by a perfectly correct prophecy as to my attitude. He goes on to crave your indulgence (a most unkind attempt to make trouble between us), so in fairness I must add that a few definite facts do come out. For one he makes it clear that CONSTANTINE was animated much less by love for his brother-in-law of Potsdam than by jealousy of the author's hero, M. VENISELOS; secondly, that that great man's name should be spelt with an "s" rather than with a "z," and, thirdly, that the book itself is written with no unworthy motive, but in defence of the good name of his country by a genuine patriot.

Mr. PETT RIDGE is an old favourite of mine, but this time he has disappointed me. In *Bannerton's Agency*

(METHUEN) the plot is confused, the central figure is perplexing and the by-play and humour are extraneous. The author seems to have been living from hand to mouth and fighting for his story all the while. There are shrewd touches, of course, and an atmosphere of amused benignancy—Mr. PETT RIDGE may be counted on blindly for these—but in the marshalling of events and the development of character the book is very weak and—what is worse still, perhaps unpardonable—there is a steady lack of credibility. *Tom Bannerton*

never recovers from his first appearance, when he is shown in so unfavourable a light that the experienced reader of novels expects him at least to be a bigamist, and is convinced that he is a wrong 'un. As a matter of fact he is merely a weakling, and the story is concerned with his reconstruction into a successful and responsible citizen by the efforts of his strong-minded, quick and sarcastic wife, with whom, under different names, Mr. PETT RIDGE's admirers are agreeably familiar. But I wish I could believe in her.

#### The Latest Blend.

"The joint issue will take the title of *The Nation and Athenæum*." *The Nation*.

But why not *The Athanasian* (*contra mundum*, of course)?

#### A "Metropolitan" Train.

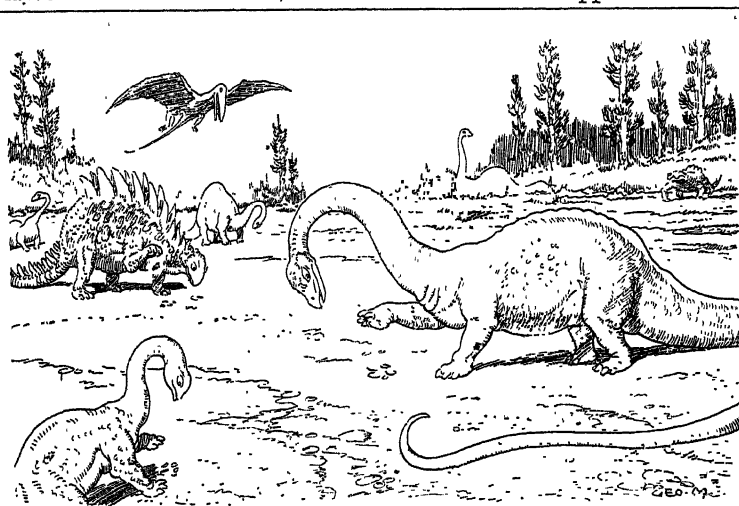
"M. Venizelos left Athens with his immediate followers, including the Archbishop of Athens, who occupied 14 motor-cars."

*New Zealand Paper.*

#### "AMATEUR GOLF.

Cambridge University beat Stoke Poges yesterday, on the latter club's course, by 6 goals to 4."—*Sunday Paper*.

We are told that the victory would have been even more decisive if one of the Light Blue team had not mis-cued in the second innings.



WORLD'S WORKERS.

MESOZOIC REPTILES MAKING FOOTPRINTS FOR THE USE OF FUTURE GEOLOGISTS.

## CHARIVARIA.

UNDER the powerful patronage of the Northcliffe Press the Riviera bids fair to become the Thanet of the Mediterranean.

"The weather was very hot," said a report of the last Test Match, "but the Australians stood up to their work very well." They are not the sort to take their victories lying down.

"Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL," says an American journal, "is talking through his hat." Yes, but which one?

"Will anything really happen this Session?" asks an evening paper writer. We can only say that there will be another powerful article by Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY next week.

Burglars who broke into a Bromley house had a bath before leaving. This is not the first time that gentlemen in this profession have tried to throw the police off the scent.

"At first a child is an amusing creature," says Mr. G. B. SHAW, "but after six years of age it becomes a nuisance." We are looking forward to Mr. SHAW's second infancy.

"The Soviet leaders," says *Izvestiya*, "must put on a bold face." We don't much mind what sort of face a Soviet leader puts on so long as it covers up his present one.

Miss MARION RUBENS, of Waukegan, Illinois, has talked constantly since February 5th and has only slept two hours. We think her father would be well advised to buy her the particular knitted jumper she seems to have set her mind on.

*The New York Herald* observes that there is a surplus of men in America. Husbands fell two points on Wall Street last week.

"In many parts of England," states a morning paper, "the approach of Spring is already quite pronounced." In Wales of course it is more difficult.

The leader of the British simple life colony in the Pacific is said to have made a fortune in pickles. Among tropical simple livers he should be honoured as one who added a relish to cold missionary.

In the view of a morning paper, "the freshness of a restaurant egg is not to be trusted." Only last week we wrote on ours, "Opened by mistake," and left the place without paying.

Many tramway companies are adopting the "twopence-all-the-way" system. The distance a man has to walk nowadays in order to save a couple of pennies is most disheartening.

"For myself," writes Sir W. BEACH THOMAS in *The Daily Mail*, "I have never known a very young mouse show

"Several industries are hanging on by their eyebrows," says an evening paper. Speaking for his own industry Mr. GEORGE ROBEY endorses this statement.

"Is there a sex war?" asks a contemporary. A correspondent who signs himself "Benedick" writes to say that you might call it a war, but it is really a walk-over.

Brampton, Cumberland, complains that the Ministry of Health compels it to have one official for every five paupers. We doubt whether any substantial departure from the national policy can be made in favour of one small village.

A Bolshevik kindergarten has been established in Berlin. The corpse-modelling class is said to be immensely popular with the little tots.

According to recent statistics, one commercial traveller in nine in the United States is divorced, but only one farmer in forty-two. The farmers, however, have promised to do something about it.

According to the *Mittagspost* the Allies will be asked at the London Conference to take over Austria as a going concern. They will have to be quick about it.

Sunburn-coloured face-powder is the latest fashion abroad. And no doubt another English summer like this winter will create a demand for artificial chilblains.

Cinema pictures portraying criminals at work are forbidden in Chicago. Many burglars, it seems, have complained that they cannot do their best work while hampered by the cinema operator.

"The first expedition to Mount Everest will take a photographer, and it is hoped that the painter and the poet will follow," says *The Morning Post*. Judging by his slackness on Parnassus, we have our doubts about the POET LAUREATE.

Our heart goes out to a popular cinema star who is not in a position to obtain a divorce on account of being unmarried.

"Mr. —'s Prelude to the Choephoreae of Aeschylus, of which this will be the first performance, will be conducted by the conductor."

*Provincial Paper.*  
The very man we always choose to conduct our compositions.



ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

"NICE TO SEE 'EM IN SCARLET AGAIN—JUST LIKE OLD TIMES."

"YUS; REMINDS ME O' WHEN BITTER WAS THURPEENCE A PINT."

the least alarm of man." We doubt if Mr. LOVAT FRASER could say this.

A critic complains that M. SIBELIUS when conducting does not make enough use of his left hand. The fear is that one of these days he may be unable to stave off the rushes of a really quick trombone.

The other day a fire-engine was summoned to put out a burning chimney at the Foreign Office. Of course, if Lord CURZON had been on the premises, he could have extinguished it with a look.

According to a Boston professor the Garden of Eden was situated where Ohio State is now. No wonder ADAM went along quietly.

## THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

## IV.—A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

THIS, I think, is the most horrible play in the whole repertoire.

The scene is the operating-room of one *Jasper Stabb*, a successful dentist, though how he managed it with a name like that I don't know. He is discovered standing at that little aerial table arrangement, cleaning his clubs. At least he is not so much cleaning them as gloating over them. For he is expecting an important patient, his ancient enemy, *Stanley String*. *String* is also a dentist, but unsuccessful. He is debarred by professional etiquette from stopping his own teeth, so he has made an appointment with the renowned *Stabb*, London's most famous practitioner. (Ed. But whoever heard of a "famous" dentist? Did you? DRAM. No, but I don't see why they shouldn't be famous sometimes, like other people.) Little does he think that *Jasper Stabb* is merely the dental name of *Percy Flick*, the young man who once dared to set up a rival practice in his native town, only to be driven forth after a period of bitter rivalry by the intrigue and calumny of *Stanley String*.

In London success had come quickly to the young outcast. The fortunate affair of the Earl of Oodle's left upper bicuspid and the almost painless extraction of the Duchess of Drake's entire toothery, the brilliant filling—

[Ed. Will all this come into the play? DRAM. Yes, I expect he will soliloquise a good bit, and of course, if we have a good actor, he can convey all that by a few gestures.] But he has never forgotten. And now, as he fondly turns over the glittering instruments in the little drawers, his eyes gleam with the anticipation of revenge. Ah, what reminiscences they call up! Here is the excavator which he used on the President of the Board of Trade; here is the identical filling instrument with which he filled the King of Abyssinia's last wisdom-tooth in record time; here is that jolly riffer— Ah, what a club! You can't get rifiers like that in these days. It would be good fun to use these treasured relics, these historic tools, on *Stanley String*—curse him! Oh, yes, and one of Simpson's Gags will be wanted—best gag in the market, when all is said and done. . . .

At the height of these hideous preparations *Stanley String* creeps in. When two dentists meet in these circumstances they dispense with their usual ritual, the reassuring smile, the hearty greeting, and so on— [Ed. How do you know that? DRAM. Well, obviously they do. Please don't keep

interrupting.] *Jasper* simply gives a ghastly grin, and *Stanley* gives a much ghastlier one, though he does not recognise *Percy Flick*, because he has got a lot of little electric lamps tied to his face. No word passes.

*Jasper* takes a brisk survey of *Stanley's* teeth, grunting with satisfaction. Then he spends a long time pretending to select the exactly right excavator. He knows perfectly well that they are all exactly the same, and he knows that *Stanley* knows it, but he wants to lower *Stanley's* moral, and this is a good way. Then he excavates.

While he is excavating there is some dialogue—like this:—

*J.* The last time I used this tool it was on the President of the Board of Trade.

*S.* Ow!

*J.* I've just had a new catalogue in. Do you know anything about those double-ended rifiers?

*S.* Ow!!

*J.* I've got a capital new mouth-opener. I'll show you in a minute.

*S.* Ow!!!

*J.* Awful weather. But what can you expect with a Government like this?

*S.* OW!!!!

Then *Jasper* fumbles about in the tool-dump again. He cannot find what he wants. He makes a gesture of irritation. He goes over and looks in a secret cabinet, where there are more and more rows of instruments, all exactly the same. (The whole thing is bluff, of course, but he wants to break *Stanley's* spirit, and this is a good way.) He presses a secret bell and a secretary appears. No word passes, but obviously there is collusion of some kind between them, for she vanishes noiselessly and reappears noiselessly with another enormous dump of tools, all exactly the same.

*Jasper* seizes one and, with a murderous look, says, "Open, please."

*Stanley* knows that look and he remains shut.

Like a flash *Jasper* whips out one of Bunyan's Handy Mouth-openers.

"This is that mouth-opener I was speaking of," he says. "You ought to use it. It is guaranteed to open the most obstinate mouth."

It does. This prepares the way for the insertion of Simpson's Gag. (By the way, if the producer is in any difficulty about procuring any of these things he will find full particulars in any decent Dental Catalogue.) Then *Jasper* gives some secret signal and the secretary slinks in with a trayful of large cotton-wool sausages. Working at high speed *Jasper* hides as many of these in *Stanley's* mouth as the mouth will

hold, and a few over. He also puts in a kind of vacuum pump (which is to give the patient a permanent thirst) and a reserve gag. When he cannot think of anything else to put in the mouth he ties *Stanley* firmly to the chair with leather thongs, and by means of the emergency pedal tilts the chair back so that *Stanley* is practically hanging head-downwards. The patient is now ready—

[Ed. Doesn't the patient make some sort of protest? DRAM. Of course not. Ed. Why of course? DRAM. It wouldn't be etiquette; you must remember he's a dentist himself. Ed. Oh, I see.]

Now comes the great moment.

"You do not know me, I see," hisses *Jasper*, "I am *Percy Flick*!"—and he reaches for the joy-wheel. . . .

Then with fiendish cruelty he taunts his victim while he makes a deliberate selection from among the cross-cut cavity burrs. [Ed. What are they? DRAM. They are the things he puts on the end of the joy-wheel—or what we call the dental engine in the profession. Ed. I never knew that. I say, do you know how much those jolly little mirrors are? DRAM. For looking at the back teeth? Ed. Yes. DRAM. They're quite cheap, but it isn't etiquette for a layman to have one. Ed. I see. Go on, then.]

Well, now there is a really remarkable piece of dialogue, though I must say that *Stanley* does not show much command of language. When he sees the fatal movement towards the joy-wheel he has that sinking feeling. His eyes roll and he says, "G-r-r-r-h!"

*J.* I beg your pardon?

*S.* G-r-r-r-h!

*J.* (sardonically). I want you to keep quite still for about an hour.

*S.* G-r-r-r-h!

*J.* (bitterly). So you say now. But you took a different tone fifteen years ago.

*S.* G-r-r-r-h!

*J.* I have here the largest cross-cut cavity burr in the whole catalogue—No. 21. Do you know what I am going to do?

*S.* G-r-r-r-h!

*J.* KING JOHN is reported to have had all the Jews' teeth pulled out. KING JOHN was a humane man. All your teeth are going to be stopped. (With hideous irony) Open wider, please.

*S.* G-r-r-r-h!

CURTAIN. A. P. H.

"Taking up the challenge in his well-known humorous way, the Mayor [of —] observed that seeing Southport had a Y.M.C.A., — would have to have one."—*Lancashire Paper*. But this, we are certain, is not the best he can do.



### THE OFFICIAL VIEW.

BRITISH MATRON. "SO THAT'S THE WONDERFUL STAR THERE'S SO MUCH TALK ABOUT?"

GASTRONOMER-ROYAL. "YES, MADAM; THAT IS '*CIBUS VILIS*,' MEANING 'CHEAP FOOD.' IT IS APPROACHING THE EARTH WITH GREAT VELOCITY."

BRITISH MATRON. "WELL, I MUST TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. I CAN'T SEE THE THING MOVE."





*Shopper (in search of the petticoat department, to distinguished General, who is having his hat ironed). "UNDERSKIRTS?"*

### UPS AND DOWNS OF A WHIST DRIVE.

I HAVE just made my *début* at a whist-drive, and I don't seem to have the hands necessary for really successful driving; also I was at the start sadly off my drive, and this from insufficient knowledge of the routine of the game. All I had been told about it was that the winning lady went up and the losing gentleman went down, and this I repeated to my partner as we walked to the tee. "And," I added, "I hope we shall be lucky all through."

"So do I," she replied, "but of course we only *begin* together."

"But I thought you were going to hold my hand as well as your own all the evening. Why should we be severed?"

"It's like this," she answered. "Supposing you and I start together at Table 14 and win the first hand, I go up to Table 13 and you go down to Table 15. If we lose we stay at Table 14, but you move your seat and play with the lady who has come up from Table 15, while I play with the man who has come down from Table 13. It's quite simple."

"I hope it's simpler than it sounds," I said; "but I want exercise, and what's

to prevent me staying at the same table all the evening?"

"Oh," she replied, "everyone gets a move on sooner or later."

"One thing more," I asked hurriedly; "if I move *down* when I win, how on earth am I ever to get a prize? Wouldn't it be wiser for me to try to lose? I believe I could make quite a good job of that."

"The tables don't matter," she replied; "the prizes go to the players who get the most tricks. If you and I in the first hand get eight tricks to five, eight is entered on your scoring-sheet and on mine, and you initial mine and I initial yours. Then we separate and take our scoring-cards with us. Do you understand?" she asked.

I alleged that I did, and in the pride of my newly-acquired wisdom thought that all would be plain sailing. Indeed I was bubbling with confidence when I found myself sitting at Table 9 with my partner, opponents, a pack of cards and a scoring-sheet (from which I discovered that hearts were trumps).

My hubbly, however, was quickly and rudely burst. Difficulties began at once, because someone who must have been brought up as a whist-driver announced that the losing gentleman (I have never

in my life been so often called a gentleman as I was on this evening) must deal for the losing lady. But we possessed neither the one nor the other, and when I asked my partner if she felt like a losing lady she replied rather ominously, "Not yet." Then I volunteered to act as the losing gentleman if my feminine opponent would pretend to be a losing lady; but this offer was curtly declined. Presently one of us had the bright idea of cutting for deal, and I dealt.

By this time an energetic man with a whistle was already beginning to hover around and waiting to make music, and when he blows a gentle riot begins and you have to say good-bye to people whom you have only just begun to like. We galloped through that hand, and my partner and I won by nine goals to four. Then the whistle went, we entered the number of our tricks on the scoring-sheet and got our partners to initial them, and with a whisk of her skirt and her hand my partner ascended to Table 8. I watched her go.

I did not find it so easy to go down as she did to go up, but, after getting off the line once or twice, I eventually found three drivers waiting for me, and directly I got within range a determined voice asked me if I was the winning



gentleman. Modest as I am and totally disinclined to brag of my little successes, there was nothing for it but to say "Yes." "I," the voice continued, "am the losing lady." It was a moment, I felt, when a little sympathy might reasonably be offered, so I replied, "I am very sorry indeed to hear that," which was the wrong thing to say, because I discovered immediately afterwards that she and I were to be partners.

As if this was not unfortunate enough I added to the trouble by failing to grasp the fact that hearts were trumps for three consecutive hands, and I do not wonder that I was asked if I had ever played cards before. But nothing really mattered, because my partner was a whist-driver born and bred; she could drive anyone through anything, and in spite of my pitiable shooting we won by seven goals to six.

The whistle sounded again; again we signed furiously, and before I had begun to recover my wind the gentle riot was repeated. Without so much as a "glad to have met you," my partner left me for a higher sphere.

At the next table in my descent there was only one lady (one real lady, I mean) in sight, but a man informed me that he was a winning lady, and before I had recovered from this startling news someone assured him that he was really a losing gentleman. It was enough to upset anyone, and he was so chagrined that he disappeared, and I have never seen him since. A substitute was quickly found, and again I was victorious by one up.

After this I made two or three more descents and was beginning to feel a prize already bulging in my pocket when I became more or less anchored to a table placed in the most gloomy corner of the room. My legs are long and this table was meant for people with either short or bow legs. I know all about it because I stayed in that corner for hands without number. Never a trump or an ace came my way. Winning ladies arrived and greeted me; whistles blew; I signed over and over again; but there I stuck.

At last my original partner reached me in her ascent, and I welcomed her so warmly that I upset her equilibrium.

We were leading by six goals to three, and I was picturing myself emerging from my gloom when she revoked. Owing to this little incident, my escape was indefinitely postponed. When the final whistle went I was, as ever, revolving round that table.

You guess that I did not get a prize, and you are right. Sixty-four people drove off at the start, and when the scoring-cards had been officially examined I was placed sixty-third.



Plumber (to apprentice). "WOT! YOU 'AVEN'T FORGOTTEN NONE O' YOUR TOOLS? YOU'LL MAKE A FINE PLUMBER, I DON'T THINK!"

If ever I go driving again it shall be in a char-à-banc. You don't need any hands for that.

#### Sequelæ of the Great War.

"Ex-Officer must Sell Two complete Suits 15th Century Armour."—*Daily Paper*.

"And above all let she who would put others right be sure that she is right herself."—*Daily Paper*.

Physician, heal thouself.

"We are glad to congratulate Mr. —, of Liverpool, a keen supporter of net sales, on the arrival of a daughter. He has had her named *Netta Salesia*."—*Daily Mail*.

Another case for the N.S.P.C.C.?

#### More Horrible Revelations.

"—'s Pork Pies tell their own tale."—*Local Paper*.

"WOMEN TRY BREACH SUIT."

*Evening Paper Poster*.

"Ex-Land Girl" writes to say that there is nothing new in this at all. She tried one in 1917.

A Yorkshire paper refers to the "UNITED OPERATIC PLUMBERS' ASSOCIATION."

If they can overcome their professional tendency to take too many bars' rest after the overture before proceeding to the performance of the work proper their success is assured.

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

VI.

THE recent translation into English of "The Twelve," ALEXANDER BLOK's famous Bolshevik poem, of which two million copies are said to have been distributed in Russia, is certain to exercise an influence on poetry in this country, probably in the direction of still greater licence of language and freedom from metrical laws. In the hope of checking this impulse we have tried to show how a Victorian poet might have handled a Russian love-idyll of the present day without offending Victorian canons either of taste or prosody. It ought perhaps to be mentioned that the translation of "The Twelve" is pleasingly illustrated by pictures in the most difficult Futurist manner.

## THE TRYST.

Come into the garden, Kate,  
For the green rat visions go;  
Come into the garden, Kate,  
I am standing here in the snow;  
And the seeds of the sunflower\* will not wait  
And the vodka is getting low.

For the dawn is beginning to drag  
His banner of hope on high,  
And the stars and moon may be fain to lag,  
But the stars and moon must die  
When the dawn comes up, like the People's Flag,  
Blood-red on the eastern sky.

All night long have I fired  
- Rifle-shots over the town,  
All night long, till I fainted and tired,  
Have the drinks gone down, down, down,  
Till I fainted and fell with a coat bemired  
And a lump like an egg on the crown.

I said to the lamp-post, "Tell me how  
I came to be here in the dirt,  
When Katka† is dancing, dancing now,  
Katka is playing the flirt.  
The tavern windows are vomiting row;  
She is dancing there for a cert.,  
My rosebud girl with a hexagon brow  
And a rectilinear skirt."‡

I said to the moon, "The night goes soon;  
Katya‡ is false to me;  
She is mine from her pointed head to her shoon  
By a Soviet law's decree,  
But she flirts with Petka, the lousy loon,  
And Vanka the bourjoo-ee."§

And the face of the lamp said, "Follow, follow,  
Be true to the people's will;  
Don't lie there in the dirt and wallow,"  
And the moon said, "Kill, kill, kill;"  
So I killed them and buried them here in the hollow,  
The hollow behind the hill.

I waited for both of them out in the street  
And I shot them between the eyes,  
And buried them here where your arching feet,  
That are so much like your eyes,  
May tread on them always when we meet  
In our garden of paradise.

\* Russian workmen habitually chew dried sunflower-seeds.

† Russian for Kate.

‡ Another Russian for Kate.

§ Popular mispronunciation of the word "bourgeois."

The vampire bats in the lofty pine  
Scarce stirred from their nests to see,  
For Petka was merely a friend of mine  
And Vanka a bourjoo-ee.  
Now hushed and still is the were-wolf's whine;  
Come out to the trysting-tree,  
And the sunflower-seed shall be thine, all thine,  
And the vodka reserved for me.

There has fallen a lump of ice  
From her window-sill on to the road,  
She shall be in my arms in a trice  
Were it never so huge a load.  
The sleigh-bells sing, "She is nice, she is nice,"  
And the wind howls, "Quite the mode;"  
But the carrion-crow calls "Cockatrice,"  
And the screech-owl answers "Toad."

She is coming; I hear, I hear  
Her rhythmical rhomboid tread;  
I am feeling uncommonly queer;  
My eyes see nothing but red—  
See only the Soviet rose sprung clear  
From the dust of centuries dead.  
*Trak-tak!*\* . . . I must bury you, Kate, my dear;  
My bullet has gone through your head. EVOE.

## HOOTS!

["In the vestibule of a London school of languages is a poster which says, 'Classes in French, Russian, Italian and Scotch.'"]

It may mollify Scots to know that the course is intended for foreign visitors to the British Isles who, after having mastered English, find themselves at a loss when visiting certain parts of Scotland."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE appearance of the above paragraph has created a considerable stir north of the Tweed. Disregarding those who are so intensely Scottish that they scent a veiled insult in the announcement of a school for instruction in the Scots language, there remains a vast number who are deeply concerned as to how the new venture will affect them—financially, of course.

Some of the latter are extremely pessimistic and some are frankly optimistic.

The pessimists believe it to be a despicable attempt of the Bolsheviks, Sinn Feiners or some person or persons unknown to deprive an honest nation of a recognised source of revenue. They consider that visitors will possess an unfair advantage in being able to speak the local language, and look forward to lean years in consequence. Indeed it is understood that the extremists of this section of opinion are opening a fund to enable them to send a deputation of one to interview the PRIME MINISTER. The deputation expects to be able to leave the North with the first Easter excursion train.

The optimists, on the other hand, work out the thing quite differently. They agree that the future would be black indeed if the foreigners were ever able to master the native tongue, but this they maintain is impossible. They look forward to a richer harvest when the misguided aliens arrive equipped, as they will fondly imagine, with a working knowledge of the speech of the hardy Scot. They hope to prove the truth of the assertion that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

We are in neither camp. We hold the belief that the pessimists under-estimate their skill; mere ability to speak Scotch will make no Sassenach or other foreigner a match for the canny lads over the Border. Their fear on this score, we feel, is due to their innate modesty.

Nor do we agree with the view of the optimists. That

\* Noise made by the discharge of a Russian rifle.



*Playful Hostess.* "COULDN'T YOU MANAGE ONE MORE ÉCLAIR?"

*Playful Hostess.* "IF I PICKED YOU UP BY THE HEELS AND SHOOK YOU, WOULD THAT HELP?"

*Serious Little Boy (after deep thought).* "NO, FANKS, THAT WOULD MAKE THE SPACE AT THE WRONG END."

*Serious Little Boy.* "NO, FANKS, I'VE NO MORE ROOM."

is to say we cannot subscribe to their belief that they will enjoy larger incomes because of their visitors' imperfect knowledge of the language. They may make their money quicker and with less effort, but *they cannot make more*. There is a limit to all things. In fact their takings will be less than in former years by the exact amount paid in fees to the school.

So much for the financial side of the question as it presents itself to our friends up North. It is, however, of considerable importance to the younger generation of Southrons who have yet to make their way in life. Every soldier may carry a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, but every youth who has a Scotch tongue in his head certainly stands a jolly good chance of running a Government department some day.

It is high time they were up and doing, against the day when we shall hear the old familiar cry rendered, "Wha gangs hame?" The first step obviously is to fit the youth of England for the task (now largely confined to Scotland) of governing the country. For those who are unable to attend classes in Scotch Sir HARRY LAUDER is preparing an excellently arranged Handbook of the Scotch Language, from which the following extracts are taken at random:—

*Here's tae us! Wha's like us? De'il the ane!!—Our health, gentlemen. Who can compare with us? Absolutely not a soul. (Favourite Scottish toast, indicative of the extreme modesty of the race.)*

*Ye marra tramp on the Scotch thistle, laddie.—You will be well advised not to try conclusions with a Scot, my son. (More modesty.)*

*Ah'm no' sayin' there's onything wrang wi' it.—It is good (positive).*

*It's no sae bad.—It is more than good (comparative).*

*It's no bad.—It is as good as it can be (superlative).*

From this it will be gathered that the Scot hates effusiveness, and the student is advised to pay particular attention to the following forms of greeting. Carelessness on this point will cause him to be regarded with suspicion.

On meeting a mere acquaintance:—*Hoo are ye? It's a fine day.*

On meeting a dear friend:—*Hoo are ye? It's a fine day.*

On meeting a long-lost brother:—*Hoo are ye? It's a fine day.*

Lack of space prevents us giving further extracts in this issue, but others will appear week by week until the handbook is ready for publication. ["Ah hae ma doots."—Ed.]

#### The New Golf.

"Golf will be a very different game with a ball weighing about 26 ounces."—*Provincial Paper.*

"At the thirteenth Mr. Walker laid his approach shot to within four feet of the tee."—*Evening Paper.*

It is supposed that he was using the new ball—or one even heavier.

## "VERRA AWKWARD."

In consequence of the attention drawn to the subject in Mr. Punch's last issue, a representative meeting of public men, dairy-farmers and other sympathisers was held in the Agricultural Hall on Monday last to protest against the proposal of Mr. HENRY FORD, the American motor-car manufacturer, to do away with the cow, Mr. Ford having recently maintained that science could produce a healthier and more trustworthy milk than the animal in question.

The Chair was taken by Mr. Clement K. Shorthorn, Editor of *The Cattler*, who was supported by the Earl of JERSEY, Lord Stanley of Alderney, the Bishop of HEREFORD, Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., Mr. P. WILSON STEER, Mr. SHAN F. BULLOCK and the new Chinese Ambassador, Mr. WELLINGTON KOO.

A letter was read from Mr. THOMAS HARDY, the veteran novelist, who said that had Mr. FORD had his way a generation or so ago there could have been no *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. (Cries of "Shame.") The disappearance of the milkmaid would be a natural corollary to the disappearance of the cow; and what kind of a rural England should we have then? (Applause.) It would be a tragic moment for the world when the term "Best Dorset" passed from the language. (More applause.)

The Chairman then enunciated Mr. Ford's fell design, which is to do away with the cow as an insanitary animal, and create a synthetic milk to take the place of cow's milk. Considering what the world had done on cow's milk, said the Chairman, it was absurd to want to change it at this late date. Cow's milk had produced HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE, MICHAEL ANGELO, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DR. JOHNSON, NAPOLEON and ARNOLD BENNETT. (Cheers.) Was that not a sufficient reason never to change? Insanitary as the cow might be, were not those magnificent results? (Renewed cheers.) He was not, however, there to influence their minds; he was there to promote debate. The meeting was now open.

Miss ROSE MACAULAY, who, as the author of *Potterism*, claimed to represent the descendants of PAUL POTTER, asked the meeting to consider how much

poorer the world of art would be had Mr. Ford's revolutionary proposal been adopted three hundred years ago. For if there were no cows there would be no bulls—(Sensation)—and the great Dutch painter could then never have made his most famous picture. (Applause.) As for THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, he would have starved. (Loud sobs.)

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON (who had suddenly returned from America to be present at the meeting) said that he had never heard of anything so detrimental to this country, its physique and its prestige, as the motor magnate's proposition. If the cow went the bull (as Miss MACAULAY had said) and the bullock would go too; that is to say, there would be an end of beef. (Groans.)

"Here 's the roast beef of Old England,  
And here 's to Old England's roast beef."

for the young. In STEVENSON's *Child's Garden of Verses* were the lines:—

"The friendly cow all red and white  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might  
To eat with apple-tart."

It was deplorable to think of any scientific development that would make that quatrain obsolete. Nor was apple-tart, all. What—he would ask the meeting—what about strawberries? Might not Mr. Ford's Bolshevistic intentions towards the cow react injuriously upon the supply of strawberries, which, lacking their predestined concomitant, cream, would very naturally refuse to ripen? He was not surprised to see so many persons around him in tears. Let Mr. Ford's proposition be resisted tooth and nail. (Loud applause.)

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE said that he had come to the meeting to support Mr. HENRY FORD. Down with all ruminants! Let there be no more chewing of the cud. The only chew to be permitted in future should be *Chui*—(The rest of the speaker's remarks were lost in uproar).

Mr. ASCHE having been ejected by a posse of Herculean constables, immense enthusiasm was created by the President of the Royal Squadron Yacht Club, who announced that, no matter what Mr. FORD was able to accomplish, Cowes Regatta would be held as usual.

JOHN O' LONDON, speaking with deep emotion, said that their beloved city would lose much of its charm if the dawn was no longer to be heralded by the jodelling of milkmen and the inspiring rattle of the cans. In the beautiful and impressive London symphony these sounds were by no means the least significant. (Cheers.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that Mr. HENRY FORD was perfectly right. It was ridiculous to ask a cow to eat milk-producing food for you when you could eat it yourself. By a careful diet of oatcake, grass and mangolds he, the speaker, had been for years provided with a sufficiency of the equivalent of milk to enable him to do his remarkable work with perfect ease, while all around him dairymen were becoming anti-socially rich. (Sensation.) The meeting might be interested to know also that a few grains of maize and an occasional



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Master of Agricultural College in Britain (to one of Agricola's inspectors). "YES, I MUST ADMIT WE ARE RATHER WEAK IN MOST OF THE ADVANCED SUBJECTS, BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE US AT OUR BEST YOU OUGHT TO SEE OUR BIRD-SCARING CLASS."

Were there nobler lines in all poetry than those? And should we allow the maker of Ford cars to expunge them? Never! (Tremendous excitement.) In the name of Right, Good Fellowship, *Gargantua*, *Falstaff* and the new Smithfield Martyrs he denounced HENRY FORD. (Wild enthusiasm.)

Mr. ALEC TAYLOR drew the attention of the meeting to the famous couplet by his great-aunts ANN and JANE TAYLOR:—

"Thank you, pretty cow, that made  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread."

Countless children, he said, had lisped those lines, and it was intolerable that they should now have to be changed to—

"Thank you, HENRY FORD, who made  
Chemist's milk to soak my bread."

Sir SIDNEY COLVIN pointed out that the Sisters TAYLOR, who were to be congratulated on the golfing prowess of their distinguished relative—(Cheers)—were not the only extollers of the cow



### HINTS TO HUSBANDS: THE UMBRELLA SCREEN.

lump of chalk furnished his system every morning with what was to all intents and purposes a new-laid egg. Ordinary men might still go to the hen for this article of diet, but supermen knew better. (Groans.)

Mr. LOUIS WAIN, speaking on behalf of the cats of Great Britain, said that Mr. FORD's suggestion was exceedingly distasteful to his clients. No scientifically prepared milk would satisfy them. Cow's milk was an essential to their existence, with which, he would remind the meeting, so much of the happiness of our elderly spinsters was bound up. (Applause.) He had a mandate to say that no chemist's milk would be suffered to take the place of the udder kind. (Stampede.)

The Chairman, in summing up the discussion, said that it was evident that the feeling of the meeting was against the American iconoclast. Roughly speaking, the shoemaker should stick to his last, and Mr. FORD would be well advised not to stray beyond the walls of his famous Detroit factory. The only milk that could legitimately demand the attention of the maker of a Ford

car was tinned milk. (Laughter and applause.) And the only butter to interest him would be the product of nuts. (Renewed laughter.)

By a show of hands it was agreed, amid wild excitement and at an incredibly late hour, to stick to our sister the cow for a little while longer, and the company dispersed in time to get home with the suspect fluid. E. V. L.

#### The Unpunctual Sex.

From a notice-board outside a Cinema Palace in India:—

"Owing to the late arrival of  
'THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST MR.'  
the exhibition will be postponed."

"Admiral Lord Beatty is now on his back to London from Paris."—*Evening Paper*.  
The Channel-swimming season appears to have set in unusually early.

"What we are in urgent need of is model schools—schools like the public schools of England and America. Let us act and say like Alexander the Great, 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'"

*Burmese Paper.*

Yes, better schooling is badly needed.

#### BROTHERS IN ARMS.

To Lord Bob said Lord HUGH,  
"Let us form, me and you,  
A new Party of two."

"Very good," said Lord BOB,  
"I'm on for the job;  
But how shall we make

A judicious partition  
Of labour, to break

This corrupt Coalition?"

"Oh, it's easy to do,"

Said redoubtable HUGH,

"Though, like SAMSON's their  
strength,

We'll destroy it at length.

We'll challenge and fight 'em,

We'll shear 'em and smite 'em;

We'll end all their wasting and  
jobbing and robbing,

For I'll do the hewing if you do  
the bobbing."

"It was a house very easy to enter. The hall-door ascended by steps to the first floor. The ground floor, a place of spacious rooms like the rest of the house, was unused."

—*'s Magazine.*

Probably too draughty after the front door had gone upstairs.





### THE STANDARD BALL.

WEIGHING-IN WITH FLOATERS AT THE FIRST TEE ON MEDAL DAY.

#### THE HARDENING PROCESS.

MY OWN BELOVED HUSBAND,—These horrid assizes won't be over for a week, perhaps a fortnight, and I may have to be here all the time. I haven't actually served on a jury yet, but am likely to be on one to-morrow.

I spent all day in court to-day, so as to see what it was really like, and it was positively heartrending. One poor fellow got five years for burglary; such a nice-looking boy too (he was only a boy). If I had been on the jury I wouldn't have found him guilty, whatever happened. The Judge (Mr. Justice Pett) is fearfully stern and severe, and was horribly unfair in summing up, I thought.

I am sorry to hear that darling Babs has been so fractious. Try to comfort the poor little soul, and tell her that her own Mumsie will soon be coming home again. The post is going, so no more for the present from

YOUR LOVING LITTLE WIFE.

P.S.—I do hope you won't go to that horrid fight at the Sporting Club. It is so brutalizing, and I don't like to think of you being there and countenancing it.

DEAREST JACK,—I've had my first experience as a "Member of the Jury" to-day, and it wasn't so bad as I expected. We had to try two prisoners. One of them got what I suppose was a

light sentence, though severe enough, I daresay. The other got off; and I'm afraid he was rather lucky, considering the evidence. Mr. Justice Pett was very fair; in fact he seemed to favour both prisoners a little.

I'm sorry Babs is still fretting, but it can't be helped.

YOUR LOVING ALICE.

P.S.—Did you go to the fight?

DEAR JACK,—We tried three cases to-day, and all the prisoners got less than they deserved, owing to very clever speeches for the defence and to Mr. Justice Pett being too easy-going. Do you think it is quite fair on society for counsel to try to get such light sentences for their clients when they know they are guilty? I don't; and I don't think the judge ought to be influenced by such speeches either.

What a bother Babs seems to be! She really must be patient. Even if I hadn't to serve the country in this way I couldn't be always with her. I have been too much of a slave to her.

In haste. Your affec. ALICE.

P.S.—It must have been exciting. The papers say that Slogger ought to have won.

DEAR JOHN,—Just a line to say we've given a man and woman guilty, and, if the evidence against them wasn't quite as clear as it might have been, they richly deserved what they got. Their

faces were enough for me. I had settled the verdict so far as I was concerned five minutes after the case opened. One silly member of the jury—a man, of course—stuck out for a long time, till I took him in hand and soon knocked sense into him.

The male prisoner got ten years and the woman three, and they ought to have both got twenty; they would have done if Pett weren't so soft-hearted. It will be a good thing when women are on the High Court Bench.

If Babs gives any more trouble I should give her a real good smacking. Tell her I shall be home soon and she'd better behave herself. Yrs. A.

P.S.—I see there's a pretty good fight on in town next Saturday. I hope to be home before then, so be sure and book two seats. I shall want some amusement after this hard work.

#### Clerical Tact.

"A largely attended meeting of the clergy was held at the Diocesan Rooms to bid farewell to Bishop ——. The opinion was expressed that his visit to England would be of great benefit to the Diocese."

*New Zealand Paper.*

"Handsome Oak Lady's Secretaire; like new; cheap."—*Canadian Paper.*

"Solid Leather Gentleman's Trunk for Sale."—*Same paper, same day.*

We really think they ought to make a match of it.





### A SERVANT OF EMPIRE.

. BRITANNIA (to Lord MILNER).

"'LONG SINCE WE WERE RESOLVED OF YOUR TRUTH,  
YOUR FAITHFUL SERVICE, AND YOUR TOIL IN WAR.'"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Tuesday, February 15th.*—If there was not much that was novel or important in the Speech from the Throne, that must be put down to the Cabinet's zeal for economy. The worst said about it by Lord CREWE (who is familiar with the Irishman's description of his coat as "a lot of holes tied together") was that the gaps in it occupied nearly as much space as the fabric. He hoped that the somewhat hypothetical allusion to the reform of the Second Chamber did not mean that the measure would be postponed till the dog-days and have to compete for public interest with the Australian cricketers. It would indeed be sad if the earnest politician should be deceived by the contents-bills announcing "Lords: Latest."

The most striking thing in the Commons was the array of enamelled shields flanking the Clock to commemorate the Members who died for their country in the Great War. It was curious to hear a Labour Member, with these records before him, declare that "our first duty is to forget the events of 1914 to 1918."

Another innovation was the bright green matting which now stretches from the Bar to the Table. Some believe that Sir ALFRED MOND had it laid down in order to emphasize the passage of the brothers CECIL across the floor to the Front Opposition Bench; others that it is intended to remind Members that we have not yet got rid of Ireland.

That, however, was quite unnecessary, for Ireland formed the staple of the debate on the Address. First, however, the Sessional Orders had to be passed, and Mr. BOTTOMLEY broke the usual formality of the proceedings by moving the omission of the Order condemning corrupt practices—not, of course, from any sympathy with these nefarious proceedings, but because the House had long ago transferred its jurisdiction in such matters to His Majesty's Judges.

Mr. BONAR LAW, still retaining, despite the critics who represent him as the PRIME MINISTER's bond-slave, "a certain amount of innate conservatism," preferred the Order as it stood, but was prepared to leave the matter to the House. Colonel WARD however blew the proposition out of court with the declaration that this was no time for

the House to divest itself of a single safeguard, whether real or shadowy.

Mr. DAVIDSON moved the Address. The best thing in a quarter-of-an-hour's speech was his description of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as "on the horns of a permanent dilemma." Mr. FILDES, who seconded, was even briefer, and, if he did not produce quite so many gems of humour as his striking resemblance to Mr. Punch predisposed Members to expect, he got a laugh for his reference to the Licensing Laws and his suggestion that the House should try "to overcome its natural indifference to this topic."

Mr. ASQUITH, as the leading Leader

though not proved, to have had a hand in the fires, have been dismissed or otherwise dealt with. As for the Malloy incident, he declared, amid loud cheers, that the Government were not going to submit to threats of strikes.

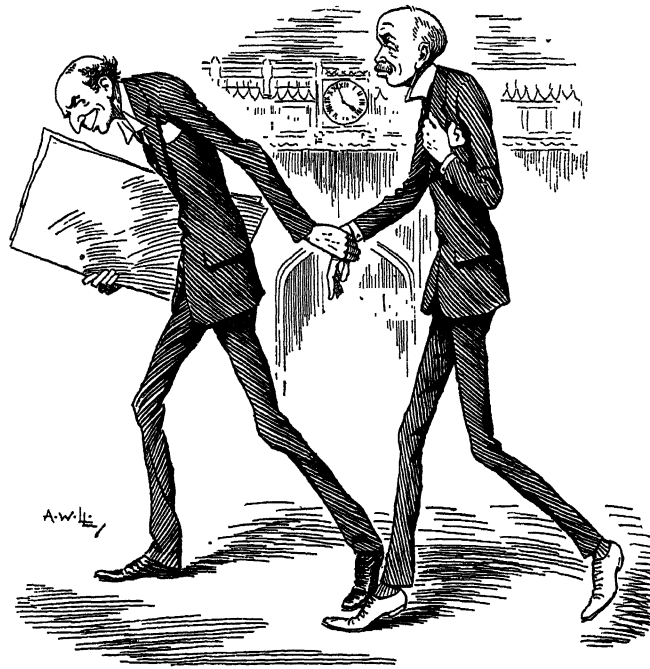
In conclusion he asserted that the state of Ireland had considerably improved through the action of the military and police. Murders were no longer committed in broad daylight and with absolute impunity; the Sinn Fein Courts had been driven into cellars; Irish recruits were forthcoming for the R.I.C. If the House and the country would have patience he was confident that order would be restored to Ireland, and, with order, liberty. Perhaps wisely, after so many disappointments, he did not give a date.

*Wednesday, February 16th.*—Although no Questions appeared on the notice-paper there was a heavy crop of "private notice" inquiries. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was silent when Sir W. DAVIDSON suggested that there would be no deficit if the telephones were run on business lines, but found a voluble defender in Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT, who sarcastically inquired why the telephone rates had increased so much less than the prices charged by firms run on business lines.

The CHIEF SECRETARY was further heckled about the STRICKLAND Report, and declared, but with something less than his usual stentorian insistence, that the only reason for its non-publication was that it was not usual to publish these reports.

The PRIME MINISTER had already informed the House of the worst things in it. Mr. J. H. THOMAS considered that there could then be no objection to publishing the best parts; but Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD would not budge.

The Labour Party has been freely congratulated on having chosen as its Sessional Leader the Right Hon. J. R. CLYNES. He is a persuasive and sometimes trenchant speaker, who occasionally tells his colleagues much-needed home truths. But this was one of his off days. He actually rebuked the Government for the statement in the KING'S Speech that unemployment could not be cured by legislation, though all history points that way. He next proclaimed, on behalf of his Party, the right of the workers to work or adequate maintenance, but made no attempt to define the term "adequate"



THE CROSSING.

LORDS ROBERT AND HUGH CECIL.

of the Opposition—there are at least four on the Front Bench—led off with the usual compliments to the Mover and Seconder, and then resolved himself into a note of interrogation—chiefly about Foreign Affairs and Ireland.

In dealing with most of Mr. ASQUITH'S questions the PRIME MINISTER was in very good form; particularly when he reminded the House that it was his critic, not himself, who had said years ago that the Reform of the Second Chamber "brooked no delay." He was, I thought, less happy in dealing with the Irish interrogatories. From Ministerial statements before Christmas it was understood that the STRICKLAND Report would be published. It seems now that it ought not to be called the STRICKLAND Report, and that it will not be published, though a number of auxiliary policemen, suspected,

or to explain where the money is to come from except out of the pockets of other workers.

The official reply was furnished by Dr. MACNAMARA, who said that the Government were finding useful work for seventy thousand men and extending the unemployment insurance system and the out-of-work donation to ex-Service men. His assertion that the Government meant to do all in their power to get a large number of them into the building trades would have been more convincing if we had not heard the same thing any time these two years.

The unofficial reply came from Mr. BARNES, who, speaking as a trade-unionist, punctured Mr. CLYNES' semi-Socialist balloons in several places. "Adequate maintenance" by the State would inevitably be accompanied by industrial conscription and would kill trade-unionism. He had no panacea to prescribe for unemployment, but believed, considering the millions of working-days lost by strikes and the lack of confidence they produced, that his Labour friends could do something to help if they acted more as citizens and less as members of a class.

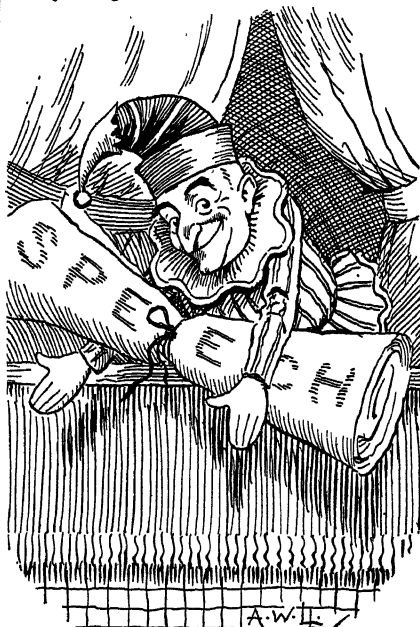
Mr. JACK JONES announced his heroic resolution not to talk clap-trap if he could possibly help it. Naturally he could not help it, but he succeeded in giving the House a good impression of the man who feels himself in the grip of circumstance and cannot understand why the organised Government of the country is unable to release him.

*Thursday, February 17th.*—There is something unquestionably sinister about the epithet "Chinese." When "Chinese slavery" brought about the Unionist *débâcle* in 1906 it was the adjective and not the substantive that did the trick. Later there was an agitation about Chinese pork, and recently a daily paper has been conducting a vigorous campaign against Chinese flour.

An almost casual reference to this topic by Lord HARRIS aroused Lord CRAWFORD's combativeness. He declared that Chinese flour was being consumed all over Europe. It was just as good as any other flour, and was no more provocative of sleeping sickness than it was of housemaid's knee. No doubt out of millions of sacks a few might be dirty or faulty, but he had no hesitation in saying that the newspaper had based its charges on a "political sample."

Members learned with some surprise that Mr. CHURCHILL, on going to the Colonial Office, will still retain control

of the Air Department. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN failed to see the connection between these two functions, until he was reminded that "WINSTON does everything with an air."



MR. PUNCH'S DOUBLE.  
MR. FULDES.

In the debate on unemployment the PRIME MINISTER was most anxious to be sympathetic, and disclaimed the notion that he and his colleagues were contemplating all this distress "with their hands in their pockets." The tax-payer's complaint is rather that their hands are in his. His rebuke to the banks for not being willing to take



The new Minister of War (to himself). "FITS YOU LIKE A GLOVE."

greater risks in financing European trade should draw some pointed reports. If it comes to a question which has managed its own business most successfully, the Government or the banking fraternity, I think I can guess what most people's answer will be.

## MORE AMALGAMATIONS.

I.—*The Morning Post* AND *The Daily Herald*.

THE arrangements for the fusion of these two well-known dailies are reported to be in a forward state. A certain difficulty, we hear, was encountered in the selection of a new title for the joint issue, and the choice was entrusted to a small committee. As the words "Morning" and "Daily" were regarded as of negligible importance the aim of the committee was to arrive at a compromise which would render equal justice to "Post" and "Herald." This was achieved by resort to an anagrammatic process. After protracted experiments the pooling of the letters of the two words yielded first *Red Pal Host*, then *Red Hot Pals*, and finally *Red Pal Tosh*, which was accepted with acclamation. It is not likely that the first issue of the joint publication will appear before the 1st of April, but an experimental number has already been prepared, and by the kind permission of the proprietors we are allowed to print the following interesting amalgamated leader on one of the burning questions of the hour:—

### THE RULING RACE.

A story is told of a cynical gentleman who, when invited to subscribe to the funds of the Anglo-Israelite Society—a body which aims at identifying the English with the Ten Lost Tribes—genially replied that he would gladly give them five pounds if they would undertake to lose the other two. We find ourselves strangely drawn towards

this point of view when we scrutinise the new Mosaic Dispensation which now controls the British Empire. Against the array of Hebraic statesmen who may be said to hold the Gorgeous East—both Far and Near—in fee, we have nothing to say individually. Their industry is above reproach. Lord READING's smile alone is an asset above rubies; the buoyancy of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL is on a par with that of the waters of the Dead Sea; Sir WILLIAM MEYER is a greater financier than MEYERBEER; and Mr. MONTAGU's knowledge of bimetalism easily eclipses that of any scion of the house of SANDWICH. It is hardly necessary to speak of the personal magnetism, the bewitching grace, of

Sir ALFRED MOND. But there is a homely saying that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and though, to quote another famous dictum, every country has the Jews which it deserves, we cannot take so exalted a view of our deserts as to hold England



"MRS. COOTE, WHAT PRECAUTIONS, IF ANY, DO YOU TAKE AGAINST MOTHS GETTING INTO MY CLOTHES?"  
 "WELL, SIR, IF I SEES ANY FLYING ABOUT I SLASHES AT 'EM."

worthy of this wholesale alien invasion of, and entrenchment in, high office.

It must not be thought for a moment, however, that we are committed to anything in the nature of an anti-Semitic propaganda. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, clearly foresaw the great part which the Jews would play in the World Revolution, would have welcomed the success of their efforts to establish a proletarian dictatorship in Russia as the preliminary stage to the Communitistic Millennium. If in the achievement of this aim a slight effusion of blood—which as lifelong pacifists, vegetarians and antagonists of field sports we deeply regret—was inevitable, we must remember that the Jews were only getting a bit of their own back and triumphantly disproving the old calumny that they were not a fighting race. Constructively too they have been of immense help to Russia by facilitating the resumption of commerce and friendly relations with other nations, generously placing at the disposal of the Government their resources as diamond merchants. We may deplore the adhesion of a certain number of politicians of Semitic race to the present reactionary

Government in this country; but we rejoice in the part which their more enlightened brethren are playing in the emancipation of Russia from the thralldom of Capitalism.

To sum up, we should be making a huge mistake if, in face of the aspirations revealed in the notorious Jewish Protocol, we were to enthrone the sons of SHEM permanently as the predominant partners in this or any Administration. At the same time the services they have rendered in the transitional period of Soviet rule, which is, after all, only a stepping-stone to the Red Millennium, cannot be overlooked. The Jews are rarely producers; they shine in the handling and distributing of the products of others. But it is not the be-all and end-all of humanity to go on producing to infinity, a process which may please geometricians but is not calculated to satisfy the desires of an enlightened proletariat. The appointment of Lord READING fills us with grave misgivings; at the same time his horoscope, which has recently been cast by an eminent astrologer, is decidedly reassuring, owing to the favourable position of the Dragon's Head, which was happily placed at his birth in

Capricorn, the ruling sign of India and the Jewish race. There is no getting away from the fact that the most truculent and ferocious of Commissars are of Jewish origin. But LENIN is not a Jew; though an avowed atheist he is a man of an *anima naturaliter Christiana*, only driven to employ the minimum of force by the irresistible compulsion of circumstances; indeed the only execution that ever gave him pleasure was that of his own bust by Mrs. SHERIDAN.

#### "CLAIMANTS TO YAP."

*Daily Paper Head-line.*

They generally do.

"Even in the far suburbs there are more players than playgrounds."—*Evening Paper*.  
 We too have remarked this scandal.

#### "INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL."

LONDON, January 22.

The Amateur International Association match between Wales and England, played at Wolverhampton, resulted in a win for Wales. Twenty thousand people were present at Inverleith to witness the match. Scotland had much the better of the play during the opening half, but the French defence held out."—*Indian Paper*.

"International," indeed.

## AT THE PLAY.

"MIS' NELL O' NEW ORLEANS."

IF ever Miss IRENE VANBRUGH should decide to grow old, it is quite clear that her charm will lose nothing of its irresistible quality. There was an extraordinary fascination about the old lady that she pretended to be in the First Act. Indeed her attractions were greater in this pose than when, later on, *Mis' Nell* arranged to recapture her girlhood of thirty years ago. Not that Miss VANBRUGH herself is a day older than she ever was; but the fact is that the spectacle of the middle-aged *Nelly Daventry* affecting the airs of youth, insisting on her claim to admiration and practising her arts upon a mere boy, and that too under the very nose of his natural mate, could not command our unqualified sympathy. I was far less sorry for the anguish she experienced from the tight shoes and corsets of an earlier day (after all, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*) than for the havoc she caused in the heart of her young niece, the boy's fiancée—irretrievable, as it seemed to me, though the author thought it would come all right in the end, but took care not to show us how.

To say that the play was a personal triumph for Miss VANBRUGH, with her marvellous technique and her incomparable gift for light comedy, is not to imply that it had no merits of its own. Its setting, for one thing, was very fresh, and so was its theme. And there was atmosphere, as everybody will tell you. But to get the right atmosphere of New Orleans you want something more than that admirable garden scene, the assistance of coloured servants, the native frolics of Mardi Gras and the correct Creole diction. I could find little that smacked of Louisiana in young *Félix Durand*, an almost purely English type; or in his flapper, whose favourite Parthian shot, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" might have been learned in any British school. And for all his Creole speech and dress the manners and gestures of *Georges Durand* were the familiar manners and gestures of Mr. C. M. HALLARD, of London, Eng.

Still there was plenty of atmosphere, and it served a good purpose in dissembling the defects of the play. The rather artificial episode that caused the misunderstanding on which the whole scheme turned had happened a generation before the curtain rose, and it only

"transpired" (as they say) well on in the course of the play, by which time the misunderstanding had spread to the audience and enveloped it.

And the general motive of the play was obscure. All through we had been encouraged to believe that *Mis' Nell's* object in returning from Paris was to stop the threatened marriage between her niece and the son of her faithless lover; but when, at the last moment, the misunderstanding is cleared up and he asks her if she had come back on purpose to marry him, she replies, "I'm damned if I know." We may therefore perhaps be excused if we didn't know either.

However I make no great complaint of that. Indeed it was one of the chief

truth is that one's impression of a delightful evening is dominated by the personality of Miss VANBRUGH, vivid and distinct in each of its changing phases. Autumn, Spring, Summer—I loved all her seasons; but I loved her Autumn best.

## "THE HOUR AND THE MAN."

Why is it that your stage-politician is so often like nothing in Parliament or out of it? Here is Mr. SNAITH, who has written at least one great novel, and Mr. VACHELL, who, besides being an accomplished author and playwright, is a man of the world and must have known better, combining to produce a set of political figures that might almost have stepped straight out of a Sunday feuilleton. Take their *James Draper*, the white hope of the Labour Party. Starting as a collier, he has amassed great wealth, married the daughter of an earl and lives in the largest and most splendid library I have ever seen on the stage. Not content with all this he must needs carry on an intrigue with a Duchess who affects a taste for Labour. This intrigue, I vaguely gathered, was merely political, but it might as well have been sexual, for it was loudly bruited as such in the Press (what sort of Press, I wonder), and as such it appeared to *Lady Alme*, the wife of his bosom. Her suspicions became intolerable when he went out with the Duchess *after dinner* (I ought to explain that this play is post-bellum, not early-Victorian) and refused to say where

they had gone. They had really been to see the Premier (not necessarily Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) in Downing Street on a matter of secrecy. You will never believe me when I say that *Draper*, who loved his wife honestly, regarded this trumpery secret, which merely concerned his own political career, as a thing more worth preserving than his wife's faith in him.

So she left him, and with good reason; not the reason which she gave to herself but the one which I now give to her, namely, that life with so preposterous a partner was bound to be unbearable. She left him, I say, and planted herself on the *Duchess's* husband.

And this brings me to a still more remarkable character. His Grace, it seems, was a great gentleman, though we learned on the authority of another Etonian that he had "the morals of a monkey." It is true that he spoke of his wife in the presence of other



THE MARTYRDOM OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS (NEW).  
Zephyrine (MISS BARBARA GOTT) to *Mis' Nell* (MISS IRENE VANBRUGH). "O DEM OLDEN SLIPPERS!"

charms of the play that one never knew what *Mis' Nell* would do or say next. She relied largely on shock tactics. Of her liberty of language I have just given a sample; and she would speak on intimate matters, such as the fit of her corsets, with a devastating candour. She had a sound philosophy on the subject of the brevity of modern skirts. In the old times men had had to watch for the sight of a woman's ankle, and when they married they took a sporting chance of knock-knees. To-day these things were thrown at them, and marriage had been robbed of its sacred mystery. Not a very new idea, you will say, but then Miss IRENE VANBRUGH has only to touch them and she can make all things seem new.

I have said nothing of the pleasure I got from Mr. LESLIE FABER's quiet sketch of *Père Clément*, and from Mr. BESSIMA KOFIE's *Unc' Boz*, so full of local colour in every sense. The



members of the Cabinet as the most mischievous woman in Europe, but still his tastes were really noble. We have his word for it that he appreciated three things in life, exclusive, I assume, of women:—(1) A glass of good wine; (2) a sound cigar; (3) his country. It was for love of the last-named that he loathed *Draper*, regarding him as its natural enemy.

*Draper*, you must know, had become a thorn in the side of the Cabinet, of which the *Duke* was an ornament. They had already, as they put it, flung the *Lady Aline* to him as the Greek maidens were flung to the Minotaur ("Minotaur" was the nickname they gave him, with that happy mythological allusiveness which is so common in Cabinets); and now there was talk of appeasing his appetite with a seat in the Ministry. But *Draper* was in a position to name his own price, for he had another option, no less than the Leadership of the Labour Party, with the prospect of becoming Prime Minister when they came into power.

As soon as the *Duke* was assured that *Draper's* price was "a free hand" he came to the conclusion that as a lover of his country he could not exist in the same Cabinet with this national peril. A simple solution was offered by the opportunity of a duel, for *Draper* had challenged him for seducing his wife's affections, and the *Duke* was a dead shot. He would exterminate his country's enemy. On second thoughts he decided, with a fine gesture (*off*), to exterminate himself, and did so; being, as I said, a dead shot. When the news was broken to his colleague, *Lord Loring*, that nobleman made the following remark, which practically brought down the curtain, as well it might: "See to it, James *Draper*," he said, "that a great gentleman has not died in vain."

So ended *The Hour and the Man*. I knew the Hour all right—about 10.45 P.M., but I never really knew which the Man was, *Draper* or the *Duke*, though I suspect the *Duke*.

If we except his stupid treatment of his wife, *Draper* was perhaps the least impossible of the leading characters, and Mr. CRONIN-WILSON played the part with a sincerity which made a strong appeal. Miss MARIE LÖHR, as *Lady Aline*, was in deadly earnest, which still left her free to wear some very effective dresses. But these, and her face, were her only fortune this time, for the play gave her few chances. As the *Duke*, Mr. DAWSON MILWARD carried things off with an easy and well-bred effrontery. I was most concerned for Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS in the rôle of the *Duchess*. I can't imagine how, with



Parson (to villager on the subject of his wife's illness). "BUT, DANIEL, WHY WAIT TILL TUESDAY WEEK BEFORE SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR?"

Daniel. "WULL, ZUR, IT'LL BE FOWERTY YEAR COME NEX' TOOSDAY WEEK SINCE 'ER 'AD UN AFORE."

her sense of humour, she got through her scenes with *Draper*—when, for instance, she called him "My Cromwell," or told him in the best journalese that "the North has spoken with no uncertain voice." There was very little humour (I speak of the conscious kind) beyond what we got from Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS as a dummy member of the Cabinet, and not much humanity except in Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE'S perform-

ance as an old comrade of *Draper's* early obscurity.

I do hope I am right in thinking that this play was nearly all wrong; but the fact is that when I find all these excellent actors (to say nothing of the clever authors, who might be prejudiced) apparently agreed in regarding this entertainment as likely to please and edify me, I begin to have disquieting doubts as to my own sanity. O. S.



*Post-War Sportsman (feeling that confession is good for the soul). "I HEADED THE FOX TO-DAY, MARIA."  
Wife. "NOTHING VERY CLEVER IN THAT, HENRY, CONSIDERING THE PRICE YOU GAVE FOR YOUR HUNTER."*

#### MR. H. E. SMITH.

HE was called Hammond because it was his father's Christian name, and the name Egbert was his sole christening gift from a maternal uncle. Perverse fate and the carelessness of his parents were responsible for the order of the two names. The unobtrusiveness of his family name, derived from a line of obscure but respectable ancestors, only served to throw his Christian names into relief. A surname of more extravagance might perhaps have drawn the enemy's fire. As it was, he enjoyed no respite from the inevitable joke connecting his nomenclature with a (then) popular breakfast-dish.

It was not so much that he objected to ridicule; it was the sameness of the joke and the joker's uniform satisfaction as being its originator that drove him to desperation. Concealment was his natural refuge, and from early years he developed a secretive temperament and a preference for isolation. This resource was, however, inadequate, since formal occasions, such as entry at a new school, frustrated all effort at suppression, and discovery of his weak spot was certain and calamitous. The production of his

birth-certificate was a nerve-shattering crisis. Sometimes he was so ill that he had to see the doctor. Medical advice prescribed a change, but legal advice said it was impossible, except as regards the surname (which didn't matter).

Solitary and a vegetarian (at breakfast), he went through life. Marriage was out of the question, for he could never have faced the publication of the banns. When the war came he was (quite properly) rejected as physically unfit. He had at no time been strong, and his constitution had become seriously impaired by the attacks of would-be humourists. With National Registration came perhaps the severest blow he had yet received. His secret was now public property and at every round-up at his Tube station his card must be shown to mocking policemen among a jeering crowd. The horrors of war were accentuated by food-cards, on which his name was blazoned in its fulness and bandied among tradesmen, from whom hitherto the secret had been jealously guarded. Eventually he ceased to buy any rationed food.

On the other hand food-control, or rather the food-shortage, was a blessing in disguise, for the article of diet em-

bodied in his name became rapidly unobtainable, and even to mention it was a breach of tact. As a consequence the joke also became extinct.

Whether Mr. Smith would have suffered by a return to more normal conditions it is unnecessary to speculate. Since the Armistice he has adopted the United States as his country, and in the States national custom positively insists on the suppression of a second Christian name, except among the highest in the land, who are permitted to suppress the first Christian name instead. He leads, therefore, an untroubled and useful existence as Mr. Hammond E. Smith. Should his industry and talents bring him into prominence he has nothing to fear. He may now, without prejudice to his happiness, aspire to control a Trust, to join Tammany or to take part in a Presidential election. He may freely court the full blaze of day as Mr. H. Egbert Smith. He may indeed go further, for even if in the light of publicity his whole secret is divulged he can still tread proudly on a soil where so many successful careers have been built up on mere eccentricity of name. He has found his spiritual home.



War Profiteer (to House-Agent). "MIND YER, WE WANT A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL RESIDENCE. WE MEAN TO SETTLE IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD. WE 'RE NO BIRDS OF PARADISE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I discovered that Mr. W. J. LOCKE's new novel, *The Mountebank* (LANE), started in a French circus, and had for hero an artist vagabond of Anglo-Gallic origin, I composed myself for enjoyment. Because it is precisely in these conditions that the author, whom one might call a literary embodiment of the *Entente*, shows himself at his most engaging. Whether he has, in this instance, captured the head as easily as the heart is another question. Even I, in whom some quality in Mr. LOCKE's writing evokes always a fatuous holiday humour destructive of logical criticism, found it at times hard to believe in his Anglo-French clown, whom the War transfigured to an English Brigadier-General, only to fling him back upon his native sawdust, deprived even of the art of successful clowning. But you can suppose how such a scheme (which mercifully takes the hero's military career for granted) allows us the pleasantest wanderings imaginable, in circus tents, in Parisian *cafés*, in an English garden, and best of all in those ancient sun-steeped towns of Southern France of which Mr. LOCKE has ever been the ideal interpreter. Wholly credible or not, no doubt but he has written a story that holds the reader happily curious throughout; for the sake of which enviable emotion I must forgive him even the double trifling with my expectancy in the matter of the hero's mysterious antecedents and his apparent marriage—over which I fell badly. A tale, to sum up, that genially anticipates the Spring.

My persistent feeling about *Mainwaring* (COLLINS) was that Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT had here and there found a difficulty in retaining his first rapture of creation; the result being some want of conviction on the part both of author

and reader. *Mainwaring* was a leader of men, a political demagogue and an entire fraud. Whether or not he included himself among his dupes is never very clearly indicated. The book shows him egotistically elbowing his way to success; our vision of it being through the eyes of an observant friend, who first admires then hates him, and (incidentally) falls in love with his neglected wife. *Mainwaring* had impulsively married this young woman (at that time a housemaid, scrubbing steps), partly attracted by her unusual beauty, partly to please his self-admiration by the heroic gesture. Almost immediately he ceases to care for her, and returns to his reckless, entirely selfish passion for the elegant *Lady Whitehaven*, an amateur of the emotions, a woman *Frankenstein*, whose terror of the monster she has carelessly inspired provides the best and truest scenes of the book. Meanwhile poor *Lizzie*, the "nesting woman," finds herself inevitably more and more out of the picture. Whether it is possible (either humanly or practically) that she should so far conceal her position in her husband's house as to wait at table in cap and apron is one of the points upon which Mr. HEWLETT has hardly succeeded in persuading me, or (I fancied) himself. As for *Mainwaring*, even his final catastrophe inspires no real pity. Of course the story is well, if somewhat wordily, told; but I must repeat my view that both Mr. HEWLETT and his public are more at ease with a hero for whom it is possible to feel a trifle of sympathy.

I daresay the country could even now exchange a few industrial reformers for an equal number of moral regenerators without doing itself any particular harm. In *The Valley of Indecision* (COLLINS) Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE has boldly imagined a young ex-officer who feels it his duty to preach simple goodness in the manner of an itinerant friar—in the manner, but not in the dress. For *Peter's* widowed mother,

*Mrs. Courage*, goes, I think, to the heart of the problem when he has startled her worldly but delightful mind and that of *Colonel March*, a family friend, by suddenly declaring his purpose. The *Colonel* tries to scoff, but *Mrs. Courage* says simply, "What will you wear, dear?" *Peter* is of course able to answer this question, but, although he is temporarily, at any rate, diverted from his intentions by his mother's sudden death, I think that the difficulty she suggests remains. The military organisation and display found necessary by the Salvation Army should have shown a young man as clever as *Peter* that his idea was not very well adapted to modern conditions in this country. Mr. STONE, although he deals fairly with all his characters and sketches them well, if lightly, sympathises a little, I think, with his hero. And indeed very likely it was only his method that was not quite well judged. One cannot appeal to millions of slum-dwellers by a walking tour.

*Forgotten Realms* (COLLINS) is one of those books that occasion most perplexity to a reviewer, from the need they impose upon him of combining encouragement for one type of reader with the emphatic warning-off of another. For while there are many who will find nothing but delight in the beauty of Mr. BOHUN LYNCH's style and will surrender gratefully to the trance-like spell of an unusual theme, there are as certainly others (I have been amusing myself by picturing some of them) who would abandon the book in its early chapters with a sincere conviction that both hero and author should be placed under some form of restraint.

*Medio tutissimus ibo*. I confess at once to a slight fear lest Mr. LYNCH should be in danger of letting his individual and undoubted gifts get a little out of hand. His sense of words is as exquisite as ever; his sensibility, allied with a power of creating and maintaining a peculiar quality of spiritual suspense, shows no sign of falling off; but—well, frankly I do question whether these qualities are not here employed upon too fine-drawn a business. It is difficult, increasingly so as the book progresses (one can hardly say develops), not to convict of morbidity this hero who, with a wife and family awaiting him at home, wanders through the country in a mood of perpetual introspection, recalling the fancies of his lonely childhood and for ever seeking the companionship of one who, in a fashion that remains too obscure for me, is to be his twin soul. It is all to the last degree atmospheric and macabre. As I have hinted above, when the final "explanation" is reached, one section of Mr. LYNCH's public will be in raptures of admiration—the rest probably out of sight.

In case you find the opening pages of *A Woman of the Desert* (MELROSE) difficult to read I advise you to persevere

and you will reap the reward of patience. Mr. MOORE RITCHIE has the right feeling for the sentiment of wide and lonely spaces and knows how to convey it to others. He writes with knowledge of the men who live at the outposts of Empire and of the tribes over whom these men have to rule, and his pictures—notably of the Somalis—are cleanly and clearly drawn. His work, without being in the least eccentric, is unusual both in matter and manner. Another book on the same subject—*The Dweller in the Desert* (FISHER UNWIN), by Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL—runs along more stereotyped lines. Here we have sketches both of society in Cairo and of a desert that is far more "civilized." We meet once again the strong, capable, rather uncouth man who storms the heart of the fascinating heroine. The story is well enough contrived and told, and the publishers' statement, that "the hero will certainly rank with the most popular heroes of fiction in the public estimation," may conceivably prove to be correct. And I don't suppose I shall damage his chances when I say that, if I had not

been credibly informed of the author's sex, I should have guessed this hero to be the creation of a woman.

*A Romantic Man* (SECKER), by HERVEY FISHER, is a collection of unquestionably queer stories, queerly told. There's a certain crudity about both matter and manner, and withal a certain power of compelling attention. Perhaps morbid themes prevail, but there is plenty of variety. So much indeed that it is quite impossible to put the stories into any single category and label them. The outstanding quality is a kind of violence of outlook and expression which prevents the reader from being jaded.



Husband (late home from Club, continuing long romance). "—SO, AFTER SUCH A HEAVY DAY'S WORK, I'M ABSOLUTELY DONE, DEAR."  
Wife (recent forewoman of jury). "GUILTY!"

I cannot say that it is an entirely pleasant or satisfying effect, but it gives a sort of galvanic life to figures that might otherwise easily lack it. Blows are struck on the faintest provocation. Even a classical don violently assaults the warden of his college, who arrives instead of an expected colleague. I should not be surprised if the author had some conscious artistic purpose akin to that of the Futurist and Cubist painters who see in common life things that certainly have not been revealed to babes like me; and I must leave it at that.

#### A Long-Winded Story.

"On February 7th, 1913, a tram was blown over at Allerton during a gale, and the same gale overtook an Idle tram during a gale on January 1, 1916."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Heard in a Black Country police court on Monday: 'Defendant was singing, shouting, whistling and causing a creation.' It should be mentioned that a fine was imposed upon this second Handai."

*Provincial Paper*.

Possibly it was anticipation of this statement that caused HAYDN'S *Surprise*.

## CHARIVARIA.

WE are glad to note that a date is fixed for the two Greco-Roumanian weddings. Too many modern marriages are in the catch-as-catch-can style.

Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT complains that when he asks a woman to bring him a screwdriver she brings a corkscrew. We too have observed a deplorable disinclination to take retired admirals seriously.

In foggy weather, we learn, the air of the House of Commons is clarified by being pumped through cotton-wool. This, of course, is the same process as that which is used for Ministerial explanations.

Kangaroo-tail soup is on sale in the West End. We rather gathered from the sporting news that it was the lion's tail that was in the soup.

According to *The New York Tribune* a tornado which struck the town of Haileyville moved a residence one hundred yards along the street without disturbing the sleeping family. If we know our U.S.A. a return tornado will be arranged to put the house back again.

A Kansas man is reported to be the father of thirty-two children. It is not known whether he will apply for admission to the League of Nations or just let America represent him for the present.

Professor TURNER, writing in *The Times*, locates the earthquake of December 16th at Ping Liang. This disposes of the theory that it occurred just a little east of Sir ERIC GEDDES.

A correspondent writes to a morning paper to say that he has never experienced an earthquake shock. An Income Tax Collector has noted his name and address.

Mr. C. F. HIGHAM, M.P., has accepted the post of honorary advertising and publicity adviser to Margate. We have always been fearful that some day there would be an attempt to make the dear old place into a popular resort.

In time eggs will work out at three-halfpence each, we read. Our impression is that if they are only kept long enough they will work out almost regardless of cost.

A scientist states that it is impossible to sleep at a height of twenty-three thousand feet. It is a shame to put our Government officials on their mettle like this.

A frightful monster with an almost human face and a mouth capable of holding three men is reported to have gone ashore near Bombay. On hearing of this Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to have at once taken steps to ascertain

The Edinburgh Town Council have under consideration a citizens' petition for the compulsory registration of cat owners. Each owner, we understand, will be asked to state the number of cats owned and how many remaining lives each cat possesses.

The Midland bricklayer who was reported as saying that he was willing to take less wages has corrected the statement. What he really said was that he might take less wages if anyone could show him how to do less work.

A distinguished divine declares that there is too much marrying in haste nowadays. We ourselves know of

several cases of young men marrying without any prospect of being able to divorce their wives with the comfort and luxury to which they have been accustomed.

Called to a house in Park Lane the fire brigade found that a water-pipe had burst in the basement. The report that the plumbers' brigade were only beaten by six seconds is untrue.

Colonel FAWCETT, who claims to have discovered a new white race in Brazil, has been bitten by one of the tribesmen. It would just serve them right if they were not discovered again.

"The desire to write," says M. BERGSON, "is often a form of mental malady." For once it looks as if the POET LAUREATE had scored.

Professor EINSTEIN is of opinion that the universe is limited and measurable. We wish he would have a look at our Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Golf, we read, has not been taken up seriously by the people in Switzerland. The fact is they are too busy chasing cuckoos into cuckoo clocks.

## An Aristocratic Complaint.

"The next motion was in the name of the Earl of —, but he is unfortunately suffering from an attack of influence."—*Local Paper*.

"RUGBY NOTES.—As a result of the failure of their insides, neither wing had much chance."—*Irish Paper*.  
This terrible gastritis!



New Butler. "AT WHAT TIME, SIR, WOULD YOU WISH TO DINE AS A RULE?"

Profiteer. "WHAT TIME DO THE BEST PEOPLE DINE?"

New Butler. "AT DIFFERENT TIMES, SIR."

Profiteer. "VERY WELL. THEN I TOO WILL DINE AT DIFFERENT TIMES."

whether anyone connected with the Northcliffe Press was missing.

The finding of a mixed jury has caused a great deal of criticism. One dear old lady of our acquaintance tells us that she could have knitted a much better verdict.

It is reported that Dr. SIMONS intends to ask the London Conference for permission for Germany to build a new Dreadnought on condition that she names it *Peace*.

Easter railway excursions at half-fares are announced. Apparently there is no hope of any such reduction in the price of staying at home.

It is rumoured that an American inventor claims to be able to produce an artificial substitute for Mr. FORD.



## TO "LIFE," OF NEW YORK.

[Lines written for the issue of its two-thousandth number, which appears, in special form, to-morrow.]

PUNCH, who is getting on for eighty  
And full of wisdom very weighty,  
With wit enough to know the worth  
Of such as you, the salt of earth,  
Begs leave to send his love and wish you  
Great joy of your memorial issue,  
Hoping you'll put his tribute in  
For sign that you and he are kin.

So, when about the festal board  
Men toast your health with loud accord  
(Here's to a merry "Life," and long!),  
But find the wassail far from strong,  
The spirit of *Punch*, defying space,  
Thanks to the bonds of speech and race,  
Shall brim the cup with cordial dew  
To fortify that temperate brew.

O. S.

## THE HIGH ART OF REMINISCENCE.

(With profound acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and "*The Sunday Times*.")

"Virgilium vidi tantum."

I REJOICE to see the signs of a reaction amongst our younger literary lions in favour of TENNYSON, whose merits it has been the fashion to depreciate if not to deride, much as it is still the fashion to depreciate the music of MENDELSSOHN. MENDELSSOHN unfortunately I never saw, as he passed away before I was born, nor do I remember to have spoken to TENNYSON; none the less I seem to feel as if I had known him very well. I had the good fortune to see him once, however, at close quarters in a hairdresser's shop, and, though I was being shaved at the time and he went out before the assistant had finished with my chin, the impressions that I received of the bard's leonine personality stamped themselves indelibly on my mind.

A rugged self-centred nature—that was how he struck me. The hairdresser endeavoured to engage him in conversation about Madame RACHER—it was in the year 1878—the weather and other ephemeral topics, but the only words I could catch were a gruff "Don't chatter so much; get on with your job." But in spite of this brusque and almost forbidding exterior I came away with the conviction that I had been in close contact with one of the elect souls of the time; a consummate artist, an eloquent interpreter of the spirit and philosophy of the Victorian age. I remember well, too, that he wore a broad-brimmed soft hat and an Inverness cape. His manner towards the hairdresser, I admit, somewhat pained me. It savoured somewhat of conscious greatness, of a disinclination to get into touch with the pulsing heart of the people. But he was a great fellow all the same.

The Life of PATTI, which I have recently been reading with absorbing interest, reminds me that, although I occasionally had the pleasure of hearing her golden voice at Covent Garden and in the Albert Hall, I was never fortunate enough to meet her in private life. Nevertheless I am convinced that I understood her a great deal better than those who did. As a matter of fact I once dined at DELMONICO's, in New York, on the same evening as she did, though I did not know it till long afterwards; and again I once arrived at the famous Knickerbocker Hotel in the same city only two days after she had left. The aura of her presence was still fresh, and, with the aid of the manager, the elevator-operator and other members of the

staff, I was able to reconstruct a picture of her personality not less vivid and poignantly realistic than if I had actually conversed with the world-famous *diva*.

She was a blend of the nightingale and the bird of Paradise: *petite*, vivacious, with sparkling eyes and a great fondness for sweetmeats. Her jewels were magnificent, and she was alleged—though I believe without any ground in fact—to carry about with her a portable bath made of solid gold. Her talk was a strange mixture of childishness and sophistication, of *naïveté* and *espièglerie*. I gathered from the *chef* that she had a partiality for the liver-wing of Bombay duck, but was otherwise simple in her tastes. Her wit was brilliant. When WALTER DAMBROSCH once chaffed her on the ground that she had not given her name to a sweet, as MELBA had to the familiar confection of peaches, she flashed back at once: "What are *Pêches Melba* compared to the only Oyster Patti?"

In fine, a glorious voice, great talent, but hardly on the same plane, so far as character goes, as SEMIRAMIS or the mother of the GRACCHI, or CATHERINE OF RUSSIA. But she was a great singer all the same.

The publication, in America, of a monograph on JULIUS CÆSAR leaves me comparatively cold. I say "comparatively" because absolute frigidity is foreign to my nature. But no new book on the redoubtable Roman can tell me anything really new about him. I admit that I never saw him with these eyes, and there are no incontestable evidences of his ever having penetrated as far West as Galway, where I spent my early years. But there are moments when the tumultuous upheaval of my sub-conscious mind prompts the irresistible conviction that in some previous incarnation I was a member of the Senate in his day, or served as a war-correspondent on his campaigns. Whatever the explanation, I feel that I know him far better than any industrious American professor. He is always present to my mental eye as a man of a commanding and rather awe-inspiring personality. A man whom no one would dare to address by a nickname; frugal to austerity in his tastes; the sort of man who would never have required more than a few sandwiches and a Thermos flask. And yet not without a touch of vanity; conscious of his profile and morbidly anxious about the disposition of his somewhat scanty chevelure. This mixture of egotism and self-repression I find reflected in his style, which is to me painfully lacking in grace, in the luscious flamboyance only found in the Celtic race.

CÆSAR was emphatically a poor journalist; there was good matter in his despatches, but the manner is jejune and arid and needed the titivation and lubrication which only the expert publicist can give to the bald utterances of the man of action. Yes, CÆSAR was bald in more senses than one. Still with all reserves he was a great fellow, and I am not without hopes that the processes of psychoanalysis, which I am now studying with intense delight, may enable me to amplify these reminiscences on a future occasion. Next week, however, I propose to give my recollections of HANNIBAL, Prince RUPERT and GEORGE IV.

## The Law's Delays.

"Barry Police Court proceedings to-day lasted only a few months."  
*Welsh Paper.*

"While dredging near Walton-on-skull, presumed to be that of a woman. £677,047, and exports £339,108."—*Local Paper.*  
An intriguing story, but suffers from over-compression.

"Not until now have we been able to offer pre-war pork pies."  
*Local Paper.*

Only just released, we suppose, by the High Explosives Department.





## THE LAKE-DWELLERS.

SPOKESMAN OF DEPUTATION (to the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS). "NOW THAT YOU HAVE GRACIOUSLY CONSENTED TO DEMOLISH THE HUTMENTS ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE, MAY WE RESPECTFULLY HOPE, SIR ALFRED, THAT THE AMENITIES OF THAT SECTION OF ST. JAMES'S PARK WHICH WE OCCUPY MAY SHORTLY BE RESTORED?"



*Fond Mamma.* "I SOMETIMES THINK, PERCY, YOU DON'T TREAT YOUR DEAR FATHER WITH QUITE THE PROPER RESPECT."  
*Young Hopeful.* "WELL, MA, I NEVER LIKED THE MAN."

### CONCERNING MABEL'S FORM.

EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS WHICH MUST BE ANSWERED.

I DON'T want to carp. I'm not saying that when Sir ERIC GEDDES, or whoever it was, drew up the official application form issued by the Ministry of Transport for the new Motor Car Registration and Licence, he deliberately set out to be rude to Mabel.

All I contend is that, when applied to Mabel, some of his questions on the form do not show that grasp and understanding of the more intricate problems of transport that we have a right to expect. For undoubtedly Mabel is one of the most intricate problems of transport that ever existed.

I bought Mabel in a fit of sudden madness last spring. I am sure the man who owned her before was cruel to her. He broke her spirit. It is true that it was I, myself, who broke her back axle; but that was on a journey home just after the purchase-money had been handed over. I have never been able to find the man since.

The things Sir ERIC GEDDES wants

to know about Mabel are, to say the least of them, disconcerting. For example, in Section B.1 he inquires in the most casual sort of way whether Mabel is propelled by an internal combustion engine, a steam engine or an electric motor. A most difficult question to answer.

The fact is that, though some of Mabel's internal combustions are positively frightful, she is seldom "propelled" by them. They just happen—usually in the shed at the bottom of my garden when I am trying to start Mabel up. Of course I couldn't tell Sir ERIC GEDDES about these little intimate matters. Mabel would never forgive me.

However, when I think it over, there is a rather good idea in Sir ERIC's suggestion about the steam-engine. There are times when to be run into from behind by something really powerful in the way of a steam-engine would be about the only possible means of shifting Mabel. Yes, I must make a note of that.

Sir ERIC goes on in his chatty way to inquire how many cylinders Mabel makes use of. I wish he could spend a

day with her out in the country somewhere. A really bleak wet day for preference. He would understand these things better than.

Mabel is possessed of four cylinders. But never by any chance does she make use of all four in unison. At best, after much agonized coughing and spitting, she leaps and throbs out of my garden firing on three cylinders. She then drops on to two cylinders and returns home in the course of the afternoon either in tow or firing on one cylinder. No, there is not enough room on the form to explain about Mabel's cylinders.

Then again Sir ERIC is almost indelicate in the questions he asks about Mabel's body. Mabel is one of the most sensitive and retiring creatures on earth. I would never dream of putting such things on paper for the eyes of unsympathetic young clerks in a Government office, though I am sure that Mabel would have no objection to my whispering in Sir ERIC's private ear that her body is no longer beautiful. Mabel has no false pride. She does not pretend to be young, or a Rolls-Royce. Not, of

course, that it would deceive anyone if she did. But when it comes to telling Sir ERIC's underlings the colour of Mabel's body—well, I simply can't bring myself to it. You see what I mean; or at least you would if you saw Mabel. The colour of Mabel's body could only be described by the one word, "faded."

Amongst the things Sir ERIC wants me to write down on the form is the address where I keep Mabel. At first glance that seems easy. I have only to mention Mabel's shed at the end of the garden and there you are. The difficulty begins when Sir ERIC carries the matter further and adds that, if I keep Mabel at more than one place, I am to put all the addresses in Section C. This makes it very complicated.

On those rare occasions when I take Mabel out you never know what her address is going to be for the next three months. Mabel has an incurable habit of, so to speak, falling by the wayside. At one time and another she has, I should think, resided, for shorter or longer periods, at every garage and repair shop within a radius of fifty miles of my house.

I live in Cheshire and I once tried to entice Mabel into North Wales for the purpose of taking her round the Horse-Shoe Pass. I thought that possibly the association of ideas connected with a horse-shoe might bring her luck. As it turned out I was wrong. She never got further than Chester. She stayed in that historic city for about six weeks and the bill from a firm of motor engineers was terrific.

As I say, I don't want to carp, but I do regret that, amongst the hundred-and-one things Sir ERIC wishes to know about Mabel, he seems to have no interest to spare for Mabel's clock. It is quite a good clock. It is fitted on to Mabel's dashboard and for the greater portion of the motoring season it is the only thing about Mabel that goes.

Nor is anything said about the nickel disc I have bought to contain the new licence. It should look rather well on the dashboard as a companion ornament to the clock. And it is a comforting thought that I shall be able to amuse myself reading over the official phraseology of the licence during those long hours when I am waiting for someone to come along and tow Mabel and me home.

#### Psycho-Analysis.

I dreamed of blue-spotted ham,  
And, although I'm as mild as a  
    lamb,  
Those tarnishes mean  
I must really have been  
A bit of a dog in my pram.



*Little Man* (explaining his appearance). "YOU SEE, I BOUGHT THE STUFF AND HAD IT MADE UP."

*Friend*. "SPLENDID! AND HAVE YOU ANY LEFT OVER?"

*Little Man*. "JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE AN UMBRELLA."

#### Assets and Liabilities.

"Widow, Elderly, Middle-Age, good liabilities, wishes acquaintance man of ability financially; view matrimony."

*Canadian Paper.*

#### Causes of England's Failure.

"On another start being made Hendron and Mailey shared the attack."—*Scots Paper.*

"The first century in the New South Wales innings was sent up amid cheers after the innings had lasted seven minutes."

*Another Scots Paper.*

#### From a draper's catalogue:—

##### "THE INFANTS DEPARTMENT.

We shall offer these at Giving Away Prices. Several Job Lines at 1/11 and upwards."

Is this the result of the rising birth-rate?

"Walker-street, Nottingham, was removed to the General Hospital on Saturday night in a critical condition."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the unfortunate thoroughfare had been run over by a succession of motor-cars.

## THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

V.

## NUMBER SEVEN

(BASED ON AN OLD LEGEND).

*A Room in the East. Some time ago.  
A Man and a Woman having supper.*

*She.* You eat heartily, my pomegranate.

*He.* Yes, I am hungry. And I am happy, for is it not our bridal feast?

*She.* That reminds me. There is something I want to tell you. As a matter of fact I meant to tell you before, but I have been so busy buying clothes.

*He.* Oh, what is that? Pass the salt.

*She (passing).* The fact is, you are not my first husband; at least, not exactly.

*He.* How do you mean?

*She.* As a matter of fact you are the—the first but five.

*He (working it out).* I see. I take it the others are away from home.

*She (gently).* No. They died. Have some more salad?

*He.* Thank you. I'm sorry. At least, you know what I mean.

*She.* The odd thing was that they all died at the same time—in a way.

*He.* Oh! Was there an epidemic, or what?

*She.* Oh, no. What I mean is they each died the night we were married.

*He.* That is curious. Why did they die?

*She.* Nobody knows. They just died. It's given me a great deal of bother.

*He.* But I suppose you've been able to use the same trousseau in each case?

*She.* But nay; for I have invariably embroidered every garment in gold and silver with the name and image of my love.

*He.* By Jove, what a bore! I say, have you embroidered any garments with my name and image? I'd like to see them.

*She (sadly).* Nay, my beloved. This time I have embroidered nothing. It seemed such a waste.

*He.* Yes, yes, of course. All the same— You know, my olive branch, I can't help wishing you'd told me about this before we were wed.

*She.* I am sorry, my love. I can't think how it slipped my memory. But there was so much shopping to be done, and what with one thing and another— Do have some more salad.

*He.* Thanks; it's delicious. By the way, who made it?

*She.* With her own fair hands your lily contrived it.

*He.* Oh! Perhaps, after all, I won't have any more. I don't feel so hungry as I thought I did.

*She.* The last but two used to love my salads. All his married life—

*He (musing).* By the way, when you say "night," what time of night do you mean? When did the last but two, for instance—

*She.* I should have said "evening" really; it was careless of me. Usually about nine—

*He (looking at hour-glass).* Curious—I don't feel nearly so well. I wonder if—

*[The Curtain falls to denote the passage of a few months. When it rises two people are discovered at supper—a Woman (the same one) and a Man (a different one).]*

*She.* You eat heartily, my pomegranate.

*He.* Who would not eat heartily on the day of his espousal to such a maid as thee?

*She.* That reminds me. I knew there was something I wanted to tell you, but the wedding put it quite out of my head.

*He.* Truly, what shouldst thou think of at thy espousal but thy spouse?

*She.* Do you mind saying "you"?

None of the others have said "thou."

*He.* As you will, beloved. But of what "others" speakest thou?

*She.* Well, that's really the point. The fact is, my tangerine, you are not my first spouse—at least, not quite.

*He.* How so? What delicious salad!

*She.* Have some more. No, you are—let me see—one, two, three, four—yes, you are the first but six. It's rather a curious story; I wonder if it would bore you.

*He.* What tale from thy sweet lips could tedious be?

*She.* I wish you'd get out of that "thy"—habit; it's so irritating. Well, the fact is that all your predecessors died on the evening of our wedding—I mean weddings—and nobody quite knows why.

*He.* Truly a strange tale. May I have just one more go at the salad?

*She.* Of course. I'm so glad you like it. Curiously enough, the one before you was very fond of it too; in fact I've often wondered— Well, there it is. Now I do hope that nothing is going to happen to you, my dear, because I should so hate to think that you had been put to any inconvenience on my account. Besides, it upsets the servants.

*He.* Have no fear, beloved. For I too have a secret. I know thy—your—tragic history; a witch has revealed it unto me.

*She.* You know? Well, I do think you might have told me. I meant it to be a surprise.

*He.* Further, she has given me a magic charm to protect us both.

*She.* I say, what's that mess in the corner? There—on the plate.

*He.* That is the heart and liver of a fish, my apple.

*She.* I hope you haven't brought a cat into the house; father can't bear them.

*He.* Nay, my love, that is the charm.

*She.* It looks a very large one. What fish is it?

*He.* It is the heart and liver of a sturgeon.

*She.* I suppose it couldn't have been done with a sardine?

*He.* Nay, nay. For the witch enjoined me; first I must burn it—

*She.* Yes, I think you'd better.

*He.* See? (burns). The ashes thereof will drive away the evil spirit that molests you.

*She (recoiling).* And I don't wonder.

*[The Curtain falls, and rises again the next morning. The room is full of smoke.]*

*He (shaving).* Who is that man digging in the garden?

*She.* Oh, that's father. He's digging a grave for you. It's become a sort of habit with him.

*He.* Wilt thou not tell him it is not required?

*She (through the window).* Father, we shan't want it this time. Sorry.

*He.* I thank thee.

*She (irritable).* Oh, do stop saying "thee." And will you please take these horrible ashes and throw them away at once? Really, I can hardly breathe.

*He.* Nay, my love. They are our charm against danger. Art not thou—aren't you, I mean—grateful?

*She.* Yes, of course. But they've done the trick by now. We can't spend our whole married life in this atmosphere.

*He.* But indeed we must. The witch enjoined me that, unless they were preserved, I should perish, even as those before me.

*She.* Well, I'm extremely sorry, but I really can't stand this. (Through the window) Father, you might bury this, will you? (throws down the ashes). Thank you. Oh, and don't fill up the hole yet. We may want it after all.

CURTAIN. A. P. H.

"Cross-examined, Miss — said Mr. — was threatening her with an action should the bath be held to be a public right of way. She had not given him a warranty that it was not."—*Provincial Paper*.

In the public interest our sympathies on this occasion are with the gentleman.

"An almost certain cure for chilblains is sponging them with spirit of wine daily, and as many times as possible during the day. It must, however, be done during the warm weather, and not in the winter."

*Letter in Daily Paper.*

We are putting ours into cold storage against the summer.



**MANNERS AND MODES.**

*Fair but solid spectator (to her partner during professional exhibition at restaurant). "ISN'T IT LOVELY? WE MUST PRACTISE THAT."*



### WHY WE LOST THE ASHES.

AN EPISTLE TO THE ANTIPODES.

MY DEAR CORNSTALK,—I have noticed with regret that the statements which from time to time have been given to the Press by our combatant correspondents regarding the failure of our men to do themselves full justice in the struggle for the Ashes have not been received by the bulk of your countrymen with the seriousness and proper meekness of spirit which should have been accorded them. It has pained me to perceive in your public acknowledgments of those plain, straightforward explanations a distinct tinge of levity obviously designed to tickle the ears of the groundlings on both sides of the water, and prevent just and sober consideration of our claim to a moral victory.

The M.C.C. journalists have said in fact that, if our fellows had made more runs and dropped fewer catches, the result at the close of each match would have been very different. I do not know, and I cannot even conjecture, how much of conscientious thought and deliberation went to compose this convincing statement, but I do contend that the consummate truth and wisdom embodied in it should have made you consider seriously whether the victories secured on the fields of Melbourne, Adelaide and elsewhere really have been yours after all.

It does not appear to have occurred to you that our reporting team has, in common parlance, let you down very lightly. Fortunately the points they generously refrained from pressing home are so obvious as to be apparent to all save the most biassed. If, for example, the English eleven had found it convenient

to remain at the wicket for exactly the same length of time as the chances of the game allotted to your side, their greater readiness to hit out at the ball would undoubtedly have been attended with more impressive results and victory would have been ours. Further, if due allowance had been made for the runs which several of our men might conceivably have made had they not been conscientiously anxious to get off their Press copy, the position for you, my dear Cornstalk, would have been humiliating beyond all contemplation. Need I crush you with further arguments, or are you now sufficiently reminded of the traditional association between ashes and sackcloth?

The question of the dropped catches requires to be regarded from a higher standpoint than that of the mere statistician. None but the coarsest mind could fail to appreciate the delicacy of the situation which the English captain so courteously refrained from indicating. Our men are your guests. Need I impress upon you the fact that it is repugnant to a gentleman to go into the cricket field after being generously entertained in the pavilion and elsewhere and deliberately, in cold blood, catch his host out? It is sufficiently

fieldsman the only honourable course, when the ball soars in his direction, is to drop it; unostentatiously, if possible, but anyhow to drop it. He may be misunderstood, but to do one's duty is often to be misunderstood.

I trust I have written enough, my dear Cornstalk, to show you that matches which are lost on the field may very easily be won on paper. Should your fellows, in spite of all, persist in reckoning results in the old-fashioned way, they will leave us of the old country with no alternative but to play cricket a little better and write about it a little less.

Yours ever, JOHN.

### OUR INCORRUPTIBLE PRESS.

WHEN James Halford came back to the pursuits of peace he resolved to be a newspaper proprietor. He said, quite correctly, that it was the nearest way to plutocracy and the House of Lords. However, the size of his gratuity hindered him from purchasing either *The Mail* or *The Telegraph*. Finally he became the proud proprietor of *The Occlesbury Weekly Times and Pulsden Gazette*.

Occasionally I dropped over to see James in his editorial office. He always thanked heaven that there were at least two people in every hamlet who were prepared to write local news for nothing, just to see themselves in print, and in addition would buy copies of the paper to give away to their friends. He always declared that when he got a London paper he would run it on the same principle.

"You just look over the stuff and knock out the libels and there you are," said he. "The news columns fill themselves.

My trouble is with the advertisements. If it wasn't for Perkins, who runs the local store here, I couldn't carry on; he is worth five hundred a year to me. Of course I have to flatter him editorially. I don't know whether I am more eloquent in describing the appearance of Miss Perkins at the parish dances or in my eulogies of Perkins' pigs at our local show. My first work every week is the Perkins' paragraph; when I've got that done I build the paper round it."

One morning I received an urgent telephone message from James: "Can you come over and see the paper to press to-day? I have to go to town on important business and my assistant has flu. Do come, old fellow, for if I leave



Office Boy (anxious to go to football match). "MAY I HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF, SIR? MY GRAND—"

Employer. "OH, YES, I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE. YOUR GRANDMOTHER DIED LAST WEEK."

Office Boy. "YES, SIR; BUT—MY GRANDFATHER'S GETTING MARRIED AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON."

distasteful to him to be the means of bowling his host out, but the bowler can always claim to have hit the wicket accidentally and so escape odium. But about a catch there is something of deliberate premeditation. The sensitive fieldsman must argue thus: "It is obviously discourteous to catch my host out when he has been at the wicket only a short time; to catch him out when he is approaching his fifty is mean and petty; to catch him out as he strides towards his century is bearish in the extreme, while to catch him out after he has passed his hundred and is on his way to establish a record is an outrage against good breeding which simply cannot be contemplated." For such a





Vicar's Wife. "I'M AFRAID I CANNOT OFFER YOU MORE THAN TWENTY-EIGHT POUNDS A YEAR. INCUMBENCIES NOWADAYS COST MORE THAN THEY ARE WORTH."

Cheery Applicant. "LOR' BLESS YER, MUM, AND WELL I KNOWS IT, 'AVIN' 'AD NINE MESELF!"

it to the printing staff both of them may go off on their own. The Perkins' paragraph is written; you can push in any of the rest of the contributions you like."

I promised to oblige him, and that day *The Occlesbury Weekly Times and Pulsden Gazette* had a new editor.

There was not much to do beyond tearing up half the stuff and reserving a column for the small boy who was acting-chief-reporter for the day. He was at the Petty Sessions collecting a cheerful record of small and sordid offences against the law. When he came in I glanced over his manuscript and found that he had carried caution to an extreme. His heading, "Alleged Drunkard Kicks Alleged Policeman," showed how you may be guilty of libel through excessive anxiety to avoid it. I crossed out every other "alleged" and threw the stuff to the printers. My work was nearly over.

Just then in walked a stout person who demanded to see the Editor.

"He's in London," I said—adding, with a touch of justifiable pride, "I am acting-editor."

"My name is Perkins," said the newcomer. "There's been a bit of bother at the Petty Sessions. That Weights and Measures Inspector is the biggest liar that ever walked this earth. If there's any report of my case in your paper my ads. stop at once, young man."

I recalled a police-court report which began, "Alleged Grocer Fined Five Pounds For Alleged Short Weight." I had not noticed the name and had sent it to press, merely deleting the epithet applied to the grocer.

Looking at the Perkins man I wanted to publish the news very badly, but I could not let any wishes or scruples of mine ruin James.

"Of course, Mr. Perkins," I began, "we should be very glad to oblige you—"

Just then the telephone-bell rang. "One moment, Mr. Perkins," I said.

I took up the receiver. "Hello, old man" (it was James speaking). "I've had a stroke of luck. I've sold the paper—at a profit too—and pouched the deposit. Get the thing to press

anyhow and then take the first train up to town and meet me at the Ritz. I must spend some of my ill-gotten gains at once."

"Right-o," I said.

I turned to Mr. Perkins and began my speech again. "Of course, Mr. Perkins, we should be only too glad to oblige you, but this is a matter of principle. You must understand once and for all that the British Press is incorruptible. Your case cannot be suppressed."

"I'll take every blessed ad. away from the paper," roared Perkins.

"At any cost the Press of England will speak the truth," I said magnificently.

Perkins darted from the office, using language concerning the British Press discreditable in a representative of British commerce.

And now when orators say that no one believes in the honesty of the British Press I refer them to Occlesbury. One distinguished citizen of that market-town believes it to be uncorrupted and incorruptible.



*Gushing Lady.* "YES, SHE'S MARRIED TO A LAWYER, AND A GOOD HONEST FELLOW TOO."

*Cynic.* "BIGAMIST!"

### JOHN COMPANY'S SHIPS.

#### EAST INDIA DOCK.

John Company's ships they sailed the seas—  
The *Merchant's Hope* and the *Trade's Increase*,  
*Globe* and *Dragon* and *Hector* too,  
*Thames* and *Canning* and *Waterloo*—  
With gums and ingots and spice and silk,  
Blood-red rubies and pearls like milk.  
Idols of ivory, cups of jade,  
Caskets of ebony gold-inlaid,  
Lacquer and crystal, gifts for kings,  
Brass and filigree, beads and rings,  
Rugs like the sunset, madder and gold,  
John Company's ships brought home of old.

John Company's ships they were steady and slow;  
Their tops'ls came in when it started to blow;  
For their hulls were roomy and round and wide,  
Bluff in the bows and big in the side,  
And they loaded them deep and they crammed them full  
With the cargoes they bought from the Great Mogul.  
But they held their own when it came to a scrap  
With a Barbary rover or any such chap,  
And many a pirate and privateer  
That had smacked his lips as the prize drew near  
Limped home with his wounds at the last, to tell  
John Company's ships could fight as well.

\* \* \* \* \*  
John Company's ships they went their way;  
They cleared and they sailed for Dead Men's Bay,

With captains gallant in blue and gold  
And bawling bosuns and seamen bold,  
Bows all splendid with gilt and glitter,  
Pennants streaming and pipes a-twitter,  
Carven stern-ports and guns a-row;  
Flashing brasses and decks like snow—  
They went their way; and the gulls they call  
On London's river, by old Blackwall,  
And the winds they blow and the tides they run  
The same to-day as they've always done;  
But they are gone like a tale that's told—  
John Company's ships of the days of old.

C. F. S.

"When he set out to build his two-wheeled bicycle, however, he became the subject of much ridicule."—*Daily Paper*.  
None but an absurdly conventional person would have determined upon that number of wheels for a bicycle.

"On the 'air-liners,' which are to fly with express mails between New York, Chicago, and other cities, it has now been decided to carry passengers, not at any fixed fee, but at so much a pound according to their weight."—*Daily Paper*.  
It is rumoured that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is about to issue a spirited protest against the proposal.

Under the heading of "What the World is Reading," a weekly paper mentions, "Roderick Hudson's *Novels and Stories of Henry James*, Vol. I." This leads us to hope that the world may yet have the privilege of reading Mr. Barnaby Rudge's interesting work, *The Novels and Stories of Charles Dickens*.



*Bernard Partridge*

### PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

GERMAN MILLIONAIRE. "CAPITAL MAKE-UP! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

GERMAN DELEGATE TO CONFERENCE. "OH, I HAD IT COPIED FROM THE REAL THING—  
A BRITISH TAX-PAYER."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 21st.*—Sir ERIC GEDDES hotly disclaimed the charge of having employed persons to write articles for the Press representing the views of the Ministry of Transport on the future of the railways. He had only furnished them with information in the interests of the tax-payer and the community. He added, with the zeal of the converted, that in his opinion the railways were fortunate in having their income guaranteed to them during the past seven years. Shareholders ruefully watching the steady depreciation in the value of their holdings will doubtless accept with becoming gratitude this blast from the (ex-) North-Eastern.

Under the emollient influences of matrimony Captain WEDGWOOD BENN has notably softened the rigour of his oratorical style. A great part of his speech in denunciation of Irish "reprisals" was almost judicial in tone. There was force, however, in Mr. INSKIP's observation that these "catalogues of crime," which could be more than matched on the other side, were not very helpful in promoting a settle-

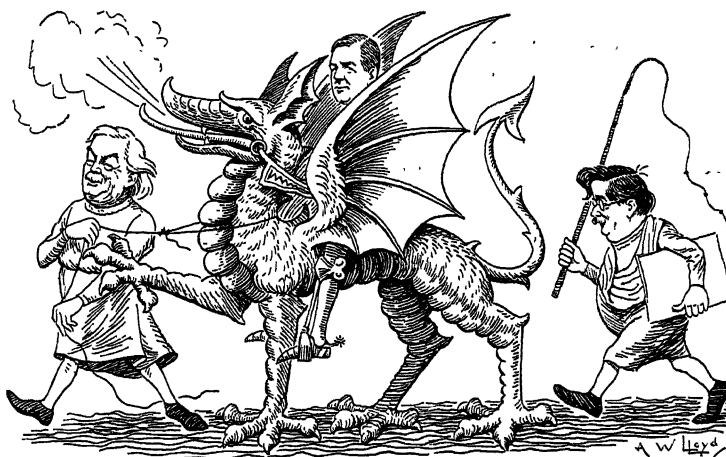


AN EX-NORTH-EASTER.  
SIR ERIC GEDDES.

ment. The public instinct, he thought, had detected the false emphasis in the speeches of Mr. ASQUITH, whose "fiery torch" had in consequence fizzled out into "smoking flax."

The CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND produced the expected counter-catalogue of Irish Republican atrocities, which, he declared, would soon come to

an end if the murderers were not buoyed up by the hope that the Opposition would turn out the Government. As for the police, even the Labour Party's report had said that not more than one per cent. of them were "really bad men," and could the Archbishop of CANTERBURY (an attentive listener in



JOYOUS ENTRY OF THE VICTOR OF CARDIGAN.  
THE PRIME MINISTER. CAPTAIN ERNEST EVANS. MR. TOWYN JONES  
(Welsh Coalition Whip).

the Peers' Gallery) say the same about his "black army of clergymen"?

*Tuesday, February 22nd.*—The Irish debate in the House of Lords was for the most part a replica of that in the Commons yesterday. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY filled with dignity the rôle taken by Captain BENN, with the difference that he spoke on behalf of those who desired to support the Administration. To suppose, he said, that they condoned the "insane wickedness" of the Sinn Feiners was, "to put it bluntly, a lie." If this had been the only speech on that side the LORD CHANCELLOR would have had little to complain about. But Lord BUCKMASTER dotted His Grace's "i's" with partisan fervour, and Lord DENBIGH declared that the methods of the auxiliary police in Ireland were manufacturing rebels day by day, and that most of the Sinn Feiners were not criminals by nature but were mere pawns in the hands of miscreants conducting a world-wide conspiracy. These assertions gave Lord BIRKENHEAD his chance. He fell with sarcastic ferocity upon Lords BUCKMASTER and DENBIGH, and barely noticed the PRIMATE, except to say that we could not cure the mischief in Ireland by reciting the Beatitudes. Personally he would rather have the Government in Ireland odious than a farce.

In the Commons Major MACKENZIE WOOD inquired why the report of the Game and Heather-Burning (Scotland) Committee was not forthcoming, and

was informed that it would be published shortly. It is not true, I understand, that the delay is due to the desire of the Committee to incorporate the results of Mr. ASQUITH's recent efforts to set the heather on fire.

Mr. "Pussyfoot" would have been shocked to hear the loud and general cheers which greeted Sir KEITH FRASER's complaint that, owing to the prices fixed by the Liquor Control Board, "all the best whiskies are leaving this country." Happily, the representative of the Department was unable to confirm this horrifying rumour.

*Wednesday, February 23rd.*—The Lords engaged in a somewhat futile discussion as to the pressure of the rates. Unfortunately the only practical way to reduce the rates is to increase the taxes, and to advise the owner of a shoe that pinches to change it for another which pinches worse is not likely to give him permanent relief. Lord PARMOOR's complaint that the ratepayer had "no Chancellor of the Exchequer to safeguard his interests" left the splendid paupers on the red benches singularly cold; nor did



THE PRIMATE (listening to Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD). "WHAT DOES THE FELLOW MEAN BY MY 'BLACK ARMY OF CLERGYMEN'?"

Lord HALDANE's suggestion of a local income-tax appear to kindle any enthusiasm in their illustrious breasts.

Challenged as to the appointment of an ex-convict to be a Minister of the Punjab, Mr. MONTAGU said that the matter rested entirely with the Governor. The critics were, however, still in full cry when the SPEAKER brought

the hunt to a summary conclusion by saying that, the House having given Home Rule to India, the matter was out of its jurisdiction. Constitutionally the ruling may not be impeccable, but Members for the most part were glad to know that for the future they would be spared the inquiries of the estimable but too often tedious gentlemen who take India for their province. Moreover, the ruling will presumably extend to Ireland as soon as that country decides to accept its proffered Parliaments; and think what a blessing that will be!

The main difference between the Unemployment Bill introduced by Mr. CLYNES this afternoon and Dr. MACNAMARA's, which was read a second time to-night, is that the Labour Party aims at actually preventing unemployment, while the Government, more modestly, will be content to relieve some of its concomitant distress. But so far as methods go there is necessarily little difference between them. Directly or indirectly, the support of the non-workers must come out of the pockets of the workers. Mr. CLYNES would take a little more (though bravely insisting that the workshy shall get nothing), Dr. MACNAMARA a little less—that is all. The most human touch in the debate came from Sir EDWARD CARSON, who recalled his briefless days at the Bar to illustrate the miserable state of the man who wanted work and couldn't get it.

*Thursday, February 24th.*—The SPEAKER's writ runneth not in the Upper House. Undeterred, therefore, by anything that had been said in "another place," Lord TENTERDEN inquired how many cows were killed in India each year, and proceeded, in advance of the information, to dilate on the shocking effects of this slaughter in retarding agricultural development and increasing infant mortality.

The only information he got was from Lord SYDENHAM, who assured him that the cows slaughtered were not the milky mothers of the herd, but only its aged and sapless grandmothers.

As bearer of HIS MAJESTY's gracious Reply to the Commons' dutiful Address the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD performed his duty with his accustomed grace. No one in my experience has more nicely gauged the exact points at which to make the prescribed

obeisances, or less falteringly executed the backward march from the Table to the Bar. The Commons, who are only children of a larger growth and delight in pageants, rewarded him with the usual cheers.

From an answer given some time ago by Mr. BONAR LAW it was understood that, if the Select Committee decided that the new telephone charges were unnecessarily large, a rebate would be given to those who had already paid them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was in charge of the House owing to its Leader's absence at the Peace Conference, now said that to do so was "not administratively possible." As he gave no reason Members were left wondering why a transaction which the

## A LEGACY IN ADVANCE.

"HULLOA, Piggott," I said, as my clerk ushered him into my office. "What brings you here?"

"Kindly address me less flippantly," replied Piggott. "I am calling on you professionally, to put my affairs in order. I wish to make a will. I presume, as you are a solicitor, you know how to make a will?"

"Certainly; but what makes you want to make one?"

"Look," he said, holding out his umbrella.

"Well, what about it?"

"This umbrella has just been recovered. Such a thing has never occurred before in my experience. I have always lost my previous umbrellas long before any of them wanted re-covering. This, to my mind, denotes an onset of the careful habits of advancing years. Nor does this symptom stand alone. Several times lately I have caught trains; the trains, I mean, I meant to catch. I have begun to put dates on my letters, often the correct date. All these signs of mental petrification remind me that I am getting on in life. I remember poor Uncle Charles, after whom I am named. He lived to fifty-five. Every morning he promised his wife to bring home some fish. One day he remembered. On the morrow he was no more. His warning came late and was all too short.

I am not anticipating immediate dissolution, but life is uncertain and it is well to be prepared."

"Very sensible of you," I said. "What do you want to put in your will?"

"Oh, I leave that to you. You call yourself a solicitor, don't you?"

"But I must know what you have to leave, and whom you wish to leave it to."

"Well, to begin with, there's this umbrella. I will leave it to you, I think. It will make an interesting paragraph in my obituary notice. 'The late Sir Charles Piggott' (by that time I may be a K.B.E. Don't laugh; before then it may very likely be a distinction as well as an honour to be one)—'the late Sir Charles Piggott, I say, who by steady industry amassed a considerable fortune in the City, left the umbrella without which he was never seen (or, perhaps, which caricaturists never omitted from

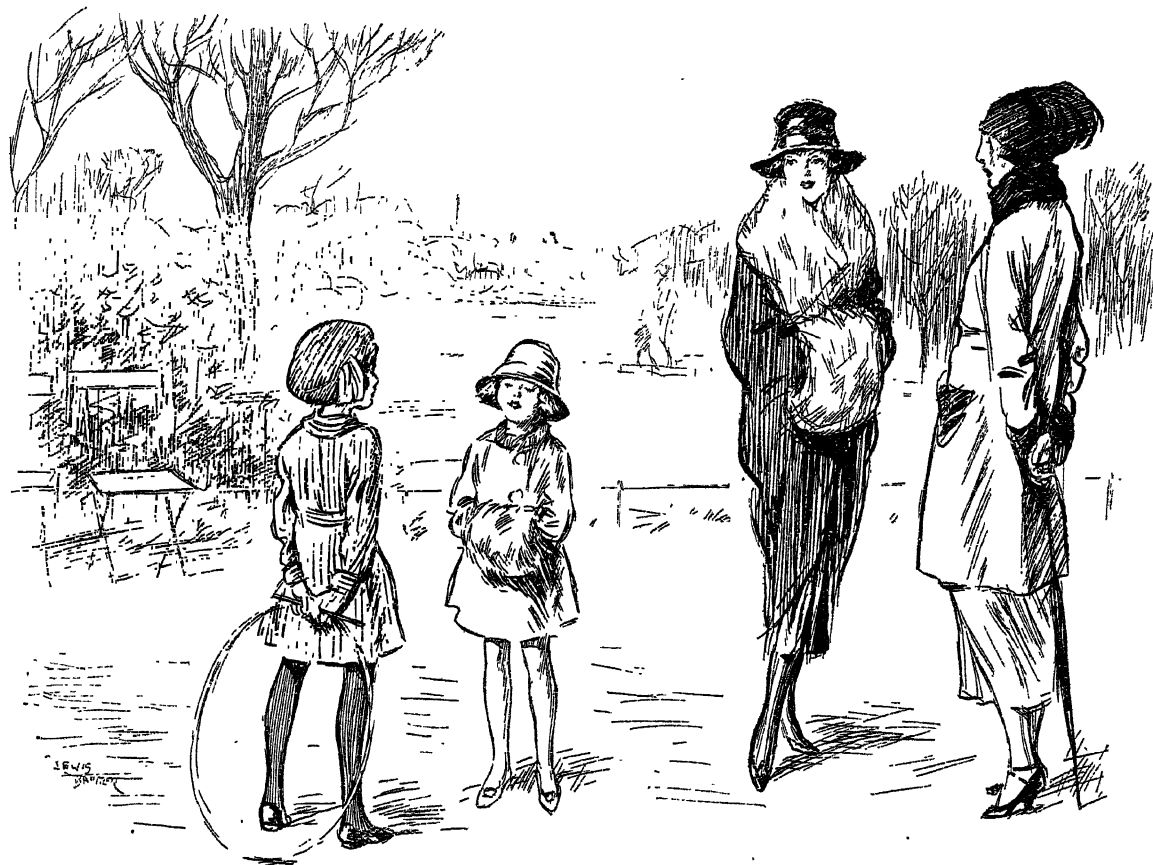


Dear Old Soul (to gentleman waylaid by footpad in lonely lane). "Excuse me—BUT CAN I GET YOU A POLICEMAN OR ANYTHING?"

Inland Revenue performs every day in connection with the Income Tax should be beyond the capacity of the Post Office.

For the third day in succession Captain REDMOND essayed to move the adjournment over the strange case of General TUDOR, Colonel CROZIER and the (alleged) looters. This time the SPEAKER was inclined to accept the motion, but he did not want to jeopardise the passage of the Unemployment Bill, and accordingly suggested that Captain REDMOND should hold it over till next week, promising that he would still regard it as "urgent" and therefore coming within the scope of the standing order. Some sticklers for precedent were inclined to object; but Mr. LOWTHER silenced them with the remark that "we create new precedents every day," and so registered yet another triumph for Commonsense over Red Tape.





*Small Girl.* "TO-DAY'S MY MUMMY'S WEDDING-DAY."

*Smaller Girl (with air of superiority).* "MY MUMMY WAS MARRIED YEARS AGO."

his portraits) to his family solicitor, Mr. Edward Brodtkin, a friend of his boyhood."

"Very generous of you. I have made a note of that. What else do you wish to leave, and to whom?"

"All my horses, carriages, motor-cars, plate, jewellery, china, cutlery, table linen, furniture, and the residue of my property after all specific legacies have been paid, to my dearly loved wife——"

"Oh, you are going to get married, then?"

"No, I no more contemplate immediate matrimony than I do sudden death, but I may just as well provide against the one evil as the other."

"Hadn't you better wait until the risk of one or other calamity is a little more imminent? From your manner of talk—motor cars, jewellery, knighthood—you evidently anticipate long life."

"Not necessarily. I merely wish to provide for remote contingencies—an other symptom of the love of order and method that is gradually encroaching upon me like a creeping paralysis."

"Any other personal legacies?"

"I'll have to let you know of those later on. By Jove," he exclaimed, pull-

ing out his watch, "I must get back to the City at once. I have a considerable fortune to amass there by steady industry."

"If you wish it I will make a draft and send it to you for approval."

"Exactly what I should like. Good-bye." And he was gone.

The rest of the afternoon I spent in drafting a will in skeleton form which I gave to my clerk to type.

Next morning I had scarcely been in my office a minute before a ring came on the telephone.

"Piggott speaking," said the voice.

"Please cancel my instructions for making a will. Something has occurred to make me alter my opinion of myself."

"What?"

"I have lost my umbrella again. My mind is not so ossified as I supposed. My will to make my will is consequently weaker to-day."

"Where have you lost it?" I asked.

"Your umbrella, I mean."

"I have no idea."

"Isn't your name and address on it?"

"My dear Brodtkin, are you so ignorant of the world as not to know that the only people who never leave their umbrellas behind anywhere are those

who put their names and addresses on them?"

"Why not become one of them?"

"Some day perhaps. Till then postpone my will;" and he rang off.

I tinkled for my clerk.

"You need not proceed with Mr. Piggott's will," I said. "He has changed his mind."

"Very good, Sir," he said. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Piggott left his umbrella here yesterday. I can take it round to him in my luncheon hour, if you like?"

"No, don't," I said. "Take it instead to the nearest umbrella shop and have my name and address put on it."

If I have lost my fee for making the will, at any rate I have come into my legacy very much earlier than I might reasonably have expected.

"BITTER FIGHT FOR CARDIGAN."  
*Daily Paper.*

It sounds like the January Sales.

"Wanted, Working Chauffeur (indoor); Ford car; knowledge of repairs; good needlewoman."  
*Local Paper.*

In case anything goes wrong with the bonnet?

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

VII.

THE lines which follow were originally intended to be an imitation of an erotic rhapsody by Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, but seem to have twisted themselves into a kind of last charge to a by-election candidate uttered by his political chief. However, it doesn't matter so very much, for political rhapsodies are really more interesting than erotic ones and much more suitable for general reading. The curious arrangement of the rhymes and the spacing of the verses are, at any rate, copied quite faithfully from the original. Mr. LAWRENCE's poem is called "Seven Seals"; this one is called

## THE YOUNG CHAMPION.

Since you must leave to-night and face the poll,  
Come, I will consecrate you for the tourney.  
Doubtful about your chances? Nay, sweet soul,  
SUTHERLAND says you are a cert. Lie back,  
Smoke a cigar and gaze into my eyes;  
For you are only half-sealed still and lack  
The A 1 hall-mark.

Let me hypnotise.

See, I have laid my palm upon your lip,  
Touching it first with fiery eloquence,  
And next with caution, that thereout may slip  
No damaging admissions.

There, 'tis done.

Fountains of pearls shall gush forth when you speak—  
Pearls of my own, and finer there are none—  
Flowers of soft rhetoric and ridicule  
For old stale hatreds. . . .

If a thing went well

You'll say, of course, we did it. If awry,  
ASQUITH had laid on it some blighting spell,  
Spoiling its chances. There must needs be troubles  
After a very great and terrible war. . . .  
(Nay, let us work.) Suppress these malice-bubbles. . . .  
The man who mocks or doubts us merely doubles  
Our hard, hard task. . . . Shoulder to shoulder stand. . . .  
Labour and Capital working hand in hand. . . .  
One Party. . . .

Have you got me? Good!

Then here,

Just at the V-shaped opening of your vest  
And fastened by a slip-knot round your throat—  
A talisman to guard you while you rest,  
A sign, a token like the crimson seal  
That stamps proprietary goods—I pin  
OUR COUPON. 'Tis the pass-word to the fort;  
Nothing without this brand is genuine.  
Now you are ready for the lists. The mort  
Shall sound in Westminster before you fail.  
But let me finish now and weave a mail  
Of lightning passes round you, head to heel,  
Touching your knees and thighs and breast and arms,  
Shirting you in a Cardigan of steel,  
So that no sword can give you any alarms  
And none say, "Such-and-such a man is he;  
He has this view, he holds that policy;  
We do not wish to take him for our Member."  
But rather as a fly preserved in amber  
Or prisoned in a tomb of marmalade,  
A mote within my sweetness, a mere shade  
I would have you go, wrapped up in mystery,  
Merged and made one with indomitable Me.

EVOE.

## TIGHT CORNERS.

THE talk was running on the critical situations in which we had found ourselves—those of us whose lives were adventurous enough to comprise any.

One man had been caught by the tide in Brittany and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Another had been on an elephant when a wounded tiger charged at it. A third had been on the top storey of a burning house. A fourth was torpedoed in the War.

"But you all talk," said one of the company, "as though tight corners were always physical affairs. Surely they can be tighter when they are mental. The tightest corner I was ever in was at CHRISTIE'S."

"CHRISTIE'S?"

"Yes. I had been lunching rather well at a club in St. James's Street with an old friend from abroad, and, passing along King Street afterwards, he persuaded me to look in at the sale-room. The place was full. They were selling Barbizon pictures and getting tremendous sums for each: two thousand, three thousand, for little bits of things—forest scenes, pools at evening, shepherdesses, the regular subjects. Nothing went for three figures at all. Well, we watched for a little while and then I found myself bidding too—just for fun. I had exactly sixty-three pounds in the bank and not enough securities to borrow five hundred on, and here I was nodding away to the auctioneer like a bloater.

"You'll get caught, my friend said to me.

"No, I shan't," I said. "I'm not going to run any risks.

"And for a long time I didn't. And then a picture was put up and a short red-faced man in a new top-hat—some well-known dealer—who had bought quite a number, electrified the room by starting the bidding at a figure a little higher than any that he had yet given or that anything had reached. Although the previous lots had run into four figures they had all been modestly started at fifty guineas or a hundred guineas, with a gradual crescendo to which I had often been safely contributing. But no sooner was the new picture displayed than the dealer made his sensational bid. 'Four thousand guineas,' he said.

"There was a rustle of excitement, and at the end of it I heard my own voice saying, 'And fifty!'

"A terrible silence followed, during which the auctioneer looked inquiringly first at the opener and then at the company generally. To my surprise and horror the red-faced dealer gave no sign of life. I realised now, as I ought to have done at first, that he had shot his bolt.

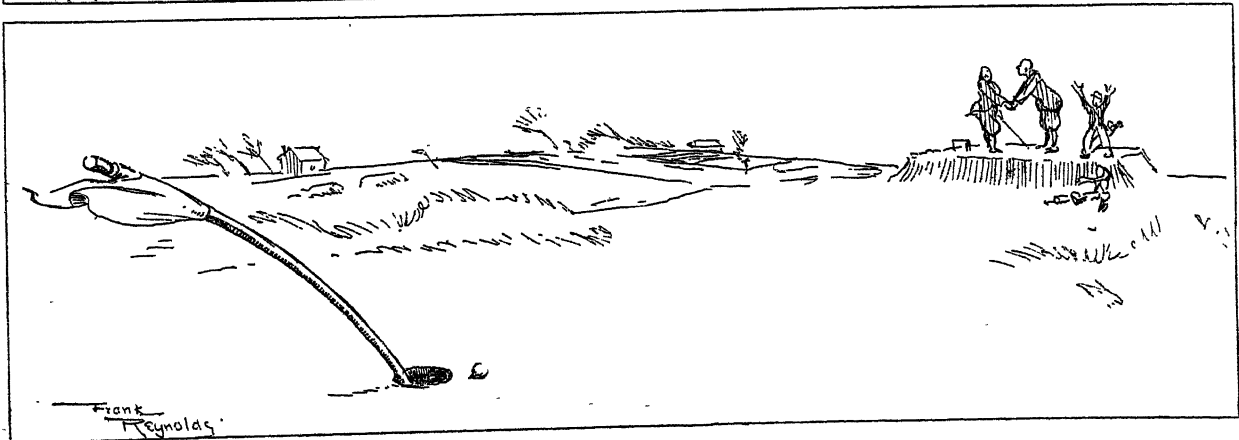
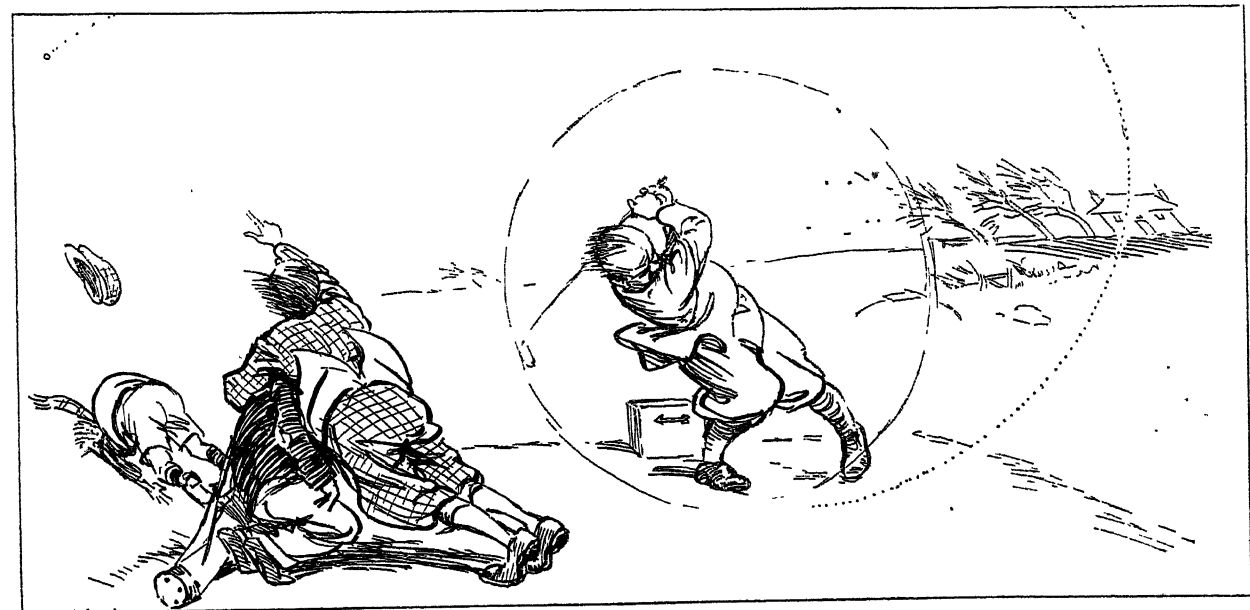
"'Four thousand and fifty guineas offered,' said the auctioneer, again searching the room.

"My heart stopped; my blood congealed. There was no sound but a curious smothered noise from my friend.

"'Four thousand and fifty guineas. Any advance on four thousand and fifty guineas?'—and the hammer fell.

"That was a nice pickle to be in! Here was I, with sixty-three pounds in the world and not five hundred pounds' worth of securities, the purchaser of a picture which I didn't want, for four thousand and fifty guineas, the top price of the day. Turning for some kindly support to my friend I found that he had left me; but not, as I feared at the moment, from baseness, but, as I afterwards discovered, in order to find a remote place in which to lean against the wall and laugh.

"Stunned and dazed as I was, I pulled myself together sufficiently to hand my card, nonchalantly (I hope), to the clerk who came for the millionaire collector's name, and then I set to pondering on the problem what to do next. Picture after picture was put up and sold, but I saw none of them. I was running over the names of uncles and



MARCH WINDS.  
VERY ADVANCED GOLF.



### ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE. TIME OF EDGAR THE PEACEFUL.

*First Churl.* "WELL, THAT'S ABOUT THE WORST BIT OF ROWING I'VE EVER SEEN."

*Second Churl.* "SH—! YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT SIX CHARGES OF LESE MAJESTY BROUGHT AGAINST YOU ALL AT ONCE?"

other persons from whom it might be possible to borrow, but wasn't; wondering if the moneylenders who talk so glibly about 'note of hand only' really mean it; speculating on the possibility of confessing my poverty to one of CHRISTIE's staff and having the picture put up again. Perhaps that was the best way—and yet how could I do it after all the other bids I had made? The staff looked so prosperous and unsympathetic, and no one would believe it was a mistake. A genuine mistake of such a kind would have been rectified at once.

"Meanwhile the sale came to an end and I stood on the outskirts of the little knot of buyers round the desk who were writing cheques and giving instructions. Naturally I preferred to be the last. It was there that I was joined by my friend; but only for a moment, for at a look at my face he rammed his handkerchief in his mouth and again disappeared. Alone I was to dree this awful weird. I have never felt such a fool or had colder feet in all my life. I believe I should have welcomed a firing party.

"And then the unexpected happened, and I realised that a career of rectitude sometimes has rewards beyond the mere consciousness of virtue. A voice at my ear suddenly said, 'Beg pardon, Sir, but was you the gent that bought the big Daubigny?'

"I admitted it.

"Well, the gent who offered four thousand guineas wants to know if you'll take fifty guineas for your bid.'

"If ever a messenger of the high gods wore a green baize apron and spoke in husky Cockney tones this was he. I could have embraced him and wept for joy. Would I take fifty guineas? Why, I would have taken fifty farthings.

"But how near the surface and ready, even in the best of us, is worldly guile? 'Is that the most he would offer?' I had the presence of mind to ask.

"It's not for me to say,' he replied. 'No 'arm in trying for a bit more, is there?'

"Tell him I'll take a hundred,' I said.

"And I got it.

"When I found my friend I was laughing too, but he became grave at once on seeing the cheque.

"Well, I'm hanged!' he said. 'Of all the luck! Well, I'm hanged!'

"Then he said, 'Don't forget that if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have come into CHRISTIE's at all.'

"I shall never forget it,' I said. 'It is indelibly branded in letters of fire on my heart. My hair hasn't gone white, has it?'"

E. V. L.

#### "EYE MAGNET."

A great magnate for the removal of fragments of metal from injured eyes has been installed in — Royal Infirmary."

*Provincial Paper.*

We understand there is an even greater magnate installed in Downing Street capable of removing the very last fragment of metal from injured tax-payers' pockets.

"In —'s pockets some specimens of school work were found, including the following extract from Robinson Crusoe:—

'I am out of humanity's reach, and must finish my journey alone.

Never to hear the sweet music of speech, I start at the sound of my own.'"—*Daily Paper.*

It was awfully clever of DEFOE to anticipate COWPER's *Alexander Selkirk.*



"MY DEAR, I'VE BOUGHT THE VERY PLACE TO SHOW OFF OUR FURNITURE—A REALLY FINE JACOBETHIAN MANSION."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I TRUST that a certain pressure of events since the appearance of her earlier works has not allowed you to forget that unique and amazing writer (or, as she herself puts it, "authoress"), "Miss Belinda Blinders." Certainly those who cherish fragrant memories of her *Sandford and Merton* will have a rapturous welcome, swiftly lapsing into hysteria, for *The Nouveau Poor* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). As before, the work is described upon the title-page as "edited by" DESMOND COKE; a phrase however that may well provoke the doubts of the incredulous. Of the tale itself, I can say at once that "Miss Blinders" has never displayed her wild and whirling gifts to more breath-taking effect. Here you meet again our universal friend, *Ralph Sandford*, now a beribboned but impecunious hero, reduced to advertising in the *Tempera* for situation as footman at captain's pay only, and no complaints. How, as result, he enters the household of a titled profiteer and, as the family guide and factotum, plunges into all the glare and glitter of light life in West London; how he shares his patron's Christmas exodus with the smart set for winter sport (at Boulogne); or how, true to his old form, he attempts to address a N.S.C. crowd on the problems of reconstruction—all this is told by "Miss Blinders" with a wealth of passionate inaccuracy that must be read to be appreciated. Here and there perhaps her Latinity seems to have matured (she has improved, for example, upon the *O tempora! O mutantur!* of an earlier work), though her use of alien tongues is still refreshingly individual. To drop pretence, Mr. COKE, assisted by Mr. JOHN NASH, whose illustrations, equally apt and quaint, are a constant

delight, has produced what is probably the most laughter-compelling book of the season.

It is an old and agreeable habit of novelists now and then to go a-wayfaring and let us see their minds more or less in undress. FIELDING went thus to Lisbon, STERNE to Paris, HENRY JAMES to France, Mr. HEWLETT to Italy, Mr. BENNETT to Holland—to name no others—and all brought back easy records of their impressions and experiences; and now here is the chronicle of a holiday in the country of the troubadours, which Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, the author of so many acceptable studies in fiction of English home life, has just put forth under the title, *A Spring Walk in Provence* (COLLINS). It is an attractive book, and it might have been even more so if Mr. MARSHALL had forgotten the authorities and relied more upon his own adventures and wayside conversations. For again and again, where we most want the narrator of *Exton Manor* to tell us what he thought, we are fobbed off with quotations from this and that predecessor. In particular I want to know at what inns Mr. MARSHALL stayed; but he does not tell. There is a wonderful old hostelry at Aix, with vast stables and an upper room where an ordinary is served every day, famous for its cooking. That is where he ought to have stayed; but I know he did not, for he says that he had a bath, and I am sure there are no such luxuries there. Such recent history as the births of ZOLA and CÉZANNE, both at Aix, does not interest him; but he is great upon the Roman battle there. The book, however, serves its purpose notably, for no one could read it without a desire to set off at once for Avignon and Aigues-Mortes, Villeneuve and Saintes Maries de la Mer.

As a rule I have for some time considered that our publishers incline to overdo the Puff Preliminary or Reviewers' Rest. Not content with the helpful synopsis on the "tuck-in of jacket," many of them now supplement this with typed hints to the professional critic. I say that I disapprove this practice in general; but if there is a book in which it has at least some excuse that is certainly *The Elephant God* (PHILIP ALLAN), of the author of which, Lieut.-Colonel J. H. GORDON CASSERLY, I am informed that "his knowledge of elephants and jungle life is probably unsurpassed," and that "though the story related in the following pages is entirely fiction, the extraordinary account of elephants and the jungle is drawn literally from the life." On which assurance my only comment shall be that it furnishes a moral support to the gallant author's assertions, of which they stand in considerable need. His book (of which the story may be dismissed as not only entirely but quite obviously fiction) bases its appeal frankly on that sympathy with elephants which is inherent in most of us. In my own case I trace it to a well-meaning anecdote of the nursery concerning a cruel tailor and his hydrophobic discomfiture. But tall as was this old tale it is dwarfed to insignificance by those of the present volume. How often the human and the elephant heroes, sworn allies, save each other's lives I should blush to recount; while as for the part played by the sympathetic animal in uniting the lovers I can only say that, before the end, had it actually joined their hands and raised a benedictory proboscis, I should have accepted this as all in the day's work. To be fair, Colonel CASSERLY has given us some admirable jungle pictures; but his match-making mammoth I must respectfully decline.

*The Victory at Sea* (MURRAY) is emphatically one of the War-books that cannot be given a miss. Written by their commander, Admiral SIMS, to describe the fighting share of the American Naval forces, it is really much more than this suggests, since it tells in explicit detail the story of the campaign against the submarine from first round to finish. As we look back on the censored nebulosities of the dark days it is another dream come true to be told in plain language all, or at any rate nearly all, the arts and wiles that were employed against the U-boats. The long-trigger mine, the direction-hydrophone, the Q-boat decoy-ship, with many other of our cherished inventions, we had all of course recognised as having done good service, but one has to admit that it gives us rather a shock of surprise to hear that the weapons most feared by the Hun sailors were neither depth-charges nor sea-plane bombs, but the torpedoes of our submarines copying their own methods against themselves. Most people would have to admit some surprise too—that is if they were approached on the subject craftily, so as to give them no chance of submerging—on hearing that the introduction of the convoy system, which Admiral SIMS always advocated, marked one of the most

definite turning-points of the whole War from defeat to victory, and that it was delayed solely by our merchant-skip-pers' genuine under-estimate of their ability to manœuvre in formation. Beyond all this fascinating technical enlightenment here are stories of amazing battles, which I defy anyone to read unmoved—stalking-battles, luring-battles, battles of waiting and listening and shamming dead—that have been told before but never better. Altogether this is a book among a thousand, as salt and as scientific as the British Navy and as thoroughly English as you could wish. I trust the author will realise what a compliment I mean.

I cannot quite make out if Miss G. I. WHITHAM, in *The Guarded Room* (LANE), approves in her own mind the action of *Helen Bowes*, who, after her father's death, shuts up her widowed mother in a beautiful room of a beautiful old manor-



Scoutmaster. "YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF A GRAVE DERELICTION OF DUTY, SMITH. IN WAR-TIME THE PENALTY IS DEATH. YOU WILL NOW BE FINED TWOPENCE."

house, waits upon her (and ties her) hand and foot, allows no outsider but an entirely incompetent doctor to see her, and reduces her own two attendant sisters to a condition of helplessness bordering on imbecility. Personally I think *Helen* was a fraud and a tyrant; but she seems to be presented as something of a pattern young woman. I am quite sure that the very modern and sprightly *Judith Openshaw*, who is supposed to be her adoring friend, would have found her out in five minutes, and is anyway worth a dozen of her. Perhaps the author really agrees, and I have been unsubtle enough to miss her point. But I have to confess that I found it impossible to believe in either of *Helen's* bloodless brothers, and am left with the uncomfortable feeling that talent has been wasted on an unprofitable theme.

"A Cinematic Extravaganza" is the description Miss I. A. R. WYLIE gives to *Rogues and Company* (MILLS AND BOON), but the old term "shocker" would describe it equally well. The hero (if his name is revealed your fun will be spoilt) found himself sitting on an unfamiliar doorstep at midnight. His memory had gone and in compensation for the loss of it he had nothing to show except a large lump on the back of his head. Naturally he aroused considerable suspicion, and from the moment when *Constable X* discovered him he was involved in complications that do a lot of credit to Miss WYLIE's ingenuity. All the same she is not at her happiest in this kind of story; the wheels of the machinery creak more than a little, and some of the situations are just absurd, when we want them to be humorous. I hope that when next she gives herself a holiday of this nature she will also give me a better chance to guess the solution of the mystery. Here, if I was given a chance at all, I was too dazed to seize it.

Advt. from a Jerusalem concert-programme:—  
"Mrs. — & Sons, Oriental Stores, have a great choice of Lebanon, Damascus Silk, Armenian Embroideries, &c."  
Thanks, but we know these "Armenian embroideries."



## CHARIVARIA.

THE latest reports from Paris indicate that CARPENTIER has decided to bequeath the DEMPSEY contest to his young nephew. \* \*

We understand there is no truth in the rumour current in Fleet Street last week to the effect that *The Daily Mail* will shortly publish the net sales of the Sandringham Hat. \* \*

"The House of Lords," says a Labour paper, "consists of ordinary human beings." We feel certain that Earl CURZON will resent this allegation. \* \*

A giant six-wheeled omnibus has appeared on the streets of Paris. In the interests of British prestige an attempt should be made at once to add a couple more bogies to the Geddebus. \* \*

A testator recently forbade his executors to invest any money in Ireland. The executors have since explained that they would not have purchased the stuff in any case. \* \*

With Easter not far off one gentleman is already advertising for a second-hand hot cross bun to fit a boy about eleven years of age. \* \*

"Meeting a friend in the street," says a news item, "M. de la Brandière, of Versailles, struck him with an axe." We prefer the less showy English custom of shaking hands. \* \*

Professor BOYS, F.R.S., has succeeded in photographing a bullet in flight. Later he hopes to snap a bricklayer making a movement towards a trowel. \* \*

With reference to the German offer made last week to the Allied Conference there is some talk of asking Mr. HERMAN DAREWSKI to set the thing to rag-time music. \* \*

A hen belonging to the station-master at Penrhynedraeth has laid an egg four inches long. Psycho-analysts hold the view that the name of the place had something to do with it. \* \*

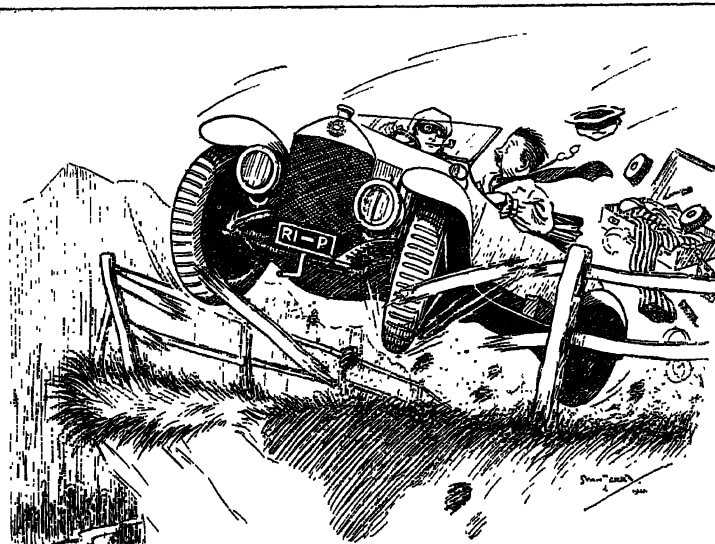
Among the dockers in Somerset, says Miss CZAPLICKA, of Bristol University, are found features similar to those

in the House of Commons. We hope the Somerset dockers will not let this worry their young lives. \* \*

It appears that everything would be all right if Professor EINSTEIN would now give us his theory of the explanations of his theory in the Press. \* \*

The statement that the Government are prepared to give away airships has tempted one suburban resident to apply for one, as it would be just the thing to keep the birds off his allotment. \* \*

Hyperbole, says a critic, is finding its way into the theatre. One theatre manager denies the charge as regards his own house, where the ventilation is of the best. \* \*



Motorist (as they take the wrong turning at seventy miles an hour, to friend).  
"THERE'S NOTHING TRYING TO GET PAST US, IS THERE?"

A man who appeared at Willesden described himself as a "milestone inspector." It sounds a rollicking sort of profession. \* \*

As soon as the Chairman of Rationing had sat down, says a Moscow message, TROTSKY's secretary fired a revolver. We suppose it was his turn to shoot. \* \*

A contemporary advises us, instead of using bad language when in a temper, to write a few lines of poetry. All attempts to induce the POET LAUREATE to strike his thumb with a hammer in public have failed. \* \*

"What are wages?" asks Mr. FRANK ROSE, M.P. Our impression is that they are what you pay to work-people between strikes. \* \*

According to a telephone official the chances of getting the wrong number are becoming less and less. We think

it would be a good thing if the Post-MASTER-GENERAL decided to abolish all wrong numbers. \* \*

"All dew-drops," says *Answers*, "are perfectly round." We shall continue to go on just as if the discovery had not been made. \* \*

"The radio-micrometer," we read, "is so sensitive that it will respond if anyone in its neighbourhood should blush." In the present state of society there is no great fear of its being over-worked in this connection. \* \*

"Right through his professional career," writes a golf expert, "James Braid has favoured the shut face and the low-flying ball." It is unquestionably a failing of many amateurs that they open their mouths too wide. \* \*

There is said to be a marked falling off in the demand for diamonds. For some time it has been apparent that there was hardly room for another on any profiteer's wife. \* \*

As Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's St. Bernard dog has just been released from quarantine, it has been decided to keep Mr. LOVAT FRASER on a lead for the present. \* \*

Several correspondents complain that, though writers on the subject of diet insist on the value of vitamins, tradesmen invariably say they are out of stock and recommend something else quite as good. \* \*

The new U.S. Minister of the Interior is Mr. A. BACON FALL. Obviously President HARDING realises what American interiors want. \* \*

An elderly lady recently bequeathed a hundred pounds to her favourite cat. Up to the time of going to press it had not decided whether to take it in notes or lights.

## A Friendly Offer.

From a decorator's circular:—  
"Why kill yourselves with Spring Cleaning? Let us do it for you!"

## Commercial Candour.

"60% UNDER LAST YEAR'S VALUE.—Exceptional offer of Artificial Silk Sports Coats."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

## FASHIONABLE NEWS.

["Mrs. —'s reception at her villa, —, was largely attended."  
*The Times* ("Riviera Notes").

"The cuckoo has been heard in Shropshire."—*The Times*.]

LITTLE I have of cuckoo-lore;  
 I never greatly cared to know  
 Whither away these migrants go,  
 What sheltered clime, what temperate shore  
 Holds them in alien winter-quarters,  
 Obscure and unremarked by Press-reporters.

I only know that, while the Spring  
 Still cowers before an English March,  
 In barren beech or budless larch  
 They take a seat and start to sing,  
 Announcing to the cold grey sky  
 That Summer is at hand—an obvious lie.

Why do they make such haste to seek  
 A land where all the boughs are stark  
 (Like that old bird whose previous bark  
 Astonied Salop yester-week)?  
 I will explain this eager sprint:—  
*Each wants to be the first to get in print.*

A foible not of fowls alone.  
 Humans who take their vernal jaunt  
 Where scents of year-long summer haunt  
 The balmy Mediterranean zone,  
 Spend many a vacant hour beguiling  
 The Kodak-Press to come and catch them smiling.

And, as from Spring the cuckoo-bird  
 Derives his vogue—a lustre lent  
 By grace of mere environment,  
 So many a name you never heard  
 Out of the Riviera climbs  
 Into the fashion columns of *The Times*.

Obscure at home, they look to gain  
 A borrowed glory from the scene,  
 From skies that lend their azure sheen  
 To blood of less than Norman strain,  
 Hoping by this reflected blue's hue  
 Some day perhaps to see themselves in *Who's Who?*  
 O. S.

## THE HIGH ART OF REMINISCENCE.

(With profound acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR.)

## II.—THE REAL HANNIBAL.

MY mind, always sensitive to association, has been turned to the great Carthaginian warrior-statesman by a case of exquisite little Caudine forks engraved with the touching motto, *Sursum cauda*, which was presented to me on my birthday by a generous American friend, Judge Lorenzo Penhaligon, of the Supreme Court of Justice. Carthage, I may premise, has always powerfully appealed to my imagination, and, even now in my old age, my eyes fill with tears as I repeat the touching lines which enabled me, more than fifty years ago, to memorize the terminations of the Latin gerund:—

"When Dido mourned that Æneas would not come,  
 She mourned in silence and was Di, Do, Dum."

HANNIBAL was always a hero of mine; I could not exactly tell why until the memorable excursion that I made to the Garden of Allah shortly before the War. I had, of course, read and reviewed at great length BOSWORTH SMITH's conscientious monograph, but found it prosaic and unsatisfying, judicial rather than juicy, and utterly lacking in the intimate personal details which enable us to make friends of

the mighty dead. But during my stay at Biskra I had one of those illuminating experiences which suddenly enlarge the mental horizon and convert dim outlines into glowing forms of four or more dimensions. Staying in the same hotel was a young Berber chieftain, a splendidly handsome man, clad in the picturesque jibbah of his race. I remember as if it were to-day the circumstantial tale which he unfolded to me after a somewhat protracted luncheon, at which we had partaken freely of the excellent Cassowary claret of the country, supplemented with a peculiarly seductive liqueur distilled from the berry of the *Berberis Darwinii*.

The young Sheikh, who spoke excellent English with a pronounced Hibernian accent, revealed the astounding fact that he was a direct collateral descendant of the great HANNIBAL, and proved himself an unequalled repository, I might almost say a pantechnicon, of authentic traditions relating to the great Celto-Iberian. HANNIBAL's grandfather was a Milesian merchant who was born at Ballyhann, in Sligo. Running away to sea at an early age, he amassed a fortune in the vinegar trade and ultimately settled and married in Carthage, where, by a simple conversion of the component syllables of his native town, he adopted the name of HANNIBAL. His son HAMILCAR rose to high distinction in the Carthaginian army; HANNO, another member of the same family, was renowned as an African traveller and discovered the gorilla; HIMILCO and HITHERTO were cousins; but of course all were transcended and eclipsed by the achievements of the great HANNIBAL. Most of the amazing revelations made by the Sheikh were only imparted to me under a pledge of the strictest secrecy, but without any breach of confidence I feel myself at liberty to clear up one important point.

HANNIBAL, we all know, crossed the Alps with a train of elephants; he is also credited with having split the intervening barriers of rock with vinegar. The real use that he made of this fluid was, if less sensational, of far greater utility. As a specific against obesity vinegar is without a rival. The elephants were fed exclusively on it, and their bulk so reduced that their transportation presented no difficulties. I am free to mention also that HANNIBAL's descendant did not attempt to acquit his ancestor of cruelty in impaling the Roman prisoners on the Caudine Forks. He further made it clear that HANNIBAL's success was largely due to the excellence of his commissariat department and the copious supplies of preserved meat which he brought with him in metal cases from Spain. It was this fact which prompted the historic remark, "*Delenda est Chicago*."

HANNIBAL, like NELSON, was blind in one eye; but this infirmity appears to have had no untoward influence on his natural equanimity. Like Lord KITCHENER he was never married; like Mr. JAMRACH he was extremely partial to elephants. He was in fine a great fellow, and, though I never had the good fortune to see or interview him, I made a point during my last visit to the States of paying homage to his *manes* at the flourishing city in Marion County, Missouri, which is called after his immortal name.

Hannibal, which is the centre of a rich agricultural region, has an important lumber trade, railway shops and manufacturing of shoes, stoves, flour, cigars, lime, Portland cement and pearl buttons (made from mussel-shells). I cannot help thinking that the illustrious Carthaginian would rejoice to think that his memory is so worthily perpetuated. The Phœnicians were great traders. Still I cannot help sometimes indulging in a fond regret that HANNIBAL did not conquer Rome and found a Celto-Iberian Empire. Be that as it may, I rejoice to think that it has been my privilege to correct and dispel some of the atrocious calumnies which LRVY sought to fasten on the fame of my illustrious compatriot and possibly kinsman.



## THE READY RECKONER.

MARSHAL FOCH. "JUST IN CASE THE CACKLE WANTS CUTTING."



"IS YOUR HUSBAND GOING TO JOIN THE MIDDLE CLASSES UNION?"

"HE CAN'T. HE'S AN O.B.E."

## SECOND FIDDLE.

"I THINK," said Prudence, disengaging herself from the palms surrounding the band, "that we might sit this one out and study the technique of these new dances. Our pre-war methods seem to be obsolete."

"Don't be down-hearted," I said, "it's quite simple really. I have been watching the others——"

"Perhaps that accounts for it," she murmured.

"All you have to do," I went on, "is to gaze over my right shoulder with a rapt expression and walk stealthily backwards; I, in my turn, gaze over *your* right shoulder in a detached manner and walk after you. If we bump I win—if not you do."

We walked on.

"Of course I don't mind," said Prudence, "but I'm thinking of your other partners."

Then she added for my encouragement, "But I expect you will improve as the evening goes on."

"I am relying on my small-talk to

carry me through," I said; "I used to be rather good at airy persiflage."

"Our dance, I believe," I said to the slim girl in green. "You are Miss Parsons, aren't you?"

"Perhaps it is my sister," she suggested hopefully.

"No," I said, "Parsons, green in brackets, according to my card."

She rose with an air of resignation.

"My dancing," I began brightly, "is early-Georgian. I like early-Georgian dancing and late-Jacobean furniture."

"I was at school then," she said vaguely, and seemed to be regretting a happy childhood.

"These old-world dances are very quaint and pleasing," I remarked.

"May I show you a 1912 fox-trot?"

I showed her, but she remained pensive; she seemed to be thinking of something else.

It was then that I noticed the trap-drummer. He sat apart from his fellow-minstrels and had an entire palm-grove to himself. His aspect was sinister in the extreme; as we passed

him he ruthlessly pounded a large brass bowl and glowered darkly. His primitive violence made the idea of airy persiflage seem suddenly ineffectual.

"What do people talk about at dances nowadays?" I asked the girl in green.

"People don't talk much when they are dancing, do they?" she said. There was the faintest stress on the word "dancing."

We drifted towards the band. I was just coming up, groggy but game, with a carefully-thought-out impromptu, when the trap-drummer emitted a hideous bellow and fell upon his largest drum with fearful ferocity. Miss Parsons smiled wistfully.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, and brightened visibly.

I discovered that her happiness varied inversely as her distance from the trap-drummer, so we finished our dance in the shade of the palm-grove. But I was beginning to dislike the man. I thought I detected a cold triumph in his eye.

My next partner was a pale ethereal

damsel in black and silver. After we had been round once she said suddenly: "Do you think you could find me an ice?"

When I returned she insisted on sitting near the band. "I could watch that adorable man for ever," she murmured. Then came a waltz with Prudence.

"Anyhow," I thought, "I *can* waltz."

But Prudence had been acquiring knowledge since our first effort and burned to impart it. We started.

"That's wrong," said Prudence; "you mustn't waltz now."

The trap-drummer, who had discovered a frying-pan amongst his gear, let loose pandemonium and I lost her last words.

"I mustn't do what?" I shouted.

"You mustn't waltz," she repeated; "you must hesitate."

I did, and the couple behind barged into us.

"He who hesitates is lost," I said firmly, and we finished the item in our best early-Georgian manner. As Prudence said, nobody seemed to notice.

After supper the trap-drummer threw aside all restraint. He sang, he howled; he produced an entirely new collection of hardware, including a large porter's bell. He whirled my brightest sallies into the void; he drowned my neatest apologies. My one effort at retaliation failed miserably.

It was when I was dancing with the girl in pink. "My one-step," I said humbly, as I led her out, "is the 1913 variety. They tell me it is out of date."

"I think you one-step quite nicely," she said graciously. She was a kindly soul and she suffered for it. Mine is a nature which expands in the sunshine of appreciation; I felt that something was due to the girl in pink.

"Do you know this little side-step?" I inquired. "It used to be very popular in West Hampstead before the War. This is how it goes."

As we turned I found myself face-to-face with the enemy. Uttering strange half-strangled yelps, he donned a grotesque cloth mask and went mad with a pair of cymbals . . .

"It all makes a change," said my partner gallantly as I rearranged the chairs. "I do hope you haven't hurt yourself."

"Of course," she resumed later, "one can do practically anything in a one-step now. There are really no set steps."

"If the music were familiar I might do better," I said. "What are they playing now?"

"I'm tired of playing second fiddle, Playing second fiddle to you,"

she sang.

We drifted towards the band. As we



Yankee. "GEE! THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN IN MY COUNTRY."

Scot. "AN' WHIT COUNTRY MAY THAT BE?"

Yankee. "WHY, GOD'S OWN COUNTRY, I GUESS."

Scot. "MAN, YE'VE GOT AN AWFU' PUIR SCOATCH ACCENT."

came abreast of them I lifted my voice defiantly.

"I'm tired of playing second fiddle, Playing second fiddle to you,"

I chanted, and fixed the trap-drummer with my eye. But he merely howled derisively, clapped the brass bowl on his head and pounded his ironmongery with renewed zest. The girl in pink laughed happily.

"Isn't he a perfect scream?" she said.

#### "GARDEN PLANTS, ETC.

Government Surplus Pyjamas, equal to new, 2s. 9d. post free.—*Local Paper.*

We infer that the Government beds are now to be devoted to the deadly night-shirt.

Seen in fruiterer's window:—

"FINE DESERT APPLES, 6d. per lb."

We wonder if these too would turn to ashes in the mouth.



## THE LITTLE GUIGGOLS.

VI.

THE BEST PLAY OF THE LOT.

*A Theatre. The Manager's Room, richly furnished. The rich table is covered with MSS. of plays. The rich chairs are covered with MSS. of plays. So is the rich floor. So are the rich Producer and the Manager (not so rich) who are reading them.*

*The Producer (lighting a cigar). These are no dam good. There's no stuff in any of them.*

*The Manager. I don't know. What about this one?*

*The P. (lighting another cigar). Which is that?*

*The M. The one about the performing fleas.*

*The P. I don't see any point in that. It seems to me to be merely disgusting. There's no plot, is there?*

*The M. Oh, yes. It's got a plot. In fact it's got all the essentials of good tragedy—"pity and terror" and all that. Oh, but I forgot; you don't read ARISTOTLE, do you?*

*The P. Is that one of NORTHCLIFFE's papers?*

*The M. Not yet. Well, then, I'm rather keen on this one—about the man being sea-sick. Got a nailing plot, that—full of surprises.*

*The P. Is he sea-sick on the stage?*

*The M. Not quite. He just manages to get off. That's what makes it so exciting.*

*The P. I think that would be horrible.*

*The M. Well, isn't that what we want? Anyhow, it's no worse than the one we're doing now, about—*

*The P. We want something else as well—poetic justice, the passion of revenge—that sort of thing, like that restaurant one we're doing.*

*The M. Then what's your objection to the dentist play? That's got all those.*

*The P. It would upset people. People couldn't stand seeing a man having his teeth stopped on the stage—even a dentist.*

*The M. Well, they can stand seeing a man strangled by a lady.*

*The P. Oh, that's not nearly so bad. Besides, they were Russians.*

*The M. Well, we could have Russian dentists.*

*The P. I don't think there are any.*

*The M. What about a man who is being tried for murder and dies of sleeping-sickness during his counsel's address to the jury?*

*The P. No, it's no good; we shall just have to do some good old melo-drama.*

*The M. Our public won't have that.*

*The P. Oh, yes, they will; as long as we call it a Guiggol and charge extra for the seats, nobody will ever guess. Why, look at that one with the child dying in it. I remember old Harriet Hank doing that sort of thing in 1890, only she did it in the Strand and we do it in the Adelphi. That's the difference.*

*The M. Yes, and I daresay she started with the best Guiggolian intentions.*

*The P. She was a fool; she never thought of having a French name. . . . (Enter an Author) Hullo, what do you want?*

*The Author. I say, what about those plays I sent you?*

*The M. (coldly). They're no good. Which were yours?*

*The A. One was about some performing fleas, and another was about a man not being sea-sick, and—*

*The P. Oh, those are too disgusting.*

*The A. I know; but if you're out to be disgusting why not be disgusting and have done with it?*

*The P. You don't understand. We don't want to be disgusting; we are presenting tragedy in the true sense.*

*The A. Well, look here. I'll do you a play with a railway accident in it; then you could have several people dying at the same time, instead of only one. Or what about a boiler explosion, with escaping steam—real steam?*

*The M. My dear Sir, this is not the Lyc—*

*The P. Ssh! You don't understand, Sir. We don't want people dying for no reason at all.*

*The A. Well, why is that child dying in there now? I didn't stay till the end.*

*The P. She? Oh, she'd reached the dying age, you know. That's different. There's some point in that. The dialogue . . .*

*The A. Yes, it's good; I know. She'd just said, "Will Mummy recognise me, Daddy?" when I came out. If that's all, I could do you a topping play on *Don't go down the Mine, Daddy!* or even *Don't go down the Tube, Daddy!**

*The P. No, I don't think that would do. By the way, why have you brought your croquet-mallet?*

*The A. (casually — concealing the weapon with a deft movement). Oh, it was in the umbrella-stand, and I just . . . Then do you mean to say that you refuse to take any of my plays?*

*The P. Roughly, yes.*

*The A. Well, now, look here. I've got one more plot; it's not written out yet, but if you could come for a short walk with me I could show you the general idea. Will you come?*

*The P. No.*

*The A. (taking croquet-mallet from his pocket). Oh, won't you? [He will.*

*The Curtain falls. It rises on a scene of darkness and horror. The Author is at the top of a ladder, the Producer at the bottom.*

*The P. (coming to). Where are we?*

*The A. We are in the main drain of London. It's very interesting, isn't it?*

*The P. I don't like it much.*

*The A. Don't you? I thought you would. My idea was this. For the sake of revenge a man throws another man into this drain. That's the first scene. Then there is a frightful rain-storm, and torrents of water come down from Hampstead just as the man is climbing out into the Strand, where everybody is waiting for him. You see, it will be arranged like that scene in *Peter Pan*, so that one can see the people in the Strand and the man in the drain at the same time.*

*The P. That's good.*

*The A. Yes. Well, then everybody goes off to the end of the drain, and we see them waiting there.*

*The P. Why do they wait there?*

*The A. To see if he will come out.*

*The P. And does he?*

*The A. I'm not quite sure; but I think he gets stuck somewhere. People who go into drains usually have a job to get out again.*

*The P. I don't think much of all this.*

*The A. No? Well, what I want to find out is whether he really would come out or not; so I'll go and wait at the end of the drain.*

*The P. Where is the end?*

*The A. In the North Sea. But I daresay you'll be there as soon as I shall. There's a storm coming on, I think.*

*The P. You know, I don't see much point in this. It seems to me you're merely being unpleasant for the sake of being unpleasant.*

*The A. (drawing up the ladder). No, no. This is a tragedy. . . .*

CURTAIN. A. P. H.

"Thackeray, The Newcombs (orig. parts), 1st issue, £32."—*Bookseller's Advt.*  
Orig. title too.

"ROME, NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE.—Colonel Purchas will Conduct a small Private Party through Italy this spring."

*Morning Paper.*

With a view, we suppose, to a new edition of *Purchas his Pilgrimes*.

"Saturday afternoons in the rambling old house and its lovely garden, with its lawns and rose-trellises and old trees; games, much laughter, tinkle of bantams in the dusk . . ."

*Sunday Paper.*

A rare breed, believed to be a cross between the Banjo and the Tam-tam.



## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

VIII.

IN very distinct contrast to the school of poets who like their images clear, angular, loud, glittering and grotesque, is that other school of the wistful, the dreamy, the unsatisfied and the faint. A good example is to be found in the muse of Mr. JOHN FREEMAN, whom we have tried to copy in the rather lengthy, but oh, how beautiful, poem which follows. It is sure to waken a responsive thrill in the breast of many a young lover. We have called it

Go.

Go . . . .

I would not that you should stay;  
Your lips and your eyes confound  
me;

I want you to go away  
And not keep coming around me.

There is a love of the mind  
That holds, never loosens,  
More sweet than the bodily kind  
And much less of a nuisance.

In the cool white clouds,  
In the lingering rivers,  
Where a shrouding enshrouds  
And a quivering enquivers;

In the brush of bird-wings  
And the brown of beech-hedges,  
And in all shadowy things  
With indefinite edges;

In pale dreaming flowers  
And quiet dropping petals,  
In the grey stirless hours  
And the stings of dead nettles;

In a bright glimpse, half seen,  
That flashes and tosses,  
And the faint yellowing green  
Of quaint mellowing mosses—

There's a nearness more near  
And a closeness more present  
Than when sights are too clear,  
Too well seen to be pleasant.

Love is a dark fire  
Burning ever and ever;  
Desire breeds desire,  
Dreams heighten heart-fever;

But loves fades at a touch  
And grows cool and less dizzy—  
Don't come here so much;  
Can't you see I am busy?

We should glimpse and pass on  
And remember the glimmer,  
Like a pool that grows wan  
When the twilight glooms dimmer;

But you creep so close  
When I crave but your image;  
Kissing makes me morose,  
It resembles a scrimmage.

In the pale cold sky  
Is a flutter of starlings;



Mrs. Harris. "WE'RE LIVIN' IN 'ARD TIMES, MR. WATKINS."

Village Intellectual. "AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MRS. HARRIS. IT'S ALL ALONG O' THE COINCIDENCE THAT PRICES 'APPEN TO BE 'IGH JUST WHEN THE PURCHASIN' POWER O' MONEY 'APPENS TO BE LOW."

Bare twigs clash on high  
With petulant snarlings;  
Faint buds, as in doubt,  
Peep from under the bramble;  
I want to go out  
For a long country ramble.

In the smoke of my pipe  
I would hold you for keeping  
In a half thought, half ripe,  
Recollecting and weeping.  
I would make you my own,  
Blossom sweet and enthralling,  
But alone, but alone . . .  
And you *will* keep on calling.

What was fire in the brain  
Turns, touched, to a statue;  
Don't come here again  
Or I'll set the dog at you,  
Get away . . .

EVOE.

## "HOW TO LIVE IN THE ARCTIC.

Mr. Storkerson stated in an interview that he spent eight months in this part of the Arctic regions for an indefinite period."

Sunday Paper.

Time in the Arctic, as we should have expected, goes rather slow.

"A Public Meeting will be held in the Parish Church Lesser Hell, Peebles, on Saturday.  
All cordially invited."

Scots Paper.

"Peebles for pleasure" again.

"WHIST DRIVE.—The proceeds of the evening were in aid of 'Waifs and Strays Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Children.'"  
Local Paper.

It seems to us that this is one of the whist-drives that might very well have been declared illegal.

## EARTHLY MATTER.

A BLEAK bare hall, rendered visible rather than illuminated by half-a-dozen nude gas-jets imprisoned in globes of wire netting. Hanging at wide intervals round the walls are a few framed illustrations from spiritualistic periodicals; these form the sole attempt at decoration. Massed together at one end several rows of people sit gazing with a marked absence of excitement at the platform, where a bald-headed man with a pronounced Cockney accent is engaged in deploring the subservience of the majority of mankind to the bonds of earthly matter.

A gaunt individual by the door—in whom traces of the earthly still linger in the form of a strong smell of onions—calls my attention as I enter to an offertory plate on a small table. Satisfied with the material nature of my contribution he ushers me to a seat and removes himself from the neighbourhood, to my intense relief.

"And now," concludes the speaker, "I will not detain you any longer from being carried to 'igher spheres by the lady at my side."

A rustle of expectation passes through the assembly as the bald-headed man sits down and a stout lady with untidy hair rises slowly from beside him. For some appreciable time she stands with closed eyes while a series of mysterious shivers pass through her, then she fixes a glassy stare on a woman in black in the front row.

"Standing behind your shoulder," she states, "is the spirit-figure of a man whose age, I should say, was about sixty when he terminated the earth experience."

Various members of the audience stir in their seats and gaze with ghoulis interest at the space behind the woman's seat.

"The eyes are blue," continues the medium rapidly, "the hair grey, the nose prominent, the face clean-shaven. Accompanying him seems to be the figure of a large collie-dog. Does the description apply to anyone you have lost?"

The woman hesitates.

"More or less," she replies doubtfully. "Part of it might be my 'usband. 'E certainly 'ad blue eyes."

"Does not the rest of the description apply?" inquires the medium in surprise.

"Well, not exactly," she admits with reluctant candour. "The bit about the grey 'air an' the nose sounds as though it might be my Uncle Joe. But then 'e wore whiskers—leastways 'e used to when 'e was *alive*."

There is a brief silence, broken only by a loud whisper from a lady in front of me, who states positively that the whole description exactly fits her own late father-in-law, and who seems to take it very much amiss that his spirit should be detected hobnobbing in this way with a perfect stranger.

"Perhaps your *husband* was clean-shaven," suggests the medium.

"Well, not what you might call clean-

There is a murmur of approval from sundry members of the assembly, who seem to feel that the message does the spirit great credit and more than compensates for any inconsistencies in his personal appearance. With a renewal of the shivering symptoms the medium passes to another subject and in due course has dealt with some six or seven members of the audience with varying degrees of success, when something in the nature of a disturbance breaks out from somewhere near the front.

"Why don't she give me a turn?" demands a dissatisfied voice. By half rising I obtain a glimpse of a small man in a dirty collar whom his neighbours are attempting in vain to suppress.

"No, I won't keep quiet," he declares resentfully. "I paid my money same as the others. Why can't she give me a turn?"

The president rises with dignity.

"I must hask our friend to restrine 'is comments," he observes. "Nachurally the medium cannot deal with heverybody."

"She keeps doin' people all round me," retorts the objector in injured tones. "Why can't she do me same as the others?"

At this point the medium addresses the president in an undertone.

"The medium will take you next," he announces, turning to the small man, who subsides, for the time being pacified. In a

short space the medium turns her glassy stare upon him.

"Standing with one hand upon your shoulder," she asserts, "is the spirit figure of an elderly lady. The hair is grey, the forehead high, the expression serene and peaceful. She wears a dress of some dark material and a white lace cap. Do you recognise anybody?"

The small man ponders. "Any scars?" he inquires thoughtfully.

"Scars?" queries the medium.

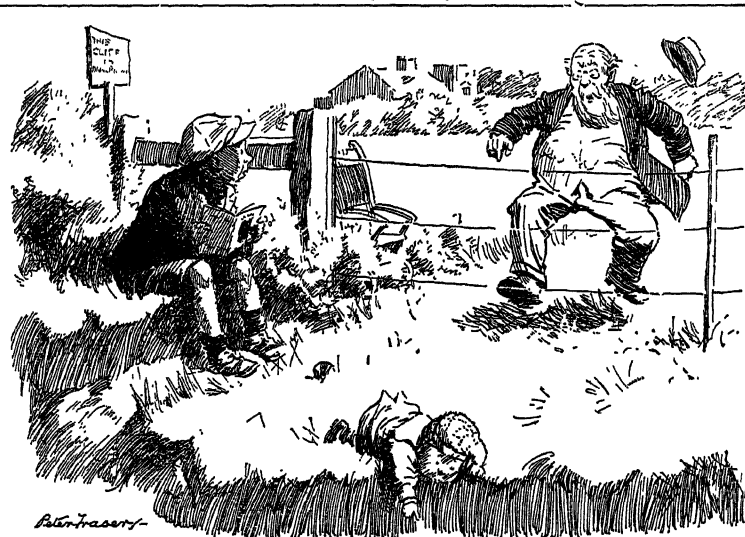
"That's right," he assents. "Any scars on the face wot might 'ave bin done with a beer-glass?"

The disconcerted medium confesses that she has not detected anything of this sort.

"Then it ain't my old aunt," he says definitely. "Don't she give no name?"

The medium closes her eyes.

"Somehow the name 'Clara' seems to be passed to me," she says dreamily.



Old Gent. "Hi—Hi! QUICK! THAT CHILD WILL BE OVER THE CLIFF! HOW CAN YOU SIT AND—"

Boy. "ALL RIGHT, MISTER—ALL RIGHT. LOR LUMME, YOU DON'T 'AVE LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE O' THINGS."

shaved," confesses the woman in black deprecatingly. "'E 'ad a longish brown beard. But 'is eyes were blue all right, jest as you said."

The medium makes no comment on this somewhat qualified tribute to her powers.

"But 'e didn't never 'ave any collie dog," adds her subject frankly. "I s'pose you're sure it is a collie dog with 'iman not a small-sized tabby cat?"

The medium somewhat coldly disclaims any such trifling error.

"The spirit gives me a message for you," she resumes impressively. "He tells me that you have been much worried lately by one thing and another."

"Well, an' that's quite true," declares the woman with conviction.

"He says that you are not to worry," pursues the medium. "He and his fellows on the other plane are working for you and all will be well."



Old Lady (interrogating her chauffeur's small boy). "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"  
Small Boy. "YES, YOU'RE THE OLD LADY WHAT GOES FOR RIDES IN MY DADDY'S CAR."

The small man ponders again. "I've known a lot o' Claras," he remarks. "Wot's 'er surname?"

"I can give you no other name," replies the medium firmly.

"Why not?" he inquires in surprise.

The medium hesitates. "'Clara' is the only name I get," she explains. "No other is passed to me."

"Well, then, ask 'er for it," he rejoins easily.

The medium wavers and throws a glance towards the president, who rises with the same dignity.

"Our friend fails to reelise," he observes, "that communication with the discarnate still 'as its limitations. The medium cannot obtine all the hinformation that she would wish from the spirit world."

"Why not?" says the sceptic. "Surely she can put 'em a civil queshun?"

"She may put it," explains the president, "but it does not follow that it will be hanswered."

"Ho, don't it?" retorts the other. "Then wot's the good of 'er pretendin' to be so thiek with 'em?"

The president smiles patiently.

"'Ere we get a hinstance," he informs the assembly, "of the mistaken

view of so many of the public. Our friend 'ere, being clothed in earthly matter—"

"Never mind my clothes!" suddenly interrupts the small man with heat. "If you did the work I do p'r'aps your clothes 'd be the same."

Various persons join their voices to the president's in attempts to explain, but the incensed small man refuses to listen to them.

"I didn't come in 'ere to 'ave no personal remarks made," he protests loudly. "I come 'ere to see some spirits. That's wot I paid my money for, an' you ain't shown me none."

"If our friend," begins the president, striving to make himself heard, "'as come 'ere expecting to see discarnate spirits with 'is own heyes—"

"Yes, that's jest wot I do expect," cries the small man, who seems suddenly to have been converted into a violent opponent of the whole movement. "If there's discarded spirits standin' all round the 'all, as you pretend, 'ow is it I don't see 'em? Tell me that."

The president smiles in a superior way. "Of course," he explains patiently, "it is not given to heverybody to pene-trite the veil. Only those moving at

a certain rate of vibration are able to—"

"Never mind vibration," interposes the sceptic bitterly. "You don't mind vibratin' people's money into yer plate—I know that. Fat lot o' spirits you're acquainted with; why, they wouldn't associate with people like you;" and, rising noisily, he makes his way in great disgust to the door. "Why, the ole thing's a swindle," he snorts. "Standin' up there pretendin' to see discarded spirits with lace-caps on, an' then not bein' able to get no answers out of 'em. Why, I'd make better spirichulists than you out o' tea-leaves."

The door swings to behind him and in an atmosphere of restored tranquillity the president proceeds to announce that a London medium will be prepared to answer questions on the following evening, at 7.30 sharp, under the control of the well-known spirit, Marrumbo.

#### Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From "Answers to Correspondents":—

"The phrase pronounced 'San farey an' is a corruption of the French idiom, 'Cens fait rein'—an equivalent practically of the English 'It makes no difference.'"—*Provincial Paper*.



SCENE.—Any expensive London Restaurant.

"THANK HEAVEN WE SHALL BE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE NEXT WEEK. WON'T IT BE TOPPING TO SEE ENGLISH FACES AGAIN?"

### GEORGE PETERS ROCK.

(Isles of Scilly.)

"WHAT keeps you so late, George Peters?"

Black is the night with tide-rips fuming,  
Spindrift flying and breakers booming  
Bull-mouthed out on the Zantman  
Ledges;

Haul your tackle and hoist your kedges,  
Set a reef in your jib and run down  
East—as the others did at sundown;  
The fish are gone and the Sound's a  
welter

Of foam, so you'd best scud for shelter,  
George Peters."

"It's blowing strong, but I've known  
it stronger;  
I've waited long and I may wait longer;  
Come time, come tide, but it's neither  
skate

That I await,  
Nor conger."

"Why don't you come in, George  
Peters?"

Hugh Town kitchens are bright and  
cosy,

Hugh Town windows are twinkling rosy  
Over the harbour. Songs and laughter  
Echo around the old inn rafter

(Tarpaulin shanties none could muffle);  
Fiddles jiggle and sea-boots shuffle  
Hornpipe measures, while in the Sound  
you  
Crouch with the ledges moaning round  
you,

George Peters."

"It couldn't be counted exactly gay  
here,

There's nothing but black seas breaking  
grey here;

But, although the shore-lights brightly  
beckon,

No less I reckon  
I'll stay here."

"Does no one wait you, George Peters?  
Is there no girl in all St. Mary's  
Quickens your fancy? Surely there is  
Some dark head you have watched in  
chapel,

Some cheek pink as the flower of  
apple,

Curved deliciously, dimple-dented,  
To wake your blood when the lily-  
scented,

Soft, sea-murmurous dusk is steal-  
ing,

Spangled with stars and sea-lights  
wheeling,

George Peters?"

"It's a pale woman I keep tryst with;  
She slips quietly out of the mist with  
Never a sound but the water-drips,  
And it's cold, cold lips  
I'm kissed with.

Her foam-white arms go over and  
round me,  
And her green hair binds me as it  
bound me

On that first night she rose from the  
deep,

Lulled me to sleep  
And drowned me."

PATLANDER.

"How do you like the motto? 'Parvus  
Domus Magnus Quies' (a small home, great  
peace)."—*Daily Paper*.

Not very much. It is less suggestive  
of great peace than false concord.

"There is a rumour that . . . the low neck  
and the low back are on their last legs."

*Sunday Paper*.

We did not realise that things had got  
so low as all that.

From a sale-catalogue:—

"A mahogany stethoscope with about 100  
local and other photographs, etc., for same."  
In our experience no stethoscope has  
ever got beyond "ninety-nine."



### THE LORD OF EARTH AND AIR.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (*en route for Egypt*). "UNFORTUNATELY THE SEA IS ONE OF THE FEW ELEMENTS WHICH ARE NOT AT PRESENT UNDER MY CONTROL."

2

3



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 28th.*—On behalf, I presume, of the water-fowl (see Mr. Punch's cartoon of last week), Sir HENRY CRAIK asked when the buildings disfiguring St. James's Park would be removed, in order that the large population living in the neighbourhood



THE PATRON SAINT OF BIRDS.  
SIR HENRY CRAIK.

should regain their inheritance. Sir ALFRED MOND assured him that, while most anxious to oblige, he was not prepared to make more ducks and drakes of public money.

Sir ERIC GEDDES and Sir F. BANBURY were quite unable to arrive at an agreed figure as to the present net revenue of the railways; but anyhow it is a long way short of the forty-seven millions required to pay the pre-war dividend. Investors must take such comfort as they can from Mr. J. H. THOMAS's confidence (speaking in the unexpected capacity of "the largest railway shareholder in the House") that there was no cause for alarm; from Mr. HIGHAM's assertion that the Minister "had no axe to grind," though other Members seemed to think that in the Colwyn Report he had a weapon with a sharp enough edge on it; and from Sir ERIC's own assurance that, if the railways did not insist upon the letter of their bond in too Shylockian a spirit, the House would deal fairly with them.

*Tuesday, March 1st.*—The

WAR MINISTER's announcement that with his approval a member of the Army Council employed a lady as his private secretary prompted Sir J. D. REES to inquire whether he was of opinion "that the brave continue to deserve the fair." It seemed quite a good joke, as Parliamentary jokes go, and Members generally laughed their appreciation. Not so Lady ASTOR, however. She rose in her wrath to ask if it was consonant with the dignity of the House for an hon. Member to speak of women in that fashion—which only shows once more that a sense of humour is not an essential qualification for a Member of Parliament.

Another cherished illusion has been shattered by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Among the thirty-five thousand colliers summoned in South Wales last year for non-payment of Income Tax not one was in receipt of a thousand pounds a year; seven or eight hundred was their modest limit.

It was suggested that some of the defaulters would have paid up if the returns had been printed in Welsh. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a note of the suggestion, but was evidently surprised to find that anyone should consider the existing forms insufficiently unintelligible.

Mr. CHURCHILL began his exposition of the Air Estimates with a characteristic rebuke to those "who could never pursue a single object for more than a few months together." To starve military aviation for civilian would, he declared, break up the Air Force, and leave us defenceless in case of war. General SEELY, who twitted the COLONIAL MINISTER with "towing

the Air Ministry about with him as a sort of appendage," declared that with all his other occupations he could not do it justice, and reiterated his plea for an independent Air Department.

After simmering for the best part of a week the case of the Trim cadets came to the boil to-night. But the result



MR. J. H. THOMAS DISGUISED AS A  
BLOATED RAILWAY CAPITALIST.

was far less startling than had been predicted. The theory of the Opposition was that after General CROZIER had taken prompt and drastic action against the peccant cadets he had been overruled, for political reasons, by General TUDOR, the chief-of-police. Captain REDMOND, usually so robust in style, was the mildest-mannered man that ever trailed a coat; and the CHIEF SECRETARY easily convinced the majority of the House that General TUDOR had acted throughout on his own initiative and had in no way condoned the cadets' breach of discipline.

*Wednesday, March 2nd.*—Lord MARSHALL OF CHIPSTEAD, a near neighbour of Mr. Punch in newspaperland, took his seat in the House of Lords.

Upon the Unemployment Insurance Bill the Peers proved to be in very critical mood, and carried against the Government several amendments designed to meet the risk that unemployed persons would prefer to exist on the benefit rather than take a job.

The same subject was raised in the Commons at Question-time, with parti-



SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD (to Captain REDMOND). "EXCUSE ME—BUT ARE YOU 'TRAILING YOUR COAT' OR PLAYING AT WALTER RALEIGH?"



## ON THE TWEED.

*Sportsman.* "WHAT FLY SHALL I PUT ON TO-DAY, WILLIAM?"

*Northumberland Gullie.* "IF YOU HAVE ONE WITH A SILVER BODY AND A SUSPICION OF GOLD ABOUT THE HACKLE, THAT'S THE ONE, SIR."

*Sportsman.* "WHY THAT SPECIAL FLY?"

*N. G.* "WELL, SIR, WE SHALL BE HUGGING THE NORTH SHORE ALL THE MORNING, AND THEY SCOTCH FISH CAN'T RESIST A BIT OF SILVER AND GO FAIR DAFT AT THE SIGHT OF GOLD."

cular reference to domestic servants. The maid who will consent to "live in" is becoming in these days *nigro similima cygno*. It was perhaps a family feeling that prompted Mr. SWAN to urge that these *rara aves* should not be requested to work "more than twenty-four hours a day."

Sir JAMES CRAIG could not tell Viscount CURZON what would be the relative strength of the British, American, and Japanese Navies in the year 1925, but was able to inform him that in that year the United States would have eighteen vessels embodying the lessons learned in the Great War, Japan eleven, and Great Britain—one! It sounds rather startling, but it in no way perturbed Rear-Admiral ADAM, who later on besought the Government not to lay down any capital ships this year, and declared that what the country wanted was "not battleships but five years of steady industrial production and of diminishing taxation."

Mr. DEVLIN gave the Government rather a fright over the Irish Supple-

mentary Estimates by a statement that they had paid £23,500 for some premises in Belfast that had cost £4,000. At once the Anti-Wasters formed up behind this new leader and gave tongue to such effect that Mr. BALDWIN, not wishing to risk a repetition of last Friday's episode, when on a similar issue Ministers were only saved from defeat by ten votes, discreetly withdrew the Estimate.

*Thursday, March 3rd.*—A genial soul in private life Lord BUCKMASTER is too apt in public to assume the rôle of a Dismal Jemmy. His picture of the financial situation was one of unrelieved gloom, and he so worked upon his own imagination as almost—but happily not quite—to declare himself a Bolshevik. His fellow-Peers were particularly struck by his horrifying revelation that people had been compelled to borrow from their bankers to pay their supertax.

Mr. DENNIS HERBERT asked the LORD PRIVY SEAL when the Government were going to carry out the provision in Magna Charta that through-

out the realm there should be one measure of corn and one measure of beer. Colonel ARCHER-SHEE, coming from the general to the particular, inquired whether he was aware that "free men are being charged twelve and a-half groats for a noggin?" This plunge into ancient history rather took Mr. BONAR LAW's breath away, and he could only reply that he understood that there had been "later legislation."

A Supplementary Estimate for the Office of Works was freely criticised on the ground, among others, that it included over twenty thousand pounds for the travelling expenses of building-inspectors. Sir ALFRED MOND defended the expenditure, and said that his inspecting staff was overworked. They are run off their legs, he rather implied, in trying to keep pace with the bricklayers.

"Sir Lewis Coward, K.C., who tips the beam at 6 ft. 8 in. . . ."—*Tit-Bits*.

And is rumoured to be 14 stone round the chest.

## THE SPARTAN MODE.

[The reason given for placing a large bullying monkey in a cage of smaller animals at the Zoo is that, without the exercise which his presence will afford them, their health would suffer.]

NAX, Mary, don't summon the doctor,  
Though the health of our Bertram  
is bad;

We don't need a tonic-concocter  
To succour our suffering lad;  
Though strength he is palpably losing,  
Believe me, I know what to do:  
I'll soon have him healthy by using  
The ways of the Zoo.

You'll find no occasion to stuff him  
With cod-liver oil and quinine,  
If only I zealously cuff him  
Whenever I come on the scene;  
When we meet in the hall or the stair-  
way  
I'll deal him a casual blow;  
Zoologists choose this as their way,  
And they ought to know.

If I notice him prone to dejection  
And his spirits appear on the wane,  
In a burst of parental affection  
I'll reach for the slipper again;  
And he will grow lusty and active,  
Quick-moving to dodge and to feint,  
Well knowing that he will be smacked if  
He jolly well ain't.

Though now he may find it distressing,  
In manhood his tongue shall not tire  
Of fondly invoking a blessing  
Upon his considerate sire  
For these pains which I'm taking (and  
giving),

The ardour with which I contrive,  
By making his life not worth living,  
To keep him alive.

## LIFE.

I do not know what life is, and I do not propose to inquire. I only want to shew that mine is not what it is supposed to be.

My allotted span, I am told, is seventy years. But is it? I crave your attention.

Eight hours of my day I spend in sleeping or in trying to sleep. Ten hours a day (including the time it takes me to get to business and to come from it) I have to spend at work in order that I may make enough money to keep me from starving and dying. Making a modest estimate, I spend three in eating, in shaving, in dressing, in looking for my collar studs, in pointing out to an incredulous Government that I haven't got as much money as it thinks I have, and in performing those other necessary functions of a civilised existence which some people confuse with life itself.



## IN THE SOHO ZONE.

Lift Attendant (painfully conscious of aroma of garlic). "NO BREATHING IN THE LIFT!"

Twenty-one hours of my day are thus gone, not in living, but in doing things that just enable me to live. I have but three hours a day left to myself, and in order that I may keep physically fit to enjoy these three I spend one of them in physical exercise. After that, only two hours are left me—two hours in which to live, in which to enjoy myself, in which to improve my mind, in which to do a multitude of things I want to do but can't find time for. Churches exist to teach me how to spend those two hours rightly; police-courts to judge and punish me if I spend them wrongly. But I have no time to do either.

One of my two hours I spend in wondering what possible use I can make of the other, with its absurd

limits; the other I spend in coming to the conclusion that its limits are too absurd.

At this moment I sit asking myself why I am alive and what it is all about, and even writing futile things on the futility of it. Perhaps I had better stop.

"The Rev. Canon — spoke from the words: 'Where art shrdlu 565. St. 11 shrd m The entire tenour of his remarks evidently took the ears of the people of the Fens.'"

Local Paper.

Very quick in the uptake, these Fen-folk.

"House and shop, 9s. clear, three bedrooms, suitable cooked meats or lodgers."

Provincial Paper.

Where presumably they can be done brown.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE CIRCLE."

IF your play turns on an opening situation too grossly improbable to occur in any reasonable kind of society, you may call it a comedy, and your dialogue may be in the best comedy manner, but it never recovers from an hypothesis which was just farce.

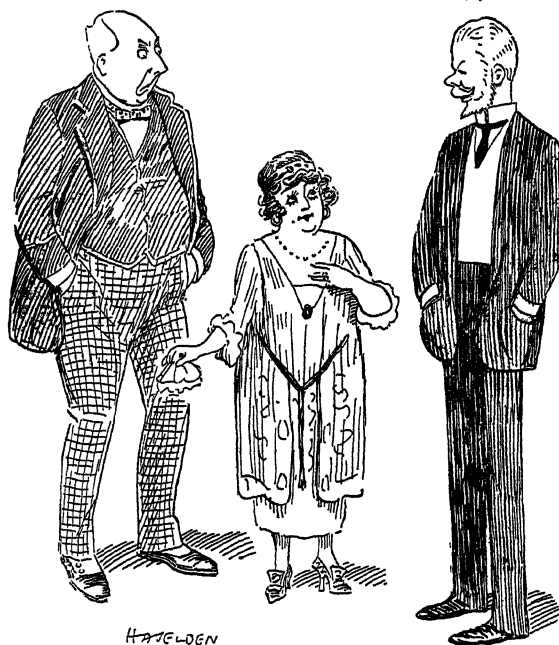
I put the case to you. Thirty years ago *Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney* ran away with *Lord Porteous*, leaving behind her a boy of five. Her husband divorces her and takes to the life of a cynic and epicure, finding consolation in promiscuous fancies. *Porteous*, on the other hand, cannot induce his wife to divorce him, and the lovers go off to Italy and lead the sort of dubious existence that goes with these irregular relationships, remaining faithful to one another "in spirit," though with an occasional lapse on the physical side. The boy *Arnold*, now a full-grown prig with a taste for antique furniture, has never set eyes on his mother since her elopement and still bears her a bitter grudge for the scandal that had made his school-days and early manhood most uncomfortable. His young wife *Elizabeth* takes it into her pretty and wilful head to ask the lady to join a party at their country house and bring *Lord Porteous* with her. And they accept. This, on my honour, is the situation that Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, reputed master of the lore of social manners, has the gay impudence to throw at us.

*Champion-Cheney père*, who unexpectedly arrives in the neighbourhood, does not share his son's embarrassment over this outrageous visit, but insists on joining the party. Toward the delinquents he adopts an attitude of philosophical geniality. *Porteous* brazens it out with superb aplomb, while his mistress, a skittish matron, painted and artificial, treats the situation as the most natural in the world. For a while we are hopelessly at the mercy of some very piquant dialogue, but after a time we begin to be not quite sure whether we ought not to be a little ashamed.

And now Mr. MAUGHAM proposes to become serious. Unfortunately, by his frivolous handling of a situation that had in it the elements of real tragedy, he has forfeited his chance of being taken seriously. When the young wife, in her turn, thinks of eloping with a member of the house-party (who comes from the Federated Malay States), and her mother-in-law tries to dissuade her

by relating her own experiences in the same line, we had seen too much of her insincerity to be imposed upon, even if Mr. MAUGHAM, unable to resist the temptation to be witty out of season, had not punctuated her appeal with matter for ribald laughter.

Neither her efforts nor those of the husband avail to change *Elizabeth's* resolution, and eventually she goes off by night with the gentleman from the Malay States in *Lord Porteous's* car, lent by him in a spasm of sportsmanship. But not before the most amazing love-scene that I have ever witnessed. "What would you do," says *Elizabeth*,



HATFIELD

## SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

(Object of former marked with cross.)

*Lord Porteous* . . . . . MR. ALLAN AXNESWORTH.  
*Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney* MISS LOTTIE VENNE.  
*Clive Champion-Cheney* . . . . MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

"if I were unfaithful to you?" "I would blacken your blue eyes," says the lover (from Malay). "You damned beast," retorts the lady (a distinguished figure in county society). Then, after he has convinced her that they will probably live a stormy life, but that "love" (as they call it in the Malay States) will be an adequate compensation, she accepts the cat-and-dog programme which he adumbrates, being for her own part apparently prepared to play the cat, for she cheerfully calls him "a dirty dog," and so they trip it off together. And for a crowning insolence the author has all this talk conducted in the actual presence of the old pair of lovers. I am afraid Mr. MAUGHAM is suffering from a touch of jazz.

Coming straight from a long course

of *Mary Rose*, which had left its obvious traces upon her, Miss FAY COMPTON, as *Elizabeth*, must have felt that she was still on that uncharted island where no writ of humanity runs. It was impossible for her to cope with the inconsistencies of a character whose better nature was so hopelessly irreconcilable with its worse. She dispensed altogether with gesture and, for the most part, with facial expression, relying on her nice soft voice, and for the rest contenting herself with a ruminative gaze which threatens to become a habit.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE as *Lady Catherine*, with her artificiality, her irresponsible candour, her vague devotions ("I think religion is so wonderful, don't you?"), and the "lip-stick" which afforded her a still more abiding solace, was absolutely irresistible. If she was too light of head and heart to allow us to appreciate the pathos that underlay her frivolity, or to accept her interlude of seriousness, that was not her fault.

In the part of her deserted husband, the quiet cynicism of that accomplished actor, Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, was a constant delight. The humour of Mr. ALLAN AXNESWORTH as *Lord Porteous* was broader and more assertive. One had to admire the impudence with which he carried off a situation that seemed to embarrass him less than the bad fit of his false teeth. Mr. THESIGER had a more difficult part. Great earnestness was asked of him under farcical conditions. He was perhaps a little too restless with his long raking strides; but he showed a fine turn of nervous courage in dealing with his wife's lover. This last was a rather thankless part for Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

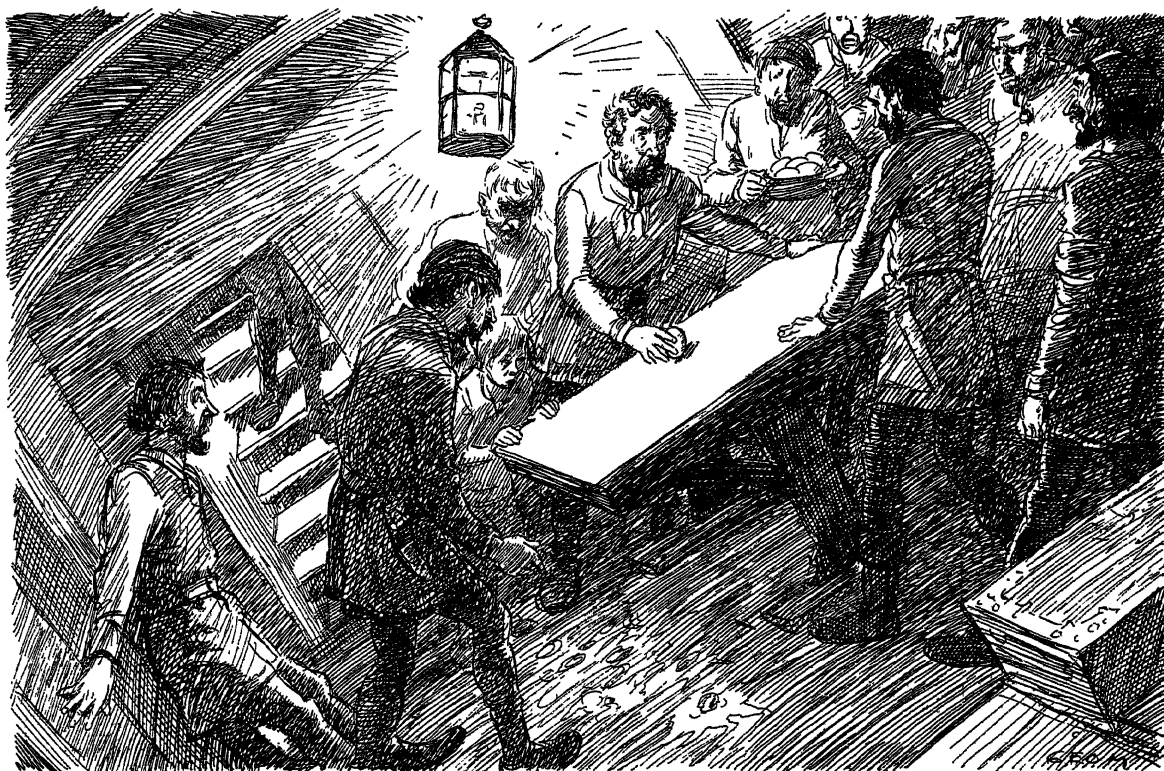
The climate of the Federated Malay States may have been responsible for a good deal, but could not account for the change from the romantic sentiment (palms and blue seas, and so forth) of his earlier love-passage to the frank directness of his final appeal to passion.

Though, in the retrospect, I blush a little to think how long and how loudly Mr. MAUGHAM made me laugh, I must pay my debt of gratitude. For the sake of the diversion he gave me with his delectable wit I cordially forgive the grotesqueness of his scheme at the start and its futility at the finish.

O. S.

## "POLLY WITH A PAST."

*Rex Van Zile's Myrtle* is altogether too much taken up with the salving of moral derelicts of all kinds to pay any



Christopher Columbus. "I ASCRIBE MY FAILURE, GENTLEMEN, TO THE INCLEMENCY OF THE WEATHER, FOR I ASSURE YOU I HAVE HITHERTO BEEN INVARIABLY SUCCESSFUL WITH THIS TRICK."

attention to her exceedingly diffident suitor. It is *Polly*, the charming little maid of his accommodating New York friends, *Clay* and *Harry*, who suggests that *Rex* should get into the toils of some thoroughly bad woman and thereby become an object of morbid interest to *Myrtle*, who will doubtless marry him for reclamation purposes, as (we are told) women so often do. Amendment: but why not, instead of a really bad woman, have a quite good one, who just pretends? Finally carried: That *Polly*, whose past has in fact been incorrigibly blameless, she being actually the orphan daughter of a clergyman in East Gilead (*anglicè* Little Peddington), shall be that woman.

Accordingly, sheathed, plumed and hegemmed, at *Rex's* expense, after the manner of the most costly Parisian adventuresses, she goes down to Long Island, where the *Van Ziles'* summer villa is, and infuriates all the women, especially *Myrtle*, and inflames all the men—particularly *Rex*. Quite an attractive situation, intelligently enough exploited by the authors, Messrs. GEORGE MIDDLETON and GUY BORTON.

So often one sees plays which, beginning smartly enough, grow weaker and thinner, till they are finally deflated by the Third Act curtain, that it is quite agreeable to find the process more or less reversed. The two first Acts

move indeed, but move too leisurely, and the authors are so concerned to make their play fool-proof that every point seems to have three phases: preparation (see here! we are about to make a move or joke); attack (observe we are actually making it); consolidation (lo! we have made it and it is good), that I began to wonder if the New York version had been rewritten down to our reputation over there as a race of benighted islanders distinctly slow in the uptake.

However, as I say, the Third Act livened up wonderfully and was full of ingenious strokes and surprises on the authors' part, while the players lingered less lovingly over their "business." So that at the end the curtain rose and fell, bows and speeches were made, to a house that was not merely pleased but vociferous and insistent about it.

Miss EDNA BEST played intelligently the nice "fat" part of *Polly*; was pretty and pleasant to watch; above all was reposeful and restrained. She has collected no stage tricks—from which may *Thalia* preserve her! For one so young she has certainly attracted a vigorous devotion. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP's performance as the shy, fatuous and infatuated *Rex* was as clever as possible—at times with a subtlety not commonly at the service of this kind of character. On the other hand the temp-

tation to reap the tactical advantage of the laugh betrayed him into over-elaborate and too-protracted business, which, I submit, is bad strategy. Mr. AUBREY SMITH and Miss HELEN HAYE had nothing to do worthy of their talents. Miss EDITH EVANS as *Mrs. Van Zile* was excellent.

MESSRS. NOEL COWARD and HENRY KENDALL, two of our precocious popular favourites, had little more than peg parts, which are so difficult to make satisfactory. Mr. ARTHUR HATHERTON entered lovingly into the task of exhibiting an alcoholic wastrel to the life, and Mr. CLAUDE RAINS was effective as a famous virtuoso, to whose ecstatic improvisations, played off, nobody, by the way, paid the slightest attention.

T.

#### "THE PILFERAGE EVIL."

A dock worker, who was held up at the dock gates on his way home the other day, was discovered to be wearing twelve dozen pairs of silk stockings."—*Local Paper*.

Yet we understand that when he saw the policeman the poor fellow still had cold feet.

An evening paper states that the LANDRU inquiry is to be started all over again. "Should the prisoner be eventually committed, he would be tried at Versailles Assizes."

Some stayer, if he's not tired till then!



## COURAGE.

FROM tight corners we passed on to a discussion of courage.

"The world," the philosopher said, "must have been a much braver place when it was first made."

"How do you get at that?" he was asked.

"Why, because so many of the modern aids to evasion or protection were not in existence. And there was more equality. The same weapons were accessible to all; whereas to-day the man who can buy a revolver has at his mercy the man who has no money. The man without a revolver must therefore run and hide. But in the Flint Age he could have had as good a club or stone as his opponent. Again, a lot of courage

went out when writing came in. People who had had to brace themselves to say unpleasant things face to face no longer put themselves to that discipline because they could send a cowardly note instead.

"And a lot of real courage went out," the philosopher continued, "when the telephone came in, because it gave false courage such a chance. You can say things over the telephone that you wouldn't dare to say direct."

"If you can get on," said a cynic.

"And yet, in spite of writing and telephoning," an anxious house-

holder interposed, "there are still occasions when the spoken word is necessary. What about giving a cook notice? Isn't that a courageous act?"

We all rose in protest.

"A courageous act!" said our spokesman. "Yes, it might have been once; but to-day, no. To-day there is only one word for it—foolhardy."

"A good deal more courage," the philosopher continued, "must have disappeared when lawyers first arrived. Up to then disputes had to be settled by brute strength, but litigation put an end to that. In fact, in the ordinary course of life in a more or less civilised country like England a coward can have a roaring time and never let his cowardice be suspected."

"Unless," I said, "he plays games. Listen to this;" and I read the following passage from Mr. WARNER's first article as *The Morning Post's* cricket annalist:—

"Mr. N. A. Knox, the great fast bowler,

whose bowling for the Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's in 1906 is part of cricket history, was the pride of Limsfield. With his intimidating run up to the wicket, with his fair hair flying in the breeze, he was a distinctly awkward customer to face, and one had to shut one's teeth tight and remember that one was an Englishman not to run away."

"And what about standing up to fast bowling on bumpy wickets all over the country—that requires courage, if you like."

"One has to distinguish very sharply between physical and spiritual courage," said the cynic. "The same man can be a physical hero and a moral coward. The same man who will stand up to GREGORY this coming season—and they say that he's faster and bumps higher than any English bowler—may be totally unable to bring himself, say,



Old Villager. "I BE S'PRISED AT 'EE, LUKE ROGERS, STANDIN' THERE, FAG IN YER MOUTH, 'ANDS IN YER POCKETS, NOT TOUCHIN' YER 'AT AT PAASON—THAT I BE."

Young Villager. "WHOI, I DRAAS MORE PAY A WEEK NOR 'E DO, DON' I?"

to withhold a tip from a scandalously bad waiter."

"Yes, and there are odd inconsistencies in physical courage too," said another speaker. "I know a V.C. who can't bring himself to bait a hook with a worm, he shudders so; and you all remember PHIL MAY's picture of the circus hand who took refuge from his wife in the lions' den. I myself am moderately brave—I have been downstairs with only a poker to investigate noises in the night—but nothing would get me on to the back of a horse. Another man will have a tooth out without gas but run twenty miles rather than make a public speech. Even the brave are brave only in patches."

"I'll give you an instance of real spiritual courage," said the anxious man. "It occurred to me only last night. I had taken a taxi home, and when I got there the meter registered one-and-twopence. Now that, when the half fare is added, comes to one-and-nine-

pence, one of the fares that I like, because you give the driver two bob and he is satisfied. No argument, no bad blood. But this fellow was one of the greedy discontented lot, and when I gave him the florin he growled and darkened.

"This infuriated me. But I pulled myself together with a superb effort.

"'Wasn't that half-a-crown I gave you?' I asked innocently and surprised.

"'No,' he replied; 'two shillings.'

"'Let me have it again, then,' I said pleasantly, feeling in my pocket.

"All unsuspecting he gave it back, and I then carefully counted out one-and-ninepence, his exact fare, and gave it to him. I was shaking with fear underneath, but I did it.

"'There,' I said, 'and perhaps that will teach you to say 'Thank you' next time.'"

"Splendid!" we cried.

"Real courage!" "Served him jolly well right!"

"Yes," said the narrator dubiously. "The bore is that unfortunately the episode didn't end there. It wasn't so successful as you think. It had a sequel, and you know what they say about sequels. I ought properly, having scored off him like this, to have stalked majestically to my door and disappeared. In fact I was doing so, but he stopped me. You see, the flag had never been put up, and while we

had been talking the meter had gone on to one-and-four. So I had to give him the two bob after all."

"And how did he take it?"

"Like a conqueror. But it's a point worth remembering. All of you bear it in mind; see that the meter is not registering your argument as well as the distance travelled."

"You might have refused and let him prosecute," I said.

"No," the hero replied very definitely; "I may have been brave then, but I haven't got the courage that faces police-courts. In fact, I haven't got the courage that castigates taxi-drivers any more. So far as I am concerned they can go on not saying 'Thank you' for ever. I've done. My natural cowardice has reasserted itself."

E. V. L.

## Commercial Candour.

"Wanted to rent, with option of purchase, suitable premises for milk depot, with good supply of water."—*Provincial Paper*.





### THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

*First deaf old Sportsman at the top of his voice (after ten minutes' tow-row in covert). "NOT HALF SO MUCH CRY WITH THESE HOUNDS AS THERE USED TO BE."*

*Second ditto. "WHAT? YES, YES, I QUITE AGREE. THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE."*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It can surely be regarded as a happy fortune for any novelist to start his literary career with the creation of the lightest of light-comedy heroines, to achieve with her an almost sensational *succès de scandale*, and then, more than a quarter-of-a-century later, to revive her with all her pristine charm, only matured (and that but a very little) by the passage of time. This, however, is the enviable lot of Mr. E. F. BENSON, who has just revived for some of us the emotions of the early nineties by the publication of *Dodo Wonders* (HUTCHINSON). I admit that for the first few chapters I hardly thought that the trick was coming off. The original *Dodo*, you will recall, captured fame by her audacities and her talk. She was—indeed somewhere in the present volume she confesses as much—an agreeable rattle. Therefore it was disconcerting for the middle-aged critic to find a *Dodo* of fifty-five, a Marchioness and mother-in-law, still as incurably young as ever and still rattling. But, as the event proved, this was all Mr. BENSON's little game. He wanted me to be almost (not quite) bored with this empty vivacity, the better to show how the great testing of 1914 and after, that supreme cure for apparently incurable youth, would ripen his heroine into something finer and infinitely more attractive, with no loss of the old surface sparkle. The measure of his success is in the humanity of these lightly-touched sketches, recalling various aspects of a time that already seems unreal and fantastic.

In particular there is one chapter, telling the healing power of solitude upon mental fatigue, so unstressed that its real cleverness may well escape notice. In effect, a study of character slight but sincere, and very deftly handled.

Sir FREDERICK TREVES must, I think, be amongst the happiest of travellers. He has long been my ideal companion for certain home-country highways and byways, and, if ever I found contentment reflected in the pages of any wander-book, it is in the beautiful volume which he calls *The Riviera of the Corniche Road* (CASSELL). Those who know the graces of this pleasure-way and have looked with curiosity at the little rock-coloured towns that cling to the mountain-sides above it will find Sir FREDERICK ready with tales and strange old histories about each one of them. Queer, picturesque stories they are, and grim, as one might expect from a strip of coast that was for centuries the scene of strife, till in these later days it fell upon a kind of false rest as the parade-ground of the world's luxury. Sir FREDERICK has small concern for the haunts of the hotel-dwellers. His Riviera might have been called, not "of," but "off," the Corniche, so much does he seem to delight in the inaccessible, whence he and his camera return with a rich booty of tradition and picturesque snapshots—ninety of them, each more attractive than the last (you will have gathered that this is no pocket-book for the pedestrian). For my own part I read it in an English garden, where, helped by our sixty-in-the-shade February, it produced so captivating an illusion of the Mediterranean

slopes that not till too late did I observe that I had caught a smart cold. But that too was a kind of local colour, and certainly a palpably sincere tribute to a fascinating volume.

One must live in the United States to realise the extent to which politics permeate the social and commercial life of the small American town. Once it is realised, the happy position of the American novelist in having this magnificent field of action and intrigue to exploit can readily be appreciated. For the moment indeed the political novelist holds the field in the United States and seems likely to hold it. And when he produces work of the excellence of *The Great Accident* (MILLS AND BOON), by Mr. BEN AMES WILLIAMS, no one is likely to complain. The story, which I will not attempt to outline, chiefly concerns a rather spoiled and headstrong young man and a very shrewd old politician. But there are others. Most novelists are satisfied if they can put into a story a single character that grips the reader's affection or interest. Mr. AMES manages to put us on an intimate footing with half-a-dozen. His are the real Americans as they exist in their millions between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard, and any Englishman who would have a better knowledge and understanding of them should forget HENRY JAMES's metaphysical Yankees and DEAN HOWELLS's decorous Bostonians and read *The Great Accident*. A previous novel by Mr. WILLIAMS has already received a meed of sincere praise from another of Mr. Punch's critical scribes, and his verdict is more than supported by the present volume, which should see many a good fire burn itself out unnoticed in the next couple of months.

After I had read *Harriet and the Piper* (MURRAY) my eye, happening to wander to the list of books by the same author that faced the final page, found there an extract from a former review of my own that spoke of the "poise and serenity" with which Mrs. KATHLEEN NORRIS handles her stories. Which pleased me, since those were the very words I had selected as crystallising my impression of her latest book. I must add that here she has not, I think, been so fortunate in her actual plot as before. The capable heroine, making her unassisted way to fortune, who finds her promising future endangered by the intrusion of an unhappy incident from her past, can hardly be called a figure of conspicuous novelty. It is perhaps all the more to Mrs. NORRIS's credit to have managed, as she certainly has, to invest this dilemma of *Harriet* with so much interest. In this she has no doubt been helped by her cunning choice of background, all the action passing in that section of American plutocracy in which apparently, boundless wealth is so nicely balanced with impeccable taste as to produce a luxurious domesticity unequalled surely in any

age or country. Naturally all this makes for colour and variety, and if Mrs. NORRIS seems at times a trifle too prone to emphasise the weekly expenses of the *Carter* household this is, after all, but part of her scheme, as showing the magnitude of the prize that *Harriet* might have to give up. But I repeat that it is not what she says that matters so much as how she says it; the refreshing sense that her style gives of a medium perfectly controlled makes any story of hers a pleasure for this alone.

Mr. R. E. VERNÉDE, a gallant subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, was killed in the attack on Havrincourt Wood in the April of 1917. *The Port Allington Stories* (HEINEMANN) is a memorial of his work as a short-story writer. The slight sketches of the pretentious and fatuous members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, though they describe distinctly improbable people, give the impression of being rough portraits from the life—portraits

deliberately distorted by a gentle but purposeful malice. Two exceedingly tall and sinister fish stories, "The Finless Terror" and "On the Raft," are well prepared and carried through and calculated to disturb the equanimity of any but the insensitive. One hopes that even in Mexico there is nothing so terrible and nasty as the white finless fish, which, when the moon is at the full, exudes a paralysing poison; but of course one never can tell. In another mood are two episodes of the French Revolution, which are something more than mere costume stories.

If you should find yourself in the awkward

dilemma of being engaged to marry someone while you are in love with someone else I suggest that you read *Foreshadowed* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) before you take an irrevocable step. To be frank, the plot of Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG's novel is not strong, but she is as apt as ever in making a readable story out of slight material. Personally I could not discover any points in *Gerald Ackroyd* to make a woman fall in love with him, and it annoyed me to find that so charming a girl as *Lois Blount* could be even temporarily fascinated. When, however, Miss YOUNG writes of South Africa, the glamour of its nights and so forth, I feel that almost anything is possible. As an artist in atmosphere she belongs to a very small and select class, and, if she could only contrive to get a little more body into her stories, the most exacting of us would have small cause to grumble. As it is she can always be relied upon to reach the standard which seems to content her.

#### An Initial Error.

From a letter by Sir —, M.P. :—

"I believe the *Cas de Palais* was conveying passengers from Dover to Calais at the end of the last century."—*Daily Paper*.  
A man who would believe that would believe anything.



TROUBLES OF THE NEW-POOR.

"GEORGE, WILL YOU GO AND SPEAK TO COOK? I BOUGHT SOME TRIPE FOR DINNER AND—SHE'S STILL LOOKING AT IT THROUGH HER LORGNETTE."

## CHARIVARIA.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON contemplates another expedition to unknown lands in the Northern region. Unknown lands desirous of being discovered should make early application to this intrepid pioneer.

"Too many members of Society stay away from church nowadays," laments a parish magazine. Even if they are unable to attend they might at least send their cards.

"I would rather have painted the Sistine Madonna or composed the *Messiah* than have made a million," says Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, "but I could do neither. I have therefore done what I could." It is greatly to Sir WALTER'S credit that he did not give way to despair.

In Central America there is considerable disappointment that President HARDING has forbidden the fight between Panama and Costa Rica. It had been hoped that the winner would meet DEMPSEY.

It is no argument against the embargo on Canadian live-stock to point out that Lord BEAVERBROOK was imported on the hoof.

Sir ERIC GEDDES says he is resigning because he wants to do his own work in his own way. We are certain, however, that the public will not tolerate any interference with the Solar System.

A Richmond octogenarian is said to be cutting new front teeth. This is thought to be due to the mildness of the winter.

"Our misfortune," declared the German CHANCELLOR, "must bind us together as with brass." But we thought they said they had no brass.

The HOME SECRETARY has refused to introduce legislation permitting a woman to marry her deceased husband's brother. We cannot help thinking that it would be better for the race if the brother were left to defend himself in his own way.

A New Jersey judge has assessed the value of a husband at fifteen hundred pounds. We understand, however, that

here and there they can be picked up secondhand at a considerably lower figure.

"My husband lost his health, so we decided to become bandits." This was the statement of a prisoner before the Chicago Criminal Court. It seems that the bottom is out of the hotel boom.

Large Easter eggs with farmyard scenes painted on them are said to be on sale in the West End. We have never faltered in our admiration of the patriotism of the Smart Set, but we cannot help thinking that the time for this sort of propaganda has gone by.

The *Daily News* suggests that among the records to be placed in the sealed chamber beneath the Bush Terminal building in Aldwych should be that of

three thousand years old, has been discovered in a field at Jutland. The absence of any clue is natural enough, as the murder must have been committed in the days before clues were invented.

Surprise has been expressed that Russia has produced no CHARLOTTE CORDAY. We should have thought it sufficiently obvious that the least likely place to find a Bolshevik leader would be in a bath.

A telephone ordered by a large business house three years ago has just been installed. This excellent result was not brought about through influence, but was due to the fact that the firm's application was marked "urgent."

Although a tiny insect, the Marites, just arrived at the Zoo, has a ferocious face and horrible habits. It is said that while being carried past the Lion House it put out its tongue at one of the occupants.

"Germany," says Dr. SIMONS, "admits that she lost the war." Yes; but it wasn't his fault she didn't win the peace.

"When making a long sea-voyage plenty of ready cash should be taken," advises a correspondent in a daily

paper. It certainly must be terrible to be shipwrecked and cast upon an uninhabited island without a shilling in your pocket.

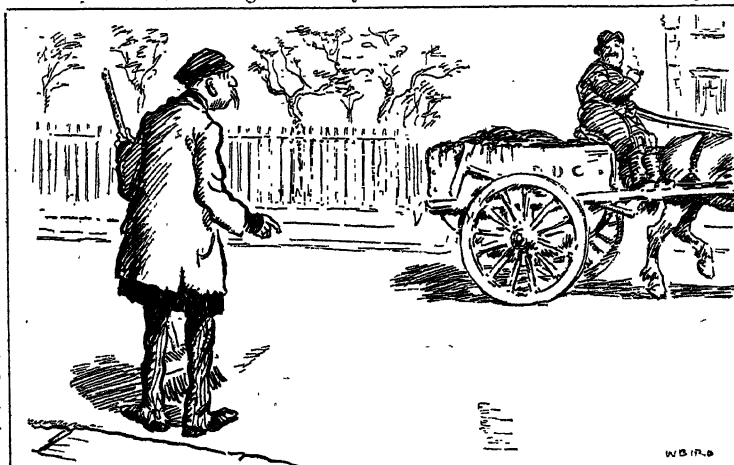
The mystery of the small boy found crying near the Letchworth Golf Links is now solved. It appears that he had been refused permission to hear his father play golf.

Our heart goes out to the amateur lady-gardener who this year has planted fried potatoes, as she prefers the vegetable in that form.

Scottish antiquarians have protested against one of their historic carved stones being brought to London. Yet they don't seem to mind our having their comedians.

"Use — wood preserving stain. Please write for dry-rot literature to — Depôt." *Adv. in Daily Paper.*

But why trouble to write? You can get it at any library.



"SLOP US OUT A BIT O' MUD, MATE, JUST TO PUT AN EDGE ON THE CROSSING."

a lion's roar. Already a gramophone company has invited Mr. J. DEVLIN to whisper into one of their machines.

Lord BURNHAM says that unemployment among journalists will be very bad later on. In consequence of this several retired Admirals have decided to give up the profession.

"PREMIER'S ST. BERNARD DOG ARRIVES IN DOWNING STREET."  
"MR. SMILLIE RESIGNS."

Speaking at the Washington Press Club, Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES said his favourite hobby is walking. This is what comes of having a brother who insisted on raising the railway fares.

"My husband," said a woman at Ealing Police Court, "gives me a good hiding every other week." It is too often.

A Copenhagen message states that the body of a woman, believed to be

**TO ST. PATRICK ON THE EVE OF HIS DAY.**

[The following views are supposed to be expressed by an honest Irishman.]

GREAT Scot,\* who left your Lowland home

Lang syne and sailed (across the foam)  
To conquer Irish hearts for Rome

By tactful proselytising;  
And incidentally amid  
The slimy worms and snakes that slid  
O'er that distressful country did  
A deal of exorcising;

I wish you'd come again this way,  
Early to-morrow morning, say,  
(Alleged to be your natal day)

And plant a godly fear in  
The bellies of that crawling pest—  
Far worse than what you once sup-  
pressed—

The human snakes that now infest  
The alibis of Erin.

This time you would not clear the place  
By doing miracles of grace  
But preach Home Rule to save the race  
From self-extermination;  
Not by a crozier waved about  
You'd put the evil thing to rout,  
But give us hints on working out  
Ourselves our own salvation.

O. S.

**MY DOUCHE-BATH STORY.**

THERE has never been more than one story that I could tell with success. Whenever I have told it, usually late in the evening, it has invariably won what I might call hilarious applause. So popular have I always found it that I have not taken the trouble to add to my repertoire, and that is a pity, for I shall not be able to tell the story again. Yesterday evening I told it for the very last time.

It is the story of a douche-bath. As I write I feel the loss of the friendly faces about me, rippling with anticipatory merriment. I cannot, on paper, give the appropriate facial expression nor the due emphasis of gesture. The story indeed seems to get thinner and thinner in my mind and the aroma departs from it. I restrict myself therefore to a mere summary of the points.

I begin by recalling how, some twenty years ago, in a big provincial town, I discovered a bath which was unfamiliar to me. I proceed to describe the thrills which I experienced when I turned on the taps and then could not turn them off again, and to narrate with leisurely detail the incidents which attended my anguished but fruitless search for help. I analyse the motive (cowardice)

which eventually drove me back to my bedroom and, after breakfast, out of the hotel. With some humour I dwell on the day's reckless dissipation, and come to the episode of my return, late at night, to find the bathroom in a state of excavation and the entire corridor plunged in gloom. I repeat my conversation with the night porter.

"Was it bravado or cunning," I ask at this point (without pausing for a reply), "which caused me to seek him out and question him?"

"What's the matter with the bathroom—along there?" I asked quite boldly.

"One of the page-boys," said the porter. "Monkeying about with the douche-bath. Always up to something. Fused half the lights on this landing. Nice business! Fools in this world, there is, that will always meddle with what they doesn't understand."

"Silly young ass," I observed sympathetically.

As my story continues I disclose my resolve to "give myself up" and make amends—in the morning; a resolve that was broken by a dream. Not so much a dream it was as a voice. And the voice said:—

"If the page didn't monkey with the bath he probably, at one time or other, did something else every bit as bad, perhaps something much worse. Page-boys always do. Always up to some devilment or other. Believe me if it wasn't that it was something worse—something much worse."

Of course it was supernatural. It was a warning. I did not give myself up. I paid my bill and left the hotel. In fact I took the advice of the night porter and refrained from meddling with what I did not understand.

That is my douche-bath story, baldly summarised. I wish you could have heard me telling it last night, after dinner, at the Baggalleys'. As usual it led to a discussion, and the last word, in accordance with tradition, was with me.

"One of these days," I said, "that page-boy will bring disaster into my life as I brought it into his. At some crisis, financial or domestic, he will stand up and denounce me. As I have never seen him I can form no opinion as to the probable effect on his character, or lack of character, of this infantile misfortune. Therefore I know not in what guise he will challenge me; all I do know is that he is looking for the man who turned on the douche-bath." Of course they did not take me seriously.

About an hour later I was walking along the Mall, on my way home. Suddenly a man stepped out from the park railings and stood in front of me—

a respectable-looking man who wore a bowler hat and a dust-coat which disclosed a dress-shirt beneath it.

"A word with you, Sir, if you please." Instinctively I tried to hurry past, but the man had posted himself immediately in my path.

"About that douche-bath," he said, and his eyes looked like steel in the lamplight.

"Excuse me," I said with dignity, "I don't know you, and I am in a hurry to get home."

The man caught me firmly by the sleeve of my coat, for I had made an ineffectual attempt to escape.

"Pardon me," he said with ironic politeness. "Just a minute, if you please. I was in Sir James's smoking-room to-night, handing round the cigars. I heard heverything."

"You are Sir James Baggalley's butler," I declared with inspiration.

"Yes, Sir," he answered respectfully. "About that douche-bath?"

"Confound the douche-bath! Don't keep saying, 'About that douche-bath?' Oh! I begin to understand; you must have heard that ridiculous story of mine," I chuckled. It has been an incurable habit of mine, until now, to chuckle at the mere thought of the douche-bath story. Unfortunately my chuckles whipped the butler to a frenzy of anger. Never have I heard a voice in which so much hatred was concentrated nor seen eyes—outside the Zoo and travelling circuses—which shone so fiercely.

"You heartless devil!" he cried. "I've been looking for you, I have, the past twenty years. I'll teach you to turn on douche-baths and wreck poor innocent lives."

With a jerk he pushed me clear of him.

"Put 'em up!" he called. "Put 'em up if there's an ounce of fight in you." Frankly there was not.

I can recall nothing more of this absurdly irregular interview but a bony fist which presented itself to my gaze, a sudden concussion, coloured lights and then an extreme and heavy darkness.

I have written this in bed. For the last time I have told my famous—well, hardly famous; let us say popular—my popular douche-bath story. Not that I really turned on those taps at all. My sole offence was to appropriate somebody else's story (very possibly fictitious) and make it my own. I am not likely to repeat the offence—not with that kind of tale.

"Buy — time-tables. Almost reliable."  
Local Paper.

Now we know why Jones almost catches his train every morning.

\* According to one account St. PATRICK was a native of Nemthur, the modern Dumbarton.



*Eric Fensholt's drawing of the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland."*

## ERIC; OR, LESS BY LESS.

ALICE (*hopefully*). "MUST YOU GO? AND THE TREE TOO?"

[The vanishing of the MINISTER (and Ministry) of TRANSPORT is announced for August next.]





*The Man (a trier).* "WELL, HOW AM I GETTING ON?"

*His Partner.* "NOT TOO BADLY, OLD THING. BUT YOU MUST GET RID OF YOUR CHEST; DANCING-MEN SIMPLY DON'T HAVE THEM."

### TOO LATE.

#### A TRAGEDY.

LIGHTS and laughter, dazzling napery and gleaming silver. A wondrous sole with a long French name. White wine. Distinguished company. Brilliant conversation. A charming girl on my right. Others all about—gazelle-like, beautiful. And she said, "Oh, did you see that thing in *Punch* last week?"

*Me (cautious).* "Which thing was that?"

"It was *splendid*. It was about—about—I rather forget what it *was* about. But it was *awfully* good. I laughed till I *cried*. Oh, yes, it was an *article*. Mother *loved* it. She nearly *died* of laughing. I *wish* I could remember what it was about."

"Yes, I wish you could. Was it by any chance about—about a rhinoceros?"

"Yes, that was it. Did *you* read it too? Father did. He laughed till his sides ached. It was one of the best things they've had. Awful rot, of course."

This is the kind of moment for which the author lives, though too often, alas, it never comes to him. He grows up, marries and is cremated without even

tasting the only joy of authorship. And if it does come it comes, like all the best moments of life, so sudden and unexpected that he is unprepared for it. And so was I. How should a man exploit this golden circumstance? Should he murmur immediately, with proper modesty, "As a matter of fact *I* wrote it"? Should he wait—should he be silent altogether? Not the last, surely, for that would be ingratitude to a lady who has uttered the highest compliment a humourist can receive, that "Awful rot, of course." When people have been mildly amused they say that such-and-such was "quite amusing" or "*very* funny." But when they have been really amused, when they have cackled and wiped their eyes and rolled about in their chairs, they say, "Awful rot!" or, if in the presence of the humourist, "What a *fool* you are!" Then he knows that he has made good; they speak from the heart.

So she must certainly be told. But not immediately. I would gloat a little; I would roll the delicate situation about my tongue for a course so as to get the full flavour before swallowing it whole. For how charming a girl—how *intelligent*! To have amused *her*—to have brought into her drab life a ray of sun-

shine so dazzling that she laughed outright till she *cried*! To think that those long dark lashes had been actually wet with—Thank you, a little Chablis, please.

And her mother, that grim figure beyond the barrister. She too had cried—fantastic thought. Surely to have made *her* laugh at all was a title to greatness. That barrister could not make her laugh, though he *was* a K.C. After the joint I would reveal all.

Her father too, he had laughed; but he had not come to the dinner; probably his sides were still aching. It pleased me to imagine that little family group, the two women sitting over the fire in the evening, one of them quietly weeping into the fender, one of them lying back in her chair, nearly dying, practically dead. A little apart, in the old leather chair, sits the father, laughing Titanically in the bass clef. Stern man, he does not cry; blessed with superb stamina, he just laughs on and on, till, at last, alas, there comes that stabbing pain in the side (both sides) that says the danger-point is near; only then does he stop. . . .

And all this for me. How excited she would be when I told her. Perhaps she would tell the other gazelles:



The time had come. . . .

"As a matter of fact—" I began.

And then that confounded fellow on the other side butted in with some preposterous golf story.

Never mind; he would have finished by the savoury. When he was still at the thirteenth green I began debating what I would say. "Curious you should mention that article; as it happens *I* wrote it; I mean *I wrote* it, you know"; or "Funny thing, *I know* the man who wrote that article. As a matter of fact it's me."

I strained at the leash.

At the sixteenth hole she frankly abandoned the match and turned to me, but it was only to say, "I've just finished *Typhoon*. Have you read it?"

"As a matter of fact I—I mean yes, I have. And, talking of that—"

"I *do* like CONRAD. Don't *you*?" she said. "Don't you *love* the sea?"

"No. As a matter of fact—"

As if infuriated, the man on the other side then upset his port. To cover his confusion our tactful hostess sprang to her feet and swept out of the room, pursued by the whole female herd. I had lost my moment. Never mind; upstairs there would be many opportunities.

But upstairs, alas! our hostess, who had so far shown every sign of humanity and kindly feeling, was revealed as one of those organising hostesses who regard a social function as a mathematical exercise in permutations for themselves and a kind of conversational jousting for everybody else. It was like one of those high-speed tennis tournaments on the American system, in which everybody plays about two games with everybody else. Just as you felt that you were really beginning to get the measure of the lady you were talking to; just when your heart had warmed to her at the discovery that she too knew a man named Smith, who was now in India—almost certainly the same Smith; just as you found that she too was interested in newts or NIETZSCHE or inland waterways or negro art, down-swept the inexorable secretary of the tournament. "Oh, Mr. —, I want you to know Miss (mumble-mumble)—such a charming (mumble-mumble). She is the (mumble-mumble) of the (mumble-mumble), you know." You were then torn away from your comfortable sofa and flung, in a condition of daze and apprehension, on to a very hard chair, there to begin again that dreadful preliminary sparring with some entirely new and unknown antagonist.

The idea of the American system is, I believe, that everyone shall have a game and nobody in particular win—except, of course, the secretary. If two



"MY 'USBAND WAS IN YOUR LINE. 'E DONE SOME BEAUTIFUL GRAININ' IN 'IS TIME."

people manage to remain quiescent together for more than two minutes the secretary has lost the game. The secretary on this occasion won handsomely.

By the unbending laws of mathematics I came at last to the side of my dinner-partner, but by that time I had played nine matches already and my strength was ebbing. She too had had a stiff time with the barrister, a colonel and the sub-editor of an economic review, and her face said plainly, "I wish to remain perfectly silent." So did I. Nevertheless there was one remark I was determined to make. When I had made it I was ready for ever after to hold my peace.

"By the way," I began, "I forgot to tell you at dinner about—"

As when at even the great swan spreads her wings and stretches out her neck and flies across the lake, and with a loud clatter and rustle and flap

descends among the reeds upon the other side, and the ducks are frightened, so did our hostess from the far corner of the room discern us and with a loud cry descend upon us.

"Goodness, Mr. —! you two have been talking to each other *the whole evening*. You must come *at once* and be introduced to *dear Mrs.* (mumble-mumble) . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*  
We never met again; probably we never shall. But, O fair unknown—for I do not even know your name, except, of course, that you belong to the great old family of Mumble-mumble—if ever again at the quiet hearth the tears course down your cheeks, if ever again your father in his high old chair sits in an agony and clasps his flanks because of that humble work—please accept this, the only intimation:—I tell you, *I wrote* the thing. A. P. H.

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

IX.

IN making a speech recently, Mr. W. B. YEATS is stated to have broken a political silence of fifteen years. This being so we like to fancy that he at least, though other voices are mute, may shortly burst into song over some of the important topics of the hour. But, in case he refrains, we have tried to imagine a little dialogue on the subject of Naval construction after the breezy emphatic model of "The Shadowy Waters."

SCENE.—*The deck of an ancient ship, coloured grey, with many turrets and guns. The turrets and guns are covered with patches of red rust, and barnacles are creeping up the sides of the ship. All the persons of the play are dressed in threadbare blue and pale gold turning green. The sky and sea are full of mist. There is a large harp resting upon the binnacle. Leaning against the binnacle sits Sir Percival, half asleep, but muttering to himself. Near him are standing two Admirals.*

Sir Percival. O! O! O! O! I do not like this ship.

1st Admiral. What is the matter with Sir Percival?

Why does he keep on saying, "O! O! O!"?

2nd Admiral. Either the ever-living have made him mad

Or else he dreams or else he is not well.

Perhaps he has eaten acorns, or perhaps

Green apples from the Druid apple-tree,

And the wild riders are upon his breast.

Speak to him. Ask him where he feels the pain.

1st A. Sir Percival!

Sir P. O! O! O! O! O! O!

I do not like this ship. [*Half keening.*]

Ohone! Ohone!

1st A. Why do you take exception to this ship?

It seems to me to be a capital ship.

Sir P. Ay, you speak truth. It is a capital ship.

But I have seen strange creatures in the air

Among the windy meadows of the dawn,

Man-headed birds that fluttered round the mast

And made a terrible whirring with their wings

And wagged their fiery wings all over me.

They held great stones like eggs within their claws

That fell upon the deck and shattered it,

And broke and shattered it with flying stones

Until the splinters leaped unto the stars.

And I have seen strange creatures in the sea

That rose up from the Country-under-Wave,

Huge silver fish that ran against the sides,

Driven by magic spells against the ship

Out of the cold dark and the wool-white foam,

And bit the bulwarks and made holes in them

Till there was nothing left upon the sea

But only shining fishes underneath

And the grey birds that circled in the air.

2nd A. That was a dreadful dream, Sir Percival.

Did you see anything else in your strange dream?

Sir P. Yes, I saw shadows floating round the ship,

Ængus and Edain—

1st A. Oh, I am tired of them!

Were there no later shadows in your dream?

Sir P. Deirdre was there and golden-armed Iollan,

And old Bill Baile of the *Honey Month*,

And Drak and Nellsen.

2nd A. Ah! What did they say?

Sir P. They wove a druid spell upon the air

And made a song and sung it in my ears,

A song like this, "O ship, O ancient worm,

Dragon to which we clave, by which we swore,

You are obsolete, you are obsolete. The shining fish  
And troops of ash-grey birds have broken you;  
The capital ship is doomed."

And then I woke,

And, waking, thought upon another thing.

Both A's. Say on.

Sir P.

This is a most expensive ship.

Look you how many kegs of silver and gold,

How many O's preceded by a 1

Seven O's, one 1, perhaps £10,000,000,

It takes to build a capital ship like this!

For labour costs much more than in the days

When Maeve was queen in many-pillared Cruachan.

1st A. He is right.

2nd A.

Sir P.

It does.

So thinking on these O's,

These many O's preceded by a 1,

I cannot sleep for crying "O! O! O!"

O! O! O! O! I say we ought to scrap

This ship which is becoming obsolete

And change ourselves to fishes and to birds.

[*There is a loud noise.*]

1st A. What noise was that?

2nd A.

Sir P.

The rudder has broken off.

I thought it would. [*There is another loud noise.*]

Has the propeller gone?

2nd A. Ay, ay, Sir.

Sir P.

Give me then my golden harp

And prop me up against the binnacle

And I will keen a letter to *The Times*,

The great shape-changers of our destiny,

Saying that capital ships are obsolete.

[*He begins keening and the ship meanwhile gradually falls to pieces. The curtain sinks slowly.*]

EVOC.

## THE DOG THAT KNEW TOO MUCH.

AFTER seein' Wilkins 'and over the best part of a week's wages at the police-court this mornin' I shall never 'ave another word to say against my dog for bein' a bit of a fool. In my spare time I 'ave tried long and patient to learn 'im a trick or two, but the most I 'ave ever got 'im to do is to stand on 'is 'ind-legs with a chair at 'is back. Now it stops at that. No more eddication. I keep 'im simple and ignorant; it's safer. The Wilkinses' misfortune to-day is owin' to the 'igh-flown eddication of their dog Podger by Mrs. Wilkins.

They 'ad Podger at six weeks old, and, not 'avin' chick nor child, Mrs. Wilkins begun talkin' to 'im like a baby. The things she's taught that dog to do and the things 'e's picked up 'isself watchin' 'er would fill a book. 'E'll sit in the kitchen while she's scrubbin' the bedroom, and she's no need to keep runnin' up and down stairs to look in the oven, because Podger 'ollers to 'er if 'e smells a smell of burnin'. She told my wife that, if she 'appens to be a bit late with the dinner and 'as only just put the pertaters on when the factory 'ooter goes, she's only got to give the word to Podger, and 'e'll run and meet Wilkins as 'e turns the corner on 'is bicycle and pitch a yarn to 'im about a rat 'e's found round the chicken-'ouse, and 'e'll keep Wilkins out in the garden interested and pleasant until Mrs. Wilkins calls out that everythin' 's gettin' cold.

When the Muzzlin' Order come in force in our area Mrs. Wilkins went nearly mad. She bought Podger the comfortablest muzzle she could lay 'ands on, and she explained to 'im every time she put it on 'im that it was the law and she couldn't 'elp 'erself, and 'e mustn't on no account go outside the door without it. 'E understood



### THE JARGON OF IT.

*Socialist Orator.* "IN PLAIN ENGLISH, YOU AND I MUST TELL THE BOURGEOISIE THAT IF THEY BECOME INTRANSIGENT THEY MAY PROVOKE THE PROLETARIAT TO SABOTAGE."

every word right enough, but 'e 'ated the muzzle and 'e begun slippin' off without it. One day Wilkins caught 'im not a 'undred yards from the police-station and carried 'im back 'ome under 'is mackintosh and give 'im a bit of 'is mind when 'e got 'im indoors.

"A muzzle as big as a bird-cage as don't scrape your nose nowhere, and you tryin' your best to get me 'auled up before the magistrates and fined ten bob, you varmint!" 'e 'ollered, shakin' the muzzle in Podger's face, while Podger 'ung 'is 'ead and shivered and looked miserable.

Mrs. Wilkins whipped a Treasury note out of 'er purse.

"Put that in your pocket, Albert, in case," she said to Wilkins. "I saved it up to buy a blouse, but I'll go in rags sooner than 'ear the dog bullied."

Wilkins was rather ashamed of 'isself and 'e wouldn't lay a finger on the note. But Mrs. Wilkins wouldn't touch it to take it back agen. "No," she said, "there's the money ready," and she stuck it on the shelf be'ind Wilkins's baccy-jar, and, whenever Wilkins lugged Podger 'ome and begun shakin' the muzzle at 'im and speakin' 'arsh, she'd snatch up the note and offer it to 'im, and Wilkins 'adn't any more to say.

Then one afternoon the worst 'appened. A policeman brought Podger 'ome, 'e being caught without 'is muzzle. Mrs. Wilkins invited the officer into the parlour and begged 'im to take a seat, and was as polite as you please to 'im, and fetched the muzzle and asked if it was the pattern 'e approved of, and explained 'ow seldom Podger stirred a inch

further than the door-step without it, and asked 'im to scold Podger for doin' so this mornin' and obligin' 'im to be at the trouble of bringin' 'im 'ome, and begged 'im to forgive a poor dumb animal just this once.

Mrs. Wilkins 'asn't 'er equal as a soft sodderer. The constable done what she asked 'im willin' and pitched into Podger louder than Wilkins ever 'ad, and she listened to 'im without a word. 'E was just goin' to wish 'er "Good day," and it's my belief they would never 'ave 'eard another breath about it, when that officious dog crept across the room to the shelf, shoved 'is nose be'ind the 'baccy jar and sidled up to the policeman with the ten bob note in 'is mouth.

That done it. It was brought out in the evidence this mornin'. The constable described 'ow 'e 'ad 'urled back Podger's bribe with scorn, and the magistrates expressed their deep disgust at the Wilkinses' crafty attempt to corrupt an officer of the law in the execution of 'is duty and fined 'em two pound ten.

Give me a fool for a dog.

Extract from a letter:—

"This is not the day for 'parties' but rather that of 'principles,' and surely your correspondent has not been like 'Rip Van Winkle' asleep during the Great War, 1914-1918, which caused all parties to burn many of their boats whilst crossing the stream."

*Scots Paper.*

This comes of swapping stories with the Horse Marines.

## PRUNING.

A LARGE caterpillar lay upon a bough, its body arched, as it were, for a spring. A careful observer might have noted that, true to the first principles of Natural Selection, it had provided itself with a coat which blended in colour with the green slime of the old apple-tree. The same careful observer (or another one, for that matter) would have noted that its hesitation to proceed down the bough became more and more pronounced—until the voice of Alicia from down below interposed quite unnecessarily with "Do be careful, darling. [Pause.] Can't you get a leetle further out?"

Yes, it was I, a pruning-knife in one hand, long-handled clippers in the other, a saw in my teeth and one foot in space.

How came I to this undignified position? Chiefly through the agency of an annoying man in the cottage next door who puts his head over the fence (my fence; the nails are driven in from my side) and makes ill-timed comments. Sometimes, when I am doing something particularly foolish, he just looks over, makes no comment, but disappears hastily; and whether the inarticulate noises which follow come from him or from his beastly chickens I don't know. When Alicia comes out and reads solemnly to me from her gardening book by way of gentle remonstrance at the things I am doing, he (or his poultry) becomes hysterical.

It was he who told me that the last tenant had not cut the apple-trees back for five years. Further, he offered me the loan of his absurd and totally inadequate tools for the purpose and then stood by, making hen-like noises in anticipation.

"Of course," he said, as he slipped a saw into my hand, "after you've cut 'em back you'll have to bind up the wounds."

I turned pale. "Is it—is it as dangerous as that?" I asked, and if human beings could lay eggs he would certainly have achieved it that time.

"No," he cried when he could speak at all; "but in this yer weather the place where the branch has been lopped off wants covering up. Putt a little sutt-and-manure mixed on it, or just plain earth and sutt, or just earth alone will do if you putt sutt with it——" and he went on putting and suttting until he didn't know himself which it was.

The first thing to do was to collect the "sutt." Soot comes from the chimney when you don't want it—that much I knew. When I had poked about the chimneys and collected a handful, had picked up the rest off the hearth-rugs, washed myself and sent my coat to the cleaners, that was the end of the first day's pruning.

Gazing at the trees the next day and in the fulness of the knowledge, newly acquired from our book, that it is the criss-cross boughs which should be cut, we found that if

these instructions were carried out there might be a few feathers left at the top, but that would be all. Alicia, to whom an eighteenpenny gardening book is as good as a Bible, was for ending the apple season then and there, but we were stayed by the appearance of the Hen-man popping his head over the fence and saying, "Of course you warn't to cut out the *old* wood and leave the *new*." Hope sprang afresh.

"The difficulty is," I said, "that the new wood grows so persistently on the end of the old. To cut out the old wood would leave a dangerous hiatus, don't you think?"

Before I could prevent him he said he would come and show me.

"Now, if you could tell me exactly *which* to cut," I said (for I knew his habit of indulging in multitudinous alternatives), "I might get on with it."

"Well," he began in his country rambling way, "there bean't no doubt of it, you want to cut *that* and leave *this*, or cut *this* and *that* and leave *that*."

"But which, which?" I cried, revolving round him in trying to follow the direction of his horny forefinger.

"Why, that there—or this here; or, if you like, take out this, d'ye see? and the one by the side of it, and leave the one there and cut thickee . . ." and so he went on and on and on.

In the end it was the fact of the saw in my hand and the homicidal look in my eye which caused him to beat a retreat.

"Stand aside," I cried to Alicia; "I can bear this no longer. In this warm weather the thing might burst into bud at any minute and it would be too late. Stand aside! I am going to prune."

There may or may not be things more irritating than a sweet woman reading in-

structions out of a book to a man in the throes of his first prune, but I have never met them. And it greatly aggravates the irritation when the matter read out refers to herbaceous borders, or anything else which has nothing to do with the work in hand. I endured a description of "mulching the rose-trees," because I was able to put down a counter-barrage of twigs—snipped, snatched, wrenched or bitten off in the first burst of fury. But when, during a pause in my efforts, she got to "Delphiniums thrive best sown under a warm wall, or——"

"Alicia," I cried, "enough of this; our walls are as cold as ice; I was sitting on one all the morning sowing wall-flowers in natural positions. Can't you help me to decide which of these branches is to go?"

"Which branches, dear?"

"Why, the criss-cross ones. How about this one?"

"I should cut the one on the left, dear."

"Left? Which left? Yours or mine? Don't keep turning round to see which is my left."

"I mean *that* one, darling."



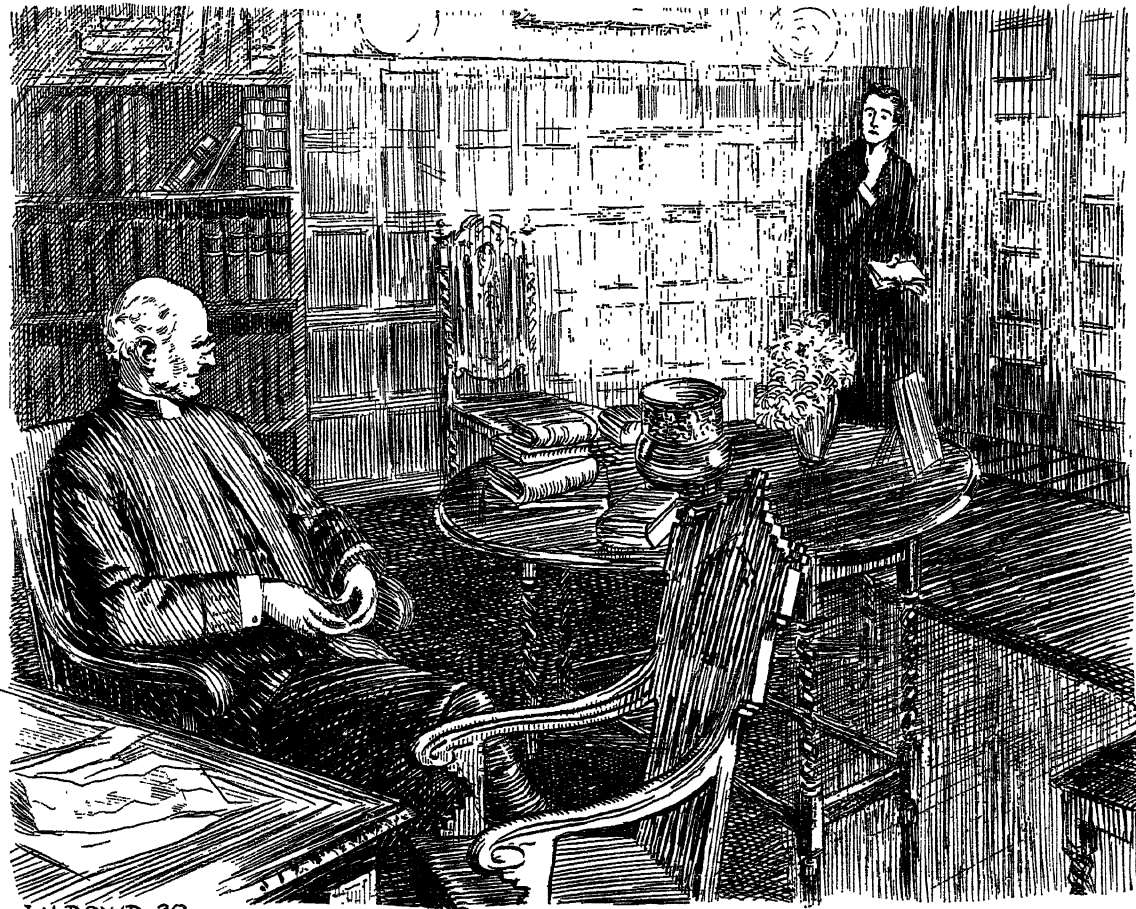
SCENE.—Fishing Village Free Dispensary.

"CASTOR OIL? BUT I FILLED THIS BOTTLE ONLY ON TUESDAY. WHO'S TAKING IT?"

"FEXTHER."

"WHAT FOR?"

"SEA-BOOTS."



J. H. DOWD. 20

*Examining Bishop (to eligible bachelor curate during reading test). "I CAN'T HEAR YOU."*

*Curate. "I'M SORRY, MY LORD; BUT IF I MAY SAY SO I UNDERSTOOD I COULD BE HEARD QUITE WELL; SO MY AUDIENCE AT THE MISSION TELLS ME."*

*Bishop. "DOES SHE?"*

"It's no good pointing at it; how can I tell from up here which you are pointing at?"

"But I am pointing right at it. *There, then.*"

"Don't keep saying '*There, then.*' Do you mean this or that?"

"Which, dear?"

"The one I am pointing at, of course."

"It's no good pointing, dear; you said just now——"

"Oh, well, is it *this*?"

"No, that."

"Which?"

"The one you've got hitched up on."

"That's not a branch at all; that's the clippers."

"No, the other hitch; you've got two. Ah! the one you've got your hand upon now, now——"

"What *now*?"

"No, just before."

"When?"

"Just now. *There!* Your hand's on it."

"Which hand?"

"The right hand."

"*My* right hand?"

"No, my left."

"But that *is* my right."

"Not if I turn round."

"Don't turn round. I shall lose the whole thread of it——"

And then I slipped, and over the indecencies which followed perhaps it would be as well to draw a veil. L.

## TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

*(On learning that the question is being seriously considered of the removal of its seat from Geneva to Lyons.)*

SINCE the hour when you swore to achieve a  
New gospel of peace among men  
Till your recent attempt at Geneva  
To establish the reign of the pen,  
While our grateful approval we proffer  
There are times, to be sure, when you seem  
To have given the tongue of the scoffer  
Good cause to blaspheme.

For here in an era of hustle  
Too oft we have witnessed a dearth  
Of the bounce you require and the bustle  
For creating a heaven on earth;  
Too oft, as the pace became heady,  
You would yield up the race to the strong,  
And remain just a trifle too ready  
To dawdle along.

But I see you are shortly expected  
To obtain a fresh pitch for your tent;  
And in this, right or wrong, I've detected  
A sign that you mean to repent;  
So, when next I hear anyone fretting  
Concerning your sloth in the past,  
I can say with some truth that you're getting  
A move on at last.





"THAT'S BETTY GRANT'S NEW MAID."

"SHE'S MUCH SMARTER THAN HER MISTRESS."

"WELL, THEY CAN'T BOTH AFFORD TO DRESS LIKE THAT."

### OUT OF SYMPATHY.

[The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, recommends that "all sympathetic handicapping should be discontinued."]

NEURITIS was Jones's trouble, plus a cold and a hacking cough,

When he found his way to the links one day and fancied a round of golf;

I was practising on the putting-green, failing to get them down,

When he hoarsely croaked, "Do you want a match?"—and the stakes were half-a-crown.

"Of course," said Jones, "as I'm far from fit I shan't give you a game;

Unless I receive some extra strokes I'm afraid you'll find it tame;

I don't suppose I shall hit a ball (he choked); you're sure to win;"

So I gave him a half instead of a third, with a couple of bisques thrown in.

Taking the honour I promptly sliced into a clump of gorse, While poor old Jones with terrible groans drove a peach straight down the course;

I got well out and snatched a five (which might have been much more);

He topped his second and fluffed his third, then holed his approach for a four.

I reached the green from the second tee and murmured, "Good enough!"

Jones pushed his off (he *had* to cough!) to the right and was tucked in the rough;

His approach pulled up on the edge of the green, but his putt, though a trifle brisk,

Dropped in, and he said, when my second lay dead, "My hole! I shall take a bisque."

From there to the turn, whatever I did, the bunkers took their tolls,

While Jones, though suffering awful pain, continued to take the holes;

He was "dormy nine," and he won the tenth by laying a chip-shot dead;

"The match!" he moaned with a sickly smile, and "Double or quits," I said.

The rest of the tale is steeped in gloom too deep to describe in rhyme;

He won the bye and the bye-bye too—we'd double or quits each time;

With a look resigned and a permanent wheeze he took the well-known road

To the "nineteenth hole," four half-crowns "up" and—  
SYMPATHY BE BLOWED!

### Economies of the New Poor.

"About Lady-Day lady wants Lady Cook and Lady Nurse, £50 and £40 respectively; lady housemaid kept; separate bedrooms; level kitchen and gas cooker, plain cooking: only five children and one husband."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Amalgamation of the administration of the [Juveniles] court and Detention home and that the judge be given poker to conduct the court are among the recommendations made to the government."

*Canadian Paper.*

But he must have sausages too.





### HER OWN TASK.

IRELAND. "FOR PITY'S SAKE, FATHER, WON'T YOU 'RID US OF THIS SNAKE, AS YOU DID WITH THE OTHERS?"

ST. PATRICK. "THE SAINTS, MY DAUGHTER, HELP THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, March 7th.*—Certain Members were alarmed to hear that the Government is still maintaining an Anti-Gas factory at Watford. They evidently feared reprisals, but were relieved when Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON explained that it was only for the purpose of salving condemned respirators. "By whom are they used?" inquired Captain TERRELL, still a little anxious. "By the appropriate Department," was Sir ARCHIBALD's cryptic answer; and one wondered whether the Department was his own.

A Bill "to prohibit the exhibition of performing animals in places of public entertainment" was introduced by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, and elicited thunderous cheers from all quarters of the House. The gallant gentleman, standing by the SPEAKER'S Chair, was much affected by this testimony to his popularity.

A discussion on the Irish Police Vote was initiated by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR who began with a quotation from GRATTAN to the effect that in Ireland the Minister was a greater traitor than

placing all the armed forces of the Crown under the single control of the Commander-in-Chief.

The debate was interrupted to enable the PRIME MINISTER to report the breakdown of the London Conference, and the steps which the Allies were about to take to secure reparation from the Germans. When he came to the proposal to collect from British traders half the amount of the money that they owed to German exporters, Lord ROBERT CECIL shook his head. *Mr. Puff* in *The Critic* was not more swift to translate into words Lord BURLEIGH's historic nod than was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to seize the meaning of the atavistic gesture of Lord BURGHLEY's distinguished descendant. "You expressed a very emphatic opinion," he declared, in reply to Lord ROBERT's protestation that he had no desire to interrupt.

*Tuesday, March 8th.*—Sir CHARLES YATE was disturbed by the discovery that the so-called Army Council now consisted of six civilians and only five military men, and vainly urged the War Minister to make it an Army Council or call it a Civilian Council.

He also complained, not unreasonably, that young officers entitled to a grant for uniform were invited to purchase their kit from the Royal Army Clothing Department instead of going to expensive tailors, but when they went there were told that they could not get the uniform without the money, and when they applied for the grant were informed that they must first produce a receipted bill.

It is rumoured that if Mr. ILLINGWORTH has to undergo another such heckling as he endured to-day over the new telephone charges he is going to apply to the Ministry of Munitions for a barbed-wire entanglement round his listening-post on the Treasury Bench.

Part of the trouble arises from his peculiar enunciation. As the "supplementaries" pour upon him his voice retires further and further into the recesses of his boots. It is reported that he is about to take lessons from a professional elocutionist, and has selected for his trial-trip "The Women of Mumbles Head."

In introducing the Coal Mines (De-control) Bill Mr. BRIDGEMAN genially chaffed the miners over the sudden change in their attitude towards control, and compared them to the girl who says, "It is very wrong of you to put your arm round my waist, but please do not take it away." He failed, however, to convince them that the Bill was not part of a plot to bring down wages.

*Wednesday, March 9th.*—The Peers combined instruction with amusement

over Lord SUDELEY's motion in favour of the extension of the system of guide-lecturers in the museums. The mover remarked that the encyclopædic labours of two of these gentlemen at the Bloomsbury establishment had transformed it from "a cold mausoleum" into a hive of industry, where picture post-cards sold by the hundred thousand and more than paid the exiguous salaries of the



SUGGESTED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT FOR THE PROTECTION OF MR. ILLINGWORTH'S LISTENING-POST.

lecturers. Lord MEATH dilated upon the efficacy of the system in leading the Democracy along the path to true happiness, and was good enough to give their Lordships a specimen lecture on the connection between cats and clover; and Lord HARCOURT deplored the lack of guides at the National Portrait Gallery, where the most interesting personages were usually portrayed by the worst painters, and you might, for example, find a Sir WALTER RALEIGH without a pipe, a potato, or even a cloak, to awaken the historical interest of the spectators.

*Thursday, March 10th.*—Lord GORELL excused the moderation of his Matrimonial Causes Bill by quoting Lord MORLEY's aphorism, "Politics are one long second-best." He secured thereby the support of the Archbishop of York, but incurred the trenchant criticism of the Bishop of DURHAM, who, in a speech which fluttered the lawn-sleeves of his neighbours but earned the strong approval of the LORD CHANCELLOR, made hay of the high ecclesiastical theory of marriage, waved aside Lord PARMOOR's claim to speak in the name of the National Assembly and bluntly advised the Peers either to have nothing to do with the Bill or to turn it into something which would satisfy public opinion.

It is not often that a political party gains three seats from its opponents on consecutive days, and the appear-



A POPULAR TURN.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER KENWORTHY HAS PRESENTED A BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF ANIMAL PERFORMANCES.

the Rebel, but was kind enough to add that he had no desire to see Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD doing the *Sidney Carton* act. Otherwise he was not very helpful, and the most practical suggestion came from two Unionists, who urged the desirability of recognizing that a state of war existed in Ireland, and of



European Passenger. "'FRAID THERE'S DIRTY WEATHER COMING ON. HOPE YOU'RE A GOOD SAILOR!"  
Oriental Passenger. "INDEED, BUT YOU ARE MISTAKEN. I AM A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER."

ance of Mr. GILLIS, the victor of Penistone, sent the Labour men into transports of delight. Possibly Mr. CLYNES may have been a little thrown off his balance by these electoral successes, for in his desire to criticise the Government for its action in the Rhineland he found himself perilously near committing his party to the German view of reparations.

The PRIME MINISTER is not the man to miss the chance of defending his own position and at the same time putting opponents in the wrong, and he adroitly suggested that the Labour Leader's speech could only have the effect of encouraging German recalcitrance and thereby delaying a settlement. Mr. J. H. THOMAS saw the red light and promptly reversed the engine. Germany must not for a moment suppose, he said, that the great mass of the working-classes did not hold her responsible for the War, or mean to make her pay, so far as was humanly possible, for the damages she had done. Thus was Labour saved from being "The Party that took the Wrong Track."

From a wine-merchant's catalogue:—  
"La Grande Marque, guaranteed pure 1970 vintage. Unique Magnificent Cognac of unsurpassed quality, guaranteed 49 years old." Should it not be "49 years young"?

## MORE AMALGAMATIONS.

II.—*The Times* AND *The Thanet Times*.

THE extraordinary influx of interesting, influential and intellectual persons into the Isle of Thanet has been one of the most striking features of the post-war period. Kent has been called the Garden of England, but Thanet has now definitely supplanted Lancashire as its Brain. In the fullest sense of the phrase Thanet is now the centre, focus and hub of the Higher Thought of the Empire. There and there alone are the Things that Really Matter discussed with a full appreciation of their significance, connotation and implication. There alone are the imperial and even cosmic issues which hang upon the adoption of a Standard Golf Ball duly and soberly weighed in the balance of enlightened opinion. There and nowhere else are the potentialities of the Film fully foreseen and prepared for, and the personalities of its leading stars treated with a respect and reverence due to their talents and their salaries. In short it is in Thanet and in Thanet alone that the appraisal of news values and the appreciation of the art of presenting a "splash page" approximate most closely to the highest standard possible for our finite intelligence.

These considerations and others which it is hardly necessary to enumerate—including a superb and exhilarating climate, sumptuously-appointed hotels, and an abundance of high-class and expensive schools—not only explain but justify the decision which has been taken by the proprietors of *The Times*, perhaps the most momentous ever taken in all the annals of our leading daily. This is nothing less than the transplantation of Printing House Square *en bloc* to Margate and its amalgamation with *The Thanet Times*. It has long been felt that the Brain of England and the vehicle of its expression ought to be brought into immediate contact; also that the vehicle or medium should be revised and reorganised in consonance with the needs of an area which enjoys a practical monopoly of the highest qualities of mind; heart and conscience in the country.

It will, however, be some consolation to those who from lack of enterprise or other reasons still continue to reside in the metropolitan area to know that the main features of the paper will remain virtually unchanged. The first special article will always be devoted to Golf, the second to the policies and personalities of the Film world, and the third to a fearless but strictly impartial and even generous criticism of Mr.



Small Boy (toying with dull blanc-mange). "PLEASE MAY I HAVE AN ICE INSTEAD OF FINISHING THIS—'COS I FEEL SICK?"

LLOYD GEORGE. In the correspondence columns special attention will be paid to the authoritative exposition of the most up-to-date views on psycho-analysis in elementary schools, the musical compositions of the insane and other cognate and luciferous topics. The famous Medical Correspondent will on all possible occasions repeat his memorable monition that the only thing to do in the face of an epidemic is to go to bed and send for a doctor. The Student of Politics will enlarge his portrait gallery so as to take in more vital personages than mere politicians, and will give us brilliant studies of Thanet worthies and prominent members of the North Foreland Golf Club. In this context we may note a tremendously important and helpful innovation—the establishment of a Free Insurance against accidents caused by being driven into, or striking yourself with your own club, for all golfers over sixty-five years of age who subscribe to the paper.

Politics, home or foreign, apart from the conduct of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, will be dealt with once a week in a special supplement, the space thus economized being available for a full chronicle of

the social activities of local magnates, peers, and owners of motor-cars with not fewer than six cylinders.

Strenuous efforts, we understand, will be made to raise the standard of the *Literary Supplement* to meet the extremely exacting requirements of the intellectual *élite* of Margate, Ramsgate and Broadstairs. This will be no easy task, but it is hoped that by the enlisting of new contributors more in touch with the spirit of the age it will be carried to a successful issue. Overtures have already been made to GROCK, MR. KENELM FOSS and Miss MARY PICKFORD.

It is also proposed to add a new *Hortatory Supplement*, under the direction of Mr. LOVAT FRASER, and a special fount of italic type is being cast to enable him to render full justice to his gifts of electrifying emphasis. There will also be a weekly Gazette, printed entirely in small pica, and devoted to chronicling the wise, witty and tender sayings of Lord THANET, and the tributes paid to him by the home and foreign Press. This will carry a special insurance against insomnia and will be charged one shilling extra.

#### A Spring Song.

They pressed me to sing  
(I said they'd regret it);  
Of sunshine and Spring  
They pressed me to sing;  
The sunshine took wing  
(They swore I'd upset it);  
They pressed me to sing  
(I said they'd regret it).

#### Another Impending Apology.

"THINGS SAID.

Who is Old Nick?—Mr. Justice Darling."  
*Provincial Paper.*

"BERLIN, March 9.

A large crowd waiting outside the railway station gave Dr. Simons an ovation on his arrival in Berlin this evening, singing . . . 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'—*Daily Paper.*

Considering who holds the watch on the Rhine just now this looks as if Germany were about to join the Entente

"Mr. Asquith, speaking at the Oxford Union, said the indemnity gift-horse required to be most carefully looked in the mouth before it was put in the stable."—*Evening Paper.*

Those who accuse the EX-PREMIER of indifference to key-industries have evidently been misinformed.

### TO SHAVE OR NOT TO SHAVE.

SOME doubt having been expressed as to the wisdom of the elasticity of the order regarding soldiers' upper lips, a meeting was convened in the Agricultural Hall to collect the opinions of experts and publicists. Lord BYNG OF VIMY presided.

The noble and gallant Chairman said that the position was this: before the War every soldier had to grow a moustache; his hair had to be kept short; he might, but seldom did, wear whiskers of moderate length, and beards were left to the discretion of the commanding officer. But a moustache was imperative. Since then the War Office had decreed that the moustache is optional. It was felt that the question whether or not so grave a decision should be left to the men must be answered before another Military Tournament occurred. Hence the present meeting.

Lord RAWLINSON had written to say that in his opinion nothing should be optional in an army. And everyone should be alike. An absolute uniformity would be very disconcerting to the enemy; they wouldn't know whom to aim at. (Cheers.)

Lord BYNG OF VIMY said that he was in direct opposition to the gallant officer whose letter he had just quoted. Speaking as a strategist he should say that the advantages of allowing the men to follow

their own discretion, or want of it, in the matter of personal adornment were considerable. Eccentricity might have a worse effect on the moral of the other side than uniformity could have. He could imagine a case where, say, a red-headed man wore so provocative a pair of Dundrearies that he became the mark of every enemy gunner, thus drawing off the fire from the others and enabling them to dash in and win. (Applause.)

At this point some disturbance was caused by Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE hurriedly leaving the hall.

Field-Marshal Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON said that whether hair was or was not worn on the face he was all for uniformity. These things should not be a matter of a soldier's individual taste; they should represent the reasoned conclusions of that fount of wisdom, the War Office. (Loud laughter.) Personally he was in favour of every one at the War Office wearing moustaches

and beards, because they concealed the mouth and chin, which were the indexes of weakness and irresolution. (Renewed laughter.)

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS asked the company not to be too hard on the War Office or its pronouncements. If these seemed to be marked by inconsistency or indecision, it was not because the War Office was incompetent or idle, or even under-staffed, it was simply because their minds were too big to be made up. (Sensation.)

Miss VESTA TILLEY (Lady De FRECE) said that in her opinion the question whether or not a soldier should wear a moustache ought to be decided, not by the soldiers themselves, nor by the War Office, but by the ladies. (Enormous excitement.) She was speaking as the singer, for a good many years, of the

here broke down, and an ambulance had to be sent for.)

The Two BOBS, speaking in unison, said that compulsory shaving would add to the soldier's kit. In their experience it was impossible to cut off your hair with a shilling. (Sensation.)

Lord NORTHCLIFFE said that the addition to the kit didn't matter. He was in favour of no hair on the face whatever. In every soldier's knapsack should be a Field Marshal's razor. (Cheers.)

A representative from Sandhurst said that there the feeling was that moustaches should be worn. His own moustache might be taken as the model which was most favoured.

At this point the meeting was adjourned for a few minutes while a magnifying-glass was being procured. On its

resumption Mr. WILLIAM BRACE, M.P., said that he saw no sense in what might be called the secret or *sub rosa* moustache. A moustache should have the highest visibility and it should be compulsory. He did not like the idea of losing individuality, but as a patriot he would sink his personal vanity and permit his own moustache to be standardised. (Great enthusiasm.)

Mr. WILLIE CLARKSON (who was wearing the regalia of a Past-Master of the Ancient Order of Scalp-hunters) said that he had listened with interest and, he hoped, instruction to what had been said. When-

ever any discussion of this subject took place he felt that he ought to be present. ("Hair, hair.") He was in agreement with the warrior (Lord RAWLINSON) who had recommended the tactical advantage of complete uniformity, and he had a practical suggestion to make to that end. What he wished to propose was this: that the complete shaving of every soldier's face, and head too, should be obligatory. (Sensation.) Then every soldier could be fitted with identically the same wigs and, if need be, moustaches, so that they would be indistinguishable in the field. (Renewed cries of "Hair, hair.")

Mr. GILLETTE said that, for obvious reasons which he would not here advance, he was in favour of the shaved upper lip. Before sitting down he said he should like to ask everyone present to lunch at the Bachelors' Club. The meeting was instantly adjourned for this convivial purpose before any decision could be reached. E. V. L.



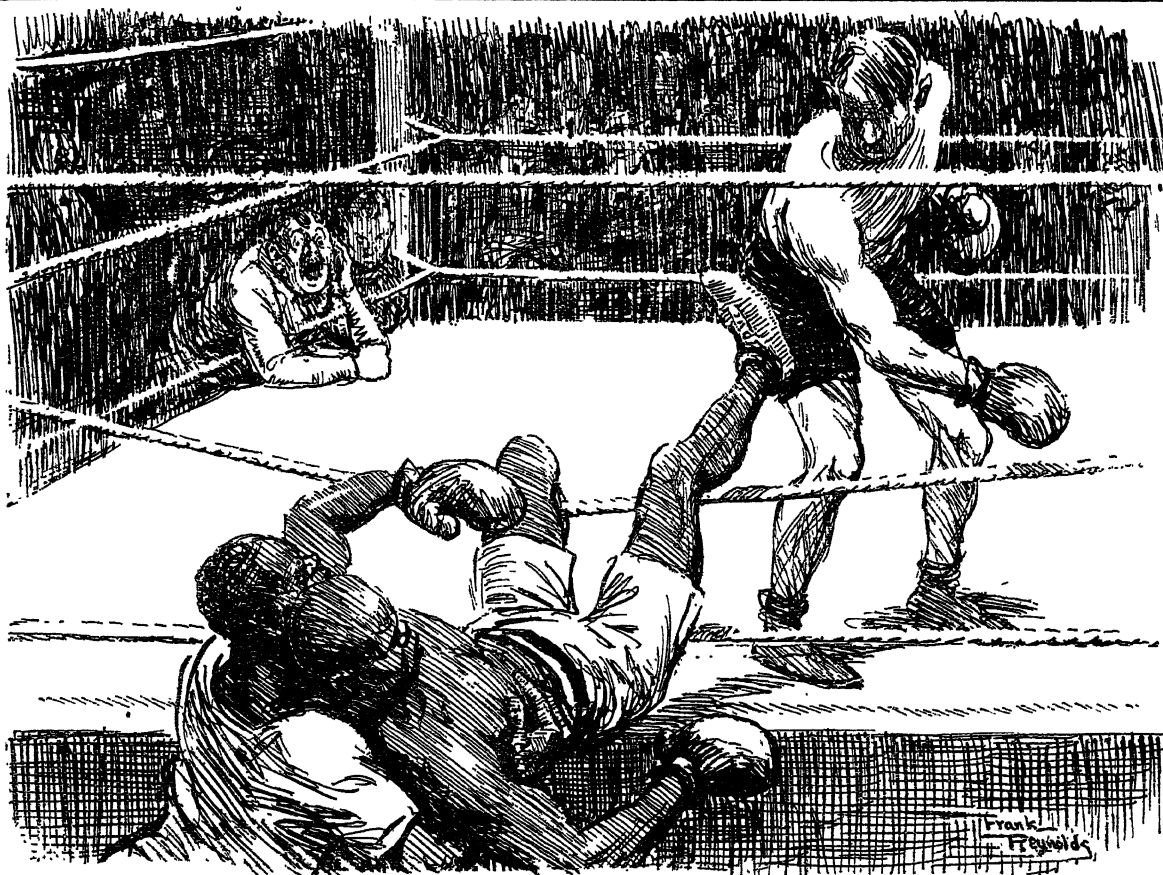
"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED, JONES?"  
"WELL, SIR, I DON'T WANT MY NAME TO DIE OUT."

famous song, "Jolly Good Luck for the Girl who Loves a Soldier." (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that on the present occasion he was, for once, a non-shavian. Every self-respecting man, whether a soldier or a dramatist, should wear a moustache and a beard. Nature ordained such efflorescence and Nature should not be defied. Even oysters, although the dumbness for which they were famous had never been much to his mind, wore beards. Why not then the soldier, another shell-bearing organism? (Cries of "Oh! oh!")

Lord RIDDELL said that in a free country such as this was reputed to be it was a mistake to restrict any man's private ambition with regard to his hair, no matter whether he was soldier or civilian. They would realise at once what was meant when he asked them to imagine the PRIME MINISTER after a regular Army hair-cut. (The speaker





*Elated Second (as much-fancied negro is floored in the first round). "THAT'S KNOCKED A BIT OF THE CHOCOLIC OFF!"*

### A DRASTIC REMEDY.

THE Editor of the comic periodical was evidently in a bad mood. As he turned over the sheets of manuscript before him his frown grew deeper. With fierce exclamations he tossed aside efforts which had cost the writers many laborious hours. To-day nothing pleased him; his disgust was utter and complete. He tugged at his short torpedo beard and gave vent to groans of despair.

The Assistant Editor was moved to compassion. It pained him to see his chief a prey to melancholia induced by the perusal of alleged humorous compositions. If his brain and his happiness were to be saved, somebody must act and act quickly.

The Assistant Editor went to his own room and withdrew from a drawer an article which he had reserved for just such an occasion. He had conceived a strong idea, turned it over and over in his mind until the appropriate application had come to him, and then, fastidiously and with the concentration of all his faculties, had set it in what he was convinced was a nervous elastic prose, exquisitely adapted to the Cosmic Jest it enshrined.

This surely would dissipate the

editorial gloom. He would lay it on the chief's table with the others; he could not doubt but that in a few minutes the groans would cease, the impatient movements would be suspended and exhilaration would succeed depression. The Assistant Editor was very young.

He smuggled his manuscript among the others, very near the top, and returned to his own room. He had been just in time, he pondered, for the Editor's face was now contorted with agony.

After a space of time the groaning ceased. A few minutes' silence followed and then a faint sound of laughter which continued and culminated in a genuine roar of hilarity. The Assistant Editor turned once more to his work, conscious of having performed a kind action. One day, he mused, he would write his chief's biography and insert somewhere this item of personal reminiscence. It was a comforting thought that he had saved that distinguished brain from collapse.

Half-an-hour later the Editor looked in, wearing his hat and coat, evidently about to depart. He was now the picture of joviality. "Good night, Jarvis," he shouted; "I feel better now; I always know how to pull myself to-

gether. When is a door not a door? One of the eternal antinomies. Ha! ha!" And, still laughing, he passed downstairs.

The Assistant Editor was puzzled. He entered the chief's room to retrieve his manuscript, to gaze again at his child before it disappeared into the press.

In a corner, flung aside, were all the manuscripts which had been so tidily piled on the table. He picked them up; they were just the ordinary stuff, perfunctory, uninspired. Hullo! there was his own among them.

What then had effected that marvellous change in the Editor's manner? And what had he meant by that phrase 'eternal antinomies'?

Lying on the editorial table was a thick closely-printed volume. This, then, was the jest-book to which the chief had recourse. This was the one unfailing source of mirth.

He picked up the book and read its title from the back: *Immanuel Kant: Critique of Pure Reason*.

### Journalistic Candour.

"NAPS AT A GLANCE.

THE BORE—Special Correspondent (Evening —)."—*Same Paper*.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE NINTH EARL."

You would say it was a piece of good luck for *Dick Ffellowes*, an impecunious gambler in the toils of a Jew money-lender, that by the sudden and timely death of all his intervening relations he should have dropped into a title and eighty thousand a year. On the other hand he happened at the time to be serving a sentence of fifteen years for murder. This was most unfortunate, because it meant that when he emerged from prison nobody would have any use for his society, though many would be prepared to touch his wealth if they could avoid touching the hand that gave it. The scheme would have had great possibilities of irony, natural and not manufactured, if the man had been a real murderer; but he was nothing like it. He had committed accidental homicide in self-defence, and, unless all his friends had been as stupid as the jury that convicted him, they must have stuck to him. As it was, with the exception of his butler (admirably played by Mr. HALLIWELL HOBBS) and his solicitor, who had their own motives for fidelity, only one friend remained faithful to him—*Margot Sexton*, a flapper acquaintance of the old days who had lost her character without losing her soul. By all the laws of melodrama his innocence should have been acclaimed in the last Act, but the authors, Mr. RUDOLF BESTER and Miss MAY EDGINGTON, were out for gloom.

Among the habits which the *Ninth Earl of Radenham* had contracted during his incarceration was that of soliloquizing. "Soliloquizing" was what his butler called it. This habit gave the authors a rather transparent excuse for employing a discredited stage-device, which was wanted for their *pièce de résistance*—a term which is the more permissible because the great soliloquy occurred in the course of a meal. It was a long and moving tirade against the irony of fate, or what the *Ninth Earl* called "the humour of God," apparently an Hebraic adaptation of the pagan idea of Olympian laughter; and the gods (of the gallery) took it very seriously.

I must tell you more about this meal, which to me was a most unique experience. For, not being a butler or a footman, I have never been present when an Earl has been dining in solitary state. There was not a dull moment from the time of his entrance, when the footman, who had posted himself behind the door, sprang out to close it after his master and scared him out of his jumpy wits. During the soup and fish the *Earl*, who disliked being watched at his

food, was very ratty and suspicious; and when, with the *entrée*, he caught the footman smiling secretly at him he got up and very nearly strangled him, thus confirming the popular view of his murderous propensities. After this he naturally had nobody to wait on him, and, ignoring the *entrée*, he confined himself to champagne. Under the stimulus of this beverage he threw off the soliloquy to which I have alluded, and on its conclusion arranged to share his future with the second housemaid (our old friend *Margot*). Not a bad record for one dinner.

The play, as one might expect from its talented authors, had its possible moments. The Prologue containing the homicide was pleasantly lifelike,



Mrs. Ffellowes (Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS) fastidiously wiping her hand after contact with that of the *Earl of Radenham* (Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL). "ALL THE PERFUMES OF THE RADENHAM STABLES WILL NOT SWEETEN THIS LITTLE HAND."

though the blow which laid the Jew financier out seemed inadequate, and Mr. MCKINNEL didn't look the part of a man of the world or seem to have in him the makings of a Ninth or even a First Earl. Here Miss JESSIE WINTER, as a young girl decent by nature but on the way to be ruined by a rotten environment, played very well indeed; and Mr. REGINALD BACH, as *Stuart Montagu*, the financier's brother, was fluently Semitic.

And there was good comedy—if you accept an incredible hypothesis—in the Second Act, where the *Earl*, at the very instant when he arrives on his estate, having just been let out of gaol, is waited upon by two neighbours, of whom one, a female cousin, wants the run of his stables, but openly wipes her hand after touching his; and the other,

a clergyman, unctuously begs the *Earl's* support for a home for the sons of criminals, but declines his offer to pay them a sympathetic visit. Mr. CLARKE-SMITH was very natural as the parson and Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS, unrecognisable to me in the part of the cousin, did her ungrateful task as well as it could be done. There is toughness sometimes in the hard hunting-woman type, but few, I hope, are as tough as that.

For the opening of his career as actor-manager (good luck to it!), Mr. MCKINNEL followed tradition by choosing a play with a part for himself after his own taste. He was more happy with the grimness and horror of it than he was with its pathos. His smile, though I admit that the *Earl's* face would in the circumstances be out of practice, did not always reach our hearts; and if they were "purified" at all—which I doubt—it was not by the extreme of pity.

Partly I blame the authors for this. One sees their dilemma. Were they to make the *Earl's* offence so gross that he would deserve to lose his friends? Then he would make none in the audience. Or was his offence to be so light that he would be assured of the sympathy of the audience? Then he would never be likely to be deserted by his friends. In combining these two schemes, making him lose his friends on the stage and trying to find him fresh ones in the audience, they could hardly hope to impose on our intelligence. I grant them the courage of their argument and their ability to sustain our interest; but that *Dick Ffellowes* should have been deserted by his friends on the strength of such flimsy evidence of murder was a thing that none of us other fellows could understand. O. S.

## THE EXILE.

HE used to be a fairy once,

A little singing fairy;

He would not work, he would not play,  
He only sat and sang all day—

So now he's a canary.

They sent him out of fairyland,

They sent him here to me

The day that I was six years old;

His little house of shining gold

Hangs in the nursery.

He's taught me lots of lovely things

I never should have guessed;

He's told me what they say and do  
(They all have wings—it's really true)

And how the Queen is dressed.

He flits about the house at night

A little lonely fairy;

But nobody is there to see,  
And no one knows—excepting me—

He's not a real canary.

R. F.



*Post-War Sportsman (his first appearance). "I SAY, 'UNTSMAN, WHERE DO YOU STOP FOR LUNCHEON? I GOT A BOTTLE OF FIZZ HERE I'D LIKE TO KEEP TOUGH WITH."*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE, though a little uncertainly, that Mr. ALEXANDER MACFARLAN called his new story *The Curtain* (HEINEMANN) to typify the blindness from which the heroine, or vampire (I hardly know which to consider her), was cured during the action, with devastating results. The scene of it is laid in Corsica, "that perfumed island," as the author calls it, "which is only a name to most of us." All that I personally wish to add to this phrase is that, if *The Curtain* accurately presents the behaviour of the Corsican best people, I am entirely willing for it to remain only a name so far as I am concerned, and this despite some very attractive descriptions of the local beauties (scenic) which Mr. MACFARLAN clearly knows and appreciates at first hand. As for the curtain-raiser, she was one *Mabel Cain*, with whom *Hugh Cardinal*, an almost phenomenally unemployed British consul, fell in love for her beauty. This *Miss Cain* was a blind leader of *café orchestras* and reported in private life as falling even below the fairly elementary standard of local morals. However, *Hugh* not only engaged himself to her, but even provided at much sacrifice the fees of the Paris specialist who restored her sight. Whereupon, not admiring the look of her benefactor, she promptly eloped instead with his uncle, a florid elderly hero of touring musical comedy, concerning whom the most unsavoury things are more than hinted at. So there you are. A clever, rather too deliberately ugly tale (almost as though the author continually cried, "Behold me—how modern!") in a setting of unfamiliar charm.

It is nothing to be wondered at that Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS,

editor of that capital biographical series, *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, has kept for his own pen the story of Cecil Rhodes (CONSTABLE), for never was there a career that gathered round it a larger halo of impossible dreams come true than that of our South African Colossus. It was so gloriously made to be written about that in this record of the actual facts of his life we seem to reach the headwaters of a stream of legendary romance that may well flow for a thousand years or more. That none of the potentialities of his subject have been wasted on the author is certain, for indeed no one could read his book without feeling something of that call to wild spaces and big realities for which the name of CECIL RHODES still stands, even though the shadow of a war greater than any he ever knew lies between him and us. Mr. WILLIAMS is of course by no means his only biographer, but his work stands first by virtue of its literary quality no less than by reason of its authority and impartiality. He frankly professes a loving admiration for his hero, but no more tries to hide defects in his personal character than to extenuate the prodigious folly, or whatever other hard name you choose to give it, of the Raid, the dramatic climax of his career. I particularly like the appreciation of RHODES's constant affection for the Dutch of his adopted country, as opposed to his hatred of Krugerism. To this affection the amazing war-record of the South African contingent was in no small measure due.

Miss JENNETTE LEE is one of those authors who tell you things—as, for instance, that "electric forces danced" in her heroine's presence—instead of making you feel that they must have happened; but she does the telling very pleasantly. In *The Raincoat Girl* (HURST AND BLACKETT)

she has written the history of *Isabel Merton*, in whom, at the age of six, a sense of beauty was aroused by the gift of one of those indispensable garments. Raincoats have never been markedly successful in arousing that sense in me, but perhaps American raincoats are different from ours and more inspiring. *Isabel's* history is one of small happenings: how she persuaded her father to make a success of store-keeping, how she started a communal laundry and how she reformed the personal appearance of most of the girls of her native town. I am afraid that Miss LEE has made her just a little too sweet and clever for the taste of English readers, but no doubt she will need all the sweetness and cleverness she has to compete successfully with the other American heroines. *The Raincoat Girl* is one of those books which, in spite of much carefully-thought-out local colour, still remain curiously unreal. Yet there is something charming and ingenuous about it, and I was quite glad to find that Miss LEE had arranged to let us, on taking leave of *Isabel*, see her married to the man she loved and just about to break out into communal vegetable distribution with every prospect of living happily ever after.

Our Mr. W. E. NORRIS is becoming, has indeed long ago become, a problem to the reviewers. For what is there to say about him that three generations of us have not said many times before? Glancing backward over all my length of novel-reading days I can find hardly one that was not accompanied and illustrated by these admirably told, unsensational and human stories, of which *Tony the Exceptional* (HUTCHINSON) is the latest and very typical example. You may gather from this that, in the list of Mr. NORRIS's creations, *Tony* somewhat belies his title by being no exception to the rule that decrees them pleasant-mannered, kindly English gentlemen, with a habit of taking cold baths and falling eligibly in love. Stay, though, let me be honest. *Tony*, as hero, was so far exceptional as to preserve a heart reasonably intact, leaving (so to speak) the brunt of the engagements to be sustained by *Harold* (his friend), who proves himself equal to the duty by practically keeping two going throughout the story. As to those gentle cup-and-saucer complications that pleasant habit has taught us to expect, I will only say that they are introduced as naturally as ever. I wonder if there exist translations of Mr. NORRIS into alien tongues. As an education in the speech and habits of our upper-middle islanders, I can imagine no tales that would convey a better understanding to the foreigner. *Tony*, as a portrait of the post-war landowner, would make an admirable opening to the series.

In *The Black Diamond* (COLLINS) Major F. BRETT YOUNG essays a portrait of a young working-man. *Abner Fellowes* begins work as a collier in a squalid Midland mining town; does a spell of professional footballing, which he throws over because of the bribery and corruption practised in that important craft; tramps to the Welsh border and turns his

hand to navvying and thereafter to labour on a farm. In each setting, mainly not through his own fault but rather that of circumstance, he is involved in difficult relations with women. It is a sympathetic portrait, not tiresomely idealised. *Abner*, something of an Adonis, a SAMSON and a JOSEPH, has his surprisingly high code of honesty, friendship and loyalty, but the coarsenesses and weaknesses are not left out. The author has an enviable faculty of making his people live (there are a dozen full-length portraits besides that of *Abner*) and his narrative marches without any waste of words. This is a tight-packed book and seems to me a very fine piece of work. There is passion here with no least hint of muck-raking, and a most powerful picture of the appalling uncharitableness which is apt to fill narrow lives. Though there is happily not a trace of politics or propaganda, I'm not sure that I could recommend a sounder introduction to the study of home politics—which I hope is not too dubious a compliment. It oughtn't to be. I mean that this is nearer to being an intelligent and impartial study of a slice of working-class life at first hand than anything I have met of recent years.

I have read many books as excellently intentioned as *The Boy* (BELL) and have felt at the end of them that I have been wasting my time. The reason has been that too often they have been unpractical; and it is because the Rev. R. R. HYDE not only knows what he wants to be done, but also tells us how to do it, that I invite your earnest attention to this volume. There is no sort of silly

nonsense about Mr. HYDE, and what he has to say to those who wish to give a hand to working-boys—boys, that is to say, who have to get their own living—is definitely useful and sane. Here he deals chiefly with the boy who at the age of fourteen is frequently left without real guidance, and he writes with infectious enthusiasm. No one will be found to deny the importance of the subject which he discusses, and he deserves our gratitude for treating it faithfully and without a suspicion of dulness.

### University College War Memorial.

An appeal is being made to the alumni of University College and its Hospital and Medical School to contribute to a Memorial in honour of their fellow-students, two hundred and sixty-eight in number, who gave their lives in the Great War. The scheme, for which a sum of £30,000 is required, embraces (1) The building of a Great Hall for public lectures, ceremonial purposes and social and recreative uses; (2) The endowment of the existing Residential Hall at Ealing; (3) Scholarships for cases of need among the children of those students who fell in the War; (4) Memorial Tablets; (5) A Memorial Album. Mr. Punch is glad to give further publicity to this appeal in the hope of reaching those ex-students whose addresses cannot be traced. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, War Memorial Committee, University College, London.



FORGOTTEN INCIDENTS OF HISTORY.

SIR BEDIVERE, AS MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, TRIES TO EXPLAIN AWAY THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

## CHARIVARIA.

"Is marriage a handicap?" asks a Sunday paper. Nowadays the tendency seems to be to make it more like a relay-race.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons, said Germany should be made to realise she had lost the War. There is some talk of a sharp letter to that effect being sent to her.

It is now generally recognised that a grave mistake was made in not giving Mr. BOTTOMLEY a mandate for Germany.

We understand that a proposal to let the Germans pay by taking over the British income-tax was rejected as savouring of vindictive harshness towards a defeated enemy.

According to a contemporary, variegated bath-salts, which produce wonderful colouring effects, are all the rage. In really smart houses nowadays it is usual just to ask you if you like your bath thick or clear.

The lambing season is described as phenomenal and several instances of three and four at a birth are recorded. We are assured, however, that the mint-growers are confident of being able to cope with any situation that may arise from over-production.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has been telling an audience what is wanted in the House of Commons. It will be remembered that East Woolwich recently told him what was not wanted there.

An entirely new Billingsgate in a central part of London is suggested by the Wholesale Markets Committee. Already a strong team of Thames barges have offered to go down and lay the foundation of a new language.

Sir JAMES CANTLIE, says a morning paper, thinks that people should wear one pound of clothing for every stone of their weight; and this advice should be shouted quite loud. Except, of course, to revue actresses, to whom it should be gently whispered.

A contemporary points out that the EX-KAISER's income exceeds twenty thousand pounds a year. All the same it is doubtful whether he is putting anything aside for a rainy day.

"How Should Meals be Taken?" asks a contemporary headline. The answer is, One at a time.

It now appears that the new Naval Estimates have made no provision for the appointment of an Admiral of the Press.

"The House of Commons," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "represents the overburdened taxpayer." We think the PREMIER should be more tactful; things like that might get about.

We regret to learn that Dean INGE has been looking very worried of late. It appears that for several days he has been unable to find anything fresh to complain of.

A scientist states that if we were to visit the moon we should be either scorched during the day or frozen to death at night. That settles it. We shall not visit the moon.

"A life-devouring monster has been created in our midst by the recent lust of war and conquest," proclaims a writer in the morning press. Surely it is rather unsportsmanlike to talk thus of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL while he is away.

A trade journal prophesies the return of the penny egg. Back to the grocer, we suppose, if the twopenny egg is anything to go by.

Mr. McCURDY declares that the Ministry of Food, now about to be closed, can show an enormous turnover. We are not taken in by these turnovers—all puff with just a dab of jam.

A palatial cinema theatre just opened at East Ham is said to be the largest in Europe. We were sure that sooner or later East Ham would give a lead to the nations by doing the big thing in the big way.

It is proposed to extend the employment of guides in the museums and picture-galleries. This will be appreciated by all who have had difficulty in finding the tea-rooms.

A daily paper describes a gift for a woman-smoker which consists of a gold cigarette-holder decorated with precious stones to form the word "Dearest." It is perhaps just as well to keep the lady reminded that it wasn't the cheapest, but this looks rather like boasting.

Good pork pies, says a trade journal, cannot be sold at a profit. Only last week we heard of one pork pie that had been trying to get a job as a hot cross bun.

"The present draught in Switzerland is the worst for 90 years."—*Provincial Paper*.  
Worse than our Government Ale?



Cook (having an attack of palpitation). "DEAR, DEAR! HOW MY HEART BEATS! THERE MUST BE A BARRACKS SOMEWHERE NEAR."

An eminent architect complains that the London lamp-posts are too ornate. That may be why it was not thought desirable to carry out the attractive notion of adding to them a few profiteers and agitators.

Some firms are trying the effect of music on their employees. It is said that Mr. HERMAN DAREWSKI is already at work on a pretty little bricklayer number entitled "Don't Touch It; or, Hullo, Brick!"

A lunacy report states that there is a large number of insane persons in Ireland. We should have thought it would have been larger than that.

In legal circles there is considerable uneasiness lest the agitation for the Sunday opening of places of popular amusement should be extended to the Courts of Justice.



### THE HOUR AND THE MOND.

[With the author's affectionate compliments to Sir REGINALD BLONFIELD, whose views on the way to improve London have been ventilated in an article in *The Times*, entitled "The Plea for Beauty," with the sub-heading, "From Cathedrals to Sand-bins."]

WHETHER it is, or ain't, the obvious duty  
Of Government to fashion and control  
A scheme for regulating London's beauty,  
Just as it did with England's beer and coal,  
Some power should organise our new expansions,  
Some brain protect us from the Art that bred  
A bridge like that of Charing Cross, or Mansions  
Like those of QUEEN ANNE (who is dead).

For, as Sir REGINALD so ably puts it,  
None can escape our architectural feats;  
They strike the common person as he foots it,  
A helpless victim, up and down our streets;  
He can avoid a picture exhibition,  
But horrors planted under open skies—  
To miss them is beyond a man's volition;  
They hit him full in both his eyes.

How would Sir R. improve the Mother City?  
No amateurs could realise his dream;  
He would prefer a competent committee  
Conducted by the Royal Academe;  
He wants the views of WEBB, to hear what BROCK  
says,

And REGINALD himself might take a hand,  
Imparting beauty to our pillar-boxes,  
And those receptacles for sand.

For me, I'd have a Ministry of Fine Art,  
And at the head of it a Superman  
With the imagination of a REINHARDT  
To adumbrate a comprehensive plan;  
With force enough to break tradition's fetter,  
To raise us from the groove of ancient ruts—  
And I can think, just now, of no-one better  
Than ALF, the Hero of our Huts. O. S.

### TO AN IMPENDING SPRING POET.

MY DEAR SILVANUS,—In those calm mediæval pre-war days, when you were a boy at school, the number of people who could not view the bursting of buds or hearken to the sizzling of sap without feeling compelled to make a song about it was an extraordinarily large one. Tender-hearted, respectable, pious men and gentle unassuming women, who at ordinary times would shrink from causing unnecessary anguish, on catching sight of a primrose or a lambkin (preferably a skipping lambkin), would rush into the nearest stationer's shop for a writing-pad and a rhyming dictionary.

Now-a-days, though the vernal virus is, I fear, as malignantly active as ever, the effects, for various reasons, are less apparent. In the spacious era of the Half-penny Press almost any old thing about primroses and lambkins (provided it rhymed and could be made to scan on the fingers) would find a home from home in some Poet's Corner or other. To-day, however, though rhyming and scanning is neither essential nor fashionable, the paper shortage and the cornering of the market by infant prodigies render it necessary that the Spring poems of this year of grace should be both striking and up-to-date if they are to merit the attention of the compositor. You, with your rustic ignorance of the great world of letters, may not know this. So, as Sir HARRY LAUDER would say, "A'm juist tellin' ye."

Modern Spring poetry, in order to improve, must be very sombre, with a decided whiff about it—a graveyard or dust-cart whiff for preference. Now you cannot get a graveyard

effect out of a crocus or a lambkin, unless you put both of them in a cemetery, having killed the lambkin with a meal of crocus. Between ourselves, I do not fancy that a reasonably healthy lambkin's digestion would be seriously affected by a crocus; but you could, of course, give it a touch of sleeping-sickness or foot-and-mouth disease (there is quite a pleasant suggestion of gloom about both these complaints) which would render it an easy prey to the crocus.

But one has to be so very careful now-a-days, and, unless you are quite certain of your scientific facts, you would run the risk of exposing your editor to caustic criticism from veterinary surgeons. It were best, I think, to cut out the crocus and lambkin; they can do with a rest anyway. After all, Silvanus, crocuses and lambkins are not the only things that come in the Spring. There are spring onions, spring cleaning, spring-worts, spring tides, spring chickens, to say nothing of coughs, Budgets, tailors' bills and other items of a sombre nature.

Suppose you decide to write an ode to a spring onion. I presume you will make it an ode, because nobody is quite certain what an ode is. Besides such an ode can be made irregular, and all striking modern poetry is irregular to the point of downright untidiness. In days gone by you would have proceeded to apostrophise the onion in its natural and untamed state—"couched by the limpid pool" or "nestling 'neath the gnarled oak," or wherever it is, that the spring onion lurks. To-day, however, that sort of thing would be considered too cheerful, even (to use an expression of a young lady friend) "soppy." You must take a spring onion that has reached the stage of advanced decomposition and place it on a muck-heap or in the gutter. This gives you the opportunity of working in plenty of squalid gloom. Throw in a generous supply of asterisks and exclamation marks, spice with malodorously suggestive adjectives, label it "Onion Wrack," and serve with a suitably wide margin.

Even though it be an ode, there is no need to call it one; that is hardly ever done nowadays. Simply call it "Onion Wrack" and leave it at that. People will not know what it means until they have read the poem, and even then, if you have done the job properly, they should be no wiser. But it will make them feel very low-spirited, and that should be enough for you.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.

### TALBOT HOUSE ("TOC. H.")

#### THE MEMORIAL TO F. H. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Punch desires to express his sincere gratitude for the generous response made to his appeal for Talbot House. The gifts for which he asked were to be regarded as a tribute to the memory of his late Art Editor, who took a close interest in this scheme, of which the aim is "to preserve among ex-Service men and to transmit to the younger generation the traditions of Christian Fellowship and Service manifested on Active Service." Mr. Punch has great pleasure in announcing that the sum contributed amounts to £832. A third Talbot House, to carry on the traditions of Poperinghe and Ypres, is now being established in very suitable quarters just on the south side of Westminster Bridge, and its club-room will be dedicated to the memory of F. H. TOWNSEND. Once this new house is furnished and put in order it will, like the others, be self-supporting; but the preliminary costs will be something like £2,000. Mr. Punch ventures to hope that some of his readers who may have overlooked his original appeal may see their way to send contributions to this good cause. Gifts should be addressed to the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C., Chaplain of Talbot House, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1.





## OUTSIDE THE TANK GUARDS, WHITEHALL.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

[In the Army Estimates it is proposed to disband two regiments of Lancers and two of Hussars, and to provide improved Tanks, which are to be "more effective than cavalry."]



### STAGE GOLF.

*Famous Comedian (after disastrous tee-shot). "CAN'T DO A THING RIGHT TO-DAY."*  
*Tragedian. "WELL, ANYHOW, LADDIE, YOU GOT YOUR LAUGH."*

### THE TURN OF THE UNDERGROUND WORM.

#### II.

For old-world courtesy and grace the latest poster of the Underground Railways beats all previous records. It depicts various types of people who are "not popular" on the Underground trains. First of all a very fat man, an incredibly fat man, a man so fat that I should think he was easily fatter than any of the Directors of the Underground. He is "not popular." But what do they suggest the wretched man should do about it? Will he be more popular in a bus or a tram? If not, is he to walk to the office, or will one of the Directors lend him a Rolls-Royce, or what? And if so, will they lend another one to the man who smells of peppermint or garlic, and another to the man who smokes very violent shag, and another to the man with a sinister squint? It seems to me that they ought to be on the black list, as well as the fat man, the mother and the child, "the foliage-bearers" and the rest who are "not popular."

I am sorry for the foliage-bearers. First of all it was "Shop early," now it is, "Don't shop at foliage-shops";

the next thing will be, "Don't shop at all." One by one all the normal activities of mankind are becoming discredited and even shameful.

But if we are going to have an Underground Black List at all, why not have it exhaustive? Why concentrate on the *passengers*? There are certain types of Underground *officials* who ought surely to have a poster to themselves. There is what I call the Bantam-Cockerel type for one, the small boys with the appearance of fifteen and the arrogance of fifty, who seem to be given the entire charge of all the stations at which the volume of traffic is greatest. Taught by long association with the Underground posters to look upon the public as so much train-fodder, as imbeciles to be bullied, as cattle to be cowed and shouted at, these children behave accordingly; and I don't blame them. But it would be idle to pretend that they are "popular."

Then for scientific obstruction and delay let us place upon the list the liftmen at some of the less frequented Tube stations. It is an awful thing to be in a hurry at such a station. To the liftman it is merely a haunt of peace, to which he has been sent to pass the

protracted evening of his days. The notice over his head, "Lift Descends to connect with every Train," is just an ironical relic of those wild enthusiastic days when the Tubes were built with the fantastic notion of making life easier and quicker; and the mechanism which was benevolently designed to do the "connecting" business must therefore never be used, though still, I am told, in perfect working order. The lift itself was put in for the convenience of those of his personal friends who find the passages too draughty for conversation. Such a man cannot, of course, be expected to take the lift down at all for less than, say, twenty passengers; the waste of talking-time would be too fearful. So we stand in the lift and wait and wait and wait, a miserable dozen of us. Slowly the people trickle in. The liftman plays his contemptuous eye upon us as if it were weed-killer. Only nineteen of us; not a quorum yet.

Then he returns to his crisp dialogue. Far below, the feverish trains rush in and out, fondly supposing that a lift is descending to connect with them. Those of us who entered the lift first have grown old and cynical; we have forgotten on what urgent emprise we were

bound and why it was we were in a hurry. We are almost content to cling, like flies in the winter-time, to the corners of the lift, listening distantly to the soothing drone of the liftman's voice.

At last he has done; he can think of positively nothing else to say about the Hotspurs' centre-back. He is practically ready for the great adventure. A brief pause while he palms a few tickets into his magic sack, and lo! we are away—falling, falling, falling deliciously into the Land of Lethe, the Land of Lost Trains . . .

Then, of course, there are the B.R.'s. You know who they are? They are the Bachelors of Rudeness, who have graduated at the School of Rudeness for Underground Officials. There are very few of them, for a full degree is difficult to obtain; most of the Underground staff are severely handicapped by a sort of congenital politeness, and many have been completely ruined by years of good manners in the Army and on the battlefield. But even from such unpromising material the School has been able to hammer out in the last few years one or two Bachelors of really outstanding capacity. Perhaps they are to be seen at their best on the platforms of Tube trains during the rush-hours, when it becomes necessary (for some reason which is not apparent) to drive the more degraded and contemptible of the passengers from the comparative comfort of the platform into the awful interior of the carriage. This can be done in various ways; when it is done by a full-blown Bachelor it is an experience not easily forgotten. As I say, there are very few B.R.'s, but then there are very few very fat men. They had better all be on the list.

And of course, if the Directors are in any difficulty about the next poster, I suggest that they might themselves actually make the journey on one of their lines, each bearing on his breast a placard, "I AM A DIRECTOR OF THIS RAILWAY," and see how "popular" they are. A. P. H.

### HARD LEWIS ROCK.

#### ISLES OF SCILLY.

In ages forgotten  
The Isles of the West  
Were peopled by giants  
Colossal of chest;  
Tough-fibred as oak-trees  
And ten cubits tall,  
But Lewis, Hard Lewis  
Was toughest of all.

Each ate a fat bullock,  
Each drank up a brook,  
Then each would stretch snoring  
Until the hills shook;



*Small Girl. "MUMMY, I'M FRIGHTENED OF BOGEY-MAN UP HERE BY MYSELF."  
Mother. "YOU'RE QUITE SAFE, DEAR; DADDY'S DOWNSTAIRS."*

Then at their diversions  
Full stoutly they wrought,  
But Lewis, Hard Lewis,  
He set them at nought.

They raced on the hill-tops,  
They swam in the Sound,  
They tore up huge boulders  
And hurled them around;  
They boxed and they wrestled,  
But all were despatched  
By Lewis, Hard Lewis—  
He couldn't be matched.

Then Lewis, Hard Lewis  
Grew puffed over-much;  
He challenged the west wind,  
Who slipped from his clutch;

He challenged the thunder,  
The lightning defied,  
Then plunged from Carnweathers  
And grappled the tide.

Now all the old giants  
Have vanished, save one,  
Twice daily triumphant,  
Twice daily out-done;  
In a coil of green waters,  
A boil of white suds,  
Stands Lewis, Hard Lewis,  
Still battling the floods.

PATLANDER.

### The Falling Rupee.

"The damage is estimated at 25 lakhs of rupees (1s. 4d. nominally)."—*Provincial Paper.*

## AN AIR PROBLEM.

Down in these parts the bird trouble has broken out again.

I don't refer to the difficulty of distinguishing one bird from another by the noises they make; that is a subject which was dealt with last year in the pages of *Punch* by a far more eloquent controversialist than I am. I don't know anything at all about the songs of birds. There may be a kind of bird which says, "*A-little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese.*" All I can say is that I have never heard him say it. I shall no doubt be attacked in the more scurrilous sections of the daily and weekly Press for making this honest admission, but my shoulders, I hope, are broad enough to bear it. If my assailants only realised what a handle they are giving to the enemies of England—But enough.

What I propose to grouse about in this article is the difficulty of telling one bird from another, not by their remarks but by their appearance. Ordinarily well-behaved people now and then come down to the forest region where I live, and I take them out for what ought to be a quiet stroll and question them about politics and the wonders of the Metropolis. Instead of attending to me they suddenly stop and bend themselves double in the middle of a field-path or a lane.

"Hullo! What bird was that?" they say, looking fiercely underneath a hedge which has rustled. As a matter of fact you can't help the hedges rustling down in these parts, and I have long ceased to complain to the Council about it.

"Oh, it wasn't a bird at all," I tell them reassuringly. "Don't take on so; it was a rabbit. Now with regard to this one-power standard—"

"But it *was* a bird," they say angrily. "Rather tawny on the back with some black and white about it somewhere."

"You're sure it wasn't a tiger?" I ask, but they still go on prodding around with their walking-sticks in the undergrowth and refuse to be pacified.

At other times they point wildly into the air, or up at the top of a tall tree, as if they were inspecting-generals who had discovered a chimney-cowl inadequately whitewashed.

"Hullo! Look there, look there!" they shout, and I do look and see a kind of brown or speckled waft moving in a jerky irregular manner into the next coppice but one. It has no number or identification plate, and there is nothing, so far as I can see, to be done about it.

Of course it is not over the easy kind of birds that my visitors lose their

heads, the large kinds that one goes out to combat with a gun, or the sorts that are covered with bright-coloured spots. Simple problems of that nature I am quite ready to cope with. There are few people, I believe, who can tell a heron from a pheasant or a wild swan with more unfailing accuracy than I can; and in the same way, when a red or yellow or blue whiffle emerges from the vegetation, I can shout "bullfinch" or "wagtail" or "maeterlinck" with the best of them. It may not be right, but it serves for the moment, and we can get back to the Budget again.

No, the trouble is with all these freckled and dun-coloured indeterminate, medium and under-sized birds of which the place is so full. It is no use saying "sparrows" or "thrushes," because that simply sounds as though you were not trying. Yet I have my doubts whether even the professional nature-lovers always catch the obscure kind of birds, so to speak, on the bounce. Take the poets, for instance. Many of them have filled their verses with details about the habits of wild flowers, and indeed the present POET LAUREATE once wrote a poem enumerating no fewer than seventy-five different species of indigenous flora, in most cases with suitable epithets attached. But when it comes to birds they are much more vague. They give you the simple kinds that keep coming into the garden or the kinds that are notorious for voice-production. But is there any lyric in the English tongue which deals really intimately with the solitary sandpiper and the grasshopper-warbler? I think not.

The reason is, of course, that wild flowers keep quite still, whereas birds keep proceeding at a smart pace from bush to bush. Even in my egg-collecting days I was better at finding nests than birds. Nests have the same advantages over birds that flowers have. They don't keep getting up and moving on.

After a profound study, however, of some of the leading books on birds I have evolved a line of defence against this harassing form of cross-examination. There are a lot of names, I find, for birds, but it is not really necessary to know them all. You start with a groundwork of a few simple names, and fill up by means of the system known to scientists as protective colouring. A nondescript feathered creature, we will imagine, crosses your line of sight suddenly between an elm-tree and a sycamore.

"What was that, what was that?" screams your agitated friend.

"A sycamore hunting," you reply quite calmly, or, if you prefer it, "an elm pipit." And if he still seems in-

credulous you continue, "That's what we call them in these parts, anyway. But now supposing AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the Unionist Party—"

It is necessary, I admit, to exercise a certain amount of caution in using this system. If there happens to be a bird perched on the telegraph wires in the cutting, you mustn't say, "It's a railway-fare (or a train-creeper), because that sounds simply idiotic, but I had a considerable, if limited, *succès d'estime* only a fortnight ago with a pond-warbler and a bramble-tit.

There is, however, an even better way of dealing with the more obstinate type of visitor. A few days ago we had a man down here who knows quite a lot about Mesopotamia, and I was getting along really nicely with him when, without any warning, in the middle of a birch-wood, he began behaving in the foolish manner that I have described.

"Look here," I said, "you live about a stone's-throw from the South Kensington Museum, and you have the cheek to come down to a simple country village like this and inquire about the names of birds!"

That finished him.

EVOE.

## LIFE'S LABOUR LOST

TILL I read a little handbook

That I picked up for a lark

In the nineties ('twas that grand book,

*Game of Golf*, by WILLIE PARK),

I was quite a decent putter,

Fair to medium was my fame;

Now, alas, I am an utter

Rotter at the game.

There he counselled the despairing:—

"If you want to putt at all

You must get the line by staring

From the *hole* towards the *ball*."\*

So I changed, and on the morrow

I began the new way, but

Soon I found with bitter sorrow

That I'd lost my putt.

Years and years of fruitless labour

Passed above my puzzled pate—

Labour such as MITCHELL (ABE) or

DUNCAN cannot contemplate—

Years that on my brain were cutting

Ineradicable marks,

Till there came *The Art of Putting*

(Same old WILLIE PARK's).

From its pages this amazing

Message flashed upon my soul:—

"Always take your line by gazing

From the *ball* towards the *hole*."†

Lifelong labour lost for ever!

Four-and-twenty years of pain!

And I know that I shall never,

Never putt again.

\* *The Game of Golf*, by WILLIE PARK, 1896.

† *The Art of Putting*, by WILLIE PARK, 1920.

### THE INSTALLATION OF AGNES.

My husband is a Fellow of the Royal Society. I am not boasting—it has nothing to do with me—but there are occasions when it should be mentioned, and this I take to be one of them. Having sent him off to dine at the club, I had settled down to devote my own evening to the installation of a new cook. This, as the experienced know, is more than a simple matter of routine, for, if you want her to stay, a cook, like an adopted kitten, must have her feet buttered on the first evening. In other words you must sit and talk to her alone in the kitchen, and the conversation must on no account be restricted to the technical details of her profession.

I am not at the best of times an adept in making conversation, and I envy those who can treat it as a light recreative art. With Agnes it was particularly up-hill work. She was reluctant to waste words on topics which she did not consider worth while, and it was depressing to find that I knew so little of those on which she was willing to talk (cinema-stars, for example, and the works of ETHEL M. DELL). On one subject after another we came to an abrupt standstill. My own resources failing me, I decided to leave the talking to Agnes.

Given an unfettered choice, she soon found a theme to her liking, and with still an hour to my husband's return I found myself listening to a ruminative discourse on her previous places. Agnes apparently had lived with none but the wealthiest classes, and I fancied I detected in her voice a note of disparagement of our lowly kitchen. My spirit sinking, I punctuated with feeble remarks a serial laid exclusively in the gilded palaces of merchant-princes of the enchanted North. In talking of our English Eldorado she waxed eloquent and even lyrical. She carried me with her into the dreamy atmosphere of Leeds, where, under a cloudless sky, wide avenues of trees full of singing-birds slope down to the marble frontage of the pellucid river Aire. She spoke of Manchester with its high crags crowned by castles, the sunlit glint of its lofty fanes, and the Irwell fragrant with the spices of all the East. On Bradford she descanted (it was actually her native city!), and I saw with her its spires and its towers and its old-world gardens, and on its walls I caught that subtle indefinable tinge of the Middle Ages.

Nor was the human element lacking in Agnes's saga. She told of gay-apparelled lords and bejewelled ladies with their numberless retainers (I am



*Profiteer (to distinguished artist).* "I'VE BEEN ADVISED TO TRY SOME OF YOUR PICTURES."

*Distinguished Artist (sinking to the occasion).* "I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SUBMIT SOME SAMPLES."

not using her exact words, but such was their general effect) in the preparation of whose banquets she had taken but a fractional part, though I was none the less to understand that she was a thoroughly competent head-cook.

I listened more and more faint-heartedly as I pondered on the butchers' bills of these Northern Gargantuas and considered whether I dare order chops for to-morrow. Finally I roused myself. At whatever cost I must put an end to this merciless narrative by throwing in a hint of the domestic economy practised by persons of limited means.

"Well, you know, Agnes," I began humbly, "my husband is not a business man."

Agnes's reply took a most unexpected direction and closed the conversation

for that evening. In a low voice full of commiseration she answered, "No, 'm? But there's always some that 'ave no 'ead."

My husband, I have said, is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

### Topics of the Hour.

"The Government Statistician reports at the end of 1120 food prices were 85·8 per cent. higher than in 1414."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We always said that Magna Charta would lower the cost of living.

From a speech by a lady-doctor:—

"Insanity is not incurable! Hundreds of people who have been insane are doing excellent work, on the Bench, in the City, and in offices."—*Daily Paper*.

But which of our judges? And is she quite certain about the cure?



### COME INTO THE GARDEN.

I HAVE the true Cockney's prejudice against gardening. To me it seems just a nasty, backbreaking, messy business. Pushing miserable-looking bulbs into cold wet earth on a cold February day simply depresses me. I am not compensated by the belief or hope that by June or July they will have pushed their way out again as something quite different and exciting.

Also I hate slugs and earwigs.

Somebody has to do gardening, of course, or there would be no gardens, and that is unthinkable. But I find it difficult to believe that any man really enjoys it.

In June, July and August, when gardens are "looking their best," England is largely populated by smug men of all shapes and sizes whose pride is to show one round their estates.

"That herbaceous border," they say—"I designed that. Fine, isn't it?"

"It is," I say.

"The fruit-trees are coming along well now. You'd never believe the care and attention I had to give them earlier in the year."

"No, I wouldn't," I say.

Then they look at me suspiciously and I look the other way.

"Can't leave this sort of thing to the gardener," they say, and I have to bury my face in

a laurel bush to hide a smile. I know just what happened really. It happens in my own family every year.

*Time.*—A cold windy day in March. John and I are sitting over the fire, having decided that it is too windy for golf. Enter to us Cecilia, who is John's wife and my sister. Wisps of hair are blowing about her face and her hands are encased in large earthy gloves. She looks very jolly and healthy. John and I crouch nearer to the fire.

"What do you think, John?" says Cecilia. "The magnolia has got buds on it."

"Then get Henry to squirt some stuff over it," says John.

"What for?" asks Cecilia.

"To kill 'em, of course," says John; "they're bad for the magnolia. Eat the leaves or drink the sap or something."

"I said BUDS," explains Cecilia very distinctly.

"Oh, I thought you said——"

"Well, I didn't. The point is that Spring is coming and it's time we did some intensive gardening. Come along out and do a bit of work."

"Me?" says John, and shakes his head; "not me. The garden's not my department."

"But you want the garden to look nice in the summer, don't you?" argues Cecilia gently.

"Not a bit," says John recklessly; "it doesn't matter to me what it looks like, dear. You sit in it all day. I'm at work."

I gasp loudly, but Cecilia refuses to be drawn.

"But you are home in the evenings,

my week-ends—er—boating on the Serpentine or fishing at Putney. Leave me out of it."

"Alan's no good," says Cecilia; "he doesn't know a carnation from a Michaelmas-daisy, except by the smell."

"Well, nor do I," says John explosively; "we didn't do nature-study when I went to school. I shall put all the bulbs in upside down and the poor little wretches will have to dig their way through to Australia."

"Only to find that the Tests are in England after all," I sympathise. "Poor little things! Have a heart, Cecilia."

"You needn't plant bulbs, then," concedes Cecilia; "you can take the dead wood from the raspberry canes."

John groans.

"There's a chance for you, John," I say; "go and take the dead wood from the raspberry canes. Go on! Hurry up, or somebody else will take it first."

Cecilia surveys me contemptuously.

"Well," she says to John after a moment, "I'm surprised at a man of your sense and intelligence stopping in a stuffy room with that" (she waves scornfully at me and I bow in return) "when you could be out in the fresh air helping me. Come along now. Leave him here to be funny at himself."

John rises unwillingly. "All right," he says as Cecilia leads him gently to the door; "it



*Lady (just returned from Egypt, showing curios to visitor). "I BOUGHT THAT SCARAB FROM AN ARAB BOY, WHO ASSURED ME THAT HE HAD STOLEN IT HIMSELF DURING THE EXCAVATIONS IN THE TEMPLE. AND I'M SURE IT MUST BE GENUINE, BECAUSE HE HAD SUCH AN HONEST LITTLE FACE."*

will be a relief to get away from him certainly. Yes, you can laugh," he goes on, turning fiercely to me, "but that's the only reason I'm going. Even gardening is preferable to your company."

"Come along, dear," murmurs Cecilia. I hear him grumbling as they go and I laugh to myself. For faintly, as the sound of a brass band still in the far distance, I seem to hear John's voice from the garden in a few months' time.

"Yes," he will say, "I put all those bulbs in myself last March. Look fine, don't they? Raspberries coming on well too. I thinned them out myself in the Spring. Took out all the dead wood, you know. Don't believe in trusting these things to a gardener. . . ."

"Then he's a wicked old fraud and I shall sack him," says John.

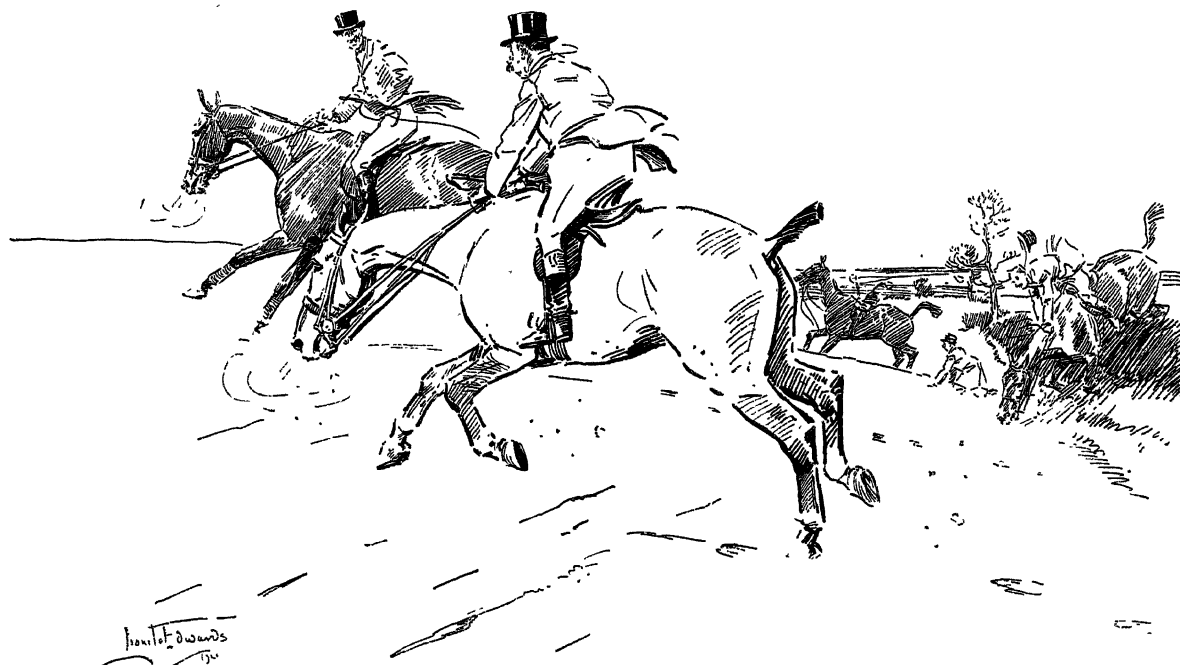
"Then you'll have to do all the work yourself," says Cecilia.

"Why me?" asks John indignantly; "why can't Alan do some work? He spends half of his life in our house. He'll play tennis here all the summer. Let him go and roll the lawn and look for slugs."

"Thanks, but I'm not playing tennis this year," I decide. "I shall spend

Dear Mr. Punch, don't go and pick up This teasing epidemic; hiccup; Give it a miss, but, oh, do tick off The writers who will spell it hiccough.





## AN INSPIRATION.

*Genial Sportsman.* "STIFF COUNTRY, AIN'T IT?"

*Post-War Performer.* "YES. BUT YOU TAKE MY TIP AN' 'AVE A 'OT BATH WHEN YOU GETS 'OME."

## TO A PERFORMING HIPPOPOTAMUS.

[Not "Nora," whose recent demise is greatly lamented].

LORD of the wide Limpopo, Behemoth,  
Or where the stately Congo breaks in froth  
Through countless cataracts that none espy  
Save the adjoining anthropophagi,  
Or where old Nilus gathers as he goes  
The trickling might of tributary snows  
And, bursting from the Mountains of the Moon  
Through gorges supernaturally hewn,  
Northward his course imperiously sweeps  
By oozy shallows and tempestuous deeps,  
Now fertilizing choice alluvial spots  
Hoed daily by attentive Hottentots,  
Now bearing on his unprotesting breast  
Mellifluous tourists from the Middle West,  
What dost thou here, majestic river-horse,  
Where airs are cold and audiences coarse?  
What tantrum of the Fates that dog (od rot 'em!) us  
Consigned thee hither, gentle hippopotamus,  
Far from thy native haunts of sun and ooze,  
From home and wife and pretty pink papoose?  
He must have been a most repulsive brute  
Who marked thee down as profitable loot  
And, finding thee asleep upon a shoal,  
Bent his relentless hawser round thy bole,  
Then steamed away as hard as he could go  
With thee, protesting volubly, in tow?

Let kind oblivion cloak what next occurred,  
The captor's price, the showman's curt "Absurd!"  
The bargain clinched, the captain's frantic argot  
When ordered to include thee in his cargo,  
The ill-appointed state-room, cold and dark,  
Thy dignified refusal to embark,  
The efforts of a hundred stalwart blacks,  
Void of result, to budge thee from thy tracks;

The gangway spread before thy feet in vain,  
Thine ultimate displacement with a crane,  
The throbbing screw, the awful *mal-de-mer*,  
The cabin-boy's intolerable stare,  
The cheerless dock with curious loafers lined,  
The hateful stevedores pushing from behind,  
The midnight journey through St. Martin's Lane—  
All these are memories fraught with grief and pain.  
And here thou art! The punctual curtain falls;  
Coldly thou tak'st a brace of well-earned calls,  
Dost off the motley and reseek'st repose,  
Sunk in thy tank—and boredom—to the nose.  
And I who needs must envy aught that draws  
The profitable public's loud guffaws  
Resume my humble attic, murmuring, "Zounds!  
Yon beast's insured for twice five thousand pounds!  
No such precaution flatteringly guards  
The paltry lives of mirth-provoking bards,  
Who, when they pass beyond terrestrial ken,  
Are soon replaced by other funny men."

But happy thought! If I should hie me to  
The land of Uhehe or Kikuyu  
I might alleviate a futile lot  
By settling down in some attractive spot  
Where hippopotami are thick as cavies  
But humorous poets count as *rara aves*.  
There let some Cochran of the kinky tribe  
Tour Tanganyika with his captive scribe,  
And let me wallow in the loud applause  
Of well-oiled chiefs and congregated squaws.

ALGOL.

From a cinema announcement:—

"SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A graphic story of a voyage of discovery in the unknown lands of the Antarctic Continent.

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM."

Local Paper.

All the more credit to him.



*Dutiful Son of the House (who has been told off to ask a Wallflower to dance). "I SAY, HOW SHALL WE—I MEAN, HOW DO PEOPLE USUALLY HOLD YOU?"*

### THE UNKNOWN GREAT.

I DON'T wish to be hard on Bannister, but I should be shirking my plain duty if I failed to stigmatise him—using the term advisedly and with a full sense of my responsibility—as a *laudator temporis acti*.

Bannister is not merely content to crab the works of this and the previous generation; he casts scorn upon most things A.D., and is constantly quoting from ancient Egyptians, Buddhist philosophers and the like to demonstrate the superiority of ancient thought and expression.

He is very likely to come up to you and say, "I have just come across a remarkable gem from Swami Parmanand—contemporary of Vishwamitri, you know. One day, when he sat surrounded by his disciples, a countryman presented him with a hedgehog. The Swami once pronounced the aphorism, 'The proximity of an evil thing is evil,' and ordered the animal to be removed. The depth and subtlety of this great thought cannot be equalled in modern or mediæval literature."

This sort of thing soon becomes tedious, and most of Bannister's acquaintances avoid him. To-day, however, I started treating him homœopathically and there is some hope of his recovery.

He came up to me and began, as usual, droning out, "When LAO-TSZE was asked by a——"

"And who was LAO-TSZE?" I inquired rhetorically. "A mere dispenser of second-hand statements. He was certainly the first to utter the sublime truth, 'Whatever is, is,' but in his most expansive moments he never equalled Abu Zeyd of Ispahan. Abu Zeyd, when somebody pointed to a rent in his turban, exclaimed, 'A single repair in season prevents the necessity of nine-fold sewing-labour.'"

Bannister was taken aback. "I knew that there were seers among the Persians, but I am not familiar with Abu Zeyd. I must study his works."

"He was a Mussulman, of course, but even his great opponent, Khudadad, himself a Zoroastrian, advised his followers to 'grant to Abu Zeyd such consideration as he merits.'"

"I see I have yet many fields to explore," answered Bannister.

"Yes," I replied kindly, "one is constantly making new discoveries. Only the other day, for instance, I came across a book of translations from the Toltac poet, Quetzopetzocatl. He was the author of this striking statement: 'It is the ultimate fragment of dried oat-stalk that fractures the vertebræ of the baggage-animal.'"

"I only want to show you," I continued lightly, "that some of us are more familiar than others with certain writers, but we would not therefore assume that we have any monopoly of knowledge."

"Indeed I am most interested. I will make a note of the names you have mentioned, and perhaps you will give me some others."

"Not to-day," I replied, moving away. "I have in mind the saying of Yaung Yi, the devout Burmese Buddhist, 'A sufficiency is equivalent to a surfeit.'"

### A Brand-New Coalition.

MR. BONAR LAW'S RESIGNATION.

This afternoon it was being suggested that meeting of Unionist Party should be held at Cobden Club.—*Evening Paper*.

"A Young Man's Fancy," the musical box song from the League of Nations, is one of the prettiest pieces of the present season."

*Local Paper.*

We are told that Mr. BALFOUR's rendering of it at Geneva was immense.

The *Publishers' Circular* refers to—

"The French translator who, in translating Sir Walter Scott's novels, turned 'The Stickit Minister' into 'Le Ministre Assassiné.'"

But our contemporary has itself fallen into a slight error. Of course it meant "The Crockett Minister."



### TROTSKY—LIMITED.

OUR MR. GEORGE. "GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. I'M AFRAID I'VE CALLED ON YOUR BUSY DAY."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 14th.—Taking full advantage of the free-and-easy procedure of the Upper House, Lord ISLINGTON, under the pretext of asking whether Parliament would have an opportunity of considering the Mandates for Mesopotamia and Palestine, ranged contemptuously over the whole field covered by the League of Nations. Lord CURZON, feeling, I suppose, like *The Bailiff's Daughter* in the ballad, who from Islington, you remember, "had many a scorn," loftily rebuked his critic for allowing himself so much rope, but admitted that Mandates were a costly and indigestible form of diet. He himself had expended "reams of paper" in the endeavour (as yet unsuccessful, I gathered) to construct an Arab administration.

The common belief that the Ministry of Health is *capable de tout* must be revised. Dr. ADDISON indignantly denied that he had issued a ukase prescribing a minimum length for bathing costumes. His action had been in precisely the reverse direction, for when the Thanet District Council (what strange things emanate from Thanet!) had submitted a by-law ordaining that such costumes should reach "from the shoulders to within three inches of the

counter-revolutionaries in Russia, Mr. DENNIS HERBERT inquired whether any of "His Majesty's various Oppositions" were helping Messrs. LENIN and TROTSKY. The question was disallowed, but its form invites speculation. To which Opposition, if any, does Mr. HOGGE belong? He sits on the Front Bench



Earl WINTERTON to ask the Rt. Hon. the Minister of Health (Dr. ADDISON) whether his bathing-dress reaches within three inches of his knees—and if not, why not?

Dr. ADDISON. "THE ANSWER TO THE FIRST QUESTION IS IN THE NEGATIVE, AND THE SECOND THEREFORE DOES NOT ARISE."

as one of the "Wee Free" Whips, but, when twitted this afternoon with having thrown over his supposed leader, Mr. ASQUITH, he proudly described himself as "an ordinary Member of the House, who owes allegiance to nobody." Is he then what lawyers call a corporation sole?

The easy success of the Second Reading of the German Reparation (Recovery) Bill was chiefly due, I think, to the unwillingness of anybody to label himself "pro-German." Mr. BOTTOMLEY described it as a "fantastic and useless measure," and would have preferred a march to Berlin. Sir WILLIAM PEARCE, like the Scotsman who considered that the charm of Glasgow lay in "the gran' faceelities for getting awa' frae it," thought that the most attractive feature of the Bill was the clause enabling it to be abrogated at short notice.

Tuesday, March 15th.—There has been some talk of Mr. PIKE PEASE in connection with the Speakership. Possibly he desired to show that, in addition to a majestic figure and a clear voice, he possessed another qualification for the office which Mr. LOWTHER has taught us to regard as indispensable, for this afternoon he exhibited distinct symptoms of possessing a sense of humour. Having ascribed the falling off in the speed of the Irish mails to the adoption of Greenwich time in Ireland, by which Irish time was now twenty-five minutes later than in 1914,

and been met by Colonel GUINNESS's swift retort that, if the Post Office lost twenty-five minutes going to Ireland, it gained the same amount coming back, he rejoined that while that seemed quite a reasonable proposition he should like some time to think about it.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS introduced the Army Estimates this afternoon, but the spirit of his predecessor still hovered o'er the scene. Indeed the new War Minister admitted that his hoped-for economies would largely depend upon Mr. CHURCHILL's handling of the pruning-hook in Mesopotamia; in which case, according to Sir D. MACLEAN, they might as well be written off at once, since whatever might be the result of Mr. CHURCHILL's missions they always cost more money.

Wednesday, March 16th.—When Mr. LLOYD GEORGE some years ago, with the Exchequer at his back, held out the entrancing prospect of "9d. for 4d." the British working-classes, suspecting "a catch somewhere," looked decidedly askance at the proposal.

But according to Lord SYDENHAM they tumble over one another to accept the offer of the industrial insurance companies to give them what amounts (owing to the number of lapsed policies) to about 6½d. for 1s. The Peers were



"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

MR. J. M. HOGGE.

knee" his department had deleted the limiting words.

A *propos* of the PRIME MINISTER's denial that the Government were giving support, in any shape or form, to the



THE CROWNING TRIUMPH.

MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS MARCH TO BERLIN, PRACTISES THE GOOSE QUILL-STEP.

pleased to hear that at long last the Government have decided to introduce legislation which it is hoped will give the insured person a more sporting chance of getting his money back.



*The Master.* "SMITH MINOR, IT IS NOW MY PAINFUL DUTY TO CANE YOU."

*Smith Minor.* "YES, SIR. DO YOU WISH ME AT ANY PARTICULAR ANGLE, SIR?"

The figures which Sir JAMES CRAIG gave the Commons regarding the battle-ships possessed by the principal navies should afford Sir PERCY SCOTT a certain amount of gloomy satisfaction. It is true that we still maintain sixteen of these (in his view) worse than useless monsters; but the United States has the same number as ourselves, and even Japan is hampered by the possession of twelve. On the Scott theory France, which has but five, is the strongest of the Great Powers, but would be easily defeated by the Principality of Monaco, which, I am credibly informed, is not handicapped by the possession of a single specimen.

When Dr. ADDISON was asked whether guild-operatives could and did lay nine hundred bricks a day, while the ordinary trade-unionist bricklayer limited himself to three hundred, Mr. WILL THORNE obligingly chipped in with the explanation that it was "common-sense" that a man should work harder for himself than he would for an employer. The House as a whole cheered this naïve

admission, but the Labour Party wished that their THORNE would keep itself *sub rosa*.

*Thursday, March 17th.*—Rarely has a St. Patrick's Day seen so few Members wearing the shamrock. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD was one of the exceptions, and thereby incurred the wrath of Mr. MACVEAGH, whose sense of humour has rather wilted of late. Irish questions were much to the fore. The PRIME MINISTER stated that the "appointed day" for the election of the new Parliaments would shortly be fixed. Thereupon he was asked by Lord H. BENTINCK if the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act were not hated by every section in Ireland, and replied—I should say, from my own observation, with perfect truth—that "that is probably because they have never been read."

But comedy was soon succeeded by tragedy. Directly Questions were over the PRIME MINISTER rose to announce, as clearly as his emotions would let him, the sad news that the House had lost its Leader. Mr. BONAR LAW, threatened

with immediate breakdown and, in his own phrase, "quite worn out," had been compelled to retire. It was a stunning blow to everybody, but to none more so than to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself. His voice quite failed him, and it was left to Mr. ASQUITH to refer to Mr. LAW's unequalled loyalty as a colleague, and to Mr. CLYNES to praise his invariable courtesy to his opponents.

The Naval Votes went through with singularly little difficulty, though Sir EDWARD CARSON and others were disturbed by the discovery that we were not maintaining a Two-Power or even a One-Power standard. Of *post-Jutland* "Capital ships" (so-called because they mop up such a jolly lot of capital) we shall in 1925 have only five, as compared with America's eighteen and Japan's eleven. But the last word has not been spoken on the subject, and the report that the United Service Museum has already applied for a couple of these obsolescent vessels, to be exhibited as "the PERCY Reliques," must be taken with several grains of sea-salt.





"WHEN BE GOIN' TO BREAK THEY BOATS UP, 'ENERY?"

"BREAK 'EM UP? NOT MR. WHY, I LETS 'EM OUT TO THESE YER ARTISES FOR THEIR PICTURS. THEY WON'T LOOK AT A BOAT AS IS A BOAT."

### THE PASSING OF THE PEKINESE.

BY ONE OF THEM.

Now that you've found, or think you've found, a finer  
Fellow to follow in your fickle wake,  
I'll show myself no mongrelly repiner  
Because you flout me for another's sake.  
Though the usurper's coarse plebeian features  
Figure in every rag that bids for fame;  
Though the whole world's gone mad about these creatures,  
You'll find that I at least can play the game.  
Though banished now to doubtful kitchen quarters,  
Who once would snuggle on your silken knees;  
Though relegated now to guards and porters,  
Instead of travelling "First" in cushioned ease;  
Though once in Chinese Courts my grandsires flaunted  
O'er faithless friends and proletarian foes,  
And though their spirit still survives undaunted  
In Me, to make things nasty if I chose,  
*Noblesse oblige!* I'll merely beg the Editor,  
Kind Mr. Punch—Old Toby's faithful friend  
Through countless happy years—to be my creditor,  
Just for to-day a little space to lend  
To voice my woes, for goodness knows I really am  
*Fed up* with this insufferable Sealyham!

"There is a glut of eggs! Starling rumours of their abundance and cheapness come from all parts."—*Daily Paper.*

But does the chatter of the starling represent the considered opinion of domestic poultry?

### A CURE FOR ELECTORAL APATHY.

Mr. Punch, convinced that the apathy of voters is largely accountable for many serious ills of the State, has been considering every possible means that came to his active mind of inducing citizens to go to the polls at every election. In the watches of a sleepless night he suddenly solved this ancient problem, and he hastens to place his solution before the country, so that at the very next by-election a full poll may be secured.

The plan is simply this: that on every occasion of an election in any place an attractive football or cricket-match, according to the season, or a whippet-race in certain industrial regions, such as the mining districts of the North, or a glove-fight or coursing-match, should be arranged for the polling-day, and that no adult should be permitted to enter the ground without first recording a vote in addition to paying the usual entrance-money; while, in order that the newly-enfranchised section of the population should be induced, as well as its husbands and brothers, to record its votes, exhibitions of the latest fashions draped on the lissome figures of live mannequins should be provided under the same conditions, in what our greatest dramatist would call "another part of the forest."

From an article on "The Evidence for Fairies":—

"Another gentleman who claims to have this most remarkable gift is Mr. Tom —, who builds for himself a shelter in the New Forest and hunts for fairies as an etymologist would for butterflies."

— *Magazine.*

We thought the etymologist only hunted for roots.

### THE HORRIBLE FELLER.

My friend the novelist, who is a restless kind of man, no sooner established in one pleasant country-house, with everything comfortable about him and a wide prospect of hills from the garden, than he wants another, asked me to come down on Sunday and help in the hunt.

"But can we view houses on Sunday?" I asked.

"The one I want to look at, yes," he said. "The agents say it will be all right."

So I agreed.

The novelist's name I must keep to myself. There is too much publicity in the world to-day; too much reading from left to right. Nor shall I give a list of his books, which are very popular, or his plays, which are popular too and are accountable to a large extent for his ability to be so capricious a householder. Nor shall I say anything of his romantic adventurousness, as to which his readers are from time to time receiving hints. All I will say is that a new story from his pen is now being widely read; and, for the sake of convenience in this modest narrative, I will call him Osman.

It was a perfect March day. The west wind drove the clouds across the blue; the trees were darkening with buds; every roadside coppice had primroses. Our destination was forty miles away in the very heart of Sussex. The car was luxurious. All was right with the world.

Anyone who knows him will not need to be told that after we had been spinning along the roads for about half-an-hour Osman exclaimed, "I've forgotten the order to view. But never mind," he said, "we'll manage to get in somehow."

It is Osman's peculiarity to want not only one house in particular but every house that he sees, and, as at every mile or so another delectable mansion came into view, he uttered fresh exclamations of covetous and even proprietary enthusiasm. The fact that they were occupied did not deter him from arranging for instant possession; while when a cottage caught his fancy—and most of them did so—he threw out wings and added the necessary bathrooms with a gesture. In fact, had his wishes been deeds, Sussex would have been covered only with residences to his mind and everyone else would be homeless.

When at last the house was reached Osman didn't like the look of it at all.

"Too small," he said. "Why, it's smaller than my own. What idiots agents are! I told them there must be eight bedrooms, and this can't have more than five. Still"—he got out of the car—"I may as well have a look at it. Are you coming?"

We said we would sit tight and wait for him. The sun was hot and the scents of Spring filled the air. It was too good to leave.

Osman came back to the car in a few minutes in a fury. "Well, of all the fools!" he said. "What are agents

for? Why don't they listen to what one says? The place is useless. It's new too—one of those 1870 houses."

"Did you go in?" I asked.

"No, the feller wouldn't let me; kept me standing by the door. A horrible feller—said I must have an order to view and make an appointment. A horrible feller—seemed to want to get away from you all the time and go back to his afternoon-nap or some rubbishy book. A horrible feller—I never disliked a man so much. Looked only half-witted too!"

We started to return, and Osman still kept his eyes alert for gentlemen's places, actual or potential. But nothing could efface the memory of his recent experience from his mind. Not only was the unfortunate house subjected to every form of destructive criticism for being the wrong date and the wrong size, but its present owner was pitilessly excoriated.

"A horrible feller! What do you think he had the cheek to want for the place? Six thousand pounds, if you please. Six thousand—I ask you! I never took such a

dislike to a man before. Backing away like that, too! Hardly able to answer my questions, he was in such a hurry."

"Did you tell him your name?" I asked.

"Good heavens, no!"

We paused for a while near by to have tea with some friends of mine, who, as it chanced, knew the owner of the house and gave him a good character.

"I don't know why Mr. Hodson should have seemed so grumpy," said our hostess. "He's always very agreeable to us."

"A horrible rude feller," repeated Osman, quite impenitent.

\* \* \*

Two days later I had a letter from our hostess for tea. "Such a funny thing," she wrote. "I went over to the Hodsons' yesterday and they were fearfully excited to discover who it was that had called on Sunday to inquire about the house. But the joke is that the reason why Mr. Hodson was so short (which he denies) was that he was in the middle of Mr. Osman's new book and was dying to get back to it."

E. V. L.

### Legs across the Sea.

LORD LEE OF FAREHAM has recently suggested the idea of heads (in addition to hands) across the sea, and the combination of Oxonian and American athletes that met Cambridge at Queen's Club last Saturday should go far to extend the principle to other sections of our common anatomy.

### "AN UNUSUAL CASE."

What can I do for a boy of fourteen, otherwise normal, who appears to have a mania for washing himself?—Nurse W.—*Nursing Mirror*. We should encourage him to bite his school-fellows.

"This public control might take the form of an animal licence to trade as a banker."—*Evening Paper*. But visitors to our banks will be well advised not to push sugar through the bars to the cashiers.

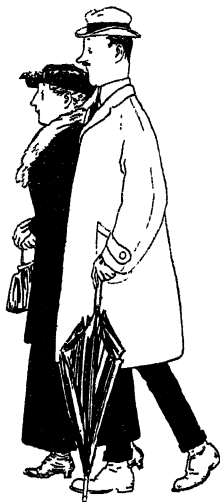


Mr. Wadley-Jones (referring to communication from Telephone Department).

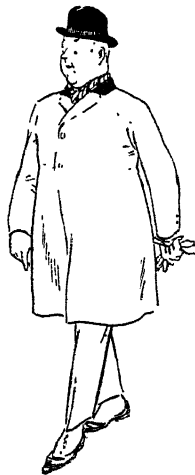
"IT'S NOTHING BUT AN OUTRAGE CHANGING US FROM '06789 MAYFAIR' TO '13 LANGHAM.' WOT DOES 'LANGHAM' STAND FOR? WHY, 'ANG IT ALL, WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL 'AVE STOPPED IN BRIXTON."

[The G.P.O. has recently removed nearly two thousand "Mayfair" subscribers to a newly-formed exchange which has been named "Langham."]

THE ROMANCE OF BOHEMIA.



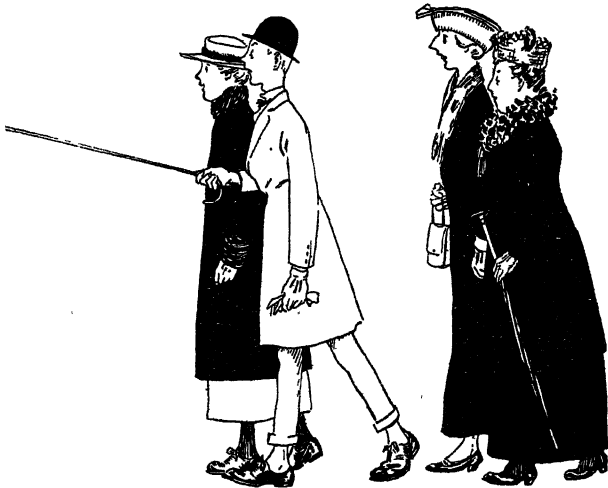
MR. AND MRS. SMYTHE-SMYTHE FROM SURBITON AND—



—A PERFECTLY MILD OLD GENTLEMAN WHO PRIDES HIMSELF ON BEING "A BIT OF A DOG" AND, TO IMPRESS THE OTHER DINERS, TAKES EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF CALLING THE WAITER "GABSONG" AND—



—TWO EARNEST ART NEEDLE-WORKERS FROM TOOTING AND—



—A YOUTH DESIROUS OF EXHIBITING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF LONDON'S LESS FAMILIAR FEATURES TO SOME VERY PROVINCIAL RELATIONS AND—



—A CONSERVATIVE GENTLEMAN, WHOSE PROTESTS THAT HE "LIKES TO KNOW WHAT HE IS EATING" ARE IGNORED BY HIS WIFE, WHO THINKS "THESE PLACES ARE SO QUIANT, YOU KNOW"—



—ALL MEET IN A RESTAURANT IN SOHO AND SPEND A MOST THRILLING HOUR IMAGINING EACH OTHER TO BE CELEBRATED BOHEMIANS WITH SCANDALOUS PASTS.

**BRAIN-BUILDING.***(By our Medical Correspondent.)*

Discussions of the influence of surroundings on growth are too often restricted to the consideration of physique in its crudest anthropometric form. A welcome change is to be noted in the spirited attempt of a contemporary to raise the question to a higher plane in its correspondence on the relation of intellect to environment. It has been shown that Newmarket and the adjacent area afford a mental training for the ingenuous youth unsurpassed by any other spot in the British Isles. Children born in that favoured locality have the inestimable advantage of being brought from earliest infancy into contact with the racing confraternity, who are notorious for their shrewdness and sagacity. Also the influx of representatives of other nationalities at race meetings broadens their outlook, enlarges their horizon, frees them from insular prejudice and fits them to be, in the best sense of the phrase, citizens of the world. Educated in this invigorating atmosphere they seldom fail, if called to other spheres of activity, to make their mark as men of intellect and personality.

Unfortunately the area within which these influences are operative is limited to a radius of not more than four miles. And by a strange irony of fate, if it could be contrived that the entire youth of the country should be born and brought up in this region, every inch of available space would have to be built over with houses and schools, the Heath would disappear, and with it the peculiar atmosphere which at present fosters the extraordinary cerebral efficiency to which our contemporary has called attention. It is a saddening thought. Newmarket would cease to be Newmarket and the intellect of its progeny would sink to the level of London or Oxford or Manchester or Moreton-in-the-Marsh; and England would decline by leaps and bounds to a condition of mottoid imbecility, rendering us more than ever liable to the ravages of Gongorismatic influenza, of which some isolated cases have already reached our shores. In such a dread contingency it would no longer be of any use to adopt the wise prophylactic of going to bed and sending for a doctor, for all doctors would have already taken to their beds.

Thus it comes about, by that strange compensatory process known to experts as the *Canon Cancrizans*, that the restricted output of brains of the Newmarket standard is in itself a safeguard, a barrier against decadence. There is, however, another ground for consolation.

Though we cannot all of us be born at Newmarket, we can by auto-suggestion and psycho-analysis, as practised by the New Nancy School and explained in the masterly treatise of M. CHARLES BAUDOUIN, persuade ourselves that we have been born there, and so, rising superior to our natal handicap, inoculate ourselves with a suggestibility productive of a demonic and dynamic energy little if at all inferior to that of those who were actually born and bred in that wonderful seed-plot of British brain-power. This feat has, we believe, already been achieved by certain heroic natures; by Lord BIRKENHEAD, who was born in the town of that name, and by Lord NORTHCLEFFE, whose eyes opened in the obscure village of Chapelizod, in the County Dublin. Others, however, such as the PRIME MINISTER, have succumbed to the stigma attached to them at birth by association with a locality unfavourable for the development of intellectual or moral greatness. Newmarket, as we know it, did not exist in SHAKESPEARE'S time, but we cannot refrain from the wish that his childhood could have been spent on the Heath and not by the banks of the Avon. But the moral is clear: that we should all of us, either by auto-suggestion or hetero-suggestion, aim at remedying the deficiencies imposed on us by parental oversight in the choice of residence. As ABERNETHY said, brains are only matter in the right place; but they must be in the right place at the right time.

P.S.—Further investigations have satisfied me that the threat of an epidemic of mesenteric *apostepesis*, to which I alluded in my last article, is not likely to be realised at least for several weeks. But forewarned is forearmed, and I cannot too strongly urge upon all who detect any of the strange symptoms by which it is attended in its initial stages to abstain from partaking too freely of oysters and pre-War whisky in alternate mouthfuls.

**The Jutland Controversy.**

It is understood that the delay in the arrival of the Grand Fleet at the Battle of Jutland was caused by the unpunctuality of the cinema operator. The film is now in preparation for early release.

"Westminster Abbey.—Archdeacon —, 6.30."—*Daily Paper*.

We are all in favour of a broad spirit of tolerance, but this seems to be a little too broad.

"Britain will not pledge itself not to recognise the Emir Feisal as the Kink of Mesopotamia."—*Indian Paper*.

Another knot in the tangled skein of Eastern politics.

**NAVAL OPERATIONS.**

Surgeon William Walter Wing Lately did a wicked thing. In a passing fit of choler Caused by having lost a dollar, William, grinning like a demon, Ran and lanced an Able Seaman, Lanced him neatly in the neck As he crossed the quarter-deck, Knowing well such operations Are against the Regulations.

Ere the man had done saluting There was heard an awful hooting; William trembled like a reed; "Number One" had seen the deed Clearly through his telescope. William Wing abandoned hope.

Red as ruby claret-cup "Number One" came rushing up; Indignation held him dumb, He could only point his thumb Wildly at a crimson speck. On the snowy quarter-deck. Then he spluttered, "Look at that!" William murmured, "Oh, my hat!"

"Look at that, Sir. Do you see it? Damn you, Sir, and——" but far be it From a pen like mine to write Words so very impolite; Let it be enough to hint They would look most odd in print. William staggered back aghast, Bowed beneath the verbal blast; All the crew had crept below, Shocked at such a fearful flow.

Suddenly the Captain stopped; Something in his head had popped. Rapidly his scarlet hue Turned to purple, then to blue; Then his neck began to swell; William knew the symptom well, For it was by people's necks he Always spotted apoplexy.

Ever since the world began Has the Hour produced the Man; With a loud and eager shout William whipped his lancet out, Leapt towards his "Number One" And in a trice the trick was done; While a second crimson speck Stained the snowy quarter-deck.

Naught but William's skill and wit Saved the Captain from a fit; All his anger disappeared As the crew came up and cheered. Softened by this human touch, "Thank you, Surgeon, very much," Said the smiling "Number One," "That was very deftly done." Rumour says another ring May be William's ere the Spring.

**Who kills fat oxen—**

"Ice Chamber for disposal, suit large butcher, 6ft. x 10ft."—*Provincial Paper*.



Sportsman. (who has rented a fishing). "IS THERE ANY POACHING HERE? AMONG THE VILLAGERS, I MEAN."  
Gillie. "OCH AY, THEY A' POACH—A' BUT ME AN' THE MEENISTER."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE legion of reviewers (including myself) who ended their notices of what they took to be WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S last story with an expression of regret that "It Never Could Happen Again," have been happily contradicted by the appearance of yet another novel, *The Old Man's Youth* (HEINEMANN), left unfinished by its author and now published with short explanatory chapters written by his wife to bridge certain gaps in the text. MRS. DE MORGAN seems to me, save perhaps in one artistic error, to have fulfilled the task of "chorus" admirably. Her interpolations are concise, and sufficiently in the key of the narrative to preserve the even flow of the tale. As for this, however, one may perhaps doubt whether the author (so fertile in strange invention) would not have found some way of strengthening the slender intrigue that is at present all that keeps his story together. It is surely unlike his wonted method, for example, to allow so rich a chance as that which is offered by the unopened boxes in the loft to waste itself on so slight and undramatic a result. The central, indeed the only, incident of the novel as we have it is the fact that the second Mrs. Pascoe, stepmother of the narrator, had conveniently removed her predecessor with an overdose of opiate during the latter's illness. For the rest we must rely on the familiar charm (never better shown) of Mr. DE MORGAN'S pictures of life in mid-Victorian London. Sweeps and fogs and growlers and the leisurely growing-up of a group of young people to whose lives these things were the background—most of us

know by now what the author could make of such material. *The Old Man's Youth* gives yet one more opportunity, I suppose the last, for the enjoyment of this leisurely art.

For my own part I can say at once that I have read *A City in the Foreground* (CONSTABLE) with great pleasure, though I feel bound to couple with this tribute a warning that Mr. GERARD HOPKINS' story is (perhaps) not one for all markets. He himself calls it "A Novel of Youth," the Oxford youth of just before the War. Of the place and of the generation that peopled it at that time he gives a picture photographic in realism. His young men, their habits and their talk, are the actual thing; above all their talk, which goes on interminably—as in fact it always did. Perhaps that is what gives its special interest to the book. This, though no one knew it, was a generation apart. Like every community of young men the members of it would still be talking, trying with the curiosity of youth to formulate their own personalities, to anticipate, even to mould the destiny that already, for the greater number, was settled beyond question. I write seriously about Mr. HOPKINS' story, partly because I think it deserves such treatment, partly to emphasise the warning expressed above. Youth in bulk is apt, from its intolerance and its clash of vitality, to be occasionally a trifle heavy-footed; and so faithful a reproduction must of necessity also convey something of this effect. To sum up, those who recall the scenes and persons spoken about will read Mr. HOPKINS' story with unusual enjoyment; the present race of Oxford-lovers—not by any means undergraduates only—will find in it the





## CHARIVARIA.

It has been remarked that both the 'Varsity crews are clean-shaven. Old stagers will remember that hairy faces have been discouraged ever since the year when the Cambridge cox's whiskers fouled his rudder. \*

There is a persistent rumour that Sir PERCY SCOTT has been offered the post of Expert Adviser to the Swiss Admiralty. \*

Mr. CHURCHILL has been painting the Pyramids. Once he had put them at their ease they posed for him without the least embarrassment or fidgetiness. \*

It seems that in Italy writing-ink has become a favourite means of suicide. In England also the unrestricted sale of this dangerous fluid is responsible for some sad cases of autobiography. \*

Even Mr. BONAR LAW's bitterest opponents seem to have applauded him for the cool way in which he played the second fiddle when Rome was burning. \*

"When are you going to meet DEMPSEY?" was one of the questions asked CARPENTIER by a *Daily Mail* reporter. It is said that the famous French boxer admitted that he had heard the name somewhere before. \*

"What is the most used telephone number in London?" asks a weekly paper. The answer is: "The wrong one." \*

The appointment of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN as Leader of the House has been officially confirmed by the Northcliffe Press. \*

"The present trade crisis," says Mr. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., "calls for action." Whatever else may be thought about the matter this is certainly a good guess. \*

"Is Mixed Sea Bathing Dangerous?" asks a contemporary. We can only say that more than one man has met his wife in that way. \*

Members of the Grimsby Volunteer Fire Brigade have tendered their resignations. It is hoped that when a new brigade has been formed the authorities will once again start booking orders. \*

The whole secret of health, says the Jefferson Medical College, is to make sure of proteids at the dinner-table. A good plan is to chain them up to the table-leg. \*

"He used bad language in his shirt-sleeves," said a witness at Ealing police court. A bargee writes to say that he must have been a mere amateur if he had to take his coat off to it. \*

A contemporary informs us that Tibetan people rub butter on their

North African brigands are complaining that the roads in those parts are infested with British journalists. \*

General TOWNSEND laments that all the romance of war is going. But out there in Kut he never had an opportunity of seeing an official artist in full uniform. \*

According to recent statistics, colds cost this country nineteen million pounds annually. But are they really worth that amount? \*

"During the War many young fellows sang in public who had never had the pluck to do so before," states an evening paper. Is it not rather foolish to hold out such an inducement for prolonging the peace which is now raging? \*

What can be done with garden rubbish? asks a weekly paper writer. Hasn't he heard of the next-door neighbour's garden? \*

With reference to Mr. LOVAT FRASER's articles in *The Daily Mail* each week, we understand that under no circumstances must they be sung in public without the author's permission. \*

According to a weekly journal the Americans excel in the art of the short story. All the same we rather like that one the POSTMASTER-GENERAL told about our having, later on, the best telephone service in the world. \*

A contemporary recommends for the kitchen bookshelf the handbooks issued by the St. John's Ambulance Association. We have often felt that every cook ought to be able to render first aid to the people she cooks for.

### The Slump in the Motor Trade.

"Motor Driving and Running Repairs Taught. Fee, £2 10s. Including Ford Car, £3 10s."—*Scotch Paper*.

### "LAWN TENNIS.

RIVIERA HANDICAP EVENTS.

As a rule one tournament overlaps the next, and the competitor is invited to engage in the amusing diversion appearing in two courts, each divided by mountain ranges, at the same time."—*Daily Paper*.

Personally we find the net a sufficient barrier.



Orator. "THIS 'ERE GOVERNMENT IS LIKE THE HOSTRICH RUSHIN' BLINDLY FORWARD WITH 'IS 'EAD 'IDDEN IN THE SAND."

faces. Now that rationing is abolished in this country the old custom of rubbing the stuff on bread is being revived over here. \*

We are reminded that there are in Switzerland lake-buildings seven thousand years old. Sir ALFRED MOND is believed to be confident that those in St. James's Park will prove quite as durable. \*

"High up on the façade of 128, Piccadilly," says *The Daily Mail*, "is carved '*Per ardua ad astra*,' the motto of the Royal Air Force." It is just as well to correct an impression that it is the motto of the Building Trade. \*

According to an evening paper Lord BIRKENHEAD has made a bet that he will be a teetotaler for a year. We deplore this gambling spirit in high places.

## SPRING AND THE FLAPPER.

"There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow."

CAMPION.

["Currant and gooseberry trees in several parts of Shropshire are now showing fruit."  
"The Times," March 22nd.]

HERE on this page, a month ago,  
I had occasion to remark  
How (for *The Times* had told me so)  
Shropshire had heard the cuckoo bark.

And now in those same sunny vales,  
Washed by Sabrina's hornéd flood,  
Young currants woo the temperate gales  
And gooseberry bushes burst in bud.

Nor there alone; down every breeze  
Long since has Spring, alert and gay,  
Mocking the calendar's decrees,  
Come dancing in before her day.

And from her charms, too early ripe,  
My fancy's play an image gleams  
Of that precocious modern type,  
The flapper in her middle teens.

A freak of Nature too, but Art  
Has touched her with a deeper dye,  
This chit that hurls against my heart  
The challenge of her roving eye.

"There is a garden in her face;"  
Her cheeks reveal the vermeil rose,  
Her mouth the cherry, and I trace  
The lily's pallor on her nose.

And all the care these flowers receive,  
Whose wealth of colour makes so glad  
This paradise of little Eve,  
Comes from her paints and powder-pad.

And he that draws too near her lips,  
The adolescent bee that seeks  
Her beauty out and rashly sips,  
Finds that the stuff comes off in streaks.

Had I been she (which I am not),  
I would have used no artful guile,  
Content with gifts which I had got  
And sticking to the vernal style.

I would have walked my quiet ways  
In native beauty all my own,  
Nor sought to draw the general gaze  
With blooms a bit too fully blown.

I would have been a shy young thing,  
In maiden-modest graces decked,  
Not previous, like the present Spring,  
Whose forward manners I suspect.

O. S.

From the Cricketers' Catechism.

Q. What is an umpire?

A. Nothing to write home about.

## THE SIDE-SHOW.

I AM no snob, but I admit that when Lady Wrackenhams (pronounced "Ram") stopped her immense car in our little High Street and shouted "Hi!" at me I thrilled pleasurably. Lady Wrackenhams is a great lady and I am a very small man. She is perched at the top of the social tree, while I am still making futile jumps for the lowest branches. But I am no snob; I did not run across the street, hat in hand, in response to her "Hi!"; I simply walked rather quickly and removed my hat only when I had reached the car. She nodded to me with well-bred brusqueness.

"Aren't you the man who recited 'Kissing Cup's Race' at the Parish Hall the other night," she asked, "and for an encore gave a very long cornet solo?"

I bowed. I could not speak. Awed gratification held me mute. I am no snob, but it seemed to me wonderful that so great a lady should know of my tiny triumphs. Surely a sign of true greatness.

"And," she went on, "in the second half of the—er—entertainment sang a song about returning to a remote spot in the United States where your mother, embowered in roses and saturated with tears, awaited you? Following this up with a long succession of tricks with folded paper which you tore interminably into quaint shapes?"

I found some of my voice. "Yes, Lady Wrackenhams," I quavered (though, of course, I pronounced the name "Ram"), "yes, I am him—he."

"Then," she said, smiling (I am no snob, but I think I have never observed so gracious a smile), "you're the very man I want."

I made a sort of a cooing noise. Don't misunderstand me; my coo had nothing of the sycophant about it; it was a self-respecting Middle Classes Union coo.

"The very man I want to help me in my Country Fair and Rustic Fête which I am giving in my grounds in aid of charity. You know my grounds?"

"Cer-certainly," I stammered. On the one and only occasion of my visiting them a thick-set fellow in gaiters had warned me not to let him cop me there again.

"We are so short of side-shows," explained Lady Wrackenhams. It is a difficult sentence to say, but Lady Wrackenhams achieved it without a misplaced "sh."

"Sho sort of shide sows," I repeated dazedly.

"Yes, if you like to put it that way. Well, my daughter suggested that you and she might get up a little entertainment together. She is very fond of

that sort of thing, and your recent exhibition in the Parish Hall has clearly demonstrated your own abilities. May I tell her that you are willing to assist?"

I have no recollection of having said "Yes," but I am sure I said it; I only hope that I had strength of mind enough not to say "Thank you." The next thing I remember is being charged into by a common cyclist as I bowed, bemused, in the direction of the vanishing *deus ex* Rolls-Royce machine. I am glad to tell you that the cyclist was rendered unconscious. I am no snob, but I *do* think the highways should be reserved for pedestrians and expensive motors.

I shall not disclose the drift of my thoughts that evening; but if you are clever enough to guess that Lady Wrackenhams's daughter was their objective I shall not say you are wrong. All I feel justified in telling you is that, in my fevered fancy, a certain young lady of exalted birth and I recited, corneted, sang Coon songs and tore paper into quaint shapes in unison in the grounds of Wrackenhams Grange, amid the plaudits of the county. And, perhaps I may add, subsequently sat close together on one of the topmost branches of the social tree.

The letter arrived next morning. I caught my breath when I observed on the envelope's flap the Wrackenhams crest—a large ram caught in an inadequate thicket. I am no snob, but it seemed almost sacrilege to break the seal. However, I did it.

DEAR SIR,—My daughter is so pleased that you will help us. She has decided that the side-show in which you and she will be associated will be a humorous conception known as "Swat the Nig." This is a modern development of the old Aunt Sally, but much more attractive than that ancient diversion. A circular hole is cut in a stretched canvas-sheet and in this aperture the head of a nigger alternately appears and disappears. At this head the patrons hurl old eggs and hard wooden balls. My daughter expects to get a shilling an egg and sixpence for every ball purchased. This should bring in a considerable sum for charity. I understand much amusement is caused by the cleverness, or otherwise, shown by the nigger in evading the missiles. My daughter is designing an effective gipsy costume for herself, and asks me to tell you that she is hiring a black woolly wig for you and will see that you have plenty of soot for your face. You will have no expense at all in the matter.

Yours truly,

ALICIA WRACKENHAM.

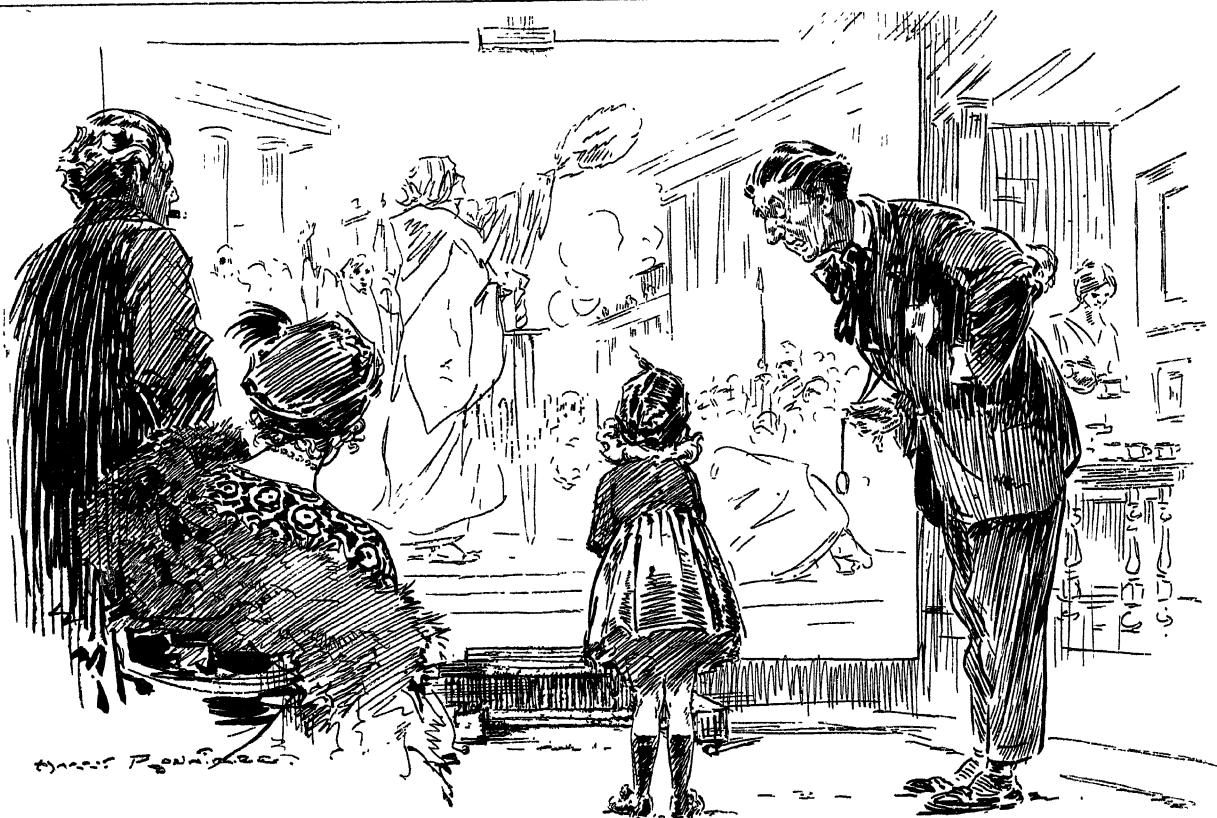
I am now a member of every Socialist organisation in the world.



### THE BITTERS OF VICTORY.

THOMAS ATKINS (*on plébiscite duty in Upper Silesia*). "WHAT ARE YOU GROUSING ABOUT, JERRY? YOU'RE TOP OF THE BLINKIN' POLL, AREN'T YOU? BIT OF A HAUL FOR THE FATHERLAND."

GERMAN. "ACH, YES. BUT NOW HAVE WE OF OUR BEST REPARATIONS-EVADING EXCUSE DEPRIVED BEEN."



## AN ECHO OF SHOW SUNDAY.

*Painter of Masterpiece (still wet).* "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PICTURE, PHYLLIS?"  
*Phyllis.* "I LOVE IT. IT SMELLS SCRUMSHOUS."

## RETROSPECT.

"AIN'T it rum?" said Dan one day,  
 Yarning while he worked away  
 At his model, all but done,  
 Of the clipper ship *Keemun*,  
 Fully rigged and all to scale,  
 Shroud and backstay, spar and sail,  
 Tiny blocks and tackles fine,  
 Tacks and sheets of Hambro line,  
 Dainty skysails fairy-small,  
 Stunsails, Jamie Green and all—  
 'Ain't it sort o' rum,' said he—  
 "Human nature, seems to be—  
 How a feller never knows  
 What he likes best—till it goes?"  
 "Take the ports I used to know—  
 How I cussed 'em years ago,  
 Cussed the insecs an' the stinks,  
 Cussed the lingo an' the drinks,  
 Cussed the blacks for bein' black,  
 Cussed the lot to—Hull and back;  
 Never thought how some fine day  
 I'd sit yarin' here an' say  
 What I'd give to see again  
 Just them things I hated then—  
 Talk an' tell how nothin' else  
 Smells just like them Eastern smells;  
 Finish up with 'Seems to me  
 Ports ain't what they used to be.'  
 "Take this ship, the old *Keemun*—  
 Names I've called 'er, many a one;

Called her cranky, stubborn, slow,  
 Bad aloft an' worse below,  
 Worst darned ship I'd set my eyes on,  
 Pikin' pay an' grub like p'ison—  
 Never thought I'd come to spend  
 All the time I've spent on end  
 ('Alf a year's dog-watches, good)  
 Carvin' of 'er out o' wood,  
 Fight a feller in a pub  
 'Cos he called 'er 'blinkin' tub' . . .  
 Funny, ain't it?—seems to me  
 Ships ain't what they used to be.

"Chaps I've sailed with—thought  
 per'aps  
 Pretty much like other chaps,  
 Maybe liked an' maybe not,  
 Drunk with, scrapped with, half forgot—  
 Never thought I'd come to say,  
 Thinkin' of 'em far away,  
 'Them was fellers, them was men,  
 Shipmates they was shipmates then;  
 Lookin' back, why, seems to me  
 Chaps ain't what they used to be.'

"That's the way I've always found  
 Things turn out the whole world round;  
 If it's gals or ships or beer  
 Don't much matter; ain't it queer—  
 Human nature, I suppose—  
 How a feller never knows  
 What he likes best—till it goes?"

C. F. S.

## THE PIOUS FRAUD.

I THINK it's time we were frank  
 about him, he's been a pious fraud for  
 so long. From the first he associated  
 himself with innocent things like nur-  
 sery rhymes, Christmas cards, church  
 bells and crumbs of bread. He would.  
 When he isn't singing about himself  
 he's always arranging to be sung  
 about.

You must realise what he is before  
 you can cope with him. You have to  
 face the fact that he is always *there*. If  
 he's not in the butter-dish he's on the  
 bread-platter or in a poem or in the  
 forefront of a picture. You simply  
 can't keep him out.

He's even been in *Punch*. He ar-  
 ranged to have a poem all about him-  
 self. I'm quite certain he sat on the  
 editorial desk and bathed his feet in the  
 editorial ink and then made songs about  
 it until the thing was settled because  
 of his importunity.

He gets everything by singing, from  
 bread-crumbs to Press notices. He  
 sings so pathetically, the little humbug!  
 Why, you'll find him in your grand-  
 aunt's *Christian Year*. They couldn't  
 keep him out of the Oxford Movement.  
 He gets there every time. But in

spite of his pathos there's a twinkle in his round and shining eye.

Probably you've got one at home, or a legion of them, and you're saying, "Yes, I know. He is like that."

One reads that in ancient Japan a man might be possessed by foxes. But here in modern Britain it is quite common to be possessed by robins. I knew a man who suffered this fate. At last he couldn't call his soul his own because of the robin, so he caught it in a butterfly net, put it, swollen and apoplectic with rage, into his bicycle basket and rode far from home to a green and pleasant spot which a decent robin ought to colonize. But on the far horizon he could discern the tower of his parish church, and the robin discerned it too and was off in full flight before he could mount his bicycle. That robin was sitting on a bush near his front-door making a song about him when he got home. He had to buy it half-a-pound of Marie biscuits as compensation.

I don't quite know if one robin has many manifestations, if he is capable of "split personalities," or if he and his brethren divide the house between them. Perhaps one is bedroom orderly, another head butler, a third pantry boy, a fourth kitchen V.A.D. Certainly there is one who wakes me in the morning if he can't rouse anyone else. He sits on the bedhead and sings a hymn that recalls the nocturnal carollers who entreat Christians to awake on Christmas morning. Then he inspects my bedside books, dares the spaniel to catch him and finally flies very indignantly out of the window.

Another is a firm believer in the "early bird" theory. When I go to a hasty breakfast I find him, as butler, taking samples of butter. Two others, as pantry boy and kitchen V.A.D., are downstairs, I believe, inspecting the pudding and discussing the menu for dinner.

Sometimes a few cousins will meet on a window-sill, and that is real fun. When robin meets robin the fuss is simply Homeric. It's generally about a lady, but sometimes it's about a biscuit crumb. They turn redder than ever, nearly up to their eyes, and their throats swell. They sway to and fro, literally bulging with anger. I don't know why the ground in Springtime isn't strewn with the bodies of rival robins.

But he isn't entirely bad. His house manners are aggressive, but in the garden he is quite pleasant and helpful. He shows hearty approbation of spade-work or weeding. I often feel that no one appreciates my digging as he does. Nothing escapes him. He sits in a bush, a little ball of feathers, and beams



Doctor. "NOW, JUST DROP A LITTLE OF THIS LOTION IN THE EYE—THREE TIMES A DAY,"  
Old Lady. "THANKEE KINDLY. BEFORE OR AFTER MEALS?"

approval. He hops after me, taking a stand-up luncheon as he goes. The border is his buffet. All the time he seems to say, "Well done! What a wonderful gardener you are." No one else says that. And he sings about me, too, exquisite little cadenzas that he shakes out of him when other birds are too self-absorbed to notice me.

Oh, yes! In his right place the robin is an admirable bird.

"Mr. Winston Churchill (who is in Cairo for conferences with Middle East administrators) is painting the Pyramids in his leisure moments."—*Evening Paper*.  
Red, we suppose.

"Cook-General Wanted. Separate bedroom, overlooking tennis lawn. Present cook leaving after 20 years' service."—*Daily Paper*.  
After so long an innings it was only natural that she should wish, for a change, to be the striker-out.



## THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

[The sudden passion which has seized *The Times* for altering and improving London was lightly dealt with last week by Mr. Punch. The graver economic aspects of this admirable scheme are prophetically treated below.]

WHEN commerce had been quite destroyed

And everyone was unemployed  
And shirts were short, and so were  
coals,

And even the unemployment doles  
Cut down to the severest *minima*  
Needful for going to the cinema—  
In April nineteen forty-six,  
When things were in this fearful fix,  
Upon the first day of the moon  
The Government (and none too soon,  
Since everybody in the land  
Was walking up and down the Strand)  
Unearthed a lot of old receipts  
For beautifying London streets.

"I do not think that I should err,"  
Announced the old PRIME MINISTER,  
Playing as usual with the House  
Much as a cat does with a mouse,  
"I do not even think *The Times*  
Will number it amongst my crimes  
If I declare the want of grace  
In this great town, this glorious place,  
Brings shame on our imperial race.  
I know it gives a nasty wrench  
To æsthetes like our friends the French.  
I well remember how the TIGER  
Exclaimed, '*Ma foi!*' at the Quadriga;\*  
And Monsieur BRIAND, though polite,  
Turned paled before the Aldwych site.  
'*Hélas!*' he said to me, 'what is it?'  
Before he pays another visit  
I think we ought to make a start  
And render England safe for Art."

This speech was greeted with great glee  
And everyone said, "I agree,"  
Except Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.

So, following the PREMIER's plan,  
A mighty Conference began,  
When Capital and Labour met  
The Masters of the Chelsea set,  
And Dr. ADDISON was there  
Smiling beneath his silver hair,  
And Dr. MACNAMARA, who  
Was now the Marquis of Napoo,  
And various Departmental pundits  
Who knew about the cost of conduits,  
And ornamental knights and peers  
And sanitary engineers  
Who understood those aggravating  
Things that you get at through a grating,  
And representatives of less  
Malcontent portions of the Press.

And when they saw the strange designs,  
The squares, the dots, the curving lines,

\* AUTHOR'S NOTE.—You say this is a Cockney rhyme? Very likely it is. But am I responsible for what the PREMIER said in 1946?

Lord BURNHAM said to Viscount CLYNES,

"I always felt from earliest youth  
That Truth was Beauty, Beauty Truth;"  
And Viscount CLYNES, his eyes half  
dim

With starting moisture, answered him:  
"There will be no objection now  
From Union leaders, I can vow,  
Not even to working overtime,  
If London can be thus sublime;  
Fears of dilution have no pull  
Against the Vast, the Beautiful."

Straightway a glory took the air;  
New scaffoldings rose everywhere;  
They pulled the street façades about  
And hacked tremendous pieces out;  
The whole of England's teeming race  
Had jobs of some sort round the place,  
While artists in stentorian tones  
Directed them through megaphones.  
They dug the streets up foot by foot,  
They made the railings jazz, they put  
New statues representing Sound  
And Chaos in the Underground,  
And Cubic posters in the sky  
Painted by Mr. ROGER FRAY.  
The lamp-posts leaned in graceful curves  
To dodge the motor-buses' swerves,  
They changed the statues of the kings  
To something quite like EPSTEIN's  
things,  
And even the poor old Albert Hall  
Became a dodecagonal . . .

But when the work was half-way  
through  
And lots and lots remained to do,  
And no one's pipes were re-interred  
A very dreadful thing occurred:  
A boom began in English trade;  
The workmen left the hod, the spade,  
And turned to cotton, coals and steel  
With London still in *deshabille*.

They finished it as best they could  
With chunks of stone and bits of wood  
And odds and ends of various sorts,  
Whilst trading vessels crammed the  
ports.  
The architects were in despair,  
They pulled huge handfuls from their  
hair,  
For London when the job was o'er  
Was even uglier than before;  
Whitehall had only been half planned,  
And nobody could find the Strand,  
And H. G. WELLS's effigy  
Was where KING CHARLES THE FIRST  
should be,  
And the Achilles statue stood  
Close to a pub in Cricklewood  
Surrounded by a rustic bench.  
And, as they stumbled through the  
trench

That once was Oxford Street, the French  
Sustained an even nastier wrench,  
And murmured, "England still prefers  
To be a race of shopkeepers." EVOE.

## TITLES FOR ALL.

CALLING with an introduction at the  
Heralds' College a few days ago, Mr.  
Punch's representative was courteously  
shown into the sanctum of the Vert  
Dragon. Evidences of extreme activity  
were apparent on every side, but the  
eminent functionary graciously swept  
aside his papers and in a brief but ex-  
haustive monologue explained the re-  
markable situation that has arisen.

"Yes," he began in reply to our initial  
query, "it is perfectly true. The busi-  
ness of calling dormant peerages out of  
abeyance has never been prosecuted  
with such feverish energy." Here he  
handed me the latest report from the  
City, wherein we read that, while mar-  
quisates showed a fall of one-sixteenth  
on yesterday's prices, baronies main-  
tained their spotty cheerfulness. Pro-  
ceeding he observed, "I can give you  
no better indication of this remarkable  
movement than the fact that I have re-  
ceived in the last few days no fewer than  
seventeen applications from persons  
who are anxious to set up ermine farms  
and seek information as to the diet,  
exercise, etc., of those interesting ani-  
mals, and the cost of ermine incu-  
bators. But the awakening of dormant  
or hibernating peerages is only part,  
and a negligible part, of the business  
with which we are now deluged. Claims  
for the resuscitation of extinct titles  
occupy by far the most of our time and  
attention.

"Nor need this development excite  
any rude surprise when you consider the  
wide range of romantic nomenclature  
which is available for aspiring mem-  
bers of the neo-Plutocratic class in the  
list given by *Burke*. Take, for example,  
motor-car manufacturers, and you will  
find the Barony of Plugenet, which be-  
came extinct in 1327, and the Barony  
of Pipard, which lapsed about the same  
time. Or take the case of a millionaire  
provision merchant—what finer or more  
appropriate title could be devised than  
that of Baron Gorges, or Baron Bar-  
dolf or Baron Scales, all of them simply  
crying out from the pages of *Burke* for  
revival.

"I am also very glad to think there  
is a reasonable hope that a beneficent  
chemist, who has materially contri-  
buted to the longevity of this generation  
by his compressed and globular reme-  
dies, will shortly be able to assume the  
title of Parr, which expired in 1546;  
and that a famous actor will shortly  
revive the glories of the Barony of  
Playz, which have been dimmed since  
an even earlier date. Strange to say,  
some of the most euphonious titles  
have so far failed to attract attention,  
amongst which I would specially single





"YES, 'E COMES UP TO ME AN' I SEZ, 'OH!'—AN' 'E SEZ, 'OH, IT'S "OH," IS IT?'—AN' I SEZ 'YES, IT IS "OH"!'!"

out the Baronies of Ongley and Peeche, Marmyon and Munchensi, Ongley and Spynie, Thweng, Tibetot, Toni and Turvey. The last-named seems peculiarly adapted to the spirit of the age; and the same remark applies to the Barony of Hoo. Think of the satisfaction of being able to answer the question, 'Who's Hoo?' with the proud reply, 'I am Hoo!'

"The responsibility that rests on the College is considerable, for many of the family mottoes and coats-of-arms have disappeared, and the coinage and designing of new ones impose a considerable tax on our ingenuity. Still, heraldry has its duties as well as its privileges, and it is a great consolation in this unsettled and democratic age to realise that the reaction in favour of titles, so happily inaugurated by the institution of the O.B.E., is now permeating the community and may shortly be expected to win the acceptance of Labour. *Good morning.*"

"The connection between clothes and morality is slight; you could have the wildest of wild oats in a Quaker skirt," said Father — in a discussion on moral gowns for women.

*Daily Paper.*

Surely these cannot be the Quaker oats so much advertised?

### FOOD-TALKS.

I MAY have a gross mind, but I can never understand why it should be such bad table-manners to talk about your food. Give credit where credit is due is what I've always said, and, if a man provides you with duck and green peas, I think you ought to make some acknowledgment of the fact, instead of pretending it would have been just the same if he had given you boiled mutton. Many jokes on the stage are less spiritual and much less artistic than duck and green peas, but it isn't bad form to express one's appreciation by laughing at them.

However, the real argument for talking about your food is that it is such an aid to conversation. In the first place each successive course is a subject ready to hand; it saves all that initial awkwardness and brain-racking; and, in the second place, you will find in practice that the discussion of food, if managed with the proper inconsequence, nearly always leads on to a really good conversation. One or two talks I have had, which began with some frightfully vulgar topic like veal, have ended by being almost painfully high-brow. A man who is equipped with a few bright remarks about all the principal sorts of

dishes which one meets with in this busy round of dining and gaiety need never be at a loss in any company, and may end by being taken for an Editor. For the public good, therefore, I propose to jot down a few good food-openings, which may be elaborated (or not) according to taste;—

#### AT THE OYSTERS.

"Do you like oysters?"

"Not really. But I like all these jolly little throwing-machines. Don't you?"

"Yes; I never know what they are. What's in this one?"

"Don't you know either? I thought everybody knew that except me."

"Nobody does, really. I think it's a sort of peppery stuff. I know it's very hard to hit an oyster with it."

"I've hit one! Are there any pearls in yours?"

"Not many. I was at a restaurant once with an aunt who found a pearl in one of her oysters, and the management said it belonged to them, but she said—"

"Were you really?"

"No, not really—but I thought it would be an amusing thing to say."

"Do you think that justifies a falsehood?"

"A romance, yes. Especially at meals, when things are rather heavy. I mean—well, *you* know . . . After all, that was how HOMER began."

"I suppose he did. I know a man who's just written a poem about Troy."

"Is he one of these Georgians?"

"Yes. Do you like them?"

"Yes, only they seem to me so—how shall I express it?—so awfully Victorian."

"I know what you mean. Modern poetry—"

#### AT THE SOUP.

"Is this turtle?"

"No, it's mulligatawny."

"What beautiful creatures they are! Have you been to the Zoo lately?"

"Yes; but I don't think they've any mulligatawnies there. It's not an animal, you know."

"What is it, then?"

"The word comes from the Tamil (a sort of Indian, you know), and it means pepper-water, I believe."

"I know a man in India."

"Oh, do you? Then, what do you think of Lord READING's appointment?"

#### AT THE FISH.

"Capital sole."

"Yes. It must be boring to be a flat-fish, though."

"Why?"

"I don't know—always going about on one's st—on one's front."

"Ah! but they don't. That shows your ignorance. The sole goes about on its *side*, not its—"

"But isn't the part on top its back?"

"No, that's the other side."

"Then do you mean to say that it swims on its side?"

"Yes—it does side-stroke the whole time. Which side do you swim on?"

"The left, usually. I can't do it on my right side at all."

"Nor can the sole. You never saw a sole lying on its right side, did you?"

"No, I suppose I didn't."

"The turbot can, though. In fact it always does."

"How very *int'resting*!"

"Yes; it's like drawing. Very few people can draw a face facing right; but anybody can do one facing left."

"Do you draw?"

"Not now; I used to. We've got such a rotten drawing-room."

"I think Art's so capital, don't you?"

#### AT THE JOINT.

"I do like new potatoes, don't you?"

"Yes; but I never feel that I *understand* them; do you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, are they just young potatoes, or are they a special kind? If they were left alone would they grow up into ordinary potatoes, or would they still be new potatoes, only large ones?"

"I'm blest if I know. They never seem to teach one that sort of thing at school."

"Are you keen on education?"

"Oh, very."

"He belongs to the herring family officially; but sometimes he's a sprat, like the anchovy, and sometimes he's a pilchard, like the whitebait."

"Look here, I'm getting awfully muddled. I thought a whitebait was a whitebait."

"Well, it isn't; it belongs to the herring family as a rule."

"Do you mean to tell me that when I had whitebait at a restaurant the other day I ate dozens and dozens of *baby herrings*? How awful!"

"Or pilchards—yes. But would it have been less awful if they had been dozens and dozens of grown-up herrings?"

"Yes. I don't know why, but it would."

It seems so cruel, somehow—all those *tiny* little things—"

"Well, if they hadn't been eaten by you they'd have been eaten alive by a mackerel, or a sea-gull, or perhaps a whale; and, if you don't mind my saying so, I'd much rather be eaten dead by you in a decent orderly fashion than be eaten alive by a sea-gull."

"You are very kind. You know, I don't agree with all these artificial distinctions. After all, a fish is a fish—"

"True. When I was working in the East-End—"

A. P. H.

From a weekly paper of March 12th (three days short of the Ides of March):—

"The policy of postponing a decision as to Rhodesia's future form of government until the Ides of March or thereabouts, is apparently to come to an end with the appearance of Mr. Winston Churchill upon the scene."

"Beware the Greek Kalends!" as somebody said to JULIUS CÆSAR.

"A magnificent collection of pictures, of which one of the three authentic copies of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa' is the jem."

Daily Paper.

This treasure has luckily escaped the attentions of the gentleman with the gemmy.

"A town called Glasgow, for which Andrew Aguecheek indignantly demanded the title of 'ceety.'"

Toby Belch's repartee was, of course, "Ma conscience!"

"Good country Generals Disengaged, wages from 6s., some wash."—Provincial Paper. They may keep the others.



SCENE.—Village Fire Brigade Display.

Fireman. "YES, SIR, AS YOU SAYS, OLD WILLUM IS GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR FIRE BRIGADE WORK, BUT WE ALLUS FINDS 'IM A JOB ON THE LEAKY PARTS OF THE 'OSE."

"Do you think a classical training is really any good?"

Professor JOWETT—

#### AT THE SAVOURY.

"What do you suppose this is?"

"Who can tell? I fancy one of those anchovies has got into it somehow."

"What *is* an anchovy? Is it a sort of sea-weed, or what?"

"No, it's a sort of fish; in fact it *is* a fish. I knew a man who kept an anchovy once. It belongs to the herring family."

"Is it the same as a sprat?"

"No; sprats are sprats—*Clupea Sprattus* is the scientific name—they belong to the herring family. But small sprats are very often disguised as anchovies."

"That's what makes the anchovies so bitter, I suppose. What's a sardine, then?"



*Bandy-legged Profiteer (to tailor who is apparently making allowance for exceptional curve). "ERE, STOP THAT! THESE MAKE 'EM STRAIGHT. I'LL BEND 'EM."*

### EAST AND WEST—A LAY OF LEAVE;

WHEREIN COMPARISON IS MADE OF TWO STYLES OF HOCKEY.

'Twas yesterday my feet were made to tread  
Yon English green where men with ball and stick  
Sported in friendly rivalry a while,  
And an old man whose face was like a brick  
Spake me a word that drew the tearful smile—  
"Ockey it be," he said.

And, gazing on that orderly array  
Of kindly souls competing as by rule,  
I could have laughed and said, "My dear old fool,  
It isn't." For my thoughts were far away.

Eastward away upon a dismal plain  
Of laterite compact and stones and sand,  
Whereon there sprang no generous blade of green  
Nor aught save arid goal-posts, but a band  
Of homicides disported in a scene  
Of horror and of pain;

And I amongst them, and my knees were skinned,  
Sodden and soiled my garb, and to my tongue  
Unutterable objurgations clung;  
And *that* was hockey—as it was in Hind.

Ah, mouldy little *maidan* in the sun,  
Furnace and slough by turns, yet cradle still  
Of strange enduring fellowships, how much  
We owed these evenings when we met to kill  
Dull time—or one another—till the touch  
Of nature made us one!

How strove we then in single-hearted bliss,  
Forest and Jail, Police and Engineer!

Ah, my old warriors of yesteryear,  
What would you make of "hockey" such as this?

Surveying now this skilled but bloodless game,

"How different from the Orient," I mused,  
"Where never whistle's monitory blast

Went uncontested and where men refused  
To quit the field when ordered off at last;

How different save in name!  
How foreign seems yon centre in his style  
After old Groggs of the Reserve Police,  
Who cleft the foemen like a flock of geese,  
Rude as a reindeer, blundering as a *byle*!"

Here is no stick improperly upraised,  
No trip, no ill-intentioned under-cut,  
No riven law, no violated rule;

Yet I remember how at Mandalput  
The day "The Station" battled with "The School"—  
And yon, the Lord be praised—

Four stricken men were carried from the spot;  
Groggs broke his nose and I put out my knee,  
And Grouse, the jailer, smote the referee;  
*That* was the stuff to give them, was it not?

Well, "East is East, and West—" you know the tag.

For Groggs and Grouse and all that motley clan  
Of dear stout-hearted swipers still the crude  
Unpolished method serves, the simple plan,  
The good old maxim, "Though the ball elude,

Swipe on, you still may bag  
The man." Ay, East is East, and here the tide  
Of leave ebbs fast; I will return and shine  
On some red *maidan* in the forward line  
As First Assassin on the Station side.

H. B.



SCENE.—A large "At Home"; introduction effected.

*First Doctor's Wife (of Harley Street).* "AND DO YOU LIVE NEAR US?"

*Second Doctor's Wife.* "OH, NO; WE LIVE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD."

*First Doctor's Wife (reflectively).* "ST. JOHN'S WOOD—OH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD. HOW NICE IT MUST BE IN THE SPRINGTIME!"

### AN ECHO OF OUR BELGIANS.

THE hotel page handed the letter to John; he glanced at it and pushed it across the breakfast-table. The fine pointed handwriting stared up at me. It was unmistakably from the Van Steckelmans, our War Belgians.

"Better finish your kedgeree first," John suggested with a forced cheerfulness. "After you have opened it it may be too late."

I picked up the envelope and played with it nervously.

"She can't be bringing Bobo and Adèle to England for their Easter holidays. If she does I simply can't go back to London and open the house for them, as I did two years ago. Once is enough."

John helped himself to eggs and bacon and then turned his attention to me.

"If it wasn't for the Belgians," he said heavily, "we wouldn't—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that; the Germans would have been in Paris, and Maud and Mabel would have had to sing 'Deutschland über Alles' and wear pig-tails; but all the same I think we have done our duty by the Van Steckelmans. They spent three years with us—Monsieur, Madame, their parents, and Bobo and Adèle. Nobody could have accused us of being inhospitable. They had all the best rooms in the house; the place practically belonged to them. We ate nothing but foreign messes all the time.

I even gave up mint-sauce because it offended them, and I changed servants once a month. Last time they came it was in the middle of our Summer holidays, and now—Easter."

John leant forward and patted my hand with aggravating good-humour.

"Why not burn the letter without reading it?" he suggested, beaming at his own intelligence. "Heaps of letters get lost in the post."

"No, I won't," I answered irritably. "I'll know the worst right away."

I tore open the envelope. It was only an Easter card, and on it was written: "*De la part de la famille Van Steckelman,*" and underneath in gold letters, tastefully wreathed in forget-me-nots:—

"ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL."

"A special camel was loaded with Mr. Churchill's canvases, easel and paints. Shortly after Mr. Churchill was thrown from his camel." *Daily Paper.*

That will "learn" him to use camel's-hair brushes.

"Mr. McCurdy told a reporter that the liquidation of the Ministry [of Food] is proceeding as rapidly as possible and should be completed in time, although the final accounts may take a little longer." *Daily Paper.*

We do trust they won't lap over into eternity.



### THE NEW SEVEN.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "I'M AFRAID IT'LL BE DIFFICULT TO FILL YOUR PLACE IN THE BOAT."

MR. BONAR LAW. "OH, YOU'LL FIND STROKE AN EASY MAN TO FOLLOW."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "SO LONG AS THE BOW SIDE DON'T TRY TO PULL ME ROUND!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, March 21st.*—The Peers listened with interest, but without enthusiasm, to a long debate on the reform of their own House. In theory they all want it for various reasons, some of them quite incompatible with one another. Lord SELBORNE, for example, desires "a restoration of the powers which every real Second Chamber possesses," chiefly in order to prevent the Labour Party from making "ghastly experiments" in revolutionary legislation. Lord BRYCE would enable it to secure time for the proper reconsideration of measures, but not so as to resist the declared will of the people. According to Lord HALDANE the Labour Party had ceased, since he gave it his blessing, to have any terrors. His advice was, "Don't be in a hurry;" and Lord CURZON, while declaring himself an ardent reformer, showed a suspicious readiness to take it. He pointed out that the Cabinet Committee on the question had been quite unable to complete its labours. Mr. BALFOUR had been busy with the League of Nations; Mr. CHURCHILL also (a slightly equivocal phrase this) "had been taken away in the interests of the State." Besides there was no public enthusiasm on the subject. He had received a few resolutions, suspiciously alike in date and contents, from Conservative Associations. What

return to the stage on which he was for so long the leading figure in order to suggest that Lord SELBORNE's demand for legislation would be acceptable if the words "at the earliest possible moment" were substituted for "during the current session." This was readily

change the Treasury Bench for the Judicial; should he do so DARLING J. will have to look to his laurels. There were continuous ripples of laughter as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, with his silken voice and neatly-turned phrases, disposed of a succession of persistent hecklers. He reminded me of a well-bred cat playing with too venturesome mice — first a purr, and then a pat, and finally *exit mus (ridiculus)*. Mr. Punch's artist, however, sees him as a graceful hornet.

An expenditure of twelve thousand pounds on an official history of the Ministry of Munitions struck the House as rather extravagant. Even Mr. HOPE's explanation that it might be very useful in the next war was not considered conclusive; while his confession that there are a good many things in it which it might not be judicious to give Members themselves to read increased the atmosphere of suspicion. They could hardly be more startling than some of the stories which Captain LOSEBY subsequently told regarding the manner in which the Ministry, when *in articulo mortis*, had liquidated its accounts.

*Tuesday, March 22nd.*—Certain newspapers have described the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Bill as setting up a new Star Chamber. Lord MUIR MACKENZIE did not go that far, but thought it unwise to put such very large powers into the hands of the House of Commons alone, and suggested some far-reaching Amendments. The LORD CHANCELLOR



Mr. Winston Churchill (on his dahabeah). "AWFULLY ROUGH ON POOR DAVID IN THESE TRYING TIMES THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN 'TAKEN AWAY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE STATE.'"

agreed to; and so the question which years ago, according to Mr. ASQUITH, "brooked no delay," resumed its intermitted slumbers.

The chief event in the House of Commons was the appearance of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN fresh from his election as Leader of the Unionist Party. Members cheered and waved their Order Papers; colleagues crowded round with congratulations, and Sir DONALD MACLEAN wished him luck in the "difficult and trying task," to whose trials and difficulties it will presently be his duty as an Opposition Leader to endeavour to add.

At Question-time Members were surprised to hear the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, super-man though he be, deplore his inability to grapple with London traffic—a task which Robert can perform with one hand.

Sir J. D. REES, having failed to defeat the liquor regulations by frontal attack, tried a flank movement, and asked the PRIME MINISTER if he was aware that in Prohibitionist America beer and whisky were allowed to be taken as medicines, and could he see his way to obtaining for the people of this country a larger supply?

It is uncertain as I write whether Sir GORDON HEWART is going to ex-

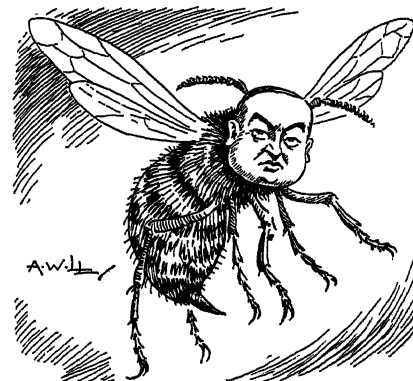


Sir J. D. REES. "BRING ME A SMALL PHARMACOPŒIA."

House of Commons Waiter (promptly). "Yes, Sir—and a small soda?"

he missed, we inferred, were public processions, with banners inscribed, "Vote for Veto" and "Leave us still our Old Nobility."

Lord LANSDOWNE made a momentary



THE GORDON HORNET GETS BUSY.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

at first protested, as any mere layman might have done, that there was no need to worry, since the intentions of the Government were strictly honourable. But the lawyer part of him quickly reas-



### AN EASTER OUTING.

*The Owner.* "AS I'VE EXPLAINED TO YOU DOZENS OF TIMES, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS YOU STICK TO THE SHIP."

serted itself, and he agreed to nearly all the emendations proposed.

The Post-Office, so Mr. PIKE PEASE stated, is willing to sell the telephone-system in the Isle of Man to the insular Government "at a reasonable price." It is rumoured that the price would have been even more reasonable if, in addition to the telephones, the island were prepared to take over the POSTMASTER-GENERAL as well.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, having decided to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and hand over to somebody else (name unknown, but Mr. BALDWIN strongly tipped) the honour of introducing the next Budget, was unwontedly cheerful. To Sir C. OMAN, who accused him of being a manufacturer of base coin—from an artistic point of view—he was almost skittish; while the biting sentence with which he replied to a "pushing young particle" who essayed to teach him his business was accompanied by a smile that took any venom out of it.

By way of disarming criticism on the Trade Agreement with Russia the PRIME MINISTER said that hitherto all the predictions made about that country had failed; and he might have added that a good many of them were his own. To-night he was in an almost pro-Bolshevik mood and commended to the attention of the Trades Union Congress the recent speeches of LENIN, "a very able man." Colonel JOHN WARD, whose mind is not quite so agile as the PRIME

MINISTER's, was tactless enough to recall some of LENIN's earlier activities.

*Wednesday, March 23rd.*—The House of Commons sees a great deal, but hears very little, of Lord EDMUND TALBOT. It assumes that he has a sense of humour, for no Chief Whip could sustain the drudgery of his calling without one, and this afternoon it had oral evidence of the fact. Having announced that shortly after Easter the House would be called upon to tackle the Key Industries Bill, he was asked whether that measure constituted the anti-dumping legislation that had been promised. He replied, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had "a shrewd suspicion that it is another name for it."

Seeking a nice fresh topic to discuss on the eve of the holidays, Mr. ACLAND bethought himself of Ireland. If he had nothing highly original to say he said it, on the whole, very fairly, though his assertion that the Black-and-Tans were composed of all the bad characters among the demobilised suggests that his acquaintance with that force is more peculiar than extensive. At any rate it was not endorsed by Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who said that the Black-and-Tans had nearly all been absorbed into the R.I.C., and that the Auxiliaries—often confused with them—were a fine body of men who ought to be given a better organisation.

It is so unusual in these days to hear anybody say a good word for the Irish Administration that Major JAMESON (a

member of the Scottish branch of a family whose praise is in nearly every mouth) almost startled one with the assertion that his working-men constituents in Scotland still entertained the old-fashioned notion that the murderer, and not the policeman, was the criminal, and that they were much better pleased with the Government policy than they were a year ago, when the Sinn Fein writ ran over the greater part of Ireland. As for Mr. ACLAND's suggestion that the Government should enter into unconditional negotiations with Dail Eireann, and meanwhile proclaim a truce, he would have none of it. "You can't call *Pax* with a rattle-snake!"

*Thursday, March 24th.*—Parliament adjourned till Monday, April 4th—a very short holiday for a tale of work that in old days would have occupied an entire Session.

"MILLION AND A HALF WILL SUIT."  
*Headline in Evening Paper.*

Even a million would suit us nicely.

There was a disciple of MARX  
Who expounded his views in the parks;  
Said a passing Boorjwaw:  
"Well, it's work for his jaw,  
And a dog never bites when he barks."

"At Barnes Bridge a London R.C. scratch crew, stoked by J. E. S. Temple, took on the Oxonians."—*Daily Paper.*

But ought mechanical pace-makers to be allowed?



*Young Lady.* "Who's that tall distinguished-looking man standing by the fireplace?"

*Dowager.* "My nephew. Lives in the country all the year round. Never comes to London if he can help it."

*Young Lady.* "Oh, but you must introduce me to him. I simply adore savages."

### THE HUMAN TOUCH.

In reply to a complaint I made recently with regard to the non-delivery of a letter, I have to-day received a postcard from the G.P.O. This card was printed throughout and in every way so eminently official that I was about to destroy it when I saw, pre-facing the reference number, the magic letters "R.L.S."

A glance at the printed signature, "R. BRUCE," enlightened me. Your dour Scot has always a sentimental joint in his armour, and here was Sir ROBERT BRUCE using the initials of his glorious compatriot, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, as the distinguishing mark of his musty department.

Examining the text with awakened interest I received the impression that Sir ROBERT was perhaps influenced by the style of the master. His imitation has at least the faultless English of the original, and there is also that lack of spring which some critics claim to observe in those passages which R.L.S. wrote and re-wrote so many times:—"I have to acknowledge the receipt of

your application of the 13th inst. and to inform you that the matter is receiving attention."

Another point of interest is that the signature of "R. BRUCE" is ruled through and that of "C. C. SANDERSON" printed alongside, from which it would appear that the latter has taken over the department and is at present using up the stock of Sir ROBERT's cards. (This economy is a bad show-up for the anti-waste brigade.) While I am of opinion that the change is to be regretted because the name of ROBERT BRUCE and the legend it recalls cannot but be inspiring to claimants like myself, yet I await with impatience the appearance of a postcard of Mr. SANDERSON's own composition. This also, I imagine, will be in the style of STEVENSON, because each retiring Controller, in passing on the torch to the next Scotsman, would assuredly hand over as well the departmental initials "R.L.S." So that it is possible that I may one day receive from Mr. SANDERSON a postcard couched in the racy language of *Long John Silver*: "I'll come up alongside your missing letter, hand over hand, and

broach it to in a brace of old shakes. And you may lay to that."

Or again, Mr. SANDERSON may be inspired to express himself in the manner of STEVENSON's *Child's Garland of Verses*:—

SIR,—In reply to your communication of the 27th ultimo:—

It's very sad that day by day  
Important letters steal away;  
They never leave the slightest trace  
To indicate their hiding-place.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C. C. SANDERSON, *Controller*.

If Mr. SANDERSON in any way comes up to my expectations I shall keep in touch during his term of office, and thereafter nothing shall induce me to drop the topic of my missing letter until I have worked my way through a whole dynasty of Scottish Chiefs of this department.

\* \* \* \* \*  
My wife, who has a heavy hand with most of my illusions, has been endeavouring to convince me that "R.L.S." is merely a Post-Office abbreviation for "Returned Letter Section."

### "THE MERMAID'S NEW HAT."

IT is said that all trials and tribulations can be met with philosophy if the sufferer continually reminds himself of worse ones. By the judicious use of comparison every misfortune can be lightened. When therefore I ask for a number on the telephone and, after waiting for some hours (as it seems), I get the wrong one, I do not rave and misbehave and say that the Post Office gets more casual and deplorable every day; I merely draw on my reserves of patience and recall the incident, some years ago, of the new novel and the rural delay; and this incident is narrated here in the hope that others who are made to writhe under Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S incapables may find comfort in it too and keep their hair on.

I was staying in a remote English village when one morning came a letter from a friend, a budding author.

"I am sending you in a day or two," he wrote, "an advance copy of my book. It is called *The Mermaid's New Hat*, and I will trouble you to let me know how it strikes you. Don't play the old game of saying you will lose no time in reading it. I want praise, not thanks; but if you can't praise it tell me what is wrong."

Books written by friends are not always the most welcome form that literature can take, but as, owing to much rain, I had already worked through all the volumes I had brought, I was ready for this one.

But it did not come. Instead, however, after a while came the brown paper in which it had been packed, with my name and address and stamps and post-marks duly upon it, marked "Contents missing"; and on the first fine day I walked over to the post-office, a distant cottage kept by an old man and his wife, to describe the "missing contents" and endeavour to get them back.

Having covered the miles to the top of the hill on which the hamlet perched, I sank wearily into the post-office's only chair and asked the old lady behind the counter for the necessary form to fill up. As I was completing the operation an old man, her husband, came in chuckling. He had a book in one hand and his pipe in the other. He did not see me.

"There you are," he said, giving her the book. "I've just finished it. It's a good yarn. If nobody comes to claim it you'd better have a go at it too."

It was then that I stood up.

"Morning," he said.

Seeing that the title of the book was *The Mermaid's New Hat*, I tore up the form I had been filling.

"This is the book I came to inquire about," I said to the old lady.

"Well, if that isn't a co-ince!" said the old man.

"The wrapper was delivered with nothing in it," I said. "I'm staying at St. Ivo's, you know."

"That's right," said the old man (Mr. ILLINGWORTH, who is a humourist, would, I suppose, call him a postmaster.) "Must have come adrift in the bag. We thought we'd better keep it until someone came about it."

"I see," I said, adding ironically, "Among all the empty wrappers and loose books that morning you couldn't tell which was which, could you?"

"But what a co-ince," he repeated to his wife, wholly disregarding my attack, "for me to be bringing it in just when the gentleman was filling up the form."

I don't know which is worse: to be kept from one's own property for a week, or to have one's sarcasm wasted.

"If you've quite finished with it," I said, "I'll take it away with me."

"Yes," he said, "I have."

"Do you read much?" I asked.

"Yes, that he does," said his wife. "Whenever there's anything to read he reads it."

"And quickly?" I asked.

"No, he's not quick," she said; "but he's thorough; and when he's finished he tells them all to me."

"Not all," said the old man—"not all, by any means. Some of the books now are not proper. But this one, yes. You'll enjoy this one. It's all nonsense, of course, but I couldn't help laughing. There's a wonderful funny bit where the diver (he's the hero) tries to explain to the mermaid that his mask isn't his real face. But she can't hear, and couldn't understand if she did; and the nearer he gets with his great goggle eyes the more she's terrified and the louder he shouts."

"Is that what you were laughing at so heartily on Sunday?" his wife asked.

"Yes, that was it." (This, I should state, was Thursday.) "Well, you've got a good yarn there," he repeated, "and I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"Are you quite certain you wouldn't like to read it too?" I asked the old lady. "After all, having waited so long for it, I might as well wait longer."

"Oh, no; thank you very kindly," she replied. "And as for waiting for it we did have some thoughts of sending it over to you, just to see if it might be yours by any chance."

\* \* \* \* \*

That is the story, and to this hour I don't know whether *The Mermaid's New Hat* honestly and accidentally came apart from its brown-paper covering or if they were deliberately divorced by the old peruser's pocket-knife. But

it is a useful experience to recall when the girl says, "No Replay," and you know that she has never rung at all.

That evening I wrote to the budding author. I told him that *The Mermaid's New Hat* was incomparably the best novel I had ever been prevented from reading by a village postmaster.

E. V. L.

### DEFINITIONS FROM A SCOTS DICTIONARY.

*Sporran*.—The indicator hung in front of the kilt to let the wearer know whether he is going or coming.

*Cairngorm*.—The name given to the stone-pile or cairn erected by the Scot over the grave of his mother-in-law. The longer she has lived with him the larger does he feel it his duty to build the cairngorm. For greater security many a Scot has been known to spend the remainder of his life on the stone-pile.

*Highland Brogues*.—The different forms of dialect spoken in Scotland.

*Haggis*.—A wild animal of the hog variety, which frequents lonely Highland glens and sequestered Burns Anniversary Celebrations. Very ferocious. Its bite causes hydrophobia.

*Burns Anniversary Celebrations*.—A good excuse.

*Tearing the Tartan*.—A weird ceremony, generally performed in churches outside of Scotland by ministers who can "talk the two talks" in two different languages. It is a mark of great respect to the Highlander, and its performance is the final test of a minister's ability to preach.

*Porridge*.—An inexpensive concoction taken before meals for the purpose of preventing over-eating. Peculiar to the Scot.

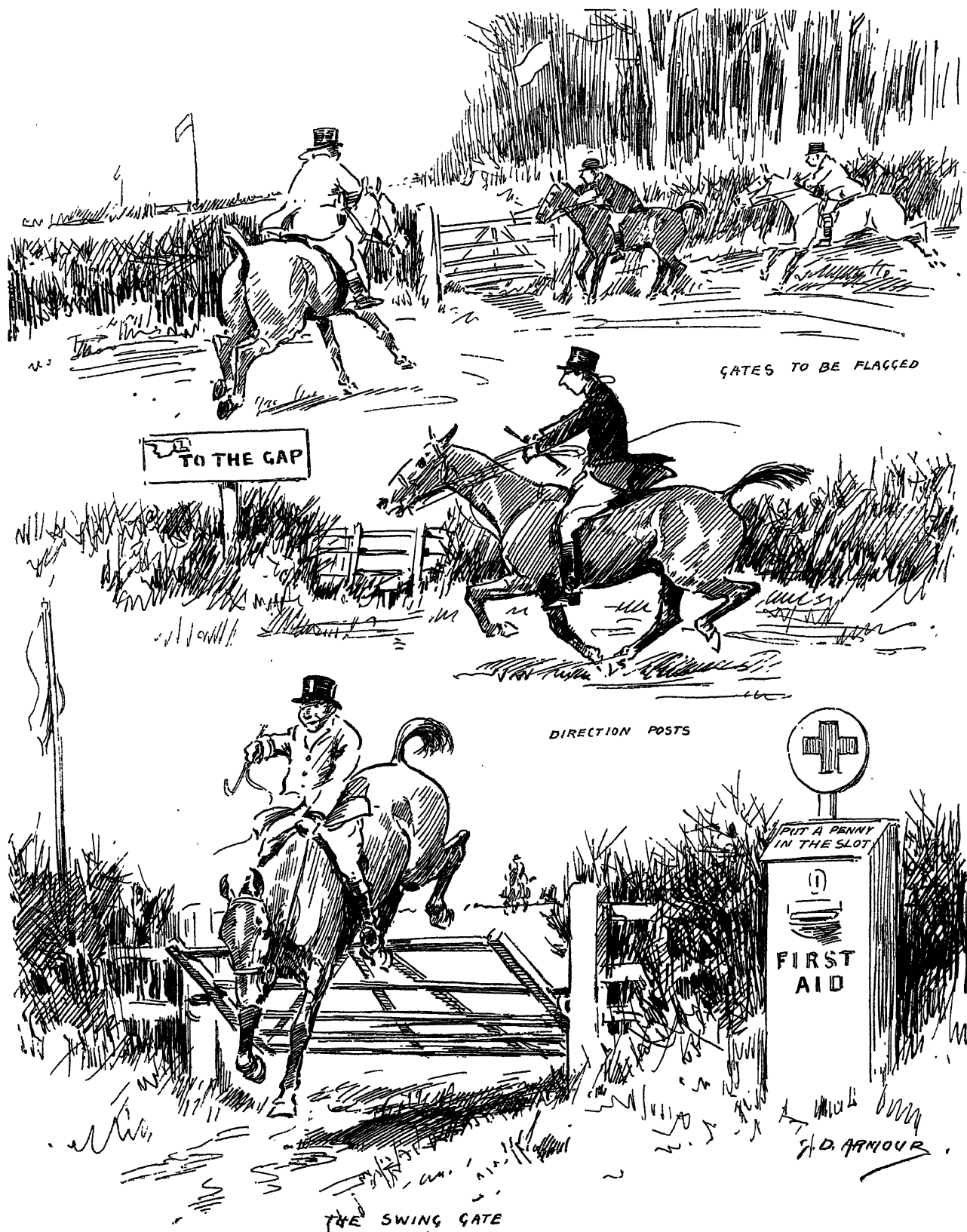
*Claymore*.—The Gaelic word for Balmoral Bonnet. When the word is spelt with a capital C it conveys that the Balmoral Bonnet has a red "toorie" on top. When it is not, it signifies that it has not.

*Toorie*.—This is a central point on a Balmoral Bonnet, round which the bonnet rotates. When there is no "toorie" on the bonnet the Highlander does the rotating and the bonnet remains stationary. It is a breach of Highland etiquette to wear a "toorie" at a Highland gathering, a marriage or a funeral.

*Highland Gathering*.—The red swelling on the point of a Scotsman's nose brought on by playing the bagpipes.

*Bagpipes*.—A sucking bottle or bag, manufactured from haggis skins and used for holding whisky.

*Drones*.—The tubes through which the whisky is sucked. So called from the sound made by the Highlander in the performance of this duty.



### HUNTING MADE EASY.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS (FROM A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN) CALCULATED TO POPULARISE THE CHASE AND FILL SOME LONG-FELT WANTS.



## THE OLD HOUND.

"It makes my hackles rise to hear the Field scoffing at the Huntsman one day and blaming the hounds the next when scent is so bad that neither of us can do anything;" and the Old Hound walked stiffly round a couple of newly-entered puppies, his stern held at the most correct and dignified curve.

"Still, you know our Huntsman is a bit long in the toes," babbled the puppies. "How could we guess that hare was going to get up in the way yesterday? We thought it was the line of a fox all the time."

The Old Hound clambered on to the bench, growling to himself, "I'll wager the best scenting-day I ever hope to have that you'll know the difference next time."

The puppies sulked in the obstinate way of young things when their faults are pointed out, but the Old Hound turned round three times in the rustling straw, got it to his mind and then lay down and quietly went to sleep.

The following day was an important meet and a morning worthy of it. "Scent'll be red-hot to-day," the puppies gave tongue excitedly as they bounded out of the kennel-yard. The Old Hound held his head up out of reach of their demonstrativeness. "Get together there, and don't forget you've got to keep up the best traditions of hunting," he growled warningly. The puppies were still excited, but had taken their places obediently behind the Huntsman, and the pack were now trotting easily along the broad road with a Whip in front and another behind.

"The sooner you young-uns know what the traditions of this Hunt are the better," snapped the Old Hound shortly. "Every hound's got to work, but he must remember he's working for the pack and not only for himself. The pack's the thing, and the pack can never be any good if there are skitters in it. Wind me?"

At the meet the curiosity of the puppies led them to gaze and wander about in a way not at all approved by the Old Hound. He stalked solemnly up and down, keeping them in check, but always with one eye on the Huntsman, and at the first sign of a move he was back in his place with a warning growl to the less attentive. At the Hunts-

man's "Try in, good hounds!" he was the first that dashed into cover, and the puppies—all subdued eagerness now—followed him. This way and that they drew the cover under the Old Hound's guidance, and when a fox flashed past and the young entry spoke excitedly he took command at once.

"Get behind him! Make him break to the south; the open country's before him then."

And break to the south the stout old fox did, after the puppies had been rated severely once or twice, though even as the long red body with its white-tagged brush slipped out of cover there came a savage "Don't head him, you fool!" from the Old Hound. But at last the horn told he was well away and the whole pack came tumbling out in answer to it, led by the Old Hound.

"Down! get down to it!" he warned

"What's that fool halloaing about?" growled the Old Hound. "We've got the line; get down to it and follow me. Tow-tow-tow!" and on they went.

At the next check the Huntsman was with them again. Most of the pack threw up on a cold bit of plough, but the Old Hound kept his nose to the ground and tried perseveringly.

"Good old man, you're worth the rest of them all put together." The Huntsman cheered him on as he touched the line here and there, though not enough to speak to. And the Old Hound glowed with pleasure and pride; it was not easy to win praise from the Huntsman, as he well knew. The pack came to him at the Huntsman's cheer and followed slowly right across the wide plough. One or two of the puppies were very doubtful of his leading, but the Huntsman's "Well done, old man!"



Goalkeeper. "ERE—STEADY ON! MY WATCH IS IN THAT GOAL-POST."

a beautiful bit of hunting," and the sudden burst of scent that set them all speaking loudly on the grass, changed their views in a flash.

"Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Hui-eee! Worry-worry-worry!" as they raised their fox from the next hedgerow—limp now and trailing his brush—and bowled him over inside forty yards.

The Old Hound was the centre of an admiring group in kennels that night. "By the stern of my grandsire

I'll speak to your line after this! My dam was first at Peterborough three times, but she told me a nose that could carry a line on a cold plough was worth every winner that ever walked the flags."

The Old Hound drooped his ears and smiled tolerantly. "Any hound can hunt that means business," he growled softly to hide his satisfaction. "Hunting's what's made the country, boys, and it's up to the hounds to keep it there! Do you wind me?"

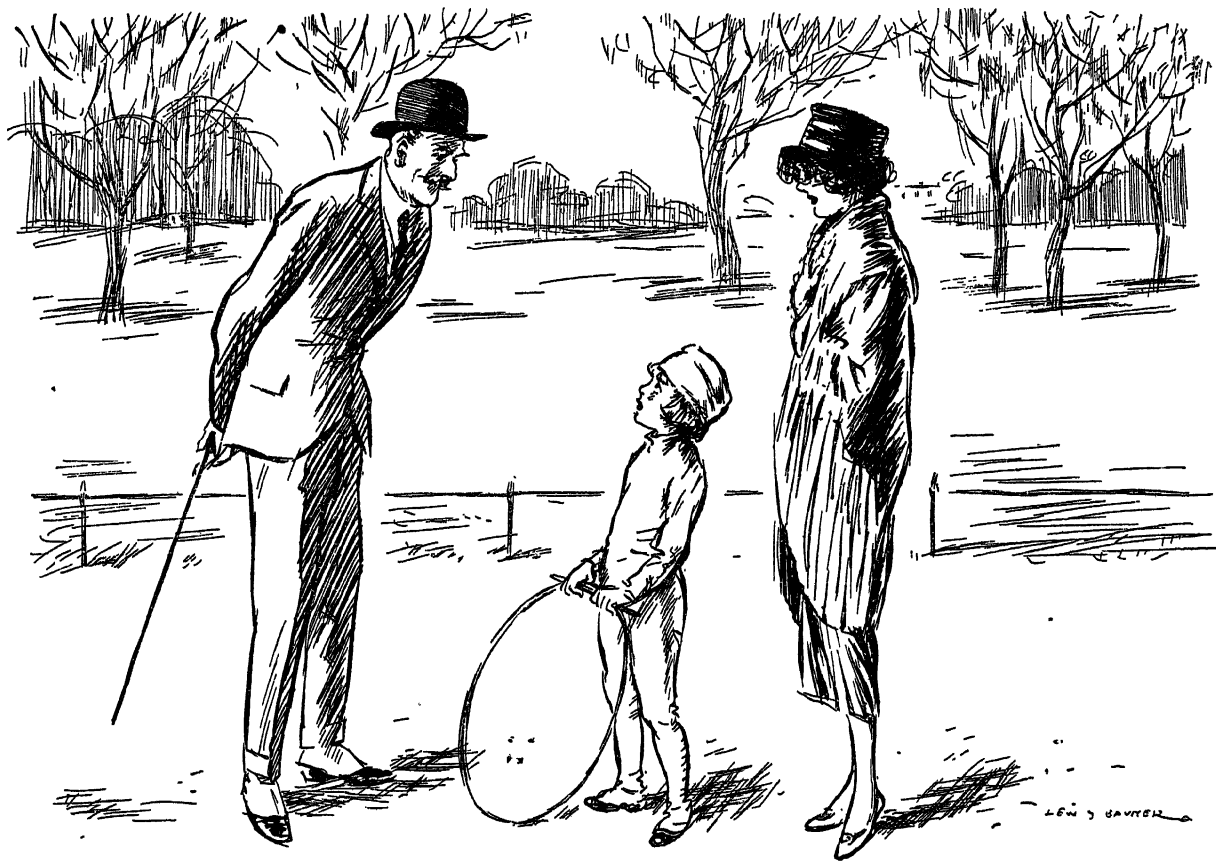
A chorus of assent came from every side. The Old Hound began to turn round in the straw, but before he lay down he gave tongue loudly: "And it's worth it, boys—don't head that—it's worth it—the Old Country!"

### H.R.H.'s Double.

"The Prince is likely to visit one of the hospitals, Vickers' works, and one or two of His Royal Highness will spend the whole day in Sheffield."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

We have long wondered how H.R.H. managed to keep so many engagements.





"AND HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW BROTHER?"  
 "WHY DON'T YOU SEND HIM BACK AGAIN?"

"NOT MUCH. HE TAKES UP ALL MUMMIE'S AND NANNIE'S TIME."  
 "I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T. YOU SEE, WE'VE USED HIM."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HOPE no impatient reader will allow himself to fling aside *The Cotton Broker* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in its early chapters because of a certain hesitation displayed by Mr. JOHN OWEN over the setting out of his pieces. To do so would be to miss one of the most vigorous and interesting stories of business life that I remember. A tale of expanding fortunes and of the hero who rises from messenger to senior partner must always have a direct, perhaps rather primitive, appeal for us all. "There," we say, "but for circumstances, goes . . ." Fortunately, perhaps, Mr. OWEN has not shirked the less engaging aspects of commercial apotheosis—friendships broken, occasion not too honourably seized, jealousy provoked. More subtly he has shown, through the eyes of a clear-sighted wife, what kind of mark the unending combat must leave upon such a victor as *Crossford*; in other words, how the juggernaut habit has a trick of carrying itself into private life, so that, to take a trivial example, where those whom easy custom had assured beforehand of the respect of a head-waiter would enjoy a pleasant luncheon without fighting for it, the unconquerable one must first, so to speak, strew the restaurant with vanquished foes. I will not attempt to follow in detail a fascinating plot of triumph and failure and again triumph. The climax, though it turns upon a technicality probably more impressive to the expert than the layman, provides some chapters, different in key to the rest, of a cleverly-held suspense which convinced me that in Mr. OWEN we have a

writer from whom much may be expected. Meanwhile he has given us one of the most readable novels of the season.

If from the title of *The Poisoner* (GRANT RICHARDS) you should suppose yourself confronted with the thrills of melodrama you would be in error. Mr. GERARD CUMBERLAND has a more subtle aim. His story, clever and unsparing, is really a two-fold study, first of alcoholism, second of the influence of a secretly debased personality upon the art produced by it. If you say that this hardly sounds a cheerful theme, I can only answer that presumably such was not the intention. The artist in this case was one *Martin Stavart*, a composer of very modern music, in which (for all its cleverness and beauty) the critics detected always an under-suggestion of the horrible. *Martin* was also a dipsomaniac. As a study of struggle and craving and of the megalomania resultant from alcohol, I have hardly read the equal of some of Mr. CUMBERLAND's chapters; reprinted they might be used as propaganda with an effect nothing short of terror. I shall not anticipate for you the upshot of the conflict. *The Poisoner* (about which title you may take your choice, as a reference to *Martin* poisoning his public with unhealthy music, or himself with whisky) is certainly a book to be read. One word however of complaint. To anyone familiar with the queer, very individual country bordering the estuary of the Ribble, Mr. CUMBERLAND's topography was already sufficiently obvious, even without his practice of giving the real names of places at a sufficient distance from his centre. It was surely therefore a futile reticence that led him to employ so transparent a

disguise for Fairhaven and Lytham. But this is a small criticism on a tale of unusual force.

I can sincerely congratulate Mr. HAMILTON FYFE on having evolved for his new book, *The Widow's Crusade* (PARSONS), a situation of genuine comedy very deftly and engagingly worked out. Florence was the entirely unliterary wife of Everard, a capable income-producing journalist with secret aspirations towards better work. He had also a friend, Lewis Dane, a novelist of vast popularity, with no aims beyond comfort and a knighthood. Florence naturally admired Dane, who represented to her the crown of the pen-driving profession; to such extent indeed did she ram him down the throat of poor Everard that the latter took to going off and reading his secret masterpieces to the appreciative ears of Lady Margaret, who did at least know a good thing when she heard it. Presently he went even further, and perished in a Polar expedition which he had joined as journalist, leaving Dane his literary executor. Then of course the fun begins (though to put it in this way emphasises what I felt throughout to be the rather too contented attitude of everyone towards poor Everard's end). The masterpieces are unearthed and forced by the much-impressed Dane, now engaged to Florence, upon his own very "live" publisher. The result is triumph without end or measure; and, for Everard's widow and presumed inspirer, boom beyond all hoping. I shall not say how this ingeniously twisted triangle (for naturally Lady Margaret, the genuine "onlie begetter," is not slow to assert her rights) is straightened. Perhaps the end is a shade less convincing than the rest; but the tale as a whole is sustained at a level of high comedy, vastly refreshing and by no means so easy as it is made to appear.

It would seem that there is some case for decision at the bar of public opinion as to the unpleasant events that befell on the Somme front during the great German push. Mr. W. SHAW SPARROW, learned counsel for General Sir HUBERT GOUGH and the troops under his command, presents, in *The Fifth Army in March, 1918* (LANE), a statement of the matter, which shows, as convincingly as learned counsel's argument should, that whereas G.H.Q., Whitehall, and the Third Army may have been all more or less at fault, his clients stand to be exonerated. Frankly I doubt whether public opinion proposes to blame any party except those astute enemy commanders who contrived to accumulate a huge preponderance of men on a narrow front; but certainly, if it be really true, as the author states, that the Fifth Army has been made a scapegoat, then it is only just, for the sake of the brave men who fought in it, that the matter should be cleared up. The writer seems so well able to do it that one is even prepared to admit oneself convinced, provided of course that some other counsel does not come along and

demolish all Mr. SPARROW's case, and always stipulating that it is only with the rightness of General GOUGH's forces, not with the wrongness of anyone else, that we are concerned. Provisionally then I suggest that you should read this book to be satisfied, if you ever doubted it, not only that the Fifth Army was most admirably handled under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, but also that it did more, and not less, than its full share in the holding up of the Hun. I cannot pretend that the volume makes particularly light or intriguing literature, but, being summoned to serve on the jury, you must hear the argument.

I frankly confess (without any desire to boast about it) that if it were not for the fact that KNUT HAMSUM was a NOBEL prize-winner (1920) I should not have been tremendously impressed by *Hunger* (DUCKWORTH), translated out of the Norwegian by "GEORGE EGERTON." It is a story, related in the first person, of a young journalist who is actually delirious from starvation for many days, or series of days with brief intervals, in Christiania, his need made

the more desperate by the pride which sought to conceal his state from everyone, friend and stranger alike. I should have been inclined to say that the subject was too painful, that it was impossible to test the truth or even the plausibility of the presentation of such an extreme pathological condition, and that anyway some essential quality had evaporated in translation. On the other hand, a novelist of "GEORGE EGERTON's" reputation does not undertake the desperate and indeed heroic labour of translating another's work without good warrant. So I cannot even fall back

for justification of my lack of enthusiasm upon the fact that the original was written twenty years ago.

Mr. ARCHIBALD HURD's *The Merchant Navy*, Vol. I. (MURRAY) is based on official documents and written by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. It comes to us then with high authority, and Mr. HURD's name is enough to assure us that full advantage has been taken of the information placed at his disposal. My only doubt about his book, which must find a place in any self-respecting library of the War, is whether the account of the growth and development of our Merchant Navy is not given in too great detail. But after all one can skip those hundred-or-so pages if one feels inclined, and personally I am glad to have them to refer to. No more conscientious writer than Mr. HURD is to be found to-day. Very clearly he shows us how unenviable was the position of officers and men of the Mercantile Marine when war broke out, and how by their courage in the fierce test they established a claim to be recognised as an essential factor in our fighting service. It is a great record and very tonic to correct the reaction of the gloomy days through which we are passing.



IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Proud Theban (to country visitor). "WELL, YOU MUST ADMIT OUR PYRAMIDS ARE IMPRESSIVE."

Visitor. "YES, YES—VERY FINE INDEED. BUT I HAVE THE FEELING (OF COURSE I MAY BE WRONG) THAT WHEN YOU'VE SEEN ONE YOU'VE SEEN THE LOT."

## CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the Havas Agency Germany has not yet replied to the Reparation Commissioners' last note. We shall not be surprised if Germany retorts that she is saving up to buy a postage-stamp. \* \*

"The Times," says a contemporary, "is of course no particular friend of the Prime Minister." We knew in our bones that something of the sort would leak out one of these days. \* \*

Nicaragua is resigning from the League of Nations because she finds the subscription too heavy. We have felt all along that there ought to be special terms for these country members. \* \*

Soup has been removed from the menu of the White House, Washington. The idea is, no doubt, that the PRESIDENT may not be tempted to repeat his predecessor's inclination to get into it. \* \*

It is expected that immediately upon his retirement Sir ERIC GEDDES will visit America. It is not yet decided whether his arrival will be announced by the railway companies firing a salute of increased fares. \* \*

It is suggested that an oak-tree should be planted in St. James's Park to mark the passing of the Ministry of Munitions. It will be remembered that Sir ALFRED MOND planted a few huts there to indicate where some of the War was won. \* \*

The Pons Winnecke comet, says Dr. CROMMELIN, may have lost all its gas and become invisible. Now we are in a fog, wondering whether we ought to write to our M.P. about it or just leave it with *The Daily Mail*. \* \*

A Manchester man is about to start on a walking tour round the world and expects to be away for five years. But surely spring-cleaning at his house will not last all that time. \* \*

*Looking for a House* is the title of a new book. Yet people say that travel books are not being written to-day. \* \*

America is considering the advisability of making it illegal for civilians

to carry revolvers. At the same time Americans in Mexico will probably be permitted to carry them for medicinal purposes. \* \*

After all the various Press reports upon the Boat Race we were surprised that both Oxford and Cambridge did not win. \* \*

Mr. CHURCHILL has planted a palm-tree at Jerusalem. We have been confident all along that there was some definite object in his Eastern tour. \* \*

*The Daily Mail* reports the case of a girl who swallowed two hundred gramophone needles. It is said that she did it for a wager and won on points. \* \*

Three attempts have been made by burglars to enter a doctor's house at

According to a New York message DEMPSEY had a fright the other night while going home. It is thought that somebody must have made a noise like CARPENTIER. \* \*

"Lord Beaverbrook," we read, "has not passed through the mill of the Public School and the University." But despite this handicap he has had many articles accepted by the Sunday Press. \* \*

PRINCE TUAN, the banished Boxer leader, has tried unsuccessfully to return to Peking. These attempts to "come back" seem characteristic of boxers all the world over. \* \*

A Canadian medical officer who has made a tour of the European emigration ports describes Liverpool as the

most obsolete he has yet seen. We had been under the impression that Liverpool rather prided itself on being a port fit for heroes to emigrate from. \* \*

The skins of the tigers shot by M. CLEMENCEAU are now in the hands of well-known London taxidermists. He often regrets that he did not send his political opponents to be treated by the same famous firms. \* \*

Mr. GORDON SELF-RIDGE declares that a

day is coming when the aristocracy will have to work. Our pessimism goes considerably further; we foresee a time when even the working-classes will have to work. \* \*

A well-proportioned man should weigh twenty-eight pounds for each foot of his height, says a weekly paper. The fellow who travelled on our feet in the Tube the other night must have been about twenty-five feet in height, though he didn't look it. \* \*

According to a contemporary some women back horses on the principle of shutting the eyes and sticking a pin into the list of runners. This is quite the safest system if care is taken beforehand to eliminate every horse tipped by the Press prophets. \* \*

"Riding habits," says a fashion writer, "are very costly this season." It is this sort of thing that makes the walking habit so popular. \* \*



Caddie in front. "I'M PUTTING BACK THE TURF, JIMMY. YOU MIGHT GET YOUR GENTLEMAN TO TREAD IT IN."

Leytonstone. The thief must be under the impression that the silver was to be taken three times a day. \* \*

Constable WALTER DAVIES, of Kingston, who has just retired, has been concerned in three thousand five hundred summonses against motorists. We understand that he received at least three thousand five hundred letters congratulating him upon his retirement. \* \*

We read of a Fleet Street journalist who has taken up cricket. A nasty thrust for the M.C.C. team. \* \*

A Brighton town councillor says that if he had his way automatic machines would be closed on Sunday. Nothing is said about the fact that the sun is still permitted to come out on Sundays. \* \*

A salmon weighing eighty pounds has been found dead in the river Wye. It is said to be the largest fish not caught by local anglers for years. \* \*

### THE INGLORIOUS FIRST.

I HAD just opened the morning paper in order to assure myself that England was still on her last artificial leg when my wife said with disconcerting suddenness:—

"George, *did* you remember to post those two letters I gave you yesterday?"

Although my grasp upon the paper involuntarily tightened, it did not tighten enough to cause a crumple; I kept the paper spread flatly before my face—the married man's sure shield against self-betrayal.

"Of course, dear," I said, brazenly bland.

In my breast-pocket two envelopes, addressed in my wife's indifferent handwriting, rustled and rubbed themselves together in agitated protest. I seemed to hear them mutter, "Liar, liar, liar!"

My wife released what is called a dry sob.

"Oh," she cried, her voice skirting the fringe of panic—"oh, are you *sure*? Are you *quite* sure, George?"

"Of course, dear," I said, brazenly bland, behind the sure shield.

My wife's sob became drier and drier.

"Then," she announced with the dreadful calmness of despair, "I am ruined."

I smiled behind the sure shield. As I had not posted the letters my wife's announcement did not disturb me unduly.

"Dear, dear!" I murmured. "That sounds bad. What've you done?"

"I have put my letter to Pauline in Jessie's envelope and Jessie's in Pauline's. And in each letter I said the cleverest most unkind thing about the other—in strict confidence, of course. They are both my dearest friends. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I, *shall* I do?"

She burst into tears. At any rate she buried her face in her hands and wiggled her shoulders about in the moving-picture manner. I mean, she *registered* tears.

I put down the paper. "Come, come," I said suavely, "things may not be so bad as you deserve. I daresay everything'll turn out all right."

"How can it?" she demanded. "Neither Pauline nor Jessie will ever speak to me again. Oh, if *only* you hadn't posted those letters!"

Within my pocket the two beastly culprits writhed in torment. I patted them soothingly; then I went to my wife and patted her.

"There, there," I consoled her, "don't worry. I have, of course, posted the letters—I recall the event with extraordinary clarity—but—but something

tells me that you are—er—wrong in your surmise of having blundered. Something tells me——"

"What sort of a something?"

"A—peculiar sort of a something—rather uncanny, difficult to explain; but it tells me that you put Pauline's letter into Pauline's envelope and Jessie's into Jessie's. Now then, doesn't that cheer you up?"

My wife gazed piteously at me. She seemed to be struggling to believe but afraid to do so—the typical wifely attitude. I patted her again.

"But," she hesitated, "what makes you think that?"

I frowned; not crossly but intellectually.

"What is it tells us these things? Intuition? A sixth sense? You know how queer and sensitive I am. You remember, surely, how once I dreamed the name of the Derby winner?"

"Yes, but—but that was after the race was over."

"True. And that other occasion when I received the impression that a short dark man was going to stay with us all winter, and the plumber came in the very next day to look for the leak? Well, this feeling I've got about those two letters of yours is the same sort of thing. It's a strange inner conviction. I think I should not be exaggerating if I said that I *know* those two letters were posted in their right envelopes."

My wife gave me a wan smile.

"Well," she sighed, "I must go and hurry up your breakfast. 'Men must work and women must weep.'"

My wife's retirement from the room and the withdrawal of the two abominable envelopes from my pocket occurred almost simultaneously. To the happily married man my intention must be crystal clear. It was my purpose to prise open the envelopes, adjust the contents, and post the letters immediately I left the house. The prong of a fork and a little hot, well-directed breathing did the trick. The letters lay before me. Across each sheet was written, in my wife's indifferent handwriting:—

"APRIL FOOL, GEORGE."

Laugh? Did I laugh? *Did* I? It didn't sound to me like a laugh. I heard her quick step approaching across the parquet (linoleum) hall. And then I really *did* laugh. I dashed behind the door. She must be punished; my wife must be punished for her crude sense of humour. She hates to be boo'd at suddenly. It makes her come over all funny. I intended to boo at her suddenly; it was my intention that she should come over all funny. Crudity

should be met by crudity. The door opened. I sprang forth.

"Boo!" I cried.

Our general servant emitted a piercing shriek, dropped the breakfast tray, collapsed upon the poached eggs and gave notice.

### THE DUST-BIN.

(From a Neo-Georgian Poet.)

To MR. PUNCH. SIR,—May I express my profound gratitude (which will, I trust, be shared by my readers) to the author of a recent article, in your pages, of advice to a Spring Poet? His remarks about decayed vegetables and the poetic possibilities of the muck-heap furnished me with precisely the inspiration for which I had long been waiting. Only, realising that the proper pre-occupation of every poet is himself, preferably as a corpse, I have ventured to go one better than your contributor's suggestion.

I apologise for having made my lines rhyme, and I am, Sir,

Appreciatively yours,

GERALD ARBAGE.

[Here follows the poem.]

#### A WISH.

Ah, cast my body on the bin,  
Where the cold ashes lie  
Which flamed with fires to mine akin,  
Then sank, like mine, to die!  
Where phials which to vanished lips,  
With drouth and anguish racked,  
Brought balm in subtly-measured sips,  
Lie corkless, void and cracked.  
With dust and egg-shells let me keep  
The peace that comes to all,  
Till, thundering on the gates of sleep,  
The Ultimate Ashmen call.

#### The Irish Sex-Problem.

"The average Irishman is a fine, sensible, straight fellow in his home life, a faithful husband and a good father. The same can be said of the Irishwoman."—*Dublin Paper.*

#### "BARKING DOG SHOW.

TRIUMPH OF 'HEFTY SON OF MIKE.'  
*Local Paper.*

We think we can hear him.

"He took her unresisting in his arms and kissed her forehead. As he felt her soft weight against his shoulder the whites of his eyes glowed to a dull red."

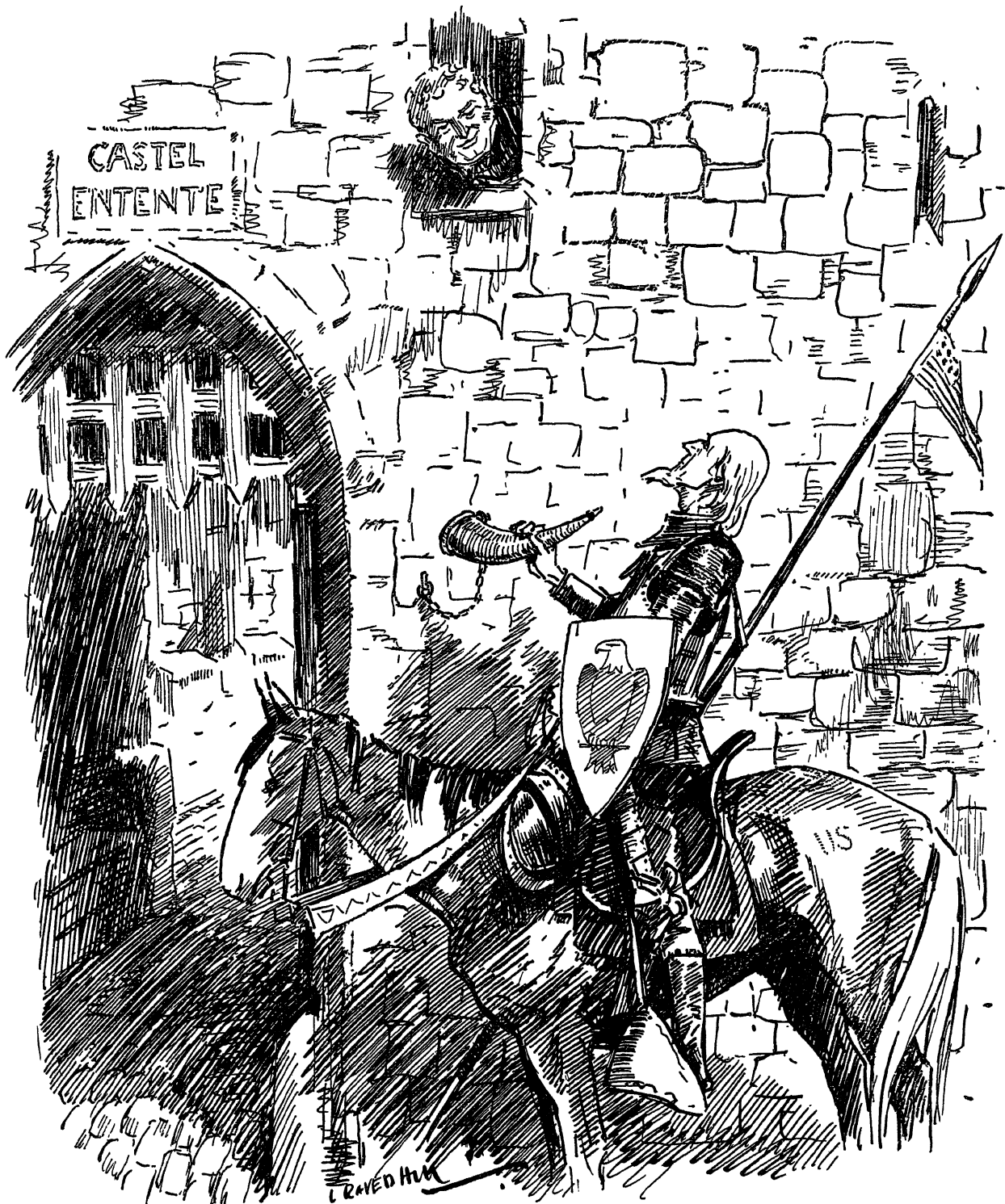
*From a Feuilleton.*

It is rather fun practising this in front of a looking-glass.

"Word comes from Swift Current that the great bands of antelope, which but a few years back were to be seen by passengers speeding through the land in a C.P.R. express, are reduced to a pitiful remnant."

*Manitoba Free Press.*

We never let our antelope by train.



### THE VACANT PLACE.

CHILDE JONATHAN. "TAKE NOTICE THAT I INSIST UPON HAVING A VOICE IN YOUR COUNCILS."

SIR BULL. "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THERE'S BEEN A SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS."





*Commodore's Small Son (whose sister is being christened). "WHEN DO THEY BREAK THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE ON BABY'S FOREHEAD?"*

### THE MARQUIS.

[FOREWORD.—I originally intended in this article to deal broadly with the æsthetics of male headgear, and to call it "The Cult of the Hat"; but as I proceeded my pen became so dominated by the irresistible personality of The Marquis that in simple justice a change of title became necessary. Perhaps this was really inevitable from the first.]

A HAT of beauty is a joy for ever. Unfortunately men do not appear to realise this, and in consequence the cult of the hat is either entirely neglected or it becomes, as in the case of a well-known Minister of the Crown, simply a wanton extravaganza. All too frequently a hat is regarded merely as a covering for the head, instead of being cultivated as a delicate mode of artistic self-expression. You may enter a shop and try on five hundred hats; four hundred and ninety-nine may be excellent fits, but the five hundredth will interpret your personality; in it you will realise yourself fully, perhaps for the first time.

Just such a hat was The Marquis. I picked it up in the autumn of nineteen-ten at a charity bazaar from a stall presided over by a marchioness, and I named it The Marquis to commemorate the fact. It was a sort of soft felt hat and its colour varied a good deal with the weather, but the first time I tried it on

I realised that here was the hat I had been vaguely groping after all my life. In a subtle way it harmonised with something deep down in my nature; I seemed to wear it not so much on my head as on my *ego*.

In itself there was nothing really imposing about The Marquis, just as I, without it, was but one amongst many; but together, in happy alliance, we challenged instant attention; we struck an entirely new and individual note. People might not like us, but they could not wholly ignore us. Dogs occasionally barked at The Marquis, and horses not infrequently showed traces of restlessness when they caught sight of us coming down the street; but we did not mind this, for what, after all, is vulgar popularity? Sometimes, in the purlieus of Chelsea, a distinguished-looking stranger would turn and regard us fixedly, and then I experienced a glow of pleasure. "That man," I would murmur delightedly, "is an artist—one of the *élite*. Perhaps it is Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN himself."

Ours was not always a fair-weather partnership. One gusty day The Marquis was run over by an Army lorry, and on another occasion a great hulking fellow trampled on it ruthlessly in the theatre; but these rude buffets of adversity seemed only to give it added dignity

and self-assurance. Age could not wither The Marquis, nor could custom stale the infinite variety of its contour; in this matter it was always springing new and delightful surprises upon me. You may say that it was just one continual surprise.

It is with difficulty that I bring myself to record the unhappy incident that deprived me for ever of this hat of hats; the details are of so intimate and painful a nature. The humiliating truth is that Mabel, my wife, took a violent and unreasoning dislike to The Marquis. This prejudice at length became such an obsession with her that she could no longer contain her feelings and would heap the bitterest calumnies upon its unoffending crown. She declared the hat to be disreputable, a disgrace to the family, and did not scruple to affirm that no self-respecting felon would willingly be seen committing a felony in such a hat. The dispute came to a climax last Sunday morning, when she definitely refused to accompany me to church if I wore The Marquis. I was equally obdurate, for as a matter of fact I possessed no other hat and there was a beastly cold wind blowing. Things appeared to have reached a deadlock when suddenly, carried away by her anger, Mabel snatched up The Marquis and, before I could prevent her, thrust



it into the fire, staving off my desperate attempts at rescue with a fire-iron until this peerless hat had burned away to a tremulous shape of dull grey ash. I cannot dwell on the scene further; it was too heart-breaking.

I have decided upon a reckless course of action; I am resolved to break utterly with the past. No doubt you have often seen in the newspapers about this time of year some such paragraph as the following: "A straw-hat was seen in the Strand yesterday," or "Tempted forth by the bright sunshine a yellow straw-boater was observed bobbing gaily down Regent Street this morning." Perhaps you have wondered who these bold spirits are that come thus before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty in their frail tides of summertime. This year you will at least know who one of them is. This very afternoon I am going out to purchase the brightest of straw-boaters and, adjusting it at a gay angle, I shall proceed to traverse London from Ludgate Hill to Oxford Circus. But those who read of my exploit in tomorrow's papers will little guess what an aching void of desolation lies hidden behind this seemingly joyful greeting of the Spring.

#### ANGULUS RIDET.

TRUCE to medals and hard-fought matches!

Hence fond hopes of a bogey score!  
We're for haunts where the young fly hatches

Out on the streams once more.

Fancy creatures of wing and hackle  
Take the place of the Silver King;  
Greenheart (rigged with a lightish tackle)

Clamours to have his fling.

Daffodil buds in gold are breaking,  
Primrose-starred are the April dales;  
Now's the time when the trout are taking

Up in the wilds of Wales.

We're no slaves to the dry-fly purist  
(Time to spare for the chalk-streams yet);

There the methods of old are surest—  
Three on a cast and wet.

Over rocks where the ripple dances,  
Stirred (we'll hope) by an upstream breeze,

You can chuck and you take your chances

Under the hanging trees.

So by Aber and Llan next Monday  
Grant we find, ere the sun goes down,  
Virtue still in the coch-y-bundy,  
Sport with the old March Brown.



Visitor. "No hairpins? WELL, NEVER MIND, I'M GOING BACK TO LONDON TOMORROW."

Our Village Optimist. "YES, MISS, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET THEM THERE."

#### From a "General Knowledge" Paper.

*Lenin*—German Prime Minister. *Dr. Simons*—Secretary of Health. *Shawn Spadah*—Turkish War Minister. *Margot*—A small kind of caterpillar. *Tant-rums*—A bicycle for a man and his wife. *Plumbago* (1) is when you have eaten too much; (2) A tropical fruit. *Publicist*—A man takes round pamphlets for the corporation. *Peccadillo*—(1) A kind of tin whistle; (2) A kind of man in Spain. *Paravane*—A department of the War Office. *Hors de Combat*—What you send to a person when you want to fight him. *Misanthropist*—An animal seen in Australia.

#### Commercial Candour.

"Indigestion completely cured after six months' intense agony."—*Provincial Paper*.

#### Our Youthful Cynics.

"League of Nations = that there should be no war, but every quarrel should be settled by dispute."—*From a School Entrance Examination Paper*.

"Wanted cheery, industrious young lady (not modern) as Lady Help. One of family. Thoroughly domesticated, good cook, manager; make herself generally useful. Must be fond of dogs. Salary £30."—*Church Times*.

Whatever will she do with all that money?

#### From the Land of the Free.

"Salt Lake City, March 8.—An anti-cigarette bill, forbidding the sale of cigarettes in Utah, was signed by Governor Charles R. Mabey today. The bill also prohibits other smoking in public places."—*Transatlantic Paper*.

Mr. Punch has definitely decided not to become a Mormon.

## EUGENE ARAM.

"ONE of the saddest Easter weeks I ever spent," said Enderby.

"It *was* rather grey," I agreed shortly. I hoped he would stop. I hate having to spend other people's wet Easters as well as my own. But he had the eye of *The Ancient Mariner*, and he went on. "We had a kind of spring-cleaning in my house," he explained. "You know what a lot of novels and books of verses I review. Well, they have been silting up for years and years now on the floor of my study."

"But can't you sell them?" I inquired. "I was always led to believe that reviewers——"

"Oh dear, no," he said, in a shocked voice. "That means taking the bread out of an honest man's mouth. You put a presentation copy on the market from which he can in no circumstances receive a royalty."

"But still after six months or so?" I suggested. "For pulping down or whatever it is."

"Don't speak of it," he said, shuddering. "That may happen in some cases, I daresay; but I can never be certain that they won't go on to the market. And the result has been that you have to get into my study through a narrow trench, of which the two sides are composed entirely of passionate poetry and the flowers of romance. When you get round the first two traverses, you come to the fire-bay, in which I review. But my wife had begun to complain——"

"It must have made dusting rather difficult," I acknowledged.

"There has never been any question of dusting in my study," he replied proudly. "But it has French windows, you see, and when they were opened the avalanche of fiction and lyrics slid out on to the flower-beds. It had begun to ruin the daffodils, and something had to be done. The question was what."

"I should have thought a hospital or the Village Institute——" I began.

"Every avenue of that kind has been thoroughly explored. Besides, the hospitals are not really keen on lyrics. They tend to agitate the patients' nerves, I am told. Even the County Asylum had begun to complain. There was only one course open; I got out my old *rucksack*, and by dint of making three expeditions daily within a radius of about four miles I was able in about a week to see my study carpet again."

"But where on earth did you put the things?"

"In all sorts of places," he said; "all sorts of pleasant and beautiful places. I like to think that they all had noble if untimely ends. There was *The Spark-*

*ling Chrysopraxe*, for instance. I sank that in a dewpond on the Downs. A patch of fine weather had occurred at the moment and a lark was singing in the unfathomable blue. All was silent else, except that from a distance over the close-cropped turf came a faint sound——"

"Quite, quite," I interrupted hastily.

"And then there was *Hephzibah Norton*. She had the kind of eyes of which you can never say exactly what colour they are. Sometimes they were violet, sometimes green. Her whole presenc radiated seductiveness and cast a lure upon men. I buried her amongst the primroses and wild anemones in a little wood. It gave me rather a wrench to part with her. She had pale lilac boards. *Dandelions*, again, is resting under a hawthorn hedge, covered with leaves and moss. And *George Jervois, Inquiry Agent*——I sank him in a bog."

"It must have felt rather like murder," I suggested.

"Not only that," he answered, sighing, "but I couldn't help remembering the sort of things I had written about them in my reviews. 'This is a book which the reader is likely to keep on his most cherished shelf and to turn to again and again.' 'I venture to prophesy that *George Jervois* will live as long as men and women are interested in the annals of crime and the skilfulness of sleuth-hounds who nose the trail.' 'The author of *Dandelions* has secured for himself a small but permanent niche in the Temple of Fame.' I always tried to end my reviews on an 'a' sound if I could. And the Temple of Fame, if you took my word for it, had a remarkable number of niches. Gothic, I should say it was, and exceedingly commodious."

"Yet there was *Dandelions* rotting away in the underwrack, and *George Jervois*, who never made a false inductive step in his life, sunk deep in the clay of the weald. I wish I could think that they would be dug up a hundred years hence and admired; but modern paper, you know, decays so rapidly."

He paused and blew his nose.

"But perhaps the most curious case of all," he resumed, "was that of *The Musings of Michael*. It was a thoroughly psycho-analytical work. The soul of *Michael*, so far as I can recollect, was little better than a skein of thought and sense complexes inextricably intermingled. Yes, that was it; a tangled skein of complexes. One felt as if the cat had been getting at *Michael's* soul."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"I pushed him into a haystack behind an old farm as dusk was falling, and dug him in as deeply as I could with

my ashplant. I had just turned to go, not without a silent tear, when a large rustic sprang from behind a hedge and shook me rudely by the shoulder."

"So I've caught you now, have I?" he said.

Here Enderby paused again.

"I don't see what harm——" I began.

"You wouldn't have thought it mattered, would you?" he went on. "But it appears that a certain number of haystacks had been set on fire recently and he suspected me of that. A farmer had commissioned him to keep watch. I tried to explain to him exactly what I was doing, but you would hardly believe how unconvincing it sounded. I don't know why it is, but the intricacies of book-reviewing are very improperly appreciated by the peasantry in our part of the world. I offered to re-exhume *Michael* if I could with my stick and prove my innocence, but he wouldn't hear of it. As I said, he was a large man. So I did the only thing I could; I gave him all the money I had about me, which happened to be ten shillings; as a matter of fact it was exactly eighteenpence more than the *Musings of Michael* cost if you had to buy them for yourself. But I couldn't help reflecting rather bitterly, as I went away nursing my shoulder, on the last words of my own review."

"What had you said?"

"We part from *Michael*," replied Enderby, "as we part from a friend, with a deep sense of loss and personal pain." EVOE.

## THE SINGING FAIRY.

THERE was a fairy once  
Who lived alone  
In a mossy hole  
Under a stone.

Never abroad she went;  
Only at night  
When the moon was clear  
And the stars bright

High on the stone she stood,  
Lifted her head  
And stayed singing there  
Till the dark fled.

All the woods listened then;  
Not a leaf stirred;  
Sweeter far the song  
Than song of bird.

Whence and how it came  
None ever knew—  
None but the fairy—  
And me—and you. R. F.

## Commercial Candour.

"There is no substitute for our coffee, so do not try it. Others have to their sorrow."  
*Advert. in Canadian Paper.*



"DID YOU GET ON TO THE WINNER?"

"No. I WOULD 'A DONE IF YOUNG ALF 'ERE 'AD BIN A BIT OLDER. 'E 'AD THE INFORMATION, BUT COULDN'T SAY THE NAME NO'OW."

#### A CLERICAL ERROR.

*Mrs. H. Wright-Wheler, "The Hollies," Greyinton, to the Rev. J. Fledgling, Curate of St. Monica, Greyinton.*

THE arrangements for the first of our monthly concerts are now fairly complete. The choirmen will sing glees, Mr. Kyte a couple of comic songs, Miss Snooks will recite "The Fireman's Wedding," and last but not least Mrs. Turner Jones is bringing her little daughter, the wonderful child-pianist, to perform.

I am not particularly keen about the infant phenomenon business, but Mrs. Jones was obviously most anxious that the poor mite should come; she means her to be a star-attraction at all these entertainments, and I hadn't the nerve to turn the offer down. It's a pity the good lady is so fussy; besides there's the piano—it really is so worn out. Do you think you could get the Vicar—he is dreadfully absent-minded—to remember to turn up and to say a few words during the interval about the instrument. Otherwise, perhaps you will kindly say something yourself. I am sure that awful woman will expect it.

*Mrs. Turner Jones, "Elmhurst," Greyinton, to Mrs. H. Wright-Wheler, "The Hollies," Greyinton.*

With reference to the concert tomorrow, my husband and I have been much exercised about the piano. This will be the first public performance dear Elsie has given, and we fear that on an unfamiliar instrument, however good, she may not do herself credit. We are venturing therefore to send our own piano to the Parochial Hall for the occasion and have, in fact, warned the caretaker to be in readiness to receive it and have it placed in its proper position. I trust you will not think us unduly fidgetty or particular, or object to the step we have taken. Our affection for our dear child must be our excuse.

*The Rev. Wilson Thunderham, Vicar of St. Monica, Greyinton, to Mrs. Turner Jones, "Elmhurst," Greyinton.*

I regret that the exigences of my busy life made it impossible for me to devote more than a few short minutes to the concert. Had I been able to remain I should have taken an opportunity to congratulate you on the aston-

ishingly clever performance given by your little daughter. I was thrilled. At the same time I should have added a word of regret anent the shortcomings of the mechanical medium—the piano. It was in an exceedingly poor condition. When she comes again I will see that she is provided with an instrument more worthy of her undoubted gifts.

*Mrs. Turner Jones to Mrs. Wright-Wheler.*

Mrs. Turner Jones sends her compliments to Mrs. Wright-Wheler and regrets that neither her dear child nor her piano will be available for future concerts.

*Mrs. Wright-Wheler to the Rev. J. Fledgling.*

How clever of you to decide not to tell the Vicar about the change of pianos, I can breathe again.

"'Leyshon's' Brewery has been bought by St. John's Church, Pontypridd, at a cost of £1,000 from the local brewery company, and the site will be used for the erection of a new church for the district of the Graig, which has a population of about £8,000."

*Welsh Paper.*

And how many souls?

## THE NEGLECT OF GOLF.

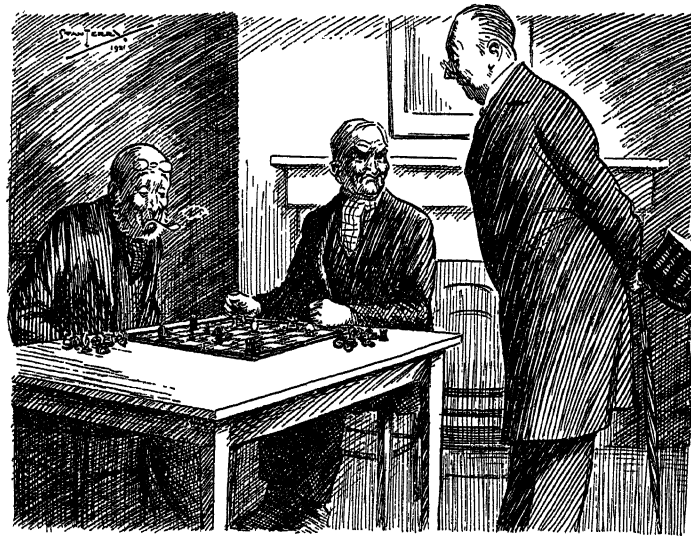
(After a well-known model.)

It will be remembered that we were moved last week to offer a measured protest against the action of the authorities in fixing the Boat-race for the same day as the Oxford and Cambridge golf-match, and no excuse is needed for reverting to a subject of such paramount importance. The defence put forward by some correspondents—that Hoylake was so far off as to render the clashing of the two events negligible—is too flimsy to call for serious refutation. It may suffice to quote the classic commendation of a patriotic Liverpoolian: "I like 'Oylake. It's 'ealthy, it's 'andy, it's near 'ome," and to point out that the resources of aviation have brought it within three hours' journey of London. Taking these patent considerations into account, we do not hesitate to assert that a grave responsibility rests with the authorities for imposing on a large and influential section of the community the painful and wholly unnecessary strain of deciding between the rival claims of the two fixtures. Students of psycho-analysis are only too well aware of the danger of such a conflict, and it has come to our knowledge that three high-minded and patriotic citizens—whose names we withhold by their special request—were so paralysed by their inability to decide between the two concurrent attractions that they went to neither and have since developed alarming symptoms of sub-conscious intransigence.

Unhappily the Boat-race scandal does not stand alone. It is only a minor incident in the long campaign of cumulative neglect which has been and still is being waged against the most beneficent and health-giving of all British pastimes. The facts, which would be almost incredible if they were not vouched for by so incontestable an authority, are calmly and dispassionately set forth in the remarkable letter from the Secretary of the South Boreland Golf Club which appears in an adjoining column. We do not scruple to say that a more painful and pathetic document has never clamoured for insertion in our best pages. At the risk of repeating what is so eloquently said by this distinguished official, let us baldly and briefly recapitulate the chief heads of his

terrible indictment. The Derby will almost certainly be run on the very day on which the competition for the Carmelite Challenge Bowl will be competed for on the South Boreland links; celebrated not merely for their velvet turf and wonderful "architecture," but for the generous system of insurance which secures even spectators against the risk of being injured by erratic drivers. Secondly, the Committee entrusted with the arrangements for the SHAKESPEARE Celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April have peremptorily declined to postpone a function which clashes with the competition for the South Boreland monthly medal. These blunders, to call them by no harsher name, are bad enough, but worse remains behind. Several

of the rival Blues. The horse, no doubt, is a noble animal, though lacking the infinite variety of "character" which belongs to the modern motor-car and vastly inferior to that invention as a means of stimulating the development of benevolent insurance. SHAKESPEARE, again, was a meritorious dramatist, though most of his works are deplorably deficient in the features indispensable for a good film-play. And the Church Congress, no doubt, serves a useful purpose so long as its debates are restrained within reasonable limits, and not allowed to deviate into foolish criticisms of the conduct of a fearless and independent daily Press. But of none of these institutions can it be said that they begin to compare with golf in national importance, in the building of character, the promotion of longevity and, above all, in the education of journalists in perspective, proportion and picturesqueness.



Visitor (at workhouse, watching game of chess). "BUT WHERE ARE THE TWO KINGS?"

Old Jarge. "LOR BLESS 'E, SIR, WE TOOK 'EM A GOOD 'ARF-'OUR AGO."

months ago a number of the leading patrons of golf decided to commemorate by a great banquet the twenty-fifth anniversary of the invention of the rubber-cored ball and, simultaneously, the Jubilee of the first use of the word "foozle" in the daily Press. The scheme was enthusiastically taken up and, in pursuance of a suggestion made in our columns, the price of the tickets was fixed at ten guineas, exclusive of wine, and a date fixed for the autumn. Yet in spite of all these precautions, with a levity which borders on insanity, the Archbishops and Bishops have announced that the meeting of the Church Congress will take place in the same week, thus depriving serious clerical golfers, of whom there are many, of the opportunity of paying homage to a pastime which stands supreme as the nurse and foster-mother of the finest qualities of our race. We do not wish to belittle rowing or the annual contest

## A Limited Concession on the Part of Labour.

A correspondent, writing from the West of England, quotes the following significant remark made by a working-man at a meeting called for the purpose of starting a village cricket-club. The question of the subscription was being discussed.

*Labourer.* If us working-chaps is going to give our time to this 'ere cricket we didn't ought to 'ave to pay no subscription as well.

## "MUSIC AT THE MODERN CINEMA.

The opera no longer holds the monopoly of the works of Faust, Tannhauser, and a dozen other celebrities. Their names are now familiar on every picture programme."

*Provincial Paper.*

And have apparently quite ousted such back numbers as GOUNOD and WAGNER.

"A large number of students have been going about the streets of Calcutta, but the non-cooperators who advised them to come out do not know what exactly to do with them. Mr. Gandhi would prefer that they should spin yarns."—*Indian Paper.*

That seems to be about the most flourishing industry in India just now.

"The Ministry of Transport has given instructions that holders of quarterly licenses can take out renewals on expiring at any money-order office."—*Motoring Paper.*

We consider this grossly unfair so long as pedestrians are only allowed to expire once.



*Infuriated Porter.* "YE MUCKLE SUMPH! Hiv AH NO TELL YE TWICE THAT THE EDINBURY EXPRESS 'LL BE BIZZIN' THROUGH IN HAUF A MEENIT?"

*Inebriated Scot.* "MAN, YE'RE AWFU' FEART FUR YER EDINBURY EXPRESS."

### WITHOUT THE OPTION.

I AM in the midst of one of my recurring moods of Zoological dubiety. Again and again one visits the Zoo and feels tolerably serene; and then on another occasion the sight of a prisoner too wretched behind the bars brings back the old doubts with a rush.

The other day—one of the first days of authentic Spring—I was there again, when everything made for happiness. Even the owls on the Primrose Hill side did not trouble me, especially as they were all deliberately sitting in the full glare of the sun. The pheasants—the cocks very proud of their spring suitings—gave no impression of finding durance particularly vile; the hippopotami wallowed with every appearance of complacency; the cockatoos and parrots and macaws wished me "Good morning" as though it were the best possible world; in the insect-house butterflies were being born with no apparent misgivings; the five Borneo water-rats who have taken possession of the otters' pool frolicked gaily; and Winnie the bear passed smilingly from friend to friend, accepting their tributes of honey and jam.

So far there had been nothing disturbing. But then in the house where

the Small Birds resided I had a shock. Most of the inhabitants seemed to be content, from the little plump quails to the incredible toucans (who certainly are not my idea of Small Birds, even though they may be Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL's); while the mynahs were expressing their joy verbally and with errand-boys' whistles. But in one cage was nothing but apathy, if not despair, and that was the cage in which a nightingale has been kept since July 26th, 1918—three long years.

As I stood before it I wondered if it could be right and fair for a nightingale to be cooped up here at all, especially in Spring; I wondered too what kind of an ode KEATS would have written to it. In so far as the first three words are concerned I believe it would be identical with that other: "My heart aches"—but how would he go on? Nor does the bird seem to be in very good company, for its only neighbours are foreigners: at the back of its cage the great sprawling Plicated Hornbill from Sumatra, and next to it a little restless Collared Sunbird from Natal. Nightingales can speak Northern African, I suppose, but Natal is very far South.

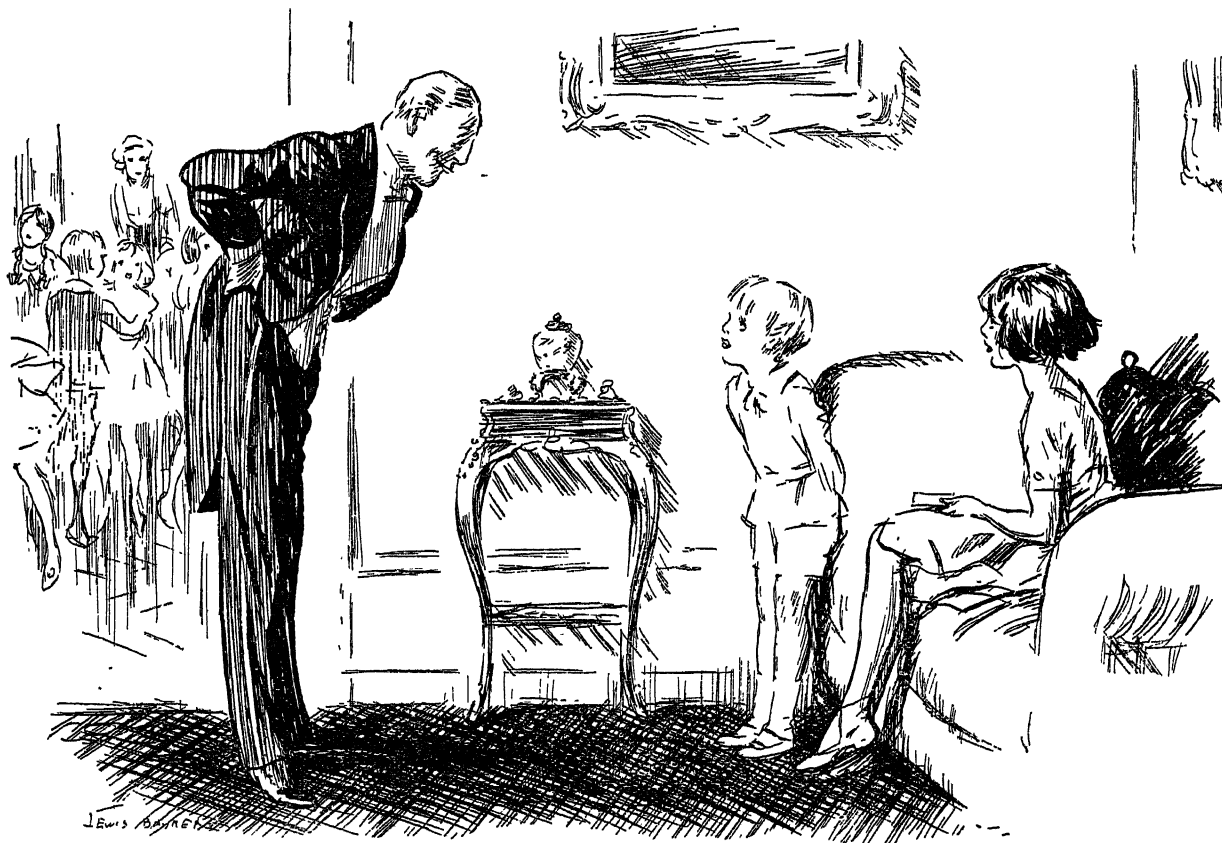
The question is—would it be possible so to re-arrange the Zoo that no inmate

remained in it whose pains of captivity outweighed the pleasure of regular food, safety and human society? In other words, if every unhappy animal were repatriated, would enough be left to fulfil the Gardens' purpose? I wonder what would be left. The elephants probably, and they stand for much. The sea-lions very likely. Winnie, of course. I dare say the majority of the monkeys would be in favour of staying; and many of the parrots too. The older lions would probably be indifferent.

If the Gardens' purpose is the spread of scientific knowledge, there should be other English birds to be studied; there should be a representative aviary. But if the pleasure of children is chiefly aimed at, as one is likely to suspect, then many of the animals might go and, not last, the nightingale. But I suppose that to let this one go now, just before the nesting season, so that it might find a mate and bring up a family and sing divinely in the corner of the meadow near the stream, would be too risky. Liberated captives are said to be not popular with other birds, and after three years in a little cage this one might have lost wing-power. But I do rather hope that the authorities won't add another to the list.

E. V. L., F.Z.S.





### OUR MODERN INFANT.

*Genial Uncle.* "WELL, OLD CHAP, WE'VE NOT DONE ANYTHING TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME. HOW ABOUT THE ZOO NEXT SUNDAY, EH?"

*Small Boy.* "THANKS VERY MUCH. I CAN'T SAY OFFHAND, BUT I'LL RING YOU UP."

### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

#### THE STRONG TO THE WEAK.

AMONG the charitable schemes which are being carried on by devoted altruists quietly but efficaciously all over England, all the time, beneath the surface (so to speak) of ordinary life, there is none that does better or more necessary work than the Invalid Children's Aid Association. All children, unhappily, are not strong—some because they were born so, and some because the conditions of their early years were unfavourable—and for many years this benevolent Association has been doing its best to make them stronger or to improve their not too happy lot. In 1918, for example, more than thirty-three thousand cases were dealt with, of which nearly seven thousand were new: not a bad record! and it was in that year that a new source of income was invented, to which Mr. Punch would like to call the attention of his readers. In this warm-hearted country of ours there are countless fathers and mothers whose boys and girls are enjoying perfect health and have to endure none of the sufferings and deprivations which shadow the lives of the children whom the Association cares for. It was suggested by some keen-witted friend and ally of the Association that if all these parents of the strong were to give something for the good of those less fortunate others, the weak, a considerable revenue would result. It was further suggested that the principal of every school which has come through the term without any epidemic might also like to contribute a thank-offering. Mr. Punch is both an admirer of the cleverness of the project and in

complete sympathy with it, and he has pleasure in stating that the authorised recipient for this benign tax is The Secretary, Health Tribute Scheme, 69, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

### JOURNEY'S END.

[It has been suggested that a society should be formed for the destruction of useless household ornaments.]

SHEPHERD of weirdly unbeautiful chinaware  
(Dresden you never pretended to be),  
Wearing an aspect that makes me and mine aware  
How you adore your inane *vis-à-vis*,  
Vain, all in vain have you ogled persistently;  
Wholly unmoved by the way that you woo,  
She has done nothing but stare at you distantly  
... All the year through.

But, O my shepherd, to-day you may take in a  
Fresh draught of hope that your union is nigh;  
Lo! I am here as a *deus ex machina*,  
Witness this hammer I brandish on high;  
Long by you both I've been bored unbelievably;  
Two sturdy knocks and the thing will be done;  
Cast in the dust-bin and mixed irretrievably,  
Ye shall be one.

"The brains of the people of this country are really beyond us to fathom! What next, thou geniuses of Nairobi? What next?"

*Nairobi Leader.*

Why not try evening extension classes for editors?





### THE STUFF TO GIVE US.

MR. PUNCH (to Professor of Universal Science). "NEVER MIND FUSSING ABOUT ECLIPSES AND POISON-GASES AND THINGS. WHAT WE WANT IS A SUBSTITUTE FOR *THIS*!"





Choirmaster (to erratic singer). "NOW, LOOK'EE 'ERE. IF THERE BE A-GOIN' TO SING BASS, SING BASS; AN' IF THERE BE A-GOIN' TO SING TENOR, SING TENOR; BUT LET'S HAVE NO SHANDYGAFF."

### THE SLUMP IN HECKLERS.

(A student of Hyde Park oratory declares that heckling is out of fashion.)

THE future fills with gloom, the present blank is,  
As one by one old comrades disappear;  
Hand me, I beg, an outside size in hankies  
And give me leave to shed the ample tear;  
Hushed is the voice that once was wont to heckle;  
Unwept, unnoticed it has died away,  
Passed imperceptibly as last year's freckle  
Faded by GUY FAWKES' Day.

Reft of his happy knack of disagreeing  
With every view that orators declare,  
The General Election looks like being,  
Whene'er it comes, a very dull affair;  
Surely some voice will rouse him from his slumbers  
Of all the voices that demand a vent  
Ere England polls in overwhelming numbers  
(Say fifty-two per cent.).

I think we nurse a needless apprehension  
(Or is the thought but infant to the wish?);  
He will revive and give his best attention  
Alike to Lib. and Lab. and Coalish.  
Still as of old we'll hear this gallant lad's tone  
Ring out in raucous eagerness to state  
His fixed desire to know what Mr. GLADSTONE  
Remarked in '88.

He will return. It were unkind to doubt him.

Even his victims would not wish him gone;  
Compelled to thump their little tubs without him,  
They'd know no pleasure while they carried on.  
What though among them he be ill-accompted,  
Without his aid they could not hope to see  
An opening for the secretary-prompted  
And telling repartee.

### Another Impending Apology.

"— has stopped playing [football] for good, and we thank him for the fine example he has shown and for his great assistance to the team."—*From a School Paper.*

"A First-class Cook, Mug preferred, for a Hotel in Simla."

*Indian Paper.*

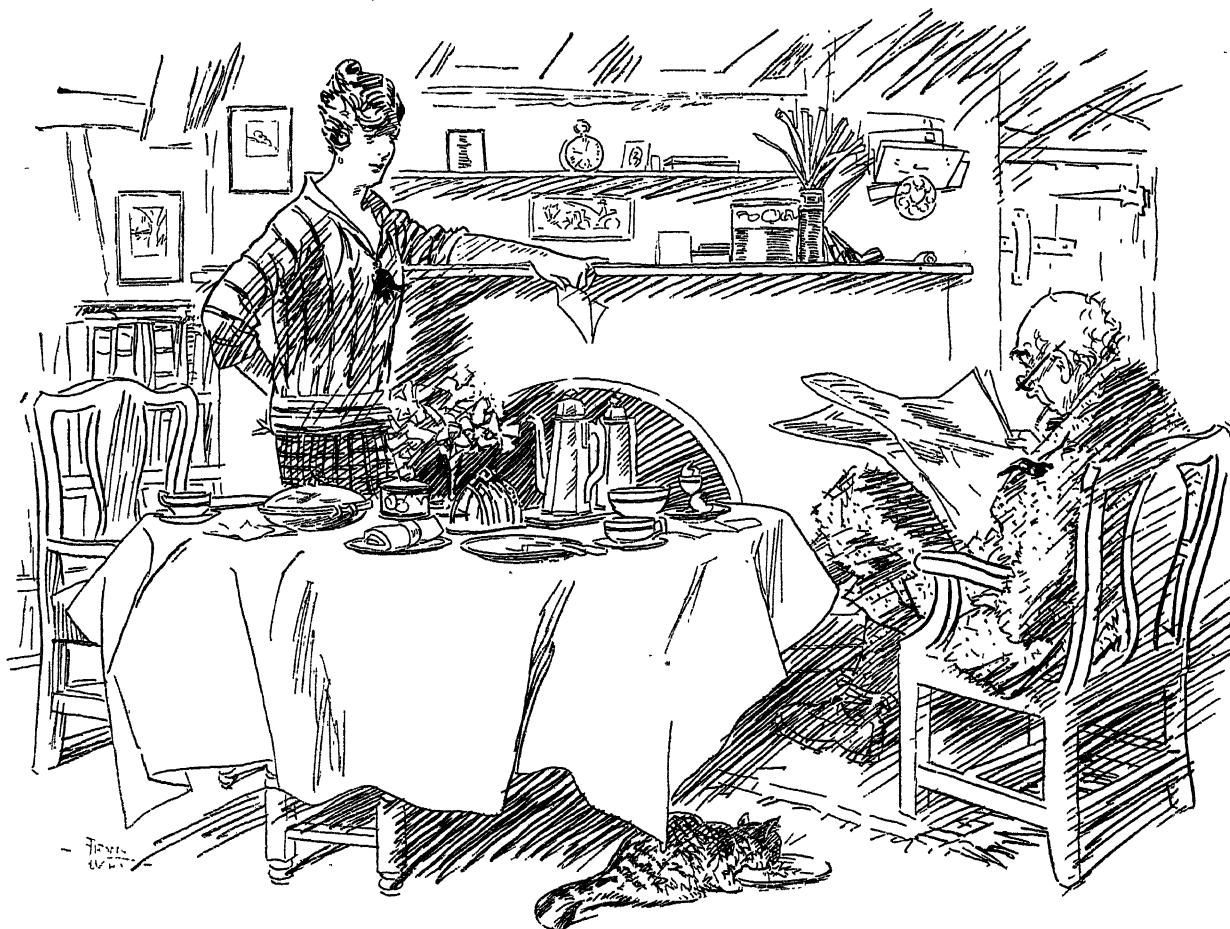
If the advertiser were to apply to our late boarding-house we think he might be suited.

### Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I have long stood against father 'doing chores' in addition to his usual business routine, unless said chores are a relaxation! It is piling Ossian upon Pelion to add an artisan's labours to the weary shoulders of many professional men."—*South African Paper.*

"Nottingham is much troubled by the spirit of King Charles the First. The 'Merry Monarch' raised his standard here in 1642; and Mrs. —, a well-known medium, states that on 'entering' control of his spirit 'she is rolling drunk.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

CHARLES THE SECOND has been much maligned. It is plain that he inherited his propensities (and his *sobriquet*) from his "awful dad."



"I WISH YOU'D WEAR YOUR SILK HAT AND MORNING-COAT TO OPEN THAT POULTRY-SHOW."  
 "OH, NONSENSE, MY DEAR. IT'S ONLY FOR UTILITY BIRDS."

### MY NOVEL.

(A Study in Compression.)

I.—January, 1919, to March, 1920.

From me to twenty-five publishers (no, not simultaneously, one after the other):—

"I beg to submit my humorous novel, *The Tortoise* (sixty thousand words), for the favour . . ."

Twenty-five publishers to me:—

" . . . presents his compliments and regrets . . ."

II.—April to August, 1920.

From me to nineteen Magazine Editors:—

"I beg to submit my humorous story, 'The Tortoise' (three thousand words), for the favour . . ."

Nineteen Editors to me:—

" . . . for the offer, for which he is much obliged . . ."

III.—September, 1920.

From me to Editor of famous humorous weekly:—

"I beg to submit *The Tortoise* (five hundred words) . . ."

Editor to me:—

"Try *The Athenæum and Nation*."

IV.—November, 1920.

From me to Editor of influential Daily that makes a feature of short snappy leaders:—

"I beg to offer *Tortoises and Psycho-Analysis* (two hundred and fifty words) for the favour . . ."

Editor to me:—

"Unsuitable."

V.—January, 1921.

From me to "Uncle Tom" of *Toddley Tots*:—

"I enclose a paragraph about a tortoise which I am sure will interest your young readers."

"Uncle Tom" to me:—

"Think so?"

VI.—March, 1921.

Me to my friend James:—

"Heard this one? Well, a tortoise—"

James (waking up):—

"Do I laugh now, old chap?"

### PEARLS BEFORE OUR VILLAGE SWINE.

"We must have one singer," said Phoebe.

"You've three singers already," I began; "how many more . . ." But Phoebe cut me short.

"Three twitterers—no singer," she said firmly. "You must ask Mr. Sambrook."

You will have guessed that the subject of discussion was one of our village concerts. Nearly all the items of the programme are as inevitable as to-morrow. If Mr. Cantrell the school-master were not asked for a humorous reading, or if Mrs. and Miss Punnett did not lead off with a duet upon the pianoforte, there would, we always feel, be something very like a riot. And so with several other "turns." But we do feel the want of just a spice of outside talent, and hence the inviting (and accepting) of Sambrook, not without some protest from me, however.

For I had my misgivings about Sambrook from the first. I had never heard him sing, nor should I have been much the wiser if I had, for I know less than

nothing about music. But on the rare occasions when I met him in London I had noticed a growing tendency towards the artistic, almost towards the precious. It could hardly always have been the chance of an imminent visit to the barber which accounted for the ever-increasing length of his hair; and on the last occasion when we had met he was actually wearing one of those ties which wind round the neck several times before settling finally into a loose bow somewhere more or less beneath one or more of the chins.

On the night of the concert Sambrook arrived only in time for an early dinner.

As soon as we had started I said, "You won't find ours a very critical audience—purely yokel, you know; there isn't a picture-palace within six miles." I didn't think he seemed to be particularly pleased about this.

"Oh, I don't mind criticism," he said; "only the second-raters do."

I felt slightly crushed.

"What is your voice," I asked after a while—"bass, tenor?"

"My voice has a tenor range but a baritone timbre," he answered solemnly.

I felt completely crushed. "Timbre" beat me, except that I had a vague idea that it was French for a postage-stamp. It was some time before I plucked up courage to ask, "What songs are you singing?"

"The Bordini Cycle," he answered, adding, with a sigh for my obvious ignorance, "a series of three songs or, rather, of three musical interpretations."

"Are they—that is, are the words in English?"

"No, Italian," he said airily.

Phoebe still kept up a running fire of small talk, but I confess that I myself relapsed into an uneasy silence after this and continued thus for the rest of dinner. What would the Lovejoys and old Worthy and Mrs. Ogden make of a series of musical interpretations of the Italian? Not that it mattered so much about them; they would at the worst receive it in stodgy silence. But what of the lads at the back of the hall?

I went to the concert a prey to the liveliest anxiety. My forebodings were fully justified. I cannot wholly blame the village lads. Sambrook musically interpreting the Italian did look rather humorous, and when his mouth opened ever wider and wider their doubts of his intentions became certainties, and they laughed aloud.

I left Phoebe to deal with the outraged musician and went to the back of the hall.

"You fellows mustn't behave like this," I said, "or we shan't get anyone to come here and perform for us. Mr.



*Lady (engaging cook).* "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT WE HAVE FAMILY PRAYERS IN THE MORNING."

*Cook.* "I DON'T MIND, AS LONG AS THE FAMILY LIVES UP TO 'EM."

Sambrook doesn't sing humorous songs, he sings serious songs, and very well too, and you mustn't laugh like that. I shall ask him to sing again, but you must promise me not to laugh."

They one and all assured me that they would not, and I returned to Sambrook to add my regrets to Phoebe's that our people down here were so very uncouth, etc., etc.

I did persuade him to sing again. In fact, he had evidently no idea of doing otherwise, which rather surprised me. It was only later that I discovered the line that Phoebe had taken with him. She had suggested that for this audience his serious songs were far too good, and would he not sing something comic?

So he sang a comic song, borrowed from the Curate. From the decorous front rows came a decorous titter. But

the back of the hall remained wrapped in a stony and impenetrable silence. The first shock over, I roused myself and signalled frantically to them to laugh. This is not the easiest thing to do, as you will find if you try, and I failed miserably to move them or even attract their attention. For their eyes were loyally riveted on the maestro.

At the conclusion they broke into a thunder of well-feigned applause. But Mr. Sambrook will never sing to us again.

#### Long-Felt Wants.

"... the entire estate, totalling nearly \$300,000, has been left for the purpose of building a home for indignant people."

*Calgary Albertan.*

"STOCKINGS DOWN AGAIN."

"WANTED: FAT CALVES."

*Adverts. in Jersey Paper.*

Why not garters?

## AT THE PLAY.

## "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND."

"SAPPER'S" "play of adventure" is simply choke-full of druggings, kidnappings, substitutions, corpses, crashes, moans and other Guignol queries, and I am ashamed to say how much I enjoyed it all. For one thing he distinctly deserves a decoration for contriving the first really plausible disarming of villain by hero within living memory. For another, his dialogue and characterisation are much more likely and lively than is usual in this kind.

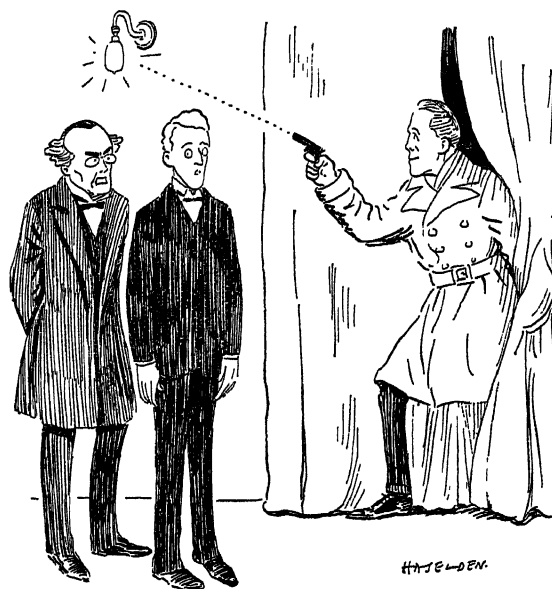
We begin on a bright and trivial note in *Captain Hugh Drummond's* London flat, with *Algy* and *Peter*, his friends, and *Denny*, his man. "Old Hugh," bored by post-war routine, advertises for adventure, and there arrives, just after a trayful of irrelevant answers, a beautiful blue-eyed maiden in evident distress—a sister of a brother-officer as it happens. Dreadful things are going on at Godalming in a nursing-home next door to her uncle's house. But it isn't a nursing-home really. It's the headquarters of a gang of deplorable criminals. They're torturing somebody. And there's something odd about her uncle too; he seems in their power, and so forth. Will *Captain Drummond* help? Will he not! What eyes! So Sunningdale is off and Godalming on, especially as a particularly nasty-looking fellow, the doctor of the nursing-home, comes in on the futile plea of looking for the young lady's bag, and thus gives point to her otherwise scarce credible tale of being watched and followed.

That evening *Drummond* makes acquaintance with the arch-criminal, *Peterson*, renews it with *Dr. Lakington*, recognises the uncle as a card-sharper, and extracts, neatly and plausibly enough, the American multi-millionaire, who is being doped, tortured and blackmailed by the gang. I take pride in the fact that from this point onward I was able to follow the hurricane sequence of stroke and counter-stroke, which was more than could be claimed by two elderly gentlemen next to me, who were never quite sure who was being drugged, bashed, impersonated and kidnapped, or why. But I don't propose spoiling sport. 'Twas a ding-dong struggle—anybody's match till the last green. Indeed, by a touch of artistry as unusual and attractive as it was immoral, "SAPPER" makes his *Bull-Dog* deliberately let go at the end, so that *Peterson*, whose resource

and sportsmanship (a distinctly piebald sort of sportsmanship, I must say) he admired, might have a few minutes' start and a chance of escape—a chance heightened by the fact that while *Drummond* was ringing up the police *Phyllis* took the opportunity to make a declaration of love, which caused him to hang up and attend to more important and attractive business. A happy enough touch and an improvement on the heap of corpses (there must, by the way, have been one dead body in the room somewhere) or rows of handcuffed and discomfited villains among which this kind of thing generally expires.

At the same time it would show a

given adequate stage carpenters and electricians and an experienced producer. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER strolled (or hustled, as circumstances dictated) through his part with an air of easy enjoyment; Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON made a quite excellent thing of the unusual villain, *Peterson*; Mr. GILBERT HARE was a delightfully and gratuitously sinister doctor (he will probably have to retire to a nursing-home before the end of the run if he does not take advantage of the semi-darkness and provide himself with a substitute in his great fight with *Drummond*). Mr. RONALD SQUIRE and Mr. BASIL FOSTER provided admirable idle chatter as comic relief. T.



"PLEASE SHOOT OUT THE LIGHT WHEN ENTERING THE ROOM."

*Captain Hugh Drummond.* . . . Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.  
*Dr. Lakington* . . . . . Mr. GILBERT HARE.  
*Hiram G. Travers* . . . . . Mr. CLAUDE ALLISTER.

lack of interest not to ask "SAPPER" a few of the questions that arise. Why does a desperate criminal carry only two cartridges in his automatic? Why does *Drummond*, a trained soldier going into action against a gang of utterly unscrupulous thugs, find suddenly that he has left his only revolver with a friend? What were the police of Godalming doing? Here is a man with his brains blown out at "The Larches" one evening, and the daughter of the house disappeared. At "The Elms" (the alleged nursing-home, which is within easy moaning distance) for the next two nights revolvers are going off, patients are rapt away, cargoes of doped bodies are discharged, the doctor is killed very violently, and never so much as a respectful inquiry from the local guardians of law and order as to what all the racket is about!

It is the kind of play that plays itself,

## BRIDGE NOTES.

I SHOULD like to preface my remarks this week by saying how much easier the task of a Great Bridge Thinker like myself would be were it not for the other Bridge Thinkers. Not that they would matter if they confined their activities to thinking. But they will not do so; they insist on transferring their thoughts to paper, the result being that many of my disciples study these rivals also and confuse their minds.

This has been brought home to me the more forcibly because a rival Thinker has recently expressed the ridiculous view that the fewer conventions we have at Auction Bridge the better. This I consider a shocking, a revolutionary, nay, a Bolshevik idea. I myself look forward to the day when by the help of conventional calls we shall be able to tell our partners everything that it is desirable for them to know. In my more exalted moments I dream of a world where my declaration of two diamonds following one heart will tell my partner that I have five spades to the king and the ace of clubs single; where my partner's declaration of three spades will tell me that he has a guarded king in diamonds, but that the rest of his hand is only mediocre; and where—but I have said enough perhaps to show my meaning. There is no end to it. In time I may even be able, should my partner be also my host, to hint to him by doubling one club that I should very much like a whisky-and-soda.

I must admit, however, that an argument on the other side is provided by the sad case of Professor Singleton Hart. It will be remembered that the Professor undertook recently an extended tour for the purpose of studying Bridge conditions among the New





### PROSPECTS FOR THE SEASON.

Mother (to "Hope of his Side"). "AH! GOT A COLD IN YOUR 'EAD—I THOUGHT AS MUCH. NEVER LET ME CATCH YOU PLAYIN' CRICKET AGAIN WITHOUT YOUR OVERCOAT ON!"

Nations. The results of his investigations are of the greatest interest to the Bridge world.

In Georgia he was not very happy. I am inclined to think that he never quite recovered from the shock of finding that the Georgia of the Coon song—"Way down in Georgia there blooms ma dusky queen," etc.—is another Georgia altogether. "I am disappointed," he wrote, "to miss the dusky queens I had looked forward to meeting. Ladies whom I have addressed as 'Ma honey' have not understood me, and as the people are showing distinctly red (rather than black) tendencies—indeed they nearly always declare hearts or diamonds—I am moving on to Armenia at once."

In Armenia he had a delightful time. Every house has its "Kardrum" where they repair in the evening for a "Rubbah." "But Armenian atrocities are not, I fear, entirely a thing of the past," he wrote. "Only last evening the Mayor of Trebizond took me out of a double in a positively criminal manner."

Of Czecho-Slovakia he wrote: "The

Bridge here has been a great disappointment. At the Club at Sforzpadz they will take no risks, and in an endeavour to show them the way I have lost heavily on three consecutive evenings, especially to a young Scotsman named McMoses. I am told that Semitic influences no longer prevail in this country, but I am not sure if this is true."

Altogether, as I have said, a most valuable mission. But it has ruined the Professor, for each country has its peculiar conventions, and he now has them hopelessly mixed. In Armenia, for instance, to turn the ash-tray upside-down and strike the bottom of it sharply with the pencil three times is a call for no-trumps; in England it is a call for nothing but indignation on the part of your opponents. In England to play the higher of two is the most rudimentary of conventions; in Georgia it is a dire insult to your partner, and should on no account be practised unless he is undersized and unarmed. I sympathise deeply with Professor Singleton Hart in that he has been obliged to give up Bridge. But I still cling to my love of the Convention.

### The Patient East.

"This survey will be known as the Jayankondasholapuram-Trichinopoly Railway Survey."—*Gazette of India*.

Not by us.

"Mr. —, a retired Sussex farmer, celebrated his 100th birthday yesterday at Hassocks. He began life as a ploughboy at the age of eleven."—*Daily Paper*.

Even so he is eighty-nine.

"When — was arrested £2 6s. 9½d. was found on him, which included two sovereigns and 18s. 2d."—*Irish Paper*.

Another proof of the decline in the sovereign's value.

### "MOVEMENTS OF SHIPS.

Malta, March 15.—Badminton, Sherborne, and Shakespeare left for Portsmouth.

Portsmouth, March 15.—Badminton, Sherborne, and Shakespeare arrived."

*Daily Paper*.

A flying squadron, we suppose.

There was an heroic young *hour-i*  
Who fought for the vote like a fury;  
But now she's disowned  
By her friends and dethroned  
For objecting to sit on a jury.

## IF NATURE ADVERTISED.

### THE SUN.

Established for centuries and possessing a world-wide reputation as a *UNIVERSAL PROVIDER TO MANKIND.*

*Gives the Best Light*, with absolutely no trouble to the consumer; no grease, no fittings required, no quarterly bills.

*As a Supplier of Warmth* far surpasses all other heating devices; none of the smoke and soot inseparable from the rapidly obsolescing method of heating by coal fires.

*For Invalids.*—Better than any drug on the market.

*For Children.*—The finest thing in the world.

*Mothers*, place your Babies' Cots where *THE SUN* can shine on them.

*THE SUN* is responsible for more smiles of satisfaction than any manufactured commodities, such as custard powders, tooth paste or safety razors.

*THE SUPPLY IS NEVER EQUAL TO THE DEMAND,*

therefore do not waste any opportunity of bringing the Sun into your homes.

### LADIES!

do not be deceived by the lure of smooth sweet-scented Face Creams.

If you value your complexions try

### RAINDROPS.

To ensure the best results set out in a burberry, thick shoes, a closely-fitting hat and take a brisk walk in the rain.

Upon returning home look into your mirror and you will see the marvellous result—a rich glowing colour in your cheeks.

Gently remove any moisture from your face with a soft towel and *feel how smooth and velvety your skin has become.*

Supplied in two qualities:—

*Grade 1.*—Country rain.

*Grade 2.*—Town rain.

(*N.B.*—After treating the skin with Town Rain it is advisable to rinse the face in warm water and a little soap.)

Both qualities can be plentifully obtained in Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

### FOR CLEANING STREETS.

Thoroughfares efficiently and rapidly cleansed by *RAINDROPS*, without dislocation of traffic.

*WOODS AND MEADOWS* invite inspection of their

### SPRING SHOW.

Presenting a beautiful array of coloured goods of best workmanship.

All the very latest shades harmoniously blended by Nature, the supreme artist.

*Fast Dyes*, of which we alone hold the secret.

### SOME OF OUR SPECIALITIES.

The "*Primrose*," simple and neat design; various sizes, in the correct shade of yellow.

The "*Bluebell*," straight and willowy design, various sizes, in a rich shade of blue.

The "*Daisy*." We hold a good stock of this popular favourite (in small sizes only).

"*Ivy*." Very durable in texture, of a clinging quality, in various shades of green.

**Come early to avoid disappointment,**

As many of our choicest creations will soon be snapped up and cannot be repeated this season.

*Scented by exquisite perfumes.*

*Music by Nature's choir.*

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO PROPOSE.

Do not risk the chance of losing Her by making a feverish proposal in a ball-room, where the glare of artificial light will show up any defects in your manner or countenance; but *coax her out into the garden* and propose to her tenderly in the soft caressing light that is shed by

### THE MOON.

*For dates upon which full moons are issued, see Almanack.*

### THAT TIRED FEELING.

How can you cure it?

By taking

### SEA BREEZES.

The Ideal Tonic.

*A West-End Physician writes:—*

"I have recommended Sea Breezes to innumerable patients with most beneficial results."

*Analyst's report:—*

"Stimulating, slightly intoxicating, absolutely pure. Promote appetite."

*SEA BREEZES* are so pleasant to take that it is not necessary to have a chocolate at hand after swallowing a dose, as with other and inferior tonics.

### FOR THE JADED PLEASURE-SEEKER.

You cannot live without sensation—it is the Wine of Life to you . . . but you are weary of jazzing, flying stunts and fighting for a place in the evening bus.

What you need is

### SEA BATHING.

Absolutely the most exhilarating sensation of all;

And a perfect respite from the whirl and worry of life.

You cannot fret over your daily problems whilst your body is travel-

ling with unfettered movements through the cool waters, or you are floating on the crest of a wave, your face turned to the blue sky above and in your ears the gentle, soothing murmur of *The Sea*.

*Avoid imitations—usually advertised under the name of Swimming Baths.*

### LAVENDER POND.

SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS.

NEVER a swallow wets his wing  
In Lavender Pond from Spring to Spring;

Never a lily, pure and chill,  
Holds her cup for the dews to fill;  
Never a willow, gnarled and hoar,  
Bends his boughs to a reedy shore;  
Never a fragrant flower-spike blows there,

Never a lordly king-staff grows there,  
Slender and straight where sedges shiver

And glistening Mayflies glance and quiver,

In Lavender Pond by London River.

But the Baltic barques they come and go

With their old pump-windmills turning slow,

And the tall Cape Horners rest and ride  
Like stately swans on the murky tide,  
And the ocean tramps all red and rusted,  
Worn and weathered and salt-encrusted,  
Gather and cluster near and far,  
Derrick and funnel, mast and spar,  
From many a port of old renown,  
And lonely wharf where the booms float down,

To Lavender Pond by London town.

And keen and strong is the wind that comes

To the dingy streets of the Deptford slums,

Strong and keen with the scent it steals  
Off piled-up acres of Kalmar deals,  
Spruce and cedar and baulks of pine,  
Red with resin and drenched with brine,  
Sawn from the boles that once did stand  
Rank on rank in a virgin land,  
Where the cougar prowls through the silent glades

In the forest depths of the far Cascades . . .

And the gulls go flying, the gulls go crying,

And the wind's sob and the water's sighing

Croon to the ships an old sea ditty  
In Lavender Pond by London city.

C. F. S.

### Our Well-Informed Contemporaries.

"The boat race is in the air to-day."

*Daily Paper, March 30th.*

All the same, the spectators who went to Kew Observatory were disappointed.



Visitor (enjoying a good day). "SEEM TO HAVE LOTS OF JOLLY GOOD FOXES HERE."

Hunt Secretary (suffering from a bad attack of poultry claims). "OUGHT TO BE, IF THEY'RE NOT. THEY SEEM TO LIVE ON PRIZE CHICKENS AT FIFTEEN SHILLINGS A HEAD."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Education of Eric Lane* (HUTCHINSON) is one of those stories whose vitality and brilliance will hold your attention fascinated till the final page, and perhaps deposit you there with a sensation of having been wakened from a dream that led nowhere. I suppose that by this time what Mr. STEPHEN McKENNA doesn't know about the young men and maidens who dwell westwards of St. James's Street must be negligible. I take therefore his word for it that there exist girls as tightly cased in triple egoism, as absorbed in the study and multiplication of their own emotions, as was *Lady Barbara Neave*. The whole matter of the tale is the victimization by *Lady Barbara* of *Eric Lane*, a young dramatist-lion fresh found by Society and thoroughly prepared for a future of successful work and the enjoyment of all the entertainments that his brightened prospects hold out to him. Into these cheery forecasts *Lady Barbara*, having marked her prey, bursts with the devastation of a cyclone. With regard to her behaviour in the early chapters, perhaps only a blind faith in Mr. McKENNA will carry you through; chief amongst the things that have to be taken for granted is a certain insolent charm, which in real life may have spared the heroine a deserved whipping, but of which in cold print the charm is liable to be less apparent than the insolence. Finally, with poor self-satisfied *Eric*, reduced by deliberately engendered passion to a wreck of health, brain and prospects, and *Lady Babs* apparently not much nearer the nervous breakdown that loomed in chapter one, the tale and the intrigue break off together. An incisively clever study of the hardly-worth-while.

MR. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL's hero in *The Early Hours* (COLLINS) is such a delightfully brave-hearted and clean-minded Turk that even those of us who have little or no sympathy with Turkey will welcome him. I sincerely hope that plenty of Turks of the *Camruddin* type still remain, but, whether they do or don't, Mr. PICKTHALL has done good work in reminding us that patriots are not the exclusive possession of any one country. As a whole the book is not successful, because the love-story is swamped, at times almost to extinction, by the tale of the effort made in Turkey some years ago to cast off despotic government. This effort is described in so great detail that more than once I imagined myself reading yet one more war-book. Mr. PICKTHALL may be forgiven for his enthusiasm, but he would have written a better-constructed novel had he kept it within bounds. Nevertheless you will be well-advised to make *Camruddin's* acquaintance; he was not at all puffed up by his successes, and when he was not engaged on adventurous crusades he could make love quite prettily.

Future historians dealing with what will seem one of the most curious episodes of the twentieth century—Bolshevist rule in Russia—will certainly not lack plenty of raw material to work on. Among a mass of quite incredible absurdity the transparently honest journal of an anonymous "English-woman," published under the title *From a Russian Diary, 1917-1920* (MURRAY), will be welcomed, one can foresee, with relief and thanksgiving. Its outlook is not wide, for indeed it is almost more notable for its omissions than for what it says, and further it is badly jumbled up; yet there lies great value in the fact that it is a record made from day to day by an observer, not impartial indeed, but patently

truthful and altogether at home in the Russian language. Ordinary readers may perhaps have just cause to complain of the general tanglement with which the volume is plagued, as well as of the desperate attempts (in brackets) to make it hang together as a narrative, but it does help one, all the same, to picture, in the details of every-day life, the woeful condition of the dispossessed and most other classes in and near dark Moscow. Beyond that it contains, here and there and unexpectedly, outlines of poignantly dramatic and tragic incidents, presented with a rather terrible simplicity. My own feeling in regard to this book is not so much that it would have been better straightened out into a readable story, for after all that would have destroyed its value as a record, but rather that I could wish the writer had contrived to let us have her answers to all the questions she must have been asked after she got home.

When a young woman gets up in the night and goes to a ball at the house of forbidden friends, without (as the

ancient poet sings) her mother knowing she is out, ructions may reasonably be expected on her return. Still, I thought that *Alexina*, part heroine of GERTRUDE ATHERTON's new novel, *Sisters-in-Law* (MURRAY), might have evinced more emotion when the ructions took shape, as the family garden plunging like a sea in a storm, and practically the entire collapse, card-house fashion, of the City of San Francisco, visible therefrom. But that appeared to be *Alexina's* way; also seemingly that of her mother and most of their friends. Because an eligible young man shortly afterwards turning up

to inquire after the welfare of *Alexina*, whom he had met at the ball, the entire party settles itself pleasantly on the lawn, to watch the now burning city over coffee and conversation. And what conversation! The whole book is full to bursting with it. Almost entirely it concerns the social amenities of San Francisco's "best people," who receives or excludes whom—details, one may suppose, of greater interest for Mrs. ATHERTON's Pacific public than for us. In, so to speak, the pauses of this interminable talk *Alexina* finds time to marry the caller; though actually both she and her husband's sister are throughout violently in love with an Englishman, whose own appearances in the tale are (for a character of such importance) prudently infrequent. However the War mixes them all up nicely again; and, after a final heart-to-heart talk between the sisters-in-law in a ruined French church, *Gora* (who, I may admit, carried my money) abandoned the race, leaving *Alexina* to romp home, though still handicapped by an existing husband. A novel that, I am afraid, does not show its distinguished author at her best.

I can quite imagine *Berry Goes to Monte Carlo* (MILLS AND BOON) attaining some repute as a species of Gambler's

Guide. Cheap editions of it might be sold at the stationers' shops, along with time-tables and hand-books of conversation. Only perhaps in this case it might be as well to omit the stories, which are simply the slightest and most perfunctory medium for the exposition of certain "systems" by which to command (or at least deserve) success at the tables. I will not belittle the reputation of the deservedly popular authors, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON (the sad death of the former is fresh in our memory), by pretending that anything here is in the least worthy of it. The eight gambling tales are so frankly technical that I, who have but a poor head for pages of figures and calculations, was forced to abandon them in confusion. Then, the little "systems" having had their day, we are given as fill-up five stories, less abstruse, but of a melodramatic impossibility equally daunting. I should like to praise the book; but the fact remains that, while it may be good as information, it is deplorably bad as fiction. That is really all that can be said. Except that the Monte Carlo Casino management ought in common

gratitude to put itself down for any number of copies.

It is fitting that Mr. P. F. WARNER, who retired from county cricket last year, after leading Middlesex to the championship position, should have put forth his autobiography at the present moment, a month or so before the first wickets of 1921 are pitched. It serves as a stimulative overture to what promises to be one of the most interesting seasons in the history of the game. Mr. WARNER begins *My Cricketing Life* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) with an apology for its egoism: but he may rest



The Armourer. "THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR, WHEN YOU'VE WORN IT FOR A DAY OR TWO. YOU'LL FIND THE SLEEVES WILL WORK DOWN AND THE LEG-PIECES WILL WORK UP, AND THE BODY IS SURE TO SIT MORE COMFORTABLY INTO THE CURVES OF YOUR FIGURE."

easy. It is a modest manly work, and even if there were as many "I's" in it as there are plums in a pudding no one would object, because it is about the author that we want to know. We learn from it that Mr. WARNER was born and cut his Wisden teeth (as they may be called) in Trinidad. He then went to Rugby, where TOM EMMETT taught him to bat, and on to Oriel in 1893, and in 1894 he played his first match for Middlesex, and in 1895 he got his Blue. His career thenceforward was distinguished, and no cricketer has ever served the game with a finer purpose or a more single-minded devotion. The book has sagacious estimates of all the great players of the time, the palm for batting going to the Jam of NAWANAGAR, with a leaning towards VICTOR TRUMPER. It has also a number of excellent stories, not the least pleasing of which is one concerning the late GERALD BARDSWELL's father, whose cricketing prowess, in retrospect, waxed, one evening, with every glass he drank at his hospitable board. "Pass the port to father," his son whispered, "and he'll soon be long-stopping his own bowling." The women of England will be glad to hear that it was the advice of Mrs. WARNER, to put on HIRST at the other end, that won her husband a match against the M.C.C. South African team in 1910.

## CHARIVARIA.

"SMILE, boys, smile!" says Sir HARRY LAUDER in a newspaper article. What with the labour crises and other things he might have given us a few hints on how to do it. \* \*

Events of late seem to suggest that the PRIME MINISTER is right when he said we should have a new world. \* \*

Friday's eclipse of the sun took place as advertised. We have nothing but commendation for this policy of allowing industrial disputes to interfere as little as possible with popular entertainments. \* \*

The EX-EMPEROR CARL'S dash for the throne of Hungary resulted in his illness. Medical men are generally emphatic in warning persons of sedentary occupations that they should never hurry for thrones. \* \*

In some quarters it is felt that the Emergency Powers Act should be exercised to protect the Government from Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S advice in time of national crisis. \* \*

"It was no easy matter," says a morning paper, "for the Prime Minister to arrange his Cabinet appointments." What must not be overlooked, however, is that he had the assistance of Mr. CHURCHILL'S absence from this country. \* \*

Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. ALLEN, speaking at a meeting in County Armagh, said he didn't care what the Northcliffe Press said about him. People are asking if there is no limit to the audacity of some Members of Parliament. \* \*

"War will never pay," says Admiral TIRPITZ. Neither will Germany if she can help it, we fancy. \* \*

Croydon teachers are out on strike. Many schoolboys fear that a settlement will be reached one of these days. \* \*

"Joseph Kirkwood, the Australian golfer," says *The Daily Express*, "laughs at stymies." We have seen others do it too, but it is a hollow sort of laugh with no real ring about it. \* \*

A contemporary describes Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH as "looking like a Cabinet

Minister." In consequence of this the famous actor has decided to grow a full set of whiskers. \* \*

"Loyalty one to another," says a contemporary, "is very marked amongst motorists." Of course cases are not unknown where a motorist accidentally knocks down a pedestrian belonging to another, but he invariably apologises when it is pointed out to him. \* \*

A correspondent writes to a contemporary pointing out that the Post Office owes him two pounds on his telephone. But we fancy that if he put it nicely

gineer who is burrowing into London's soil and unearthing its secrets has already discovered several stone hammers, each weighing twenty-eight pounds, with which it is thought prehistoric editors used to persuade Spring poets that their wares were not wanted. \* \*

Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE, the retired miners' leader, is said to spend a good deal of his time playing billiards at the village club. No doubt his fellow-members are tactful about mentioning the "red loser" in his presence. \* \*

According to a Nature journal quite a number of migratory birds have already left the North of Africa for our shores. It is rumoured that Mr. CHURCHILL, on hearing about the vacancy caused by Mr. BONAR LAW'S retirement, made every effort to join the first flight. \* \*

With reference to *The Aerial Mail*, a newspaper printed and published in mid-air, Lord NORTHCLIFFE wishes it to be known that in no circumstances will any member of the staff be dismissed without a parachute. \* \*

Eight million gallons more water were used in London last year than in the previous year, says a London paper, and it wonders where it went. After our experience the other evening the answer is in our whisky. \* \*

"To stand on one's feet for seven hours," says a shop assistant in a weekly paper, "is a test of a man's temper." To stand on the feet of an-

other in the omnibus is a test of the other fellow's temper. \* \*

"The world will not be able to maintain its population in the year 2,100," says a weekly paper. Much anxiety prevails. \* \*

Miss STIRLING, the champion U.S.A. lady golfer, says that violin-playing has done a great deal to improve her golf. We sincerely hope that our neighbour's little daughter will take up golf on the off-chance that it may improve her violin-playing. \* \*

It seems that the first difficulty to be overcome in the matter of selecting the English team for the Test matches is to select those who are to select the Selection Committee.



The Hen. "THAT'S MINE, SIR!"

the POSTMASTER-GENERAL would allow him to take it out in wrong numbers. \* \*

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE has been saying that the telephone service in Australia is worse than it is in England. We only hope Mr. KELLAWAY will realise that to Sir A. CONAN DOYLE hardly anything seems impossible. \* \*

A large falcon was shot at Penarth last week. That ought to learn falcons to visit Penarth. \* \*

We are glad to hear that the Welshman who was arrested for using bad language during the Boat-race was released on explaining that he was merely cheering in his native tongue. \* \*

A well-known Cornish mining en-



### THE STOPPER.

Most families have a stopper. Ours is Aunt Jane.

Just to give you an instance. The evening had begun to drag—Aunt Jane's brake never faltered—and a diversion had become imperative. "You know that joke about Arthur?" I asked them brightly.

They turned to me as drooping flowers turn to the sun. Aunt Jane turned first.

"You know," I continued eagerly. "Someone says, 'Do you know Arthur?'" And then someone else, a kind someone else, says, "Arthur who?" And the answer is "Arthur-mometer."

I searched their faces anxiously and was relieved to note a new brightness and a certain suspicion of intelligence therein. Aunt Jane's face in particular was wreathed in smiles and her eyes were twinkling.

"Now then," I continued briskly, "let's have five minutes' silence, and when I call 'Time' we'll each ask in turn a riddle on the lines of Arthur-mometer. You all grasp the idea, don't you?"

George and Henry affectedly groaned acquiescence; Mollie said "Ye-es" rather doubtfully; quiet demure little Miss Johnson sighed softly and gently inclined her circumspect head. But Aunt Jane shouted "Rather!" in the jolliest, most enthusiastic way.

"All right," I said; "we're off."

I enjoyed those five minutes watching their faces. You see I hadn't to bother thinking out an Arthur-riddle myself, because a chap in the train had asked me one and I luckily remembered the answer. So I had only to look superior and enjoy the others. George and Henry kept muttering innumerable Christian names and telling each other to shut up. Mollie's hands were clenched and her eyes fixed. Aunt Jane was bouncing on her chair in the throes of creation, her face purpling. But little Miss Johnson's expression did not alter, save perhaps to acquire an added demureness as the minutes ticked off.

"Time!" I cried. "Now then, to give you confidence I'll lead off. Do you know Michael? Go on; say 'Michael who?'"

"Michael who?" they asked obediently.

"Michael-oths-brush."

It took a moment or so to sink in. Then, "Now you, Henry?" I said briskly.

Henry smirked as though the laurel wreath was already tickling his brow.

"Do you know Saul?" he inquired.

"Saul who?" we chorused, save for Aunt Jane, who was dumb.

"Saul-ittle-place-on-my-finger," grinned Henry sheepishly.

"Rotten," commented George. "But do you know Ivan?"

"Ivan who?" we chanted; but Aunt Jane chanted not.

"Ivan-aptitude-for-this-game," boasted George. "Wait. Listen. Do you know Rosetta?"

"Rosetta who?"

"Rosetta-missionary. Disgusting, of course, but we must remember that she was the Cannibal King's daughter, and——"

"Now, Mollie?" I prompted. None of us wanted George's psycho-analysis.

Mollie writhed. "Do—do you know Isabel?" she faltered.

"Isabel who?" we encouraged.

"Isabel-necessary-on-a-bicycle?"

The room resounded with hootings. I turned graciously to little Miss Johnson.

"Do you know Willie?" she whispered shyly.

"Willie who?" we asked courteously. Aunt Jane, of course, asked nothing.

"Willie-kiss-me?" wondered demure Miss Johnson, wide-eyed and wistful.

Henry himself wagged a reproving forefinger at George.

Little Miss Johnson looked more demure than ever. But George's face held the shameful expression of one whose secret purpose (timed, in his case, for the drive home in the taxi) has suddenly been laid bare. Mollie and I, who have long since passed that stage (need I say that Mollie is my wife?), chuckled our appreciation. We liked to think that, although we had retired, the younger generation was still carrying on.

"Now, Aunt Jane," I said, "it's your turn."

Instantly Aunt Jane exploded hilariously. Each time she tried to speak the exquisite humour of her own conception engulfed her. Our own polite anticipatory smiles stiffened on our faces until they became sheer frozen grimaces.

"Dud, dud—do you know——" began Aunt Jane, and broke down.

"Well?" I asked impatiently.

"You—you'll die with laughing," Aunt Jane warned us, mopping her eyes. The gloom encroached and thickened.

"Well, well?" I admit to a distinct feverishness in my tone.

"D—d—do you know Mr. Jones?" she gurgled.

The gloom had now absolutely solidified. It was little Miss Johnson who asked morbidly, "Mr. Jones who?"

Aunt Jane rocked in her chair. "Mr. Jones of Golder's Green," she gasped. I had to clutch my knee to prevent my foot from shooting forth.

"The—the cream of the joke," spluttered Aunt Jane, tears of purest fun

coursing down her cheeks, "is that I don't know him myself."

You do see what I mean, don't you? She is a stopper, isn't she?

### MUSIC IN MINIATURE.

In this age of reduction we need not be surprised to hear that the passion for frugality has invaded the musical world. But Mr. EDWIN EVANS, the eminent musical critic, in his luminous article in *The Sunday Express* on the dethroning of the huge orchestra, acquits the younger composers of a financial motive. The movement had already begun before the economic need appeared. They are writing for fewer instruments and smaller orchestras, not because it is cheaper, but because it pleases them. It is an artistic revolt against the tyranny of hugeness, the despotism of Brobdingnag; a protest in favour of delicacy, exquisiteness and moderation. They recognise that it is better to be little and good than to be big and blatant.

\* \* \*

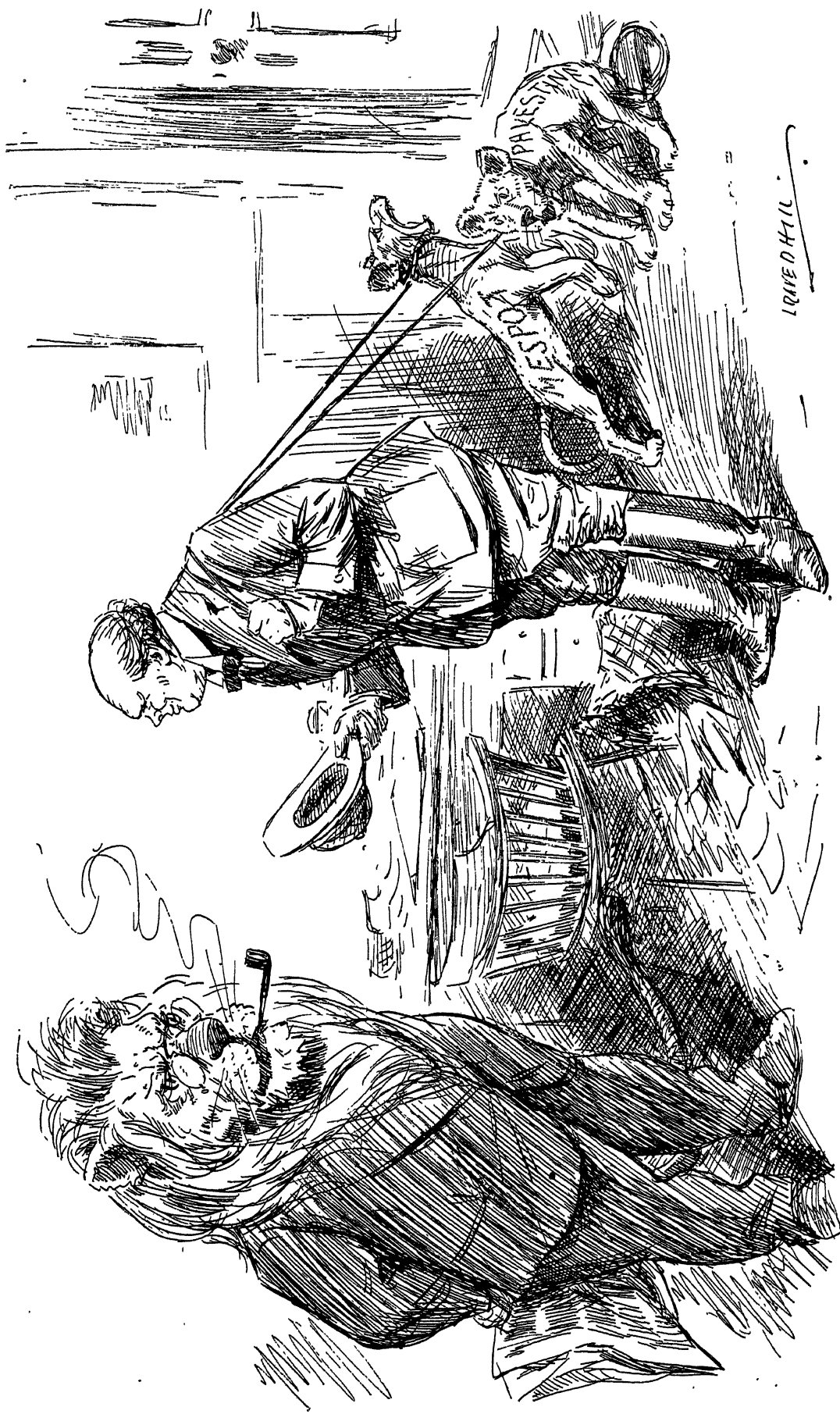
So it comes about that the younger composers, headed by the pyrotechnic STRAVINSKY, are all reducing their scores and writing miniature symphonies. Mr. EVANS gives us some interesting details of their activities, but he omits to mention that, as a corollary of the new movement, a whole group of diminutive and cheaper instruments is emerging on the musical horizon. Their very names are indicative of the ingratiating charm which belongs to little things and little people. For example there is the chinkle, a cross between the tambourine and the triangle; the elf-horn, an ethereal instrument whose tones are so faint that they cannot always be detected by the naked ear. Then there is the bimbaloon, an instrument which accurately reproduces the drumming or bleating of snipe; the ponkola, another instrument of mitigated percussion; and the pipitina, which recalls by its *timbre* the plaintive notes of the nose-flute of the Botocudos.

\* \* \*

As all or nearly all these instruments can be made of cardboard and tin, their price is remarkably moderate. A first-rate chinkle does not run to more than fifteen shillings, and the best ponkola on the market may be purchased for a guinea. It is pleasant to learn that Professor BANTOCK is engaged on a Hebridean symphony for twenty trombones, that Mr. CYRIL SCOTT is putting the last touches to his "Funeral March of a Leprechaun," for twelve elf-horns, and that Mr. JOSEF HORBROOKE has completed a striking quartet for two pipitinas, chinkle and bimbaloon.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 13, 1921.



### UNPAYING GUESTS.

BRITISH LION. "I'M AFRAID, WINSTON, THEY'LL BE VERY EXPENSIVE TO REAR."



SAD PLIGHT OF A TREE WHO COULD NOT AVOID A CUP-TIE.

## THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

(From "Sunday Sport" of April 24th, 1921.)

THE final tie of the Football Association Challenge Cup took place in the centre of Hyde Park yesterday, before an audience of one-and-a-half millions. The new large reflector over the ground enabled this number to follow the game, though many have stiff necks to-day from looking upwards for an hour.

As all the world knows Houndsditch (familiarily known as "The Hounds") beat Bermondsey (affectionately known as "The Bers") by one goal to love.

It must be confessed that The Bers' famous full-back, Algernon Berkeley (the *nom de jeu*, as my readers know, of Snobby Tubbs), was a great disappointment. Time after time his kicks, though well directed, went so high in the air as to be outside the field of the movie cameras. Such a grave fault will doubtless militate against his being included in the team, or rather company, another season.

The Hounds' goalkeeper, Archie Trevelyan (formerly Sammy Stodger), surpassed himself, however. With that graceful dive which every picture-lover knows so well he saved goal after goal,

turning after each effort to flash one of his winning smiles at the camera. Truly he is to-day as great a world-force as Mary Pickbanks.

But the sensation of the match was the arrival of Fowler Playford, the Hounds' international centre forward, in the Bers' colours. Great was the surprise of all to learn that he had been purchased from Houndsditch by Bermondsey during the night for twenty thousand pounds. The sequel was a little unfortunate, for, towards the end of the game, Fowler forgot which side he was representing and, racing down the ground, registered the only goal of the match against his own side.

We cannot be too thankful that this season we have been spared a repetition of the great Football strike of last year, when all the players of the United Kingdom "went out" for shorter hours of play, special allowances for abrasions and contusions, and an annuity at twenty-five years of age. May the pitiable spectacle of football "supporters" wandering the streets on Saturdays, with nothing more exciting than their wives and families to support, never be repeated! The right to watch is one of the most sacred of our inheritances and must never be surrendered.

## "THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

A COOLER ATMOSPHERE."

Yorkshire Paper.

The natural result of no coal.

"Interesting cars on view at the Crystal Palace include a Mercedes car, which was the property of King Edward VI., and has been fitted with a modern body."—*Sunday Paper*.

We cannot decide whether to entitle this "Relic of the Reformation" or "Reformation of a Relic."

From a review of Mr. WARNER'S book:—

"It is the kind of book about cricket which takes the reader back to Lord's or the Oval when the snow is falling and the winter wind howls round the gables."—*Sunday Paper*.

But why recall these painful memories of the British summer?

"We have had celebrated poems on the cuckoo ourselves, and they are not notably good. The best known, which has crept into most of the anthologies, begins:—

Bird of the wilderness  
Blithesome and cumberless."

"SOLOMON EAGLE" in "The Outlook."

We were brought up to think of these lines as the beginning of JAMES HOGG'S "Ode to the Skylark." But Eagles should know best.

## CABINET MEMORY RHYMES.

EVERYBODY likes to be well-informed, and it is the most annoying thing in the world, at your club or at dinner or when you are talking to the hairdresser, to have to say, "Let me see, who is the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster now? Isn't it—you know—Reconstruction fellow—went to Air—what's his name?"

"No, I don't think *he* is," says the other man. "Surely it's thingumabob—used to be Munitions or Margarine—erum—hang it all!"

"Oh, but surely *he's* the Board of Trade," you reply.

This kind of thing doesn't get you any further on, and it makes you feel ignorant and out of touch with the political world. And yet, owing to the enormous number of Cabinet posts in these days, it is almost impossible to remember who's what at the best of times, and when a re-shuffle has just taken place the bother becomes worse.

The only thing to do is to make a number of neat well-turned couplets, like the gender rhymes in the Latin Grammar, and learn them carefully by heart. For instance—

The rising politician's Mecca  
Is Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
And sheep in future will be shorn  
Of income by Sir ROBERT HORNE.

I admit that "Mecca" is not a very good rhyme to "Exchequer" and that a town can't very well be a man, but, unless you are going to bring the woodpecker in and say something about "yaffle" and "snaffle," I don't think we can do better than this. Very well then:—

The wide Air folds into her breast  
Captain the Right Hon. F. E. GUEST,  
And STANLEY BALDWIN has been made  
President of the Board of Trade;  
"Hop" cut you off like that to-day  
Through Mr. F. G. KELLAWAY,  
And influenza is the bond  
Betwixt you and Sir ALFRED MOND;  
He leaves in these salubrious circes.  
The office of the Board of Works;  
He leaves the huts: this problem harries  
The Earl of CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

I have perhaps been a little too poetic and fantastical here, but it is impossible sometimes not to be carried away by one's theme.

The next problem is how to treat all the minor offices. Minor offices have such long and uninteresting names. They *can*, of course, be dealt with in couplets, or perhaps I should say triplets, if you really want to do it; thus—

Lieutenant-Colonel AMERY  
Is now the Parliamentary  
Secretary to the Admiralty.

This includes a French rhyme, but after all the French are our allies; and



Dear old lady (very much up from the country, at the doors of London emporium).  
"MAY I COME IN?"

the triplet is very useful, because without it you might easily forget that there was a Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Navy, who are always justly suspicious of spurs on the quarter-deck. But on the whole I am inclined to dismiss the minor offices lightly. I don't think one wants to bother with them.

I'm hanged if I intend to vex  
My memory with these Under-Secs.

will do for them. It fact this couplet reminds one rather pleasingly of—

Common are to either sex  
*Artifex* and *opifex*.

From which it appears, by the way, that in ancient Rome the men used to work as well as the women.

There remain now three other kinds of Ministers to make rhymes about. There are those who have lost their job but are still in the Cabinet, those who have left altogether, and those whose posi-

tions are unchanged. We might continue like this:—

I can't imagine what on earth  
They mean to do with ILLINGWORTH,  
But Dr. ADDISON I know  
Stays on without portfolio,  
And Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL stands  
Still ruler of the sister lands  
That cry to us across the sea,  
Including Mesopotamy.

Rather beautiful that, I think. You can make your own rhymes, of course, in any way you please. I have simply given you a few hints here as to how to keep your end up when people will insist on talking about Whitehall.

EVOR.

"The price of eggs fell to 2s. 6d. a dozen in — Market yesterday. Dealers declared that the prospect of the penny egg this year was high."—*Daily Paper*.

We had an impression of something of the sort with the last penny egg we had.

# "DÉFENDU."

I HAVE had a visit from my old friend Henri. Henri is a very French Frenchman and, although he loves the English, and especially me, I had the greatest difficulty during the War in persuading him that we were taking it at all seriously. As for the Peace——!

Even now it is difficult to keep him off the subject. He descended suddenly on Friday evening and announced that he was here for the week-end. He had come straight from the Lens district, and he had been a good deal annoyed on the journey from Dover to find that apparently no part of Kent had been devastated at all. "*Parbleu!*" he said, "but you have not had a war, you English."

"All right," I said; "come out for a walk."

We went out and strolled about the parks.

Frenchmen have curious minds; they seem to discover oddities where there is no oddity at all. For instance, when we were passing a disused lake in St. James's Park—a perfectly ordinary and normal disused lake, as it seemed to me—he stopped with an air of stupefaction and said, "*Mon Dieu!* but what is that?"

"Oh, that's one of our devastated areas," I told him. "*C'est la guerre*, you know."

"But it is terrible," he cried, "*incroyable, étonnant*," and a lot of other words like that. "The Park of Saint James—your most beautiful, is it not?"

"Yes," I said modestly; "that's why we did it, you know. It's a sort of War Memorial, to remind our gallant fellows of the battlefields of France. *C'est la guerre*."

"But those *logements*, those—how you say?—*bungleous*, in the bed of the rivaire, what are they?" he cried.

"Well, you've got a Ministry of Devastated Areas, haven't you? That's ours."

"*Magnifique!*" he muttered, removing his hat.

On the way home I asked him what he would like to drink for dinner. To my astonishment, and merely, I fancy, as a compliment to the British race, he said whisky. I told him with regret that there was no whisky in the house. Delighted, he insisted that he must buy me a bottle as a token of esteem. "You can't," I told him. "It's Friday evening."

"Ah, *oui*," he said, with quick sympathy, "you are a Catholic, is it not?"

"*Mais non, c'est la guerre*."

"Ah, *oui*. It is the anniversary of some glorious *victoire*?"

"No, no—it's just Friday evening."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No, Saturday's worse."

"Do you tell me then that an Englishman cannot buy whisky on Saturday?"

"*Oui, oui—c'est la guerre*. We can get some French wine, if you like—that's a sort of compliment to France—but not Scotch whisky."

His face beamed. "Some cognac, then?"

"No, no—French wine," I said, "not French brandy. Dash it, you must remember we've had a war on here."

"Ah, *oui—la guerre*."

Finally, after a prolonged study of the rules, we bought some very nasty beer and went home.

Henri was silent and sympathetic during dinner, as if in the presence of grief. When we started for the theatre he wanted to have a taxi. I explained that we should have to walk at least half-a-mile to find one, and had better take a train.

"But, *morbleu!*" he remarked (I hope I have got all these oaths right), "can we not *siffler*—whistle?"

"No, you mayn't whistle nowadays. Defence of the Realm Regulation, you know. We felt we really couldn't keep the old country together if people went on whistling for taxi-cabs and that sort of thing. And I ought to warn you that, unless the military situation has eased a lot since I went to the play last, you won't be able to buy any chocolate at the theatre. You can understand how dangerous that would be at a time like this. But if you have any little worries like that while you're over here you mustn't mind; you can be fairly sure that it means the realm is being defended——"

"*Comment—défendu?*"

"No, defended; but it comes to much the same thing. The fact is, many of our Government did French while they were at school, and in the excitement of the War they rather mixed up the two ideas."

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"Quite. I'm afraid you won't really enjoy yourself very much over here. I daresay you'd like to go on and have a jolly little supper somewhere after the theatre?"

"*Mais oui—un café*, is it not? *Charmant*."

"Well, I'm afraid you can't. At least you can have a little supper, but it won't be jolly, and it will be a jolly little one" (I like showing these Frenchmen that we've got some idioms too), "because you'll be sent to bed almost before you've begun it. Do you like lemonade?"

"*Mais non*."

"Then perhaps we'd better go straight home, because that's all you'll get."

"*Mais pourquoi?*"

I drew myself up with a magnificent Continental gesture—"Parce que, *Monsieur, c'est la guerre*."

I don't know what sort of French that is, but it affected Henri profoundly. For the first time I had really brought it home to him.

"*Mon Dieu*," he said, wringing my hand, "and they say in France that you English make a joke of the War."

He caught the last train to Dover.

A. P. H.

# A SAD SONNET

ON THE COST OF LIVING.

["Children in London are now using winkle-shells in place of marbles, owing to the high cost of the latter."—*Daily Paper*.]

SINCE first young fingers rounded from the clay

The immemorial marble, the prime taw,

In some old cave and with a grimy paw

Rang up the curtain of the Longest Play,

The line remained unbroken. Day on day

The young have knuckled up, have learnt to draw

That circle which the dawn of History saw

Rooted and old, traditional and grey.

Now ends an epoch. Thrones may tumble down,

Empires be shattered, truth be falsified,

Continents vanish, the vast ocean swell

And pour upon the earth, great nations drown,

The heavens crash—these shall not count beside

The usurpation of the winkle-shell.

"The London and North-Western Railway Company are engaged in working out a comparatively big cut of their train times. The proposal is that, with the May service, the express trains from London to the north and from the north to London shall be accelerated by about two minutes each way."

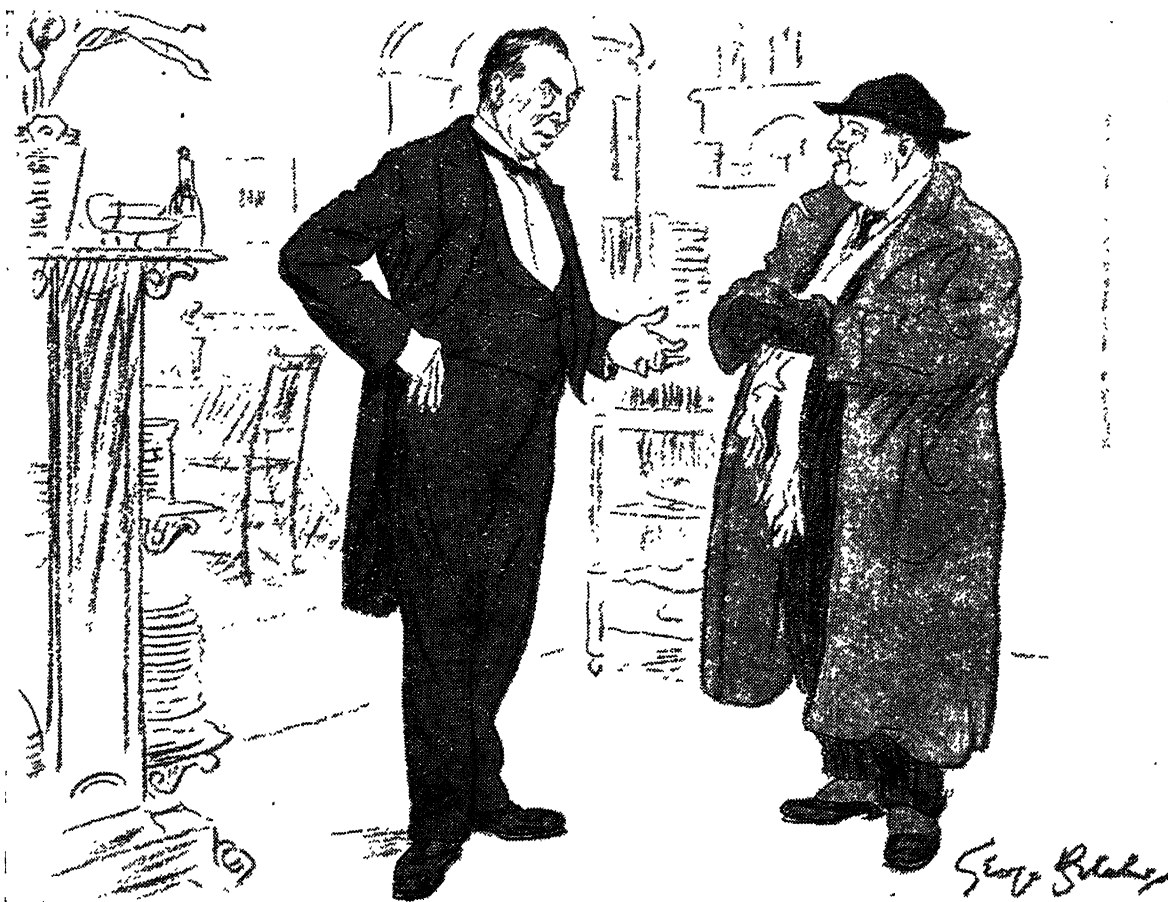
Manchester Paper.

The dashers!

"I am not really a greybeard, yet I can remember terrific excitement when the first car did 100 miles inside 60 seconds at Weybridge in 1913. Given a track large enough there are now plenty of cars which could do 200 miles inside the 60 seconds."

Evening Paper.

Although this works out at twelve thousand miles an hour, *Puck*, with his "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," still has a little bit in hand.



Tourist. "HAVE YOU ANY COLD MEAT?"

Waiter. "WELL, WE HAVE SOME THAT'S NEARLY COLD, SIR."

### AT THE PLAY.

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM."

THE principal and, so far as I was concerned, the most attractive and plausible character in this attenuated farce by WILSON COLLISON and OTTO HARBACH is the rose-pink chemise which Garry (Mr. HAWTREY) sent from Paris to Mabel (Miss ISOBEL ELSOM), with "From Garry to Mabel" neatly embroidered thereon. Naturally, when he was married to a jealous Irish-American marionette, Geraldine, and his idiotic friend Arthur was engaged to Mabel, he wanted that particular present returned. If only Mabel had been reasonable!

Instead she thought that Geraldine needed a lesson—needed to have her darkest suspicions about her husband apparently confirmed, only to find that he was a perfect paragon of purity if not precisely of intelligence. So Mabel kept the chemise, was even perverse enough to wear it; wherefore sundry raids by Garry and his man Corliss having failed by day, they must needs attempt the enterprise by night. And all this happens on Long Island. Here obviously you have the makings of standard farce, *sauce piquante*.

To get the full flavour of this particular sample, however, you must start with the conviction that the mere mention or sight of a chemise is either devastatingly funny or inexpressibly shocking, or, better still, both at once. And if you lack this conviction you will be reduced to extracting your chief amusement from the sight of Mr. HAWTREY crawling back and forth from under a lady's bed—a joke of which vain repetition impairs the quality. You may also incidentally learn what other underthings (besides the fatal rose-pink) Mabel possesses, and how charming she looks in them.

There are some amusing lines. Two of them fall to Mr. HAWTREY, who adds many really agreeable grimaces. There is knockabout business, which much swifter playing would improve. Miss BEATRICE LILLIE, Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY, Mr. STANLEY BRETT and Mr. FRED KNIGHT all worked hard up in Mabel's room, in ottomans, outside bathrooms and elsewhere without sensibly mitigating my impression that, if this farce had had the courage of its convictions and been as naughty as it pretended to be, it might conceivably have been more interesting. T.

### "THE SALVAGING OF CIVILISATION.

By H. G. WELLS."

Article in *Sunday Paper*.

"WELLS DRYING UP."

Another headline in same paper.

We see no sign of it.

### "U.S. CASE AGAINST MANDATES.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO YAP."—*Times*.

Well, we never disputed them.

"Though the people on horseback did not outnumber the riders in the Park yesterday, there were quite a number of them about."

*Evening Paper*.

And by a singular coincidence the number of persons on foot exactly equalled the pedestrians.

"Madam Sarah Bernhardt, after a somewhat adventurous journey from Paris, arrived in London on Saturday evening. She had travelled in a motor car all the way."

*Scotch Paper*.

The name of the car is not given, but for crossing a Channel there is nothing like a —.

From a description of Madame BERNHARDT in *Daniel*:—

"A pale figure, clad in a red plush dressing-room"—*Evening Paper*.

A sort of *robe-de-chambre*, we presume.



## THE BY-AND-BY ELECTOR.

SCENE—*Piccadilly*. TIME—*Nowadays*.  
*Glossop*. Hullo! What brings you to London?

*Dodson*. I am a refugee from a political storm-centre. Chickenham is in the throes of a by-election. At this very moment the electors of Chickenham in their thousands are pouring to the polls.

*G*. But why aren't you among them, doing your duty as a citizen and seething with party, or Coalition, prejudice?

*D*. Because I couldn't decide which prejudice to seethe with. I brought my nice clean vote away with me to make sure of not doing anything with it that I might afterwards regret. The responsibility unnerved me. Fancy if, after voting merely for the sake of voting, I found that my random ballot-paper had returned a Member by a majority of one. And fancy if he in his turn were to make the bare majority in a division affecting the entire course of history. Imagine the state of my conscience!

*G*. Your conscience ought to be all pins and needles as it is. If you weren't utterly lacking in proper public-spirit you would not have this cowardly sense of responsibility at all; it would be smothered by honest convictions of some kind or other. You would rejoice as a free-born Englishman in the sacred privilege of the franchise which your rude forefathers won for you.

*D*. I don't for a moment believe my rude forefathers meant to win for me an obligation to vote for a candidate I don't fancy.

*G*. But I see that Chickenham has a choice of three.

*D*. Yes, it's the eternal triangle. Directly the seat became vacant three suspicious-looking strangers in motor-cars made a rush for it, and for the first time within living memory Chickenham found itself called upon to make up its own mind. Under the unaccustomed strain local feeling, as the papers put it, runs high. You see the old Member had been returned unopposed so often that none of his constituents was quite sure which party he originally belonged to, even if he himself was, which I doubt.

*G*. Chickenham should welcome this convulsion as a means of finding its soul. What Chickenham says to-day Manchester may be saying to-morrow. It's shameful to be a shirker at such a time. What's wrong with the candidates that none of them is worthy of your support?

*D*. Oh, I don't say that. I'm sure all three of them are kind husbands and fathers, and not nearly so black in other relationships as they paint each other. And I really believe that each of them has persuaded himself that his particular wheeze is the one that's going to make the world better, brighter and perhaps cheaper.

*G*. Well, what more do you want?

*D*. Lots more; more candidates, to begin with. That's what I want—

which my rude forefathers won for me, I ought to have a chance of picking a representative suited to my tastes and temperament, instead of being expected to adapt myself to one of the very limited number of opinions now in vogue at Westminster. Besides, it ought to be a candidate's business to find out my views rather than to force his upon me. But even so, with plenty of candidates to choose from there would be a possibility of having one's dormant enthusiasms kindled by some such slogan as "Back to WALPOLE and Bribery!" whereas tired parrot-cries like "Trust LLOYD GEORGE!" and "Back to GLADSTONE!" and "Watch BOTTOMLEY!" leave one quite cold.

*G*. But haven't these Chickenham candidates tried a direct appeal to your personal sympathies?

*D*. Oh, yes. Three persuasive ladies, the wives or daughters of the respective candidates, called to impress me with the fact that my vote was accounted more precious than any other.

*G*. That is the whole art of canvassing.

*D*. Oh, is it? Well, each of them got me to swear not to vote for either of the others. That is largely why I am here now. It felt like the Judgment of Paris.

*G*. "Beautiful Dodson, evil-hearted Dodson!" Well, electioneering promises are pie-crust, whether



George (reading from *Seedsman's Catalogue*). "THIS MAGNIFICENT PLANT BURSTS INTO AN AVALANCHE OF GLORIOUS BLOOM IN JUNE, GIVING THE GARDEN THE SPLENDOR OF A BILLOWY SURF-SWEPT COAST OR MILES OF GREAT ROLLING SNOW-DRIFT EMBLAZONED BY THE SETTING SUN."

Mabel. "OH, GEORGE, DO LET US HAVE A TWOPENNY PACKET OF THAT!"

more candidates. There are far more than three shades of political thought, and there ought to be not three candidates, but at least thirty. If only three horses, pretty evenly matched, go to the starting-post I consider it a race to watch rather than to bet on; I save my money for something at a nice price in a larger field.

*G*. But in my experience putting money on a horse has quite the opposite effect to giving a vote to a Parliamentary candidate.

*D*. I admit the simile doesn't work out. I'll try another. If I go into a haberdasher's to buy a tie and he has only three kinds in stock, all very common, what do I do? I walk out again. But if he has a large and varied selection the chances are that I shall find the very thing I had in my mind's eye. In the same way, rejoicing as a free-born Englishman in the sacred privilege

they are made by the candidates or the candidates' wives or the electors. But I consider that anyone who neglects to exercise the sacred privilege of the franchise ought to be deprived of it.

*D*. You'd better write to your M.P. about it.

*G*. I would if I remembered his name, or even which constituency I am in. But I don't; that's one of the privileges of free Londoners.

*D*. Talking of the sacred privileges of the free, *Glossop*, it's time for luncheon. I hope you remember which is your club.

Why did Buffalo Bill? Because he heard Mr. Wellington Koo.

"Studebaker Car; good condition; for Sale. Two with Heifer Calves."

*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

Mr. FORD's mechanical cow seems to have been anticipated by a rival.





*The Idealist.* "AH! TELL ME, GENTLE SHEPHERD, WHERE IS THY PIPE?"  
*The Realist.* "LEFT IT AT 'OOME, MISSY, 'CAUSE I AIN'T GOT NO BACCY."

### A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

[In describing the uses to which the various rooms are put in a house designed by Mr. BAILLIE SCOTT "for the ordinary family of to-day," *The Studio* states "the master contents himself with a small study or 'growlery.'"]

COME not into the garden, Maud,  
 As you were wont to come;  
 Your spouse is in no mood to laud,  
 For he would make things hum;  
 His soul is stirred  
 By "Suzette's" bill to say the season-  
 able word.

The only difficulty seems  
 To be to find a place  
 Where he may dissipate the dreams  
 That cause your falls from grace;  
 Trying again  
 To make our impecuniosity quite plain.  
 The living-room resounds with squeals  
 Denoting infant joys;  
 While in the chamber labelled "Meals"  
 I gather from the noise  
 That, full of beans,  
 Martha is smashing crockery to  
 smithereens.

The parlour also is taboo,  
 Being the private sphere  
 Of influence reserved for you—  
 In fact, one thing is clear:  
 The modern house  
 Is rather short of places where a man  
 may grouse.

But there is *one* specific spot  
 Especially designed  
 By thoughtful Mr. BAILLIE SCOTT  
 For functions of the kind;  
 A man may slip  
 Into his "growlery" and safely let it rip.

### THE FALL.

THIS is not, as you may suppose, a story about skating or about banana skins; neither banana skins nor skates enter into it. It is the tragic story of a man's failure.

It concerns Charles.

Charles was obedient, so obedient that I am certain he must have had a previous incarnation as a Spartan; probably the Spartan who allowed a fox to bite into his vitals rather than disobey the laws of his country.

Charles never expectorates where it is forbidden, and he always looks both ways before stepping off the curb. When driving his car he keeps to the left when told to do so. He spends a great deal of time in not being a hawker, buying bottles or delivering circulars. He keeps off grass. He invariably waits till the bus stops before alighting and he enters buildings by doors marked IN and emerges by doors marked OUT. He never smokes in the lift, he passes right along the cars, he lets people get off first, and he never puts heavy arti-

cles on racks. He waits till the train stops.

Yesterday, however, the blow fell. As we emerged from a tube station I asked him the time. He felt for his watch, but it was gone. The ghastly truth suddenly dawned on him. He had been found wanting at last. He had failed to beware of pickpockets.

I hear to-day that he has already booked a passage for Hawaii, where the poor fellow hopes to live it down.

"Sir Herbert — has resigned his seat in the Canadian House of Commons. His resignation leaves five Parliamentary seats without representation."—*Weekly Paper*.  
 Stout fellow!

When I asked my old gardener, Mike, What he'd do if it came to a strike,  
 He replied: "Same I done  
 Last time there was one;  
 I'd borrow the parson's old bike."

To arrive at "Summer Time":—

"The correct way is to place the forefinger of the right hand on the minute hand of the clock, and turn it slowly for three hundred and sixty degrees. Automatically the hour hand will be moved forward thirty degrees. The operation is not injurious to the clock."

*Sunday Paper.*

Unlike the usual method of pushing the left foot through the clock-face and stirring vigorously.



*Hostess (to eminent but excitable physician).* "I SUPPOSE IN THESE TIMES YOU HAVE SEVERAL PATIENTS WITH NERVES, SIR PATRICK?"  
*Sir Patrick.* "NERVES, IS IT? IT'S TERRIBLE TIMES WE LIVE IN. OUT OF EVERY HUNDRED PATIENTS WHO COME TO CONSULT ME I SEND AWAY NINETY-NINE SUFFERING FROM SERIOUS NERVOUS DISORDERS!"

### IN THE BEST OF CAUSES.

THE occasion of the Festival Dinner, in support of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, arranged by Dame MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE for to-morrow at the Savoy Hotel, gives Mr. Punch an opportunity of once more appealing to his readers on behalf of this splendid work. Seven hundred and seventy-six crippled children have been treated at the Heritage Craft Schools since their foundation, the majority remaining until sixteen years of age, and then being placed out as wage-earners. During the War five hundred and thirty-seven wounded soldiers were admitted, many of those who had lost a limb being taught by their little fellow-cripples how to carry on. A home and gentle treatment were also given to five hundred and ninety children suffering from raid-shock. The Chailey Colony further includes the Princess Louise Special Military Surgical Hospital, which, when it had to be reluctantly closed by the Military Authorities, being one of the last two auxiliary hospitals to be so closed, was immediately reopened by the Ministry of Pensions.

More than one of Mr. Punch's editorial staff have visited this most attractive colony on the Sussex downs and can heartily endorse the account of it given by Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE in a letter to *The Times*. "When my mother," she wrote, "visited the Heritage Craft Schools she loved everything she saw, the happy children, the houses, the schools, the gardens, in fact, all of it." Her letter went on to make a special appeal for funds—the colony has no endowment—for Army huts, where delicate London children may go for two or three months and join

the Guild of Play, "and dance on real green grass, and get strong and well."

Mr. Punch very confidently recommends his readers to go and see for themselves the working of this colony. Meanwhile he takes no shame of his insistence in begging help for this best of causes, and earnestly invites his friends of their goodness to send gifts in its aid. They should be addressed to Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

O. S.

### MODERN DISPENSABLES.

THE late lamented GILBERT once composed a little list Of the various social nuisances who "never would be missed," But latter-day developments provide an ample grist To the mills of those desirous his inquiry to assist. To begin with, there's that deadly bore the Educationist Who seeks to merge the teacher in the terminologist; Then, to turn from fact to fiction, there's the luscious amorist Who delights to tell of kisses which by him were never kissed; But third and worst is he who with a muckrake in his fist Usurps the pompous title of a psycho-analyst.

"Decorously the fish are ranged on all the marble shelves. You would not be at all surprised if they were labelled 'chic' or 'Paris model,' so decorative they are—the first 1920 rod-caught salmon from Ireland."—*Daily Paper*.

We should have thought last year's salmon would have been a little shop-soiled by this time.



### UP AGAINST IT.

CAPITAL TO LABOUR. "YOU MAY SUCCEED IN KNOCKING ME OUT, BUT DON'T FORGET THAT THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT A CHAMPION THAT NO ONE CAN STAND UP AGAINST."

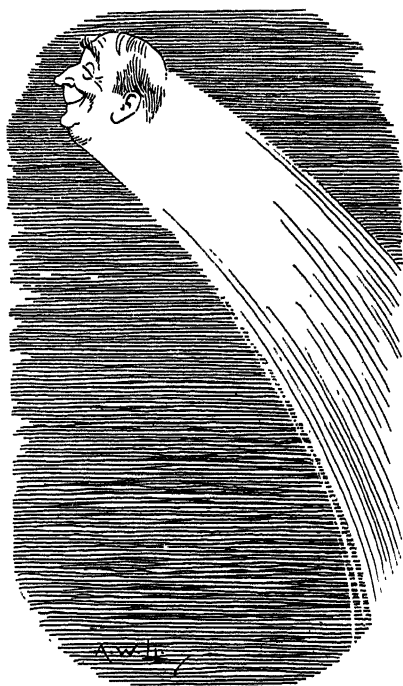


## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, April 4th.*—Parliament resumed operations; the House of Lords a week before its due date, owing to the coal stoppage. Lord BUCKMASTER gave a patriotic lead to other ex-Lord Chancellors by assuring the Government, "as one of its most permanent and persistent opponents," that he would do nothing to interfere with the maintenance of order.

The Commons reassembled in a new world. The venerable figure of Sir COURTENAY ILBERT had disappeared from the Table. In his place was Mr. T. L. WEBSTER, whose first appearance as Clerk of the House was warmly acclaimed. On the Treasury Bench were many new faces, brought there by the latest Ministerial reconstruction, while some of the old ones had disappeared, and others were attached to new offices. Mr. ILLINGWORTH, for example, has departed from the Post Office, and seven thousand telephone subscribers have tolled their grief by simultaneously ringing off their contracts. It is understood that his valedictory message to the PRIME MINISTER was, "Sorry you've been troubled."

Sir ROBERT HORNE, after barely two



"A METEORIC ASCENT."

SIR ROBERT HORNE.

years in Parliament, has succeeded Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at the Exchequer—a meteoric ascent in the political firmament which recalls the younger PITT and makes Mr. CHURCHILL dizzy. The new Secretary of the Treasury is Lieut.-

Commander HILTON YOUNG (*vice* Mr. BALDWIN, promoted to the Board of Trade). If he cannot literally be the CHANCELLOR's right-hand man (for he lost that member at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day three years ago) he has every other qualification for the post.



"THE IMAGE OF HER DEAR MAMMA."

Lord CURZON introduces the new arrival.

Colonel WEDGWOOD introduced a pleasing innovation into Parliamentary practice by asking if the Government had any information as to "the alleged defeat of the Greeks at Eski—something-or-other." His example will doubtless be widely followed by other speakers with shaky memories and we shall shortly hear references to "the hon. Member for What-d'ye-call-it," or "the right hon. gentleman the President of the Board of Thingumyjig."

The House gave a Second Reading to the Police Pensions Bill, the only doubts expressed being whether the measure was sufficiently generous to a most deserving body of men.

*Tuesday, April 5th.*—In explaining to the Peers the special measures necessitated by the coal crisis Lord CURZON took credit to the Government for not having revived the Defence of the Realm Regulations. Instead, they had availed themselves of the Emergency Powers Act passed last year. But, to judge by his description, Dora's daughter will be not a whit less drastic in her action than the old lady herself.

Regarding her as a necessary evil,

the Peers offered no resistance and very little criticism. Lord CREWE did not quite understand some of Lord CURZON's figures regarding the miners' wages, which seemed to be based on the idea that these industrious and gallant fellows could and always did work six days a week. Lord BUCKMASTER thought the Government must have managed the coal business very badly, and that this was a conclusive argument against the miners' panacea of nationalization; and Lord GAINFORD, as a representative coal-owner, ascribed the trouble to the excessive increase of wages granted during the period of control. But all agreed that it was impossible in the present condition of trade for the State to continue to subsidize the coal industry at the expense of the general taxpayer.

In the Commons Lord EDMUND TALBOT, who shows no frantic desire to exchange the duties of the Whips' office for those of Dublin Castle, moved a number of new writs necessitated by the changes in the Ministry. These changes brought Mr. TOWYN JONES into prominence as an answerer of Questions. He struggled manfully with British official phraseology, but more than once I thought he would have to abandon the effort, murmur "Dim Sasneg" and make a free translation into his native Welsh.

While the SPEAKER was reading the solemn sentences of the KING's Message, prior to the Coal Debate, I was shocked to hear Sir HENRY CRAIK calling across the House in a stage-whisper what



BRER (WELSH) RABBIT IS PERPLEXED.

MR. TOWYN JONES.

sounded like "Rats! Rats!" Had the right hon. gentleman, a pillar of loyalty if ever there was one, suddenly turned Bolshie? Happily no. On glancing at the Opposition I saw one or two new Members hastily removing their head-

gear. They were evidently not aware that it was customary to uncover during the recital of a Royal Message until warned of their solecism by Sir HENRY's kindly warning, "Hats! Hats!"

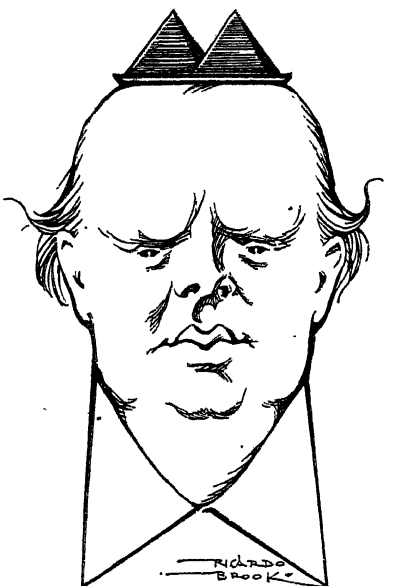
The PRINCE OF WALES was over the Clock and heard Sir ROBERT HORNE give the Government's view of the coal-stoppage. His speech, unimpassioned but logically relentless, elicited comparatively few cheers, but—a more striking tribute perhaps—frequent and noisy interruptions by the Labour Members. Mr. CLYNES, on the contrary, was less gently persuasive and much livelier than usual, and, inspired possibly by the presence of the Royal auditor, remarked that the Government might go to—heaven for their coal. Mr. ASQUITH agreed with everybody and believed a solution would be found in "a national standard with local variations," and the PRIME MINISTER was about equally helpful with a declaration that the Government was quite ready to mediate between the contending parties, always provided that the State was not called upon to resume control or to provide a subsidy.

Wednesday, April 6th.—When Colonel AMERY, in his new rôle of Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, was giving particulars of the monster battle-ships that Japan would have afloat a few years hence, my thoughts travelled back to the excited debates of twelve years ago, when "We want eight and we won't wait" was the popular slogan. But the Island-kingdom being, unlike the Germany of 1909, our very good friend and ally, neither Ministers nor Members were the least Japanic-stricken. Admiral ADAIR's suggestion that the Admiralty should at once make preparations for the manufacture of 24-inch guns, ninety feet long, was obviously put forward *pour rire*, and was so treated by Colonel AMERY.

Nobody was surprised that in the recent Ministerial reorganisation Dr. ADDISON should have disappeared from the Ministry of Health, where his policy was more successful in raising rates than houses. But that he should have popped up again as Minister without Portfolio did cause some elevation of eyebrows. Questions as to his duties and salary brought from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN an answer not much more satisfying than the famous definition of an Archdeacon. The new Minister will perform duties analogous to those of his predecessors in the same office, who, we gathered, "did nothing in particular and did it very well"; and, though deprived of a Portfolio, he will be provided with a Purse, filled with five thousand of the best, subject, of course, to income-tax. *Vive l'économie!*

Thursday, April 7th.—The appearance on the Order Paper of some thirty-five questions addressed to the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND moved Lord ROBERT CECIL to ask whether that did not show "the complete and disastrous failure of the Government policy." The Treasury Bench made no attempt to cope with so remarkable an example of Oxford logic; but the Nationalists loudly applauded this proof that their interrogative industry had not been in vain.

The coal-crisis again occupied the bulk of the sitting. There was at first a good deal of manœuvring for position, each side attempting to show that the other, by insisting on impossible con-



IT IS SURMISED THAT THE RESULT OF MR. CHURCHILL'S ART STUDY AMONG THE PYRAMIDS IS SURE TO BE FELT.

ditions, was responsible for the breakdown in negotiations. There was a general agreement that the "safety-men" ought to be sent back to the mines, but the miners' representatives were disinclined to abandon the weapon which the owners had put into their hands, unless they were promised a substantial *quid pro quo*. Their uncompromising attitude obviously rendered Mr. CLYNES and the other trade union leaders rather uncomfortable. "What's yours is mine; and what's mine's my own" is in any case a doubtful method of opening negotiations; it is fatal if, as the result of adopting it, there is no mine for anybody.

#### Municipal Nepotism.

"The newly elected Mayor is the son and the nephew of Mayor of Limerick." *Irish Paper.*

#### FATE.

HISTORY is said to repeat itself, but few persons live long enough to notice it doing so. Except, of course, in the matter of miners' strikes. On the other hand, anyone who keeps a diary can prove that weather repeats itself with some steadiness. The benignant Good Friday that rejoiced us all the other day, for example, was an exact replica of a Good Friday about a dozen years ago, when I was spending Easter in Surrey, on the slopes of Leith Hill.

There were no games yet, for Easter was early and the fine weather very sudden, and so after lunch it was suggested that some of us should walk over to Coldharbour to see the girls. Who the girls were I had then no notion, but, on arriving at a tiny cottage with a garden stretching down to the road, I found that they were two art students who had made this their country home. Very jolly girls they were too, and very pretty in their blue smocks. One in particular—the fair-haired one—I admired.

It was after we had finished tea that the fair-haired girl, who had been down at the gate looking along the road at the many stragglers from town tempted out by the fine weather and the holiday, suddenly said, "Wouldn't it be a joke to put up a 'Teas Provided' notice! All those poor things are dying for tea. And we might pay our rent with it too," she added.

"Why not?" I said. "All you want is a board to stick the notice to;" and we instantly became busy with the game. The girls put their biggest kettles on the fire; others were set to cutting bread-and-butter; some one was sent off to a neighbour's for more milk and butter; pots of jam were excavated from the store-cupboard; mustard and cress were cut, and I was given the task of fixing up the placard in a conspicuous position. It worked like magic, and I had hardly turned round from surveying the board when customers began to enter.

They continued to enter until all the food was eaten and quite a lot of money had been taken, and we were all tired out with our duties as assistants, before or behind the curtain; and all the customers expressed satisfaction and the determination not only to return some day but to recommend the place to their friends.

But "Never again!" the girls vowed, as they contemplated their empty larder: so empty that we had to carry them back with us to dinner.

That was—how many years ago?—ten years at least, during which I never saw them, or indeed thought of them.



This last Easter I had no such adventure, being kept in town. But early Spring chancing to be the one time when London is just about as good as the country I did not complain; and as I walked through Kensington Gardens on Good Friday afternoon I felt as contented with life and as confident of a summer in store for us as any one in the real Arcady could be. Many of the trees were covered with tender green buds; others were merely holding back; black-birds were singing. Every one was in holiday mood. Some day, not far distant, cricket would begin!

I paused by the Round Pond to watch the navigators at their play, and was conscious of a small boy, with a Sealyham frisking about his feet, who was waiting, pole in hand, for his wayward ship to come home. I was peculiarly interested in this little boy, because of his eagerness and the radiance which emanated from his clear skin and fair hair; he seemed to add to the light of the day, perhaps actually did so. He was dressed in one of those suits of (woollen) mail in which children now run about so attractively, the colour being a ruddy tint somewhere between the flesh of a salmon trout and *The Chronicles of the Terra Cotta Family*, and altogether he was very pleasant indeed to look upon.

The vessel having given up its circular tackings and at last condescended to reach shore, the little boy was joined by his mother, a tall graceful young woman in the late twenties, whom I felt sure I had seen before but could not place, and they prepared to leave. As they passed me a look of recognition came into her eyes and she smiled, and instantly I knew who she was. She was one of the two girls who had the cottage near Leith Hill—the one who, on that other sunny Good Friday, had suggested putting up the notice, "Teas Provided."

We recalled this incident as I walked with her towards Campden Hill.

"Do you remember who our first customers were?" she asked.

I said that I couldn't exactly.

"Surely you remember?" she said.

"An oldish man and his undergraduate son."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said. "In grey tweeds. The son rather nervous and shy."

She laughed.

"Do you see any likeness between him and my little boy?" she inquired.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Did you—Surely—But that's destiny if you like. That's asking for it."

"Yes," she replied, "wasn't it? We became engaged that Summer."

E. V. L.



J.H. DOWD. 21.

### OUR UNDEFEATABLE ARTIST.

*Sculptor (superintending removal of his work from Royal Academy after the Selection Committee have done their worst with it). "WHAT A GRAND COMPOSITION THE WHOLE THING MAKES! I'LL DO IT FOR NEXT YEAR AND CALL IT 'RESTRICTION.'"*

### A TOOTHsome DIVERSION.

[*"Such commonplace trials as toothache are pebbles thrown into the stagnant pools of humdrum contentment just to give life a few magic ripples of sensation."*—*Daily Paper.*]

THE daily task, the common round  
(Monotonous affairs)

To-day have laid aside, or downed,  
The sameness that was theirs;

My pury soul contrives to wake  
From out its dull sobriety;  
There's nothing like a dental ache  
For lending life variety.

Though still I take my wonted share

In duties dull and trite,  
There seems a magic in the air

To fill me with delight;  
The mingled throbs and shootings help

To emphasise the notion  
'Tis better far to groan and yelp  
Than never feel emotion.

This aching is beyond a doubt

A kindly gift from Fate,  
A fact which I have pointed out  
To Brown, my office mate.

But oh! he bids me go away

In language loud and strong too  
(P.S.—I ought perhaps to say  
It's Brown the teeth belong to).

*"Paisley Victoria Amateur Swimming Club, under whose auspices the gala takes place, are devoting the proceeds to propaganda purposes in fostering the natal art."*—*Scotch Paper.*

With a view to the next census?

*"At present the audience at an average police court may be divided as three-fourths curious idlers, one-fourth neighbours of the 'principals,' and one-fourth miscellaneous."*  
*Birmingham Paper.*

We have always understood that a police-court is the place to get free quarters.

## SERENADE.

I AM naturally of a bashful and retiring disposition. The limelight makes me blink and in it I feel, as no doubt I appear, merely ridiculous. Once or twice in my life, however, I have "appeared in public," but always through undue influence. Thus certain Messes in France have heard my voice uplifted in melody, to an accompaniment of clinking glasses and stamping feet, and the effect, I believe, was not unpleasing. I would ease my feelings, if you will allow, by telling you of my latest—and last—performance in public.

I had spent the week-end with Cecilia and John. John, I should remind you, is Cecilia's husband—not at all the sort of man I should have chosen to bring into the family. As I pronounced my good-byes on Monday morning Cecilia said to me, "Oh, Alan, I wish you would try to get a copy of that serenade thing of What's-his-name, that we liked."

"You mean the piece *Thingumybob* played?" I asked; "the thing that went—" I trolled the opening bars.

"That's it," said Cecilia; "get it for me, there's a dear. You can come down here again next week-end and bring it with you."

"That's a bargain," I said.

It seemed simple enough at the time. I littlereslised—however I will tell you.

On the following Friday John called on me quite unexpectedly.

"Happened to be in town," he explained, "and knew you would like to take me out to lunch. Where shall we go?"

"Come along," I said, "I know a Lockhart's that will suit you splendidly."

"I suppose you are going to invite yourself down for the week-end as usual?" said John as we finished our lunch.

"I have already received an invitation from Cecilia," I said loftily. "If I am not welcome, however—" And then for the first time I remembered Cecilia's music. "By the way, John," I broke off, "what's this?"

My intention was softly to whistle the opening bars. Well, I don't know if you have ever tried softly to whistle after lunch. My experience is that it is an utter impossibility. As soon as I screwed up my mouth I realised that, if

I made any noise at all, it would be a piercing blast. In the alternative, as the lawyers say, all I could do was to continue pursing and unpursing my lips. John watched me carefully.

"I don't know what it is, old man," he said after a moment; "give it up. No, I've got it—a goldfish defending its young."

I tried again. Just when I had settled my eyebrows, however, and had arranged my mouth in something like an oval, I became aware of our waiter. He was gazing at me anxiously and intently.

"Not ill, Sir?" he murmured as he caught my eye. I felt my hair rising and turned a slow rich crimson.

"Our bill," I choked and rose hurriedly. . . .

"And now, my poor old dear," said

walked across thick carpets to where a distinguished lady with golden hair was seated behind a wonderfully carved—counter, I must say for want of a finer word. It seemed impossible that one could walk into such a place as this to buy a two-shilling piece of music. Two or three grands or perhaps an organ—I deeply regretted my soft hat, my unstarched collar and my brother-in-law. They were not in keeping.

Somewhere a piano was playing—dreamily, wonderfully. John nudged me. "Go on," he said.

I started and cleared my throat painfully. At all costs I was determined not to whistle.

"I want a piece of music," I said awkwardly; "a sort of serenade or—serenata, you know, but I've—er—forgotten exactly what it's called." I

laughed apologetically.

"Who is the composer?" asked the goddess behind the counter.

My face dropped. I muttered and looked helplessly at John.

"Come, come," he said loudly, "surely you know the composer. Think of a number; double it. No, no—I mean, think. MELVILLE GIDEON, NAT AYER, 'That'—CLARICE MAYNE'S 'That,' I mean. None of them? Well, well. Can't you think of something else he wrote—'The Policeman's Holiday,' 'Dardanella'?' No? Dear, dear!"

I looked furtively round the establishment. Everybody seemed safely occupied. I leaned across the counter.

"It goes like this," I murmured hurriedly, coughed and opened my mouth an inch or so.

"Lah, lah, diddle, diddle, diddle, dah, pom," I croaked huskily and stopped. I cleared my throat and tried a higher key.

"Doo, doo, diddle, doddle, diddle, doo, ping," I squeaked.

John was writhing in hysterics behind me.

"You've changed the words," he gasped between spasms. "Oh, lord!"

I determined to make a last effort. I turned my back on John once more and faced the goddess with the golden hair. I let myself go.

"Dah, dah," I yelled, changing the key again and accenting the notes with my fist, "lumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum—BOM!"



"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?"

"DEAD-SHOT IKE BET ME TEN DOLLARS HE COULD KNOCK A FLY OFF MY NOSE WITHOUT INJURING THE FLY—AND HE SUCCEEDED."

John when we reached the street, "what is the answer? What were you imitating?"

"I was imitating nothing," I said. "Cecilia has asked me to get her some music and I don't know what it is called. That is all."

John roared loudly.

"You poor old turnip," he said, "you'll have to go all round London making horrible noises until someone guesses the answer."

"Good day," I said politely, raising my hat.

"Not a bit," he roared; "I'm going to stop with you. Wouldn't miss it for a fortune."

It was useless to tell him that he was unwanted, that I was weary of his company. He stuck like a barnacle.

We found a music-publisher and went in. It was like entering a well-furnished cathedral. A deep peace pervaded the whole palatial establishment. We



Miss Nan (to new gardener). "MACKAY, I WONDER IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY USE FEWER SCOTCH WORDS WHEN YOU ARE TALKING TO MY MOTHER? WORDS LIKE 'REEPS' AND 'KALE RUNTS' AND 'TATTIES,' YOU KNOW."

Mackay. "DINNA FASH YERSSEL'. YER MITHER'S NAE A FULE, AN' GIN YE GIE HER TIME SHE'LL TUMBLE T'ULL'T. AN' IT'S NAE 'TATTIES'—IT'S 'TAAATIES.'"

And then it dawned on me that the woman was trying not to laugh at me. Her face had become all screwed up and tears were welling out of her eyes. As I stopped she surrendered and collapsed helplessly against the counter. I turned and saw John grovelling in agony. The whole establishment was watching with amused smiles. I swallowed convulsively. And then I found myself leaning against the counter, laughing hysterically and mingling my tears with those of the goddess.

I gave it up after that. John tried desperately to make me start all over again, but I was not to be drawn.

"Give me," I said to the weeping assistant—"give me a copy of 'I Know where the Flies Go,' and we will endeavour to forget all that has happened in the past."

We parted on the happiest of terms.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Cecilia was insulting when I presented her with the classic, but I was unmoved.

"Sister," I said, "you are ungrateful. It is a good song—an instructive song.

I'm sure you will like it when you get to know the words."

"The point is," said Cecilia forcibly, "it's not what I asked for."

"Cecilia," I answered solemnly, "it couldn't be done. If ever you want a couple of tigers as pets I'll fetch them for you, even if I have to poach on Lord READING'S jungle. If you want someone to give cook a month's notice send for me; I'll do it if it turns my hair white. But when it comes to practising the tonic sol-fa across the counter of a music-shop send for John. His face bends more easily than mine."

#### MORE HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

(A long way) after BROWNING.

Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England

Learns, some morning, unaware,

Of idle miners and flooded pits,

Of trade and industry going to bits,

While the Spirit of Hatred makes its bow

In England—now!

Are working citizens off their rockers?  
Will the railmen strike and all the dockers?

Look! where my flaming hayrick by the hedge

A pall of smoke and fiery beacon raises,

Scattering live cinders to the hop-field's edge—

That's bold Sinn Fein; he sends my stack to blazes,

Lest you should think so neat a hand at arson

Could fail to govern CARSON.

But though the joys of life be far and few,

All will be well if England can renew  
Her fortitude of other days and wiser  
That overthrew old BONEY and the KAISER.

From a wedding description:—

"Both the bride and the bridegroom was best man."—*Scotch Paper*.

The settlement of this delicate question is usually deferred till after the honeymoon.

### A THREE-LINE WHIP.

(Political.)

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the Party. Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the Party. Now is the time for ALL good men and true to come to the aid of the Party. I know I am trying your patience, my dear Charles, but you don't know that I am also trying a new typewriter. She goes ahead all right, doesn't she? But a little d-i-f-i-c-u-l-t round the corners. I like the —s, but the corners trouble me. And, when I come to think of it, there should be two ffffffffs in diffffffffticult, shouldn't there? Now, all together, boys! Let us shift her on to a new paragraph.

Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the Party. Now is the time for all good men and true to come. Now is the time for all good men and true. Now is the time. Now. How well I remember when, twelve years ago, my dear father decided to present me with a typewriter because of the abiding horror he had of my handwriting! Being a recluse and no man of the business world he let it get about that it was his intention to purchase a machine; and never a moment's peace had he till the machine was purchased. Vendors of typewriters began to bombard him with recommendations of their special machine, the best in the market. He was surprised that any man should think of going to a market to buy a typewriter, and in any case he would not be jostled by these pushing men of commerce. Yet he was jostled; for the last and the worst of them arrived one day, followed by the porter of our village railway station trundling a machine on a trolley. The agent was urbane and he was forceful. Far be it from him, said he, to compel any man; he had merely brought the machine for a trial. If we didn't like it he would take it away again. I observed, however, that, having once got the machine inside our house, he paid off the porter and let the trolley depart. Turn down the lights and silence the music while we get her on to another tack.

Having briefly enumerated the special advantages of his special wares until he noted a slight flush of anger beginning to appear upon my father's face, he sat down to perform personally on his beloved instrument. Let us watch how the delicate instrument, responding to the soul of the operator, would turn out a million words a minute! Such words, too. "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid

of the Party. Now . . ." repeated a hundred times. My father and I took the typewriter and let the man go, so mesmerised that we even forgot to ask to what Party in particular he might be referring.

My poor dear father! Always after that, when he threatened to forget the respect due to a son, I used to bring him to his senses by going over to him and whispering in his ear: "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the Party." It sounds to you, Charles, as if the old gentleman was dead? Dead! Not a bit of it. Merely this delightful brand-new machine is running away with me, and not giving me time to think before I write. He's as alive as can be. It is my earnest hope that the old machine being on the retired list he will now present me with this new typewriter also. Thus it was that, on my invitation, our old friend again arrived with his machine, and the porter, with the trolley, departed.

Before our friend departed also he tried first to give us a typewriter recital; nothing would stop him doing that. And, though years and years have passed and much water has flowed under the bridges and a great European war has intervened, he still adhered to the one great maxim of his life, the overwhelming thought of his own existence, the cherished soul of him: Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the Party. Now is the time to try the apparatus for adjusting the margins.

His waistcoat is white and his trousers are trim

And his manner engaging and hearty;  
And now is the time, boys, according to him,  
To come to the aid of the Party.

Yes; all's well. We will keep the machine, thank you.

Before our friend went I said to him, "Now is the time to tell us the name of this Party, its politics and its programme, to the aid of which all men, if they are good and also true, should come." He tried to change the subject and to discourse of margin releases, shift keys and other mundane matters. But I wouldn't spare him, and, pressed for an answer, he found himself nonplussed. I pictured to him the awful results he must have produced, after all these years of propaganda, in countless homes; the thousands of invitations he had issued urgently to good true men to gather together for an unnamed Party. Trafalgar Square, packed with enthusiasts, waving flags, carrying banners, getting into trouble with the police and suddenly brought to a dead stop upon the discovery that none of them knew what Party he was there to support.

I tried him with the Conservative Party, the Liberal Party, the Radical Party, the Independent Labour Party, the Dependent Labour Party, only to find that he was in complete sympathy with any Party which would buy one of his machines off him. Finally I set him down to the machine, to see if his fingers would disclose the secret which his tongue would not speak. Instinctively, automatically he expressed himself undeniably, irrevocably, repeatedly thus: "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of THE Party."

And finally I shook him warmly by the hand and congratulated him fervently on being the father, the promoter, the inspirer and the compelling force of the Party; I might say the soul of the Party. What Party? The Coalition Party.

Yours ever,  
The machine going quite easily round the corners now, HENRY.

### A CULINARY CAUTION.

[According to a well-known scientist, when plants die they give off a large amount of electricity. If five hundred peas boiling in a pot were to die simultaneously they would generate a current sufficient to electrocute the cook.]

APPROACH with care the pomme-de-terre,

Be cautious when you touch  
The cauliflower; its latent power  
May shock you overmuch;  
Your wrath may rise as to the skies  
The dying wurzels wing—  
Their legacy may prove to be  
A very dreadful thing.

The artichoke may well provoke  
A hasty word or two;  
The boiling bean may rouse your spleen

And turn the kitchen blue;  
The curly kale may yet assail  
Your calm domestic peace;  
And sauerkraut may bring about  
Your premature decease.

That treasure rare—your cook—should wear

An insulated glove,  
Or she as well may rise to swell  
The ranks of those above;  
And yet perhaps inventor chaps  
May quickly put it right;  
Your Irish stew may furnish you  
With free electric light.

### Our Thoughtful Contemporaries.

"The public have an opportunity of hearing George Fox on Sunday next at the Friends' Meeting House, Upper Clifton. He, of course, is not the original founder of the Society, but one of his followers."—*Guernsey Paper*.

N.B. The original GEORGE FOX died in 1691.



Wife. "THEY'RE REALLY MARRIED, YOU KNOW. IN PRIVATE LIFE, I MEAN."  
 Hubby. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, IT'S JOLLY GOOD ACTING."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has written, in *The Path of the King* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a story which, though original, suffers inevitably from a certain rigidity imposed by the purpose that the author has set himself to follow in its development. This, explained in the preface, is to trace the survival of the kingly instinct, through the by-paths of heredity rather than the broad high-roads of family succession. In effect, what he has written is a saga of younger sons, in whom, however they may change name and country till themselves wholly ignorant of their own origin, the regal destiny persists, awaiting its appointed hour. Thus, from BIORN, son of KING THORWALD THORWALDSON (whose name alone will tell you that he didn't live yesterday), we traverse the ages in company with a sequence of gentleman adventurers, each, unaware, a guardian of the sacred flame, and consciously (and more palpably) of a massive gold ring supposed to be "a family heirloom." As these gallants have the good fortune to fall in with practically everything that history had to offer, from the Norman Conquest to the Popish Plot, the result is sufficiently picturesque. Finally the ring comes, so to speak, full circle, the last inheritor being—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, which you will acknowledge makes it an affair, if not of the actual moment, at least of the moment before last. The LINCOLN section is perhaps the most vital in the book, though I was disappointed in my hope of a challenge for trespass to the Sire BUCHAN from DRINKWATER the Bard. Certainly an interesting tale, if a trifle more easy to anticipate than you would expect from an author whose reputation as a story-teller has been made in the realm of surprise.

To any student of the history of the War a volume like *The History of the 9th (Scottish) Division* (MURRAY) may seem only one more in a long succession of sectional records which they may safely pass over as the repetition, possibly even the rather dull repetition, of a narrative of events infinitely stirring in themselves but already often described. But fortunately Major EWING cares almost nothing at all about general readers. The clue to his purpose is found in the loose slip that accompanies the volume in the hope that it may reach the hands of those most nearly interested in 9th Division Memorial Funds, 9th Division Dinner Clubs and other machinery for the maintenance of enduring comradeship. The secret of it all is that old soldiers of this, one of the most famous divisions of the B.E.F., are not a little proud of its fighting achievements and have had this record prepared for their own delight. We others are allowed, even invited, to read, remembering always that our part—an easy and grateful one—is to join Earl HAIG and the EX-KAISER in applauding its victories. Frankly, after studying once again in the author's straightforward narrative the romance of Loos and of Delville Wood and, most of all, of the great retreat, I am inclined to agree to the justice of the suggestion.

Mr. WARWICK DEEPING may certainly be congratulated on having imparted several turns of novelty to his latest historical romance, *Lantern Lane* (CASSELL). A hero who carries the assignations of another to the lady he himself loves, even though that other be a king; who becomes involved in an affair of honour and is kidnapped to save him from fighting, and who is finally branded as coward and forced to ride a donkey, tail foremost, into Hyde Park, can at least be said to have broken new ground. All this mis-



chance—of course from a trick of fate rather than defect of character—befell the unfortunate *John Fairfax* on his first adventure to London and the Court of CHARLES II. Afterwards the story takes a quieter turn, telling of his solitary brooding over this failure, and finally of his reinstatement in his own eyes and those of the real heroine (the lady of part one having been but a false dawn) by heroism during the Plague, and last of all by killing the villain who, like the gentleman he was, had been almost too obligingly waiting about for this end during the whole course of the proceedings. Of course a tushery-tale; but, as always, Mr. WARWICK DEEPING tells it with an air. Perhaps his greatest novelty is a CHARLES II. represented as a model of constancy, feigning a hundred intrigues to cloak a single-hearted devotion to the one-woman-in-the-world. Here is a figure so unfamiliar that I can only call it what the critic called the tapestry—more ingenious than convincing. But a pleasant tale..

In *The Second Wife*, together with *The July Rose* (JOHN

MURRAY) "KATHARINE TYNAN" tells the stories of two charming examples of "the woman no longer in her first youth," as her publisher tactfully expresses it. They are *Aline Lancrot*, who exorcises the bogey of her husband's first wife by kindness and fair play, and *Clarissa Dampier*, who sensibly refuses to allow her own very dilatory lover to be taken away from her by a pretty chit in her teens. Mrs. HINKSON makes the lady in her later youth—I believe that even improves on Mr. MURRAY's phrase—a very captivating person, and her eye for accessories—clothes, rooms, gardens, furniture—is as good as ever and as up-to-date. In both stories she is lavish with unnecessary characters and incidents, as when, with no purpose to serve save that of drawing the reader's attention to his sister-in-law's snake-like character, *John Lancrot* is allowed to kill an adder in his garden at Ealing. As he doesn't even write to the papers about it the incident has a most unreal air, besides helping the story to straggle even a little more than it does already. Mrs. HINKSON has done better work than this. I should fancy that, having tossed off these tales in a moment of easy inspiration, she posted them, the ink still damp, to Mr. MURRAY, and then refused to look at the proofs.

I confess myself inadequately educated in the works of Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. Of his seven *Tarzan* novels I have only read one, and *Thuvia, Maid of Mars* (METHUEN), the fourth of his Martian stories, is the first I have tackled. This possibly accounts for the fact that its opening sentence seemed to be a little difficult. "Upon a massive bench of polished ersite, beneath the gorgeous blooms of a giant pimaalia, a woman sat" would have left me wondering had not Mr. BURROUGHS thoughtfully provided his readers with a glossary, for his methods are very thorough. There are

over a hundred words in this glossary, "sompus," "zitidar" and "xat" being among those which peculiarly captured my fancy. As for the book itself, I think that those who are disgruntled with this world had better read it. Long before they have reached the finish they will be congratulating themselves on their escape from red Martians and green Martians. Yet in all conscience these planetees are the lads to keep things moving, and for sheer excitement this record of their achievements is hard to beat. I must also mention the "banths," "thoats," "apts" and other wonderful animals of Mr. BURROUGHS' imagination. If he could only give an exhibition of them in London our Zoo would receive a very nasty shock.

Let me warn folk taking up *The Trumpet in the Dust* (MILLS AND BOON), by CONSTANCE HOLME, not to be dismayed by the rather stodgy picture on the "jacket" of three almshouse porches, and rather commonplace porches at that. Publishers so seldom under-emphasise the exciting quality of their wares that one might reasonably think oneself to be

in for a dull time. However, though excitement is not the prime quality to be displayed in or extracted from these sympathetic homely studies of old *Anne Clapham*, the charwoman, and her group of friend and enemy neighbours, I will confess that I found myself quite excitedly carried along by the simple narrative and hoping eagerly that her orphaned grandchildren would not be allowed to go to their other grandmother, the sinister *Emma Caterall*, who had made her son's, their father's, life such a misery when he was a child, but that old *Anne* would be strong enough

to surrender the quiet of her almshouse, long hoped for and well earned, and take up her work again. Very good craftsmanship is in this book (I am a little doubtful of some of the idiom if it be Lancashire of the Ribble Valley, as I suspect—but that's a small matter) and very cleverly is suggested the charm of old *Anne's* daughter, *Tibbie*, who is only seen through other people's impressions of her.

"Toots.—Second-hand Copy of Salmond's 'Summary of Law of Toots' Wanted."—*Local Paper*.  
He probably lives on the Brighton Road.

"During the recess Mr. Chamberlain has been overwhelmed, shower-bath fashion, with twin sheaves of flattery and advice."  
*Evening Paper*.

He is now, we understand, a convinced opponent of mixed-bathing.

"The National Conference of Labour Women is expected to be the largest conference of women ever organised by the Labour movement in any country. The agenda, issued to-day, contains 67 resolutions, ranging from the first group dealing with international policy, Ireland, and unemployment, to workmen's compensation and the cost of loving."—*Provincial Paper*.

The last item, we suppose, is the great attraction.



BUSINESS ACUMEN IN THE PAST.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY OF KING WILLIAM RUFUS LAYS IN A STOCK OF ARROWS IN ANTICIPATION OF A RUSH OF RELIC-HUNTERS.



## CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that one miner, when attending a strike-meeting, upon being challenged for his Union card at the door, answered "Season!"

The wife of a Lanarkshire miner last week gave birth to triplets, all boys. It is only fair to say that the little fellows didn't know there was a strike-threat.

Despite the fact that, in order to please his colleagues, Mr. HERBERT SMITH, of the Miners' Federation, discarded his cloth cap and bought a bowler, he positively declined the offer of a pair of pumps.

The miners seem fonder of water than one had been led to suppose. They flooded the mines, want wages to be put in a pool, and have apparently for their motto, "*Après nous le déluge.*"

In trying to follow the complexities of more recent industrial disputes we confess to having completely lost sight of the original reason for the prolonged strike of the POET LAUREATE.

As a set-off to the depression in other industries it is cheering to learn that the officials of the Bankruptcy Courts are putting their backs into an unprecedented amount of business.

"There is every likelihood of a ping-pong revival," says a contemporary. This is a good thing, for in these days it is difficult to know what to do between strikes.

"Will Germany settle down?" asks a contemporary headline. A more important question is, Will Germany settle up?

There are at present one hundred and forty thousand unemployed in Switzerland. One of them, named Carl, has been recommended to emigrate.

It would be an excellent plan if Mexico and Ireland decided to "pair" for the duration of the new world.

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON says the British Empire should be remodelled. The only trouble just now is that we

seem to have too many designers on the job.

"Crime is on the decrease in Russia," says a Labour weekly. The Bolshevik opinion, however, is that there are still a few people there who are guilty of being innocent.

"Every woman," says *The Times* Paris correspondent, "should be dressed to suit her figure." But in these hard times wives generally have to be dressed to suit the figure a husband will go to.

The most cynical man we know, on being asked if he thought the telephone operators would go on strike too, said he thought they had been out for months.

story-tellers were given a lead in a new direction.

It is suggested that when the postponed Navy League Ball does take place the Albert Hall shall be arranged to represent the interior of the head of a retired admiral.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY considers that clapping the hands in applause suggests the monkey-tricks of primeval man. We regard the throwing of ripe tomatoes in displeasure as an even more markedly simian trait.

During recent excavations in Bond Street an ancient brick-lined culvert was discovered. This is considered to corroborate the legend that there were at one time bricklayers in London.

In a new film, *The Double Event*, a "shot" was taken of Waterloo Station, showing a taxi-man deliberately helping a passenger to place some luggage on his car; but it is only fair to say that he was an actor.

"I never pay more than the bare legal fare to a taxi-driver," says Mr. J. CAIRNS, in a contemporary. We should say that Mr. CAIRNS knows a bit of strong language when he hears it.

British bookmakers are said to be setting up in Italy, where there is

more money to be made than here. It is expected that the native brigands will protest against having the bread taken out of their mouths by foreign competitors.

In answer to several members of the New Poor we are at present unable to state exactly what number of colliery shares entitle the holder to be styled a blood-stained capitalist.

A blue primrose has been plucked at Totnes, says a news item. We'll bet Mr. FRANK HODGES doesn't care.

The charge for chairs in Hyde Park has been raised to 2d. Surely Londoners will refuse to take this sort of thing sitting down.

According to statistics seven out of every ten convicts are bachelors. The married men rarely have any luck.



"PLEASE, MR. GRAFTO, THE GENTLEMAN ON THE NEXT FLOOR PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS AND SAYS, SEEING AS HOW YOU CAN FORETELL THE FUTURE, WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM KNOW HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE YOUR BATH STOPS OVERFLOWING THROUGH HIS CEILING?"

"What is wanted is bonanza farming," writes Mr. G. B. SHAW in *Allotments and Gardens*. With all respect for such an authority on vegetables we doubt if in this country the bonanza would ever ripen in the open.

Writing in an evening paper Dean INGE repeats his assertion of fifteen years ago, that King DAVID was no gentleman. We deplore the petty jealousies of these literary men.

A salesman recently told the Bow Street magistrate that no swearing is allowed nowadays in Covent Garden Market. This exclusion of all golfers, ratepayers and spring-cleaning victims is surely rather drastic.

There has arrived at the Zoo what is believed to be the smallest pike in the world, measuring two inches in length. It was high time our fresh-water-fish-

### SLAVES OF THE CLOCK.

"Look about you," said Tweedale, "and what do you see?"

"Nothing of outstanding interest or distinction, with the possible exception of yourself," replied Ribble politely.

Tweedale waved his hand impatiently. "You see a world," he proceeded, "staggering on the brink of chaos. Capital and Labour fight hungrily over the mutilated corpses of the middle class; the structure of world finance totters to a fall; civilization crumbles; governments reel drunkenly; the wolf of discontent howls in every highway of Europe."

"My dear Tweedale, you have been reading some newspaper or other," I interposed soothingly.

"There is only one thing that can save us from the imminent cataclysm," he cried, striking the table with such force that the ash-trays danced like marionettes.

"May one ask what that is?" inquired Ribble courteously.

"The abolition of the clock," said Tweedale. "What the overstrained world of to-day needs is instant release from the nerve-shattering tyranny of time. Please don't look incredulous," he continued more calmly; "the idea is unfamiliar but not unreasonable. Let us suppose all clocks and watches to be destroyed and all sun-dials and hour-glasses banished by Act of Parliament. What would ensue? A delicious and soul-satisfying peace."

"Contemplate it for a moment. We should get up when we liked, work when the spirit of industry moved us, rest when we were tired, eat when hungry, sleep when bored. If we wanted to catch a train we should saunter to the station and wait calmly until one happened to be going our way, as I am informed the Indians of the Far West do even now. We should never be too late, for the phrase would have ceased to exist, nor should we ever be pressed for time for the same delightful reason. Troubles would vanish like the morning mists; discontent would melt away; there would be the beginning of a new era of universal felicity."

"Really, Tweedale," I objected, "you are surely joking. Think of the overwhelming confusion that would ensue from such a drastic innovation."

"Only for a while," said Tweedale confidently. "As soon as we had developed the slightly different mental attitude required by the changed circumstances everything would run smoothly. At present we are the bondslaves of the Hour; Time, surging along in mad career, drags us breathlessly in its wake;

we should soon learn to revel luxuriously in our new enfranchisement."

"But suppose you wanted to make an appointment with anyone, how the deuce—" began Ribble; but Tweedale interposed.

"The difficulty would solve itself," he said calmly. "If once the demon of punctuality were banished from men's minds, nature would gently reassert herself, and I am confident that the telepathic sixth sense, at present stifled and subjugated in its function by the artificial superimposition of clockwork, would develop with unforeseen vigour and intensity, making the prearrangement of appointments a necessity of the past." He paused to take breath and I leaned forward.

"Tweedale," I said, "your arguments compel respect; they ring true on the outward ear of reason; but let me ask you a question. Do you remember Theodore Augustus?"

Tweedale regarded me in surprise. "The son and heir," he exclaimed; "the little blighter that pulls lumps out of my front hair? I should just think I do."

"Then consider for a moment," I continued, "your first meeting with that very independent young person. Recall to mind how, a pathetically nervous bachelor figure, you strove to insinuate yourself into his favour. In vain you protruded your tongue to the ultimate limits of physical contortion; for naught you wobbled your eyebrows and twitched your scalp; cold was the disdain with which he viewed your very lifelike imitations of a prowling bear. And then remember how in desperation you drew forth your treasured gold repeater and dangled it seductively before Theodore's eyes. In an instant his indifference vanished; he gurgled joyously, Tweedale, and by that simple action you sowed the seed of an intimacy which has since ripened into a firm and lasting friendship. Now tell me," I added earnestly, "how, in the Utopia you promise us where watches shall be no more—how will helpless bachelors like yourself hope to win the trust and affection of the rising generation? Will they not be doomed to a lifelong exclusion from the rejuvenating influences of the nursery, cut off forever from the glorious company of youth? Answer me that, Tweedale."

Tweedale sat back in genuine consternation. "By Jove, I never thought of that," he muttered anxiously, and for a moment it seemed as though his scheme were shattered. Then his face brightened. "No," he exclaimed doggedly, "you score a point, but the highway of progress is paved with the stones of compromise. In my modified Utopia

bachelors would be permitted to retain their watches, from which the figures denoting the hours would have been completely erased; and," he concluded triumphantly, "in compensation they would be so constructed as to give forth an irresistibly loud and alluring tick."

### THE ART OF GETTING UP.

I did not hear the Doodle-Do;  
I know not if or when he crew;  
I did not punctuate the hours  
With trial of my vocal powers;  
I did not emulate or mark  
The supererogating lark;  
No raffish dawn within me spurred  
The blood-lust of the Early Bird,  
Nor did my tragic fate confirm  
The folly of the Early Worm.

Snugly between the sheets I lay  
Until the sun had warmed the day,  
And made the world a fitting place  
To frame my "happy morning-face."  
I dreamed a drum-tap at the door,  
A voice of passage, and once more  
Plunged like a diver in the deep  
Oblivion of my beauty-sleep,  
That "Nature's sweet restorer" might  
Complete the miracle of night.

With brisk and loyal industry  
The well-trained world prepared for me.  
It rose and dressed, it hurried down,  
It tidied up the house and town,  
It brought the milk, it brought the post,  
It laid the egg, it made the toast,  
It warmed my shoes before the grate,  
It propped *The Times* beside my plate,  
And, when the kettle sang its song,  
It smote the mellow breakfast gong.

I woke. The lark was silent now,  
The Early Bird was back on bough,  
Ruffled and hoarse and overfed,  
Dyspeptic and dispirited.  
But I, refreshed, regenerate,  
With mind serene, with heart elate,  
With temper sweetened for the day,  
With courage sharpened for the fray,  
Smiled at the sun that climbed the skies  
And, late to bed, was late to rise.

"Dryden's wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard, was a daughter of Charlton House, and Dryden fled there from London and the plague in 1665, and wrote the 'Anna Mirabilis' during his stay."—"A Man of Kent" in *"The British Weekly."*

DRYDEN's companion work on the Rupee must have perished in the Great Fire.

From a feuilleton:—

"The grey of her eyes had shifted to pure green."—*Daily Paper.*

Undoubtedly an example of the "live-lie-iris," for which, according to the late Lord TENNYSON, this is the epidemic season.

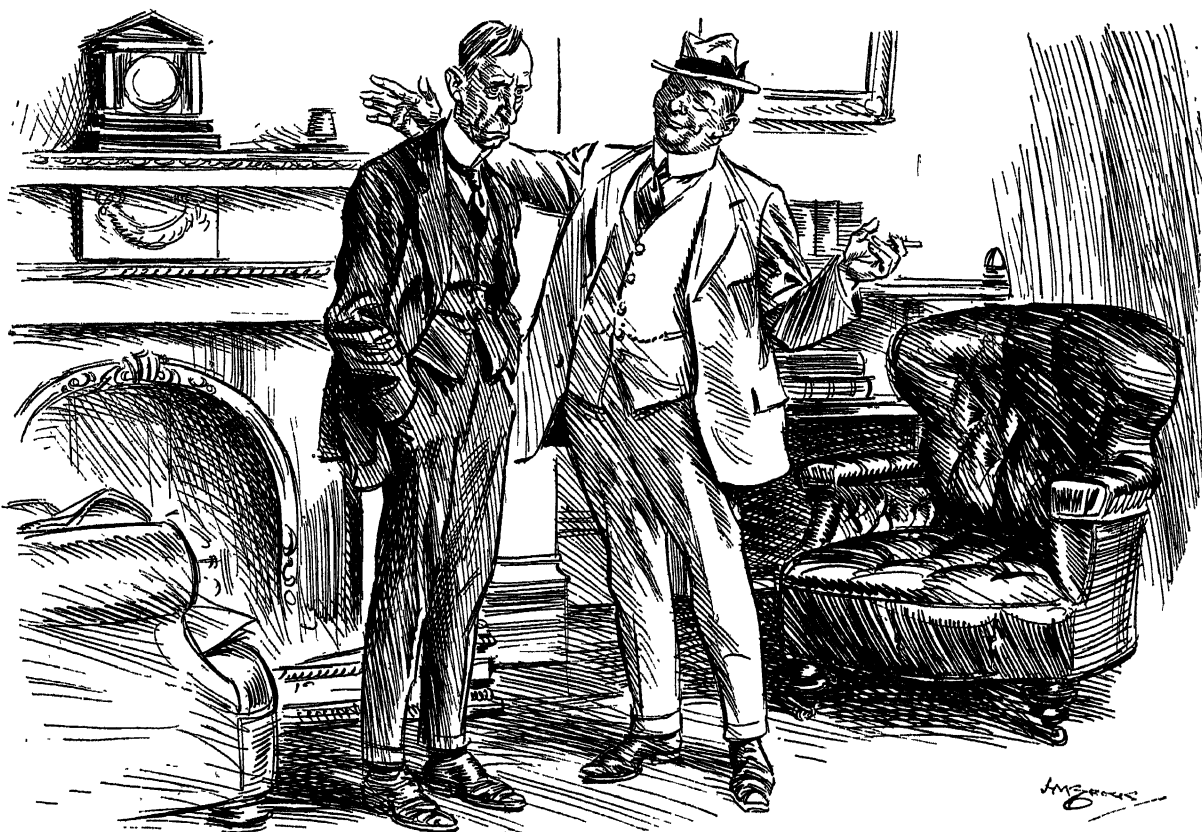


## HAIL AND FAREWELL.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS (*making her first use of the long-distance telephone to America*). "IS THAT MY FRIEND MR. WILSON SPEAKING?"

PRESIDENT HARDING. "NO—QUITE THE REVERSE. RING OFF!"

[President HARDING's first message to Congress comprised a repudiation of the League of Nations.]



Optimist. "CHEER UP, OLD MAN. THINGS AREN'T AS BAD AS THEY SEEM."

Pessimist. "NO, BUT THEY SEEM SO."

### ANOTHER UNPUBLISHED POEM.

ONE thing usually follows another, and hard upon the heels of the appearance, in the South African *Presbyterian Messenger*, of a new poem attributed by venturesome readers to R. L. STEVENSON and by others quickly identified as a re-publication of an early work of his, comes news of an alleged SWINBURNE *trouvaille*. For the STEVENSON verses, it will be remembered, what was called a "convincing pedigree" was established. That is to say, according to *The Observer*, "during the war the Rev. M. Paterson, of King William's Town, was serving as captain in a Highland regiment, and was shown these verses in manuscript by a comrade, who said he had obtained them from an uncle, a solicitor in the North of Scotland. The latter, it seems, had been a college companion of Stevenson's, and, when a common friend of theirs passed away, the novelist sent him these lines, which the recipient had never published or seen in print."

Nothing, it might be thought, could be clearer than that, and without proof of the poem's previous appearance STEVENSON obviously must have been the author; but we hold that the pedigree of the SWINBURNE verses is even less subject to doubt. These, which we

have had the privilege of snipping from the *Evangelical Gazette* of New Labrador, were, it is stated, obtained from an English missionary, who confessed on oath—or rather who affirmed, as he had conscientious scruples against oaths, the result, it is thought, of a strain of Quaker blood, his mother having been one of the quiet people—that they were given to him by a solicitor in retirement at Dunton Green, who, although declining in intellectual vigour at the time, was sure that the friend who had copied them for him was either at school with SWINBURNE or had relations in Putney.

It is doubtful if any poem ever had a more satisfactory history. Meanwhile here it is:—

If you were April's lady  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours,  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day;  
If you were April's lady  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down Love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein!  
If you were queen of pleasure  
And I were king of pain.

Such illustrious experts in Swin-

burnese as Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, Mr. C. K. SHORTER and Mr. THOMAS J. WISE have subjected the poem to a series of tests, metrical, prosodic and psycho-analytic, with the result that the world remains more or less as it was.

Mr. Gosse writes: "No doubt it has Swinburnian echoes, but he would be a bold man who declared that the true Putney Pierian spring bubbles here."

Mr. THOMAS J. WISE writes: "I should hesitate to print it privately."

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER writes: "I have made a careful analysis and find that all the words used in this little poem are used elsewhere in SWINBURNE's works; some—such, for instance, as 'and'—many times. This does not, of course, *prove* anything, but it is highly significant. The absence of alliteration is a serious blow to me, but, taking the poem all round, I am inclined to think that my old friend ALGERNON wrote it."

Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL says: "It does not matter to me by whose pen these lines were written. All I have to say is that they are very unsuitable for Sunday Afternoon."

Copies of the poem have also been sent to the following gentlemen, whose opinion is punctually asked on all public

questions, namely, Sir OLIVER LODGE, Dean INGE, Sir HARRY BRITTAIN (degrees omitted for want of space) and Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, and all agree that if SWINBURNE did not write it somebody else did.

#### STOP PRESS.

##### ALLEGED SWINBURNE VERSES.

It has been discovered that these verses are in the complete edition of SWINBURNE'S poems.

#### BRIDGE NOTES.

IN case it might be thought that I have been in my Bridge Notes a little critical of my *confrères* who write Bridge Notes in other papers, I should like to say that I do not wish for a moment to adopt an unfriendly attitude towards them. There is as yet no Trade Union of Bridge Annotators, but there may well be one in time, and I should be strongly in favour of it. I might even be induced to become its Secretary, for I cannot forget that Mr. THOMAS, the Secretary of the Railwaymen's Union, was presented by his union with a house. I could do very well with a house myself.

It is in no carping spirit then that I suggest that in framing their Bridge Problems these others seem to some extent to miss the point. Their usual Bridge Problem runs something like this: Towards the end of the hand A has left only the ace of spades and the four of diamonds. Z leads the six of spades. How should A play now, and why? Such a Problem is of great interest, no doubt. But the real Problems of Bridge come after this. When the hand has been lost or won—when we have made our contract, or when we are down five hundred above—what do we do then, and how? In raising this question I feel that I am the IBSEN of Bridge. IBSEN, you will remember, had a way of beginning his plays where other people would have left off. I am like that with my Bridge Problems. It is often not so very difficult to make the contract; it is easier still to lose five hundred above. The Problem is to behave becomingly in each event.

I well remember the habit of the Colonel of my regiment when he had made an outrageous declaration and lost very heavily; he would say, "The cards fell very badly." There is, of course, no Problem in dealing with your Colonel at such a moment, unless you are perfectly callous as to your future military career. But suppose a mere acquaintance, who has no power to make or mar you, behaves like this?



*Psychic Mistress (to heated cook). "WHEN YOUR CRIMSON AURA HAS DISAPPEARED I WILL COMMUNICATE WITH YOU AGAIN."*

How to say, "You had no luck," as if you really thought so; to smile, but not contemptuously; and to back him in the next hand without fear, or without apparent fear—that is a Problem worthy of the greatest player.

On the other hand, to win becomingly is an equally difficult matter. To say, "We had all the cards that time," when you feel that it was entirely your own inspired play which pulled you through, requires the Bridge artist.

Finally, let me tell you, as an awful warning, of the behaviour of a young friend of mine who made an unfortunate mistake about the value of the stakes. He thought he was playing for shilling points; his opponents thought they were playing for a shilling a hundred. By the end of the evening he had won five hundred points, and when, instead

of twenty-five pounds, they tendered five shillings, he (wrongly, as I think) allowed his disappointment to get the better of him. It would not have mattered so much if he had only broken up the Bridge table; it was, after all, one of those inexpensive folding ones. Nor the tumblers, which were not of cut glass. But the decanter was valuable; so was the oil-painting over the mantelpiece; so was the Sheraton side-board. In the end he did more than twenty-five pounds' worth of damage, which certainly put him in the wrong.

"For many years the Stuarts and their adherents were wont to drink to the health of 'the little gentleman in black velvet who did such good service in 1702,' the 'little gentleman' being a male."—*New Zealand Paper*. We should have guessed this without being told.



## COUNTRY EXCURSIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Grateful as I am to "EVOE" for his careful and scholarly investigations "In Search of a Bard," I could have wished him to pursue his fascinating quest into the columns of the Provincial Press. There alone, I am confident, may be found to-day the poetry which is "thoroughly in tune with the national spirit."

Fortunately I am able to supplement "EVOE's" researches by a selection which, I hope, will not unworthily illustrate the merits of what may be termed the Provincial School, and will prove that in spite of recent querulous complaints to the contrary the national sentiments and aspirations are being expressed to-day in glowing and eloquent verse.

I first quote a little poem by Emily Wizzle Ponglip (a frequent contributor to *The Sheepshire Gazette*) which in its sweetness and serenity is like a breath of pure country air after the fogs of a great city. Yet what truer and more forceful interpretation of our country's real character has been written in recent years?

## THE ROSES OF ENGLAND.

The Red Rose blooms on the bramble rare,  
Distressed not by the hazardous air;  
The White Rose shelters in shady spot  
Where the rash intruder peepeth not.

The Red Rose spreads her petals wide  
And looks abroad with conscious pride;  
The White Rose bends with modest mien  
To the earth so brown and grass so green.

Red Roses of England, strong and bold,  
Whether sun is hot or wind is cold;  
White Roses of England, shedding balm,  
Surrounded by lovely peace and calm!

And England's heart, like her Roses White,  
Is mild and gentle when all is right,  
Yet in time of storm, like her Roses Red,  
Fronting the world with naught of dread.

That last verse should be blazoned on our banners.

From a stirring work of seventeen stanzas by "Napsax," appearing but a few weeks ago in *The Dimplepick and District Chronicle*, space prevents me from quoting more than the first. It is sufficient, I think, to indicate that we have in our midst a poet who can and does describe in words of fire the dramatic events of these exciting times:—

## MARCHING INTO GERMANY.

Peal loud the trumpet, crash the drum!  
Our British Tommies marching come;  
The *Poilus* (French) are marching too,  
And *Soldats Belges*, a dauntless crew.  
Burn bright the sun, blow soft the wind!  
The Rhine is crossed and left behind.  
Propitious be you, skies, to-day!  
We March To Make The Germans Pay.

The following verses are by Horace S. S. Niffer, who writes for *The Black-*

*slag Daily Record* (Saturday evening edition). These surely do not fail to express adequately and accurately the thoughts of millions of our fellow-countrymen:—

## AT THE PICTURES.

I love to see the flickering films;  
In darken'd hall I sit (or stand),  
With haply Gladys by my side  
To slip in mine her hand.  
And so I watch the screen and think it grand.

Strange scenes in foreign lands I view,  
River and hill and rustic cot,  
From frozen realms of icy North  
To torrid lands and hot—  
Plain, lake, sea, valley, mountain, grove and grot.

I laugh until my sides do ache  
When funny pictures there are found,  
Folks hurling crockery about,  
Motors that leap and bound  
And panting policemen tearing round and round.

And drama too, when perils fierce  
With courage and resource are met;  
Then, after tribulations sore,  
My eyes are often wet  
When hero and his bride rewarded get.

I love to see the flickering films,  
They're so enthralling and so good;  
They cheer me through the cares of life  
And give me mental food.  
I'd watch them every evening if I could.

*The Kipperling Valley Advertiser* last month published what appears to me to be a poem of haunting beauty, which certainly cannot be omitted from this review. It is the work of an author who signs himself (or perhaps herself) quite simply "Anon." :—

## NIGHT.

The red sun sinks to meet the ruddy west  
And in the zenith stars so pale appear:  
A little pause, then bird climbs into nest,  
And Night is here.

The mouse-like bats are up and on the wing,  
Threading the purple shadows thro' and thro',  
And silence reigns till, soft as anything,  
A cow calls "Moo!"

Now peace rules all the world and slumber soft,  
And all is calm and turbulence doth cease;  
The gentle moon, all silver up aloft,  
Sings too of peace.

And in my heart all grief and cares are past,  
Melting as 'neath the sunshine doth the fog;  
Day's troubles all are gone and I at last  
Sleep like a log.

There, Mr. Punch, I think we have the authentic note of English song, sweet and true to the traditions which have come down to us unbroken since the days of CHAUCER. Those who assert that we have no national poetry to-day simply do not know where to look.

Yours, etc., RUSTICUS.

## A New Saint.

"Mr. — is a curate in St. Pankhurst's, London."—*Canadian Paper*.

## THE LOFTY IDEAL.

"WHAT'S the news?" asked John, coming down late for breakfast on the morning of the ultimatum.

I gave him a graphic summary.

"Yes," he remarked; "me for the Defence Force."

"Good," I said. "Off you go. I don't want to lose you, but I think——"

"You're not coming?"

"My dear John! Have you forgotten our business? If so I don't blame you. Any other fools besides ourselves, who have been attempting to carry on a small private flying concern during the past two years, will readily sympathise. But this is where we come in, John. We are still rumoured to possess one aeroplane which is capable of plying laboriously for hire. If the Government doesn't want us, local millionaires in a panic undoubtedly will. We had better go and tune up the D.H.6."

We proceeded to our small private enclosure and surveyed the faithful relic, hauled her forth, filled her, exhorted her and, after exacting preliminaries, tested her engine. John made some abstruse adjustments to the left wing and spoke to some small boys. I was about to essay a trial flight when John called my attention to the figure of a short elderly gentleman approaching at a shambling double across our little field. I throttled down and watched the trespasser. He carried what appeared to be a large bundle of newspapers, and this he waved violently at us as he drew near.

"Our first victim," said John. "Note the apprehensive manner and the fact that he has been reading the morning's news. He anticipates a general strike and is anxious to escape to France."

"France, my good ass! He has no luggage, unless it's wrapped up in the newspapers."

"He has his toothbrush in his pocket," said John.

"But the strike isn't advertised to start for three days yet. There is ample time for him to flee the country in a normal and comparatively safe manner. If he is going to take the added precaution of flying it, he must be a pessimist of the first order."

"If he thinks he's going to fly to France on this bus he's no pessimist," said John.

By this time the stranger had arrived at close quarters. He was, as I have said, short and elderly. He had grey whiskers, spectacles, one of those square bowler-hats and a quiet introspective smile. I took him for a Professor of the eccentric bygone type.

"I noticed you from the roadway," he explained, gulping for breath. "The





*New Curate.* "AND HOW IS THE LITTLE ONE I CHRISTENED LAST WEEK?"

*Cottager.* "OH, UNS 'AD A COALD I' TH' 'EAD EVER SIN'. MAN, THA 'AS GOTTEN A 'AND LOIKE A BUCKET!"

sight inspired me with a happy idea. Are you contemplating aviation?"

"Well, I was thinking of testing the machine in case it can be of any service to anyone in a day or two."

"It can be of service to me now," panted the Professor. "Take me with you. Name your fee."

"I'm not going to France or anything like that, you know. I'm only going to fly round for ten minutes."

"Ten minutes will suffice, I think. Your fee?"

"I'm not satisfied that the machine is safe, and—"

"Your fee, your fee?" repeated the Professor, waving his newspapers excitedly.

"Climb in," I said. "You're very welcome to the risk. Leave your *Daily Mail* and your name and address and those of your newsagent with my friend and climb in."

The old machine could still be persuaded to fly, though she was sadly out of truth. We staggered up to a thousand feet. Here we entered a thick belt of cloud and it was nearly half a minute before we emerged once more into the light of day. I refrained from trifling further with the little man. He was no doubt frightened stiff by this time, and why should I take a mean advan-

tage of his headstrong whim? I throttled down, descended and landed quite respectably in our field. Then I taxied back to ask John what the dickens he thought he'd been doing to the left wing.

Our passenger clambered out hastily. He had the satisfied air of a man rescued from the brink of some appalling catastrophe. I winked at John. The Professor snatched up his hat and papers. Before I was out of the machine he had turned to go.

"I suppose," I said, "you wanted to see whether you could stand it? I'm sorry I took you into that cloud. The clouds are not often hanging about so low. If this strike comes off and you want to charter the machine—"

"Ha!" interrupted the Professor; "let me tell you, Sir, that it was only because I hoped to be able to enter the clouds that I came here at all. I have no further use for your extremely dangerous machine, thank you very much. I was merely gratifying a sudden desire, after reading the news contained in this morning's papers."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Sir; I wanted to be wafted, if only for a few moments, away from, and, if possible, completely out of sight of, this accursed world. Good day."

#### A DISCLAIMER.

[A reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* of April 14th demurs to the statement that the sole credit of the invention of bathing-machines belongs to BENJAMIN BEALE, the Quaker.]

In the days when I was fresh and green I may have thought that TURENNE had been

The sponsor of the soup-tureen;  
Or that the breezy *Captain Cuttle*  
Improved the primitive coal-scuttle;  
Or later on that "SOAPY SAM"  
Designed the earliest modern "pram";  
Or that the elegant phrase "old bean"  
Was first employed by the "GLOOMY DEAN";

But I do protest, on my sign and seal,  
That as for the Quaker, BENJAMIN BEALE,

I never connected him, from my teens  
To my present age, with bathing-machines.

"Millinery is certainly moving towards more normal levels."—*Daily Paper*.

Let us hope it will not mount as high as the Grampian hills.

"In a lawn tennis tournament at Cannes on Saturday ex-King Dr. Lasker was again adjourned after 64 moves."—*Daily Paper*.  
All these dethroned monarchs are having a rotten time just now.

### MINOR INDUSTRIES.

MY DEAR SILVANUS,—I have seen it stated that this year is expected to witness a boom in bee-keeping. I doubt whether our old friend WATTS (I refer to the poetic pedant and not to the gentleman who assists Mr. BURROUGHS to make billiard tables) even so much as dreamed that his gushing little eulogy would give such impetus to the bee-keeping industry as eventually would place the latter under the necessity of possessing technical journals for the enlightenment of its innumerable enthusiasts. Not that Doctor WATTS stands alone as a poetic pioneer of commerce. You will remember (or, if not, your Vicar will) that it was an ancient poet who wrote, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard . . ." with the result that for months afterwards there was scarcely an ant-heap that did not have at least half-a-dozen æsthetic young sluggards lounging about looking at it. I fear, however, it did not do them much good.

"Can't see any sense in these ants," they would growl. "Fussy little idiots, that's all they are; running about like supers in the 'revolution' scene of a play. Let's go home."

So they went home, Silvanus, all except one, who stuck at it until the idea of using ants' eggs for feeding gold-fish occurred to him. It was a novel idea (I doubt whether even he himself could explain how he came to associate ants' eggs with gold-fish) and it caught on. People took to keeping gold-fish for the sheer pleasure of feeding them with ants' eggs, and thus two staple industries came into being. At least I think that is how it was.

Somehow, in this branch of farming, we seem to have stopped short at bees and ants. You will forgive me, my dear Silvanus, if I suggest that those who, like yourself, have the benefit of leading a rural existence are much to blame for this. Even to me, a mere townsman, the study of the habits of insects and other small game has revealed a tremendous reserve of untapped wealth, and, if you and your fellow-rustics would but free yourself from the conventional lure of the beepaddock and the ant-pasture, you might easily amass large fortunes from hitherto unsuspected sources.

Caterpillars, when travelling in companies of a few million, have been known to hold up railway trains and

cause considerable devastation among the vegetable matter on their line of route. Now the breeding and training of caterpillar corps for use in time of war should be possible at the cost of a little patience and the maintenance of the necessary cabbage fodder. The comparative silence in which the insect conducts its perambulations, and its naturally camouflaged appearance, would render it a stealthily effective weapon when released on the confines of the enemy's country. Its duty done, the caterpillar, if still surviving, would promptly transform itself into a chrys-

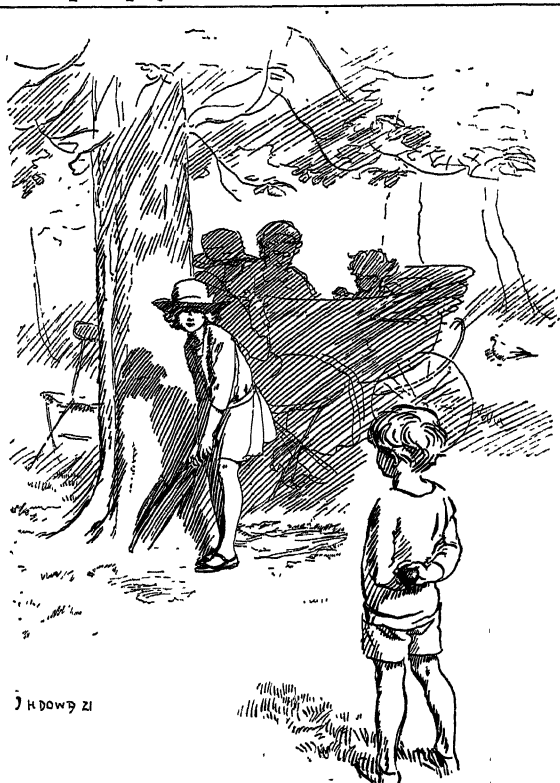
ment, though the strains of an accordion played with feeling on the edge of the fish-pond is held by some to have a stimulating effect upon those layers whose daily output may occasionally drop below normal.

You, Silvanus, who have heard the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree, must often have expressed regret that so much intelligent energy should be restricted within such confined limits. It has occurred to me that, if well trained and thoroughly domesticated, this bird would be of considerable assistance in the dentistry profession, or, if fitted with a neat hammer attachment, might be made useful about the house, especially during the spring-cleaning period, when carpets and oilcloth require to be tacked down and pictures re-hung. You might do worse, my young friend, than contemplate the laying out of a grove of woodpeckers.

As one whose privilege it has been occasionally to associate with the genial gentle, I have been amazed by the casual way in which the breeding and rearing of this useful and affectionate creature have been conducted. Gentles, I believe, are usually acquired by placing a portion of over-matured meat in a sunny spot. The result is then herded with entire absence of method into a disused tobacco tin and sold to amateur anglers at a more or less exorbitant profit. I am willing to admit that this slothful procedure does produce gentles, but it produces gentles without distinction or individuality. The haphazard gentle-farmer of to-day has no real pride in his beasts. He does not pick out a gentle and slap his leg (his own, I mean, not the gentle's) with a riding-whip

and say: "That be a rare fine beast, that be!" On the contrary, he does not know one gentle from another, and, which is even more regrettable, he does not seem to want to. I should like to see the gentle taken in hand and encouraged to attain a size and beauty that not only would make it the pride of its owner, but would render it an irresistible lure to those sardonic old veterans of the crystal deeps who systematically devour our ground-bait at their leisure and pass on to the next free meal. We have had the giant gooseberry; why not the giant gentle—the sort of thing, I mean, that Society would love to lead about on the end of a string?

Mention of gooseberries reminds me



SEX EQUALITY.

*Bowler.* "DORIS, AS I HAVE BOWLED YOU OUT NINE TIMES AND CAUGHT YOU FIVE TIMES, ISN'T IT POSSIBLY MY TURN TO BAT?"

alis, and in due course return, effectually disguised as an innocent butterfly, to the old barracks for further instructions. I feel sure that a unit which so thoughtfully grows its own uniform would receive serious and kindly consideration in Whitehall.

When one reflects that the commonest and most inexpensive kind of fish can be relied upon to lay millions of eggs the prospect for an energetic purveyor of omelettes is rosy in the extreme, a deft wrist and the faculty of swiftly detecting a too-advanced ovum being practically all that is needed to enable the proprietor to build up an exceedingly remunerative little business. Unlike chickens, fish require very little attention, and no particular encourage-

of a little scheme I had evolved whereby more practical use might be made of the whiskers of this humble delicacy than has hitherto been found for them. When one calculates the annual waste in the matter of gooseberry whiskers... But I think, Silvanus, I have written as much as your bucolic intellect can grapple with at present. I have, I trust, opened your eyes to the practically unlimited wealth that lies to your hand in field and garden, in tree and bush, in lake and river. If you do not help yourself, it will not be the fault of Yours ever, PANTAGRUEL.

### THE SPRING OFFENSIVE.

[Owing to the fall in the cost of cleaning materials, etc., Spring Cleaning, which has been neglected in most houses for the past year or two on the score of expense, is now being resumed with redoubled zest.]

THE wheel has turned full circle. I  
Who lately raised my voice and  
swore  
Because my food was far too high,  
Because my trousers cost me more,  
I, for whom soaring prices meant  
A fierce and feverish discontent,  
To-day, when things are not so dear,  
I gnash my teeth like any punctured  
profiteer.

Now the Spring's ancient magic  
makes  
The green earth lovelier every hour;  
Now in the heart of woman wakes  
A fierce desire to scrub and scour;  
Now does my wife acquire a lust  
For chivying dirt and chasing dust,  
And hastes to bang the home about  
And turn it upside down and twist it  
inside out.

Now is the season, sweet and rare,  
Of blowing flowers and bursting  
buds,  
Yet does she taint the genial air  
With fumes of varnish and of suds;  
Sweeter to her than song of thrush  
The spluttering of the whitewash-  
brush,  
Fairer than flower-embroidered vales  
Visions of naked rooms, stark dreams  
of mops and pails.

Through many a dreary day I moan  
To watch the devastation spread;  
The dustbin and the dustman groan.  
And besoms clatter round my head.  
By slippery ways I have to grope  
And tread on slabs of yellow soap;  
My lungs are filled with grit and fluff,  
My eyes are closed with grime. It is  
a bit too tough.

O dear dead years, when unafraid  
I passed the golden hours in peace,  
And saw the annual fury stayed,  
The havoc and the harrying cease;



"I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN UP GOLF. WHAT DO YOU GO ROUND IN?"  
"WELL, USUALLY IN A JUMPER."

Return that blissful state of things  
To end my vernal sufferings,  
The noble cost of papering rooms,  
The grand expense of paint, the splen-  
did price of brooms!

### THE MAKING OF A CRIMINAL.

ONCE upon a time a lover of painting went to the National Gallery to loiter lazily through the rooms, and, since he is never happy when walking unless he has his walking-stick in his hand, he was furious when an official forced him to surrender this comfort and prop.

He did all that was humanly possible to prove to the attendant that he was not the kind of person who injures works of art, but in vain; he had to exchange his trusty ash-plant for a metal disc with a number on it, and it took quite a long while for the Old Masters to charm him back into a good temper.

The next day he visited the National Gallery again, gave up his walking-stick without a murmur, and then proceeded, by way of protest, to crack the glass of one of the pictures with a little hammer which he had brought in his pocket for that purpose.

"If you'd left me my walking-stick this would never have happened," he remarked, as the police led him away.

"From Gregorian music to bimeatillism is a long jump."—*Evening Paper*.  
And the printer seems to have landed badly.

"Sir,—Sportsman and gentlemen are synonymous terms—you cannot be one without being the other. A sportsman helps a lame dog over a stile."—*Letter in Daily Paper*.  
We fear the Editor of our contemporary is not a sportsman or he would have helped his correspondent over the stiles of grammar and spelling.



*Lady.* "IF YOU PLEASE, COOK, MAY WE HAVE STEAK AND ONIONS FOR LUNCH TO-DAY?"

*Cook.* "YOU CAN HAVE STEAK, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE ONIONS. YOU SEE, I'M GOING OUT THIS AFTERNOON, AND ONIONS ALWAYS MAKES MY EYES SO RED."

## FOR MOMENTS OF SURPRISE AND STRESS.

CHANCE has provided me with a new expletive that gives satisfaction and has the merit, so far, of being used by no one else. For of course there should be individuality in these matters; our tendency to employ the same oaths as others is really rather contemptible.

I found the new expletive in this way. On my desk is a copy of the concise condensation of the great Oxford dictionary—and if there is a better or handier friend of the literary man than this I should like to hear of it. You know how books acquire a habit of opening always at one place; well, this of late has automatically opened at page 642—though why the pages of a dictionary should be numbered I have no notion; they'll be having an index next! It is printed in double columns, with the first word of each column repeated in larger type at the head; and the first word on page 642 is that which, by virtue of its intrinsic merit, and also, I suppose, because it is thrust at me so often, now springs to the lips when the unforeseen occurs too irritatingly or with too much suddenness.

I had never heard of it before the dictionary learned the trick of opening at page 642, nor is it a word which in its right place I should often need; for it means, in Roman Law, the right of banished persons or captives to resume civic privileges on their return, and, in International Law, restoration to their former state of persons and things taken in war when they come again into the power of the nation they belonged to.

But though neither a Roman lawyer nor an International

lawyer, and therefore not in need of the word in its legal capacity, in its illegal capacity I want it all day long.

The new expletive can offend no one. It is the distorted survival of no pious phrase. Bishops could employ it without sin, although, as I have said, it is better that every bishop should invent an oath of his own. It has all the qualities of "O Jiminy!" without any of "O Jiminy's" painful reminder of twins. It fits every occasion.

"The miners," you say, "are coming out again."

"Postliminy!"

"Have you heard? The strike's over."

"Postliminy!"

"The Bank has stopped payment."

"Postliminy!"

"You've won the Calcutta sweep—sixty thousand pounds."

"Postliminy!"

E. V. L.

"What way will the hundreds of new immigrants help the cause of liquor? 'At last it biteth like a sergent.'"—*New Zealand Paper.* You should try our new cocktail, "Sergent's Tooth."

"Prize Window-dresser Seeks Engagement as Manager, Buyer, or First Good Medium; smart, original window-dresser; with or without clothing."—*Advt. in Trade Paper.*

We should insist on his first dressing himself.

Mr. Punch has nothing but sympathy with the desire to see the end of shooting at maimed pigeons, but he cannot help wondering why regular visitors to Monte Carlo who are now so indignant waited until *The Times* made protest fashionable.



## THE PROBLEM-PICTURE OF 1921.

HOW TO MAKE THE TAIL WAG.





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, April 11th.*—Lord CURZON was unable to confirm Lord CREWE's impression that the coal dispute looked "decidedly more hopeful." The one bright spot was that the Miners' Federation had graciously permitted the Government to preserve the mines for them. But a settlement was not to



AN INTOLERABLE IMPOSITION.

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON.

be expected in a few hours or a few days. Railwaymen and transport-workers had only postponed, and not withdrawn, their threat of a sympathetic strike; and behind the genuine trade unionists there was "a not inconsiderable element" anxious to exploit the political and economic theories that have made Russia so happy and prosperous.

In the Commons Sir WILLIAM DAVISON called attention to a document alleged to have been issued by the Third International (LENIN, President), instructing Russian trade delegates that their primary object must be to spread discontent in the countries to which they were accredited. But the PRIME MINISTER replied that he had M. KRASSIN's word for it that the document was a forgery, and left it at that.

Foiled in this direction Sir WILLIAM, who, like the elephant, is prepared to tackle anything from a haystack to a needle, complained that the Office of Works had made an increase of a hundred per cent.—to be precise, from one penny to twopence—in the charge for chairs in the Royal Parks. But here again he had no success, the Ministerial reply being that the alteration was made to secure an increased revenue, which had in fact been obtained.

The chief interest of the economy debate, initiated by Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, was furnished by the

speech of Lieut.-Commander HILTON YOUNG. As a private Member he was conspicuous for his effective criticisms of Government extravagance. Now, as Secretary of the Treasury, he gave a remarkable exhibition, in Colonel WEDGWOOD's phrase, of the poacher turned gamekeeper. The alarming figures with which the Mover and Seconder (Mr. MOSLEY) had supported their indictment were so deftly twisted about and turned upside down that by the time he sat down a bewildered House was almost ready to believe that never had there been such an economical Administration. Nevertheless the hostile amendment was only lost by 128 to 92.

*Tuesday, April 12th.*—On the Matrimonial Causes Bill going into Committee the Archbishop of CANTERBURY solemnly warned the attendant Peers that if they enlarged the grounds upon which divorce might be granted the Bishops would withdraw their support. But the LORD CHANCELLOR, undaunted by this threat, urged the amendment of the measure in this direction, and Lord BUCKMASTER, taking the hint, moved successfully that three years' desertion should constitute ground for divorce. Thereupon Lord GORELL, the author of the Bill, murmured regretfully, "Farewell, my cheeild," and deposited it on Lord BUCKMASTER's doorstep.



POACHER TURNED GAMEKEEPER.  
LIEUT.-COMMANDER HILTON YOUNG AND  
MR. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Viscount CURZON's perennial battle with the speed-limit and his efforts to ridicule the police authorities engaged in enforcing it constitute a standing

joke with the Commons. Until this afternoon I was under the impression that his Lordship rather gloried in his crimes, and this notion was confirmed when he asked the HOME SECRETARY whether all the police employed on traffic-regulation were to be equipped with white gloves. Mr. SHORTT might



"Why, I can plough and I can zow,  
And sometimes I to the market go  
With Gaffer David's straw or hay,  
And yarn my ninopence every day.  
Dumble-down-deary," etc.

SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

have replied that the white gloves would be those which the noble Lord's activities had prevented magistrates from receiving; but he missed his opportunity. A little later, however, when Lord CURZON inquired whether the fishery-protection vessels employed to catch alien trawlers in the Moray Firth were really adequate to their duties, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND smartly replied that the methods employed were "just as efficient as those taken on land to overtake motor-cars." The House roared approval of the jape; but the victim, his sense of humour momentarily out of gear, plaintively asked, "Is that worthy of a Minister?"

Loud cheers greeted Sir ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN's reappearance on the Treasury Bench after his recent chequered experiences. His statement that he had taken steps to diminish the cruelties attendant on the exportation of worn-out horses, and that he hoped it would soon be altogether abandoned, gave great satisfaction.

Rural Members were not so pleased to hear that the Government had found it necessary to cut down the Government grants for drainage-schemes on agricultural land, their attention being





*First Gossip.* "'AVE 'EE 'EARD AS YOUNG FARMER TANKARD 'AVE GOT THE T. DEUMS?'"

*Second Gossip.* "I DON'T 'OLD WI' THESE 'ERE CHANGES. 'E OUGHT TO 'A' STUCK TO THE CHAPEL, LIKE 'IS FATHER."

The sea-fog itself retards  
And, as if interchanging their throats,  
Vessels and sheep sound notes  
To the sand which no eye regards.

Not of water with us regales  
Our large ravines without brooks,  
But the dew falls down into nooks  
There up, and it never fails;  
Nor are herbs, from which are presumed  
The seasons at fall or rise,  
Nothing than thyme perfumed  
As the dawn at the paradise.

If I had the rest to share  
I would see, all my senses steaming,  
The thirty-nine shires well-seeming,  
But there is not advantage there;  
You may have at your need  
The Thames or the Tweed,  
But me I shall choose, be it said,  
The sun's steady eye  
From Rake to Rye,  
The Black Sandhill and Beachy Head.

I will go myself of it to West  
Where the sand flies dissolute <sup>(6)</sup> on,  
Where the Giant of Wilmington  
Is for earth a pillar to rest;

<sup>(6)</sup> "à l'abandon."

I will go to the eastward verge  
Where the Rother rolls to the tide,  
By some antique walls of surge,  
Our ports at the sanded pride. <sup>(7)</sup>

I will go to the sun superb,  
To the North, to the valley brinks  
Where the old oaks stand, which one  
thinks

In our Sussex a morsel of herb,  
Or well to the South, where one  
views

The dauphins of golden crest,  
Or black by the borders of Ouse  
Our clumsy oxen have rest.

*God gives us the earth entire,  
But our hearts being pinched for  
space*

*He makes for each one his place  
Which he loves of a prouder desire.*

*Each chooses aright,  
But my bosom's delight  
Is to love with no bitter decree  
The gay sunshine where all  
blushes bright,  
The Sussex soothed by the sea.*

EVOL.

<sup>(7)</sup> "à l'orgueil ensablé."

#### SIX OF ONE . . .

It is wonderful how things can right themselves if you only give them time.

The other day a man was riding on a No. 11 omnibus and reading a paper the while. As they went up Whitehall he was startled to see that the man immediately in front of him was standing up and holding his hat in his hand; and then he was all confused and put to shame by realising that they had just passed the Cenotaph. The other man had been paying his tribute of homage and respect, while the first man had been discourteous and apathetic.

A few moments later, as the first man was still brooding on his insensitiveness, the man who had behaved with such decorum filled his pipe and lit it, and a gust of wind brought some embers into the first man's face.

Now, the first man may have forgotten, for once; his duty towards that beautiful symbol, but in the interests of other people's comfort he had made a point of not smoking on the top of an omnibus, except on the back seat, for thirty years.

### WRONG NUMBERS.

I HAVE invented a new telephone game. It is a thoroughly discreditable, anti-social game, and I am not proud of it, but it has been forced upon me by circumstances. It is now clear that my telephone number is the only one the operators know, and my game follows the lines of all the best modern movements, the principle of which is that, if you cannot hit the man you are annoyed with, you hit somebody else instead. Nowadays, when some perfect stranger is introduced to me in error on the telephone, I no longer murmur, "Wrong number, I'm afraid," in my usual accents of sweet sympathy, cool resignation, irritation, hatred or black despair; I pretend that it is the *right* number. I lead my fellow-victim on into a morass of mystification; I worm out his precious secrets; I waste his precious time. If you can square your conscience you will find it is a glorious game, though I ought to add that considerable skill is required. It is best, perhaps, to make a general rule of answering the call in the first instance in a high feminine voice, as much like a housemaid, or a charwoman, or a Government typist as possible; then you are prepared for any development.

The following are some of the best matches I have played:—

#### I.

*Me.* Hullo!

*A Voice.* Is that the Midland Railway?

*Me.* Yes, Madam. Which department do you require?

*A V.* It's about some eggs. An egg-box was despatched from Hitchin—

*Me (obsequious).* I will put you through to the Goods and Transit Department, Madam.

*A V. (fervent).* Oh, thank you!

*Me (after a short stroll round the garden—in a gruff railway-voice).* Hullo! Motor-vans and Haulage Department—

*A V.* Oh, it's about some eggs. An egg-box—

*Me (more in sorrow than in anger).* You require the Goods and Transit Department. I will put you through.

*A V.* Oh, thank you!

*Me (after planting a few more of those confounded cuttings—very suddenly).*

The 4.45 to Bunby Major is suspended, Sir.

*A V. (apologetic).* I want to speak about some eggs—

*Me (horrified).* Some legs!

*A V. (patient).* No, some eggs:—E—double G—s, eggs. An egg-box was despatched from Hitchin by a friend of mine on the 21st—

*Me (sharply).* What name, Madam?

*A V.* Major Bludyer. It was despatched on—

*Me.* Is he one of the Buckinghamshire Bludyers?

*A V.* What? Hullo! . . . Hullo! It was despatched on—

*Me.* I mean, is he the Major Bludyer—that well-grown old boy? From what I know of his eggs—



TO WITNESSING YOUR SIGNATURE . . . . . £1 6 8  
TO WITNESSING YOUR WRATH ON RECEIVING THIS BILL . . . . . £2 13 4

*A V. (growing fainter).* I can't hear you very well. It's about some eggs—

*Me.* Well, I'm very glad to have had this little talk. Remember me to old Bludyer. Good-bye.

#### II.

*Me (squeaky).* Hullo!

*A Voice (business-like, in a great hurry).* Hullo! Is that you, Mortimer?

*Me (very deliberate).* Mr. Mortimer is in the next room. If you will hold the line I will fetch him. Who is it speaking, please?

*A V.* Oh, never mind that.

*Me (firm).* Who is it speaking, please?

*A V.* Oh, da—! Say it's George. And be quick, please.

*Me (after a good deal of unavoidable delay).* Hullo, George!

*A V.* Hullo, Mortimer! You have been a time! Look here—about this meeting: have you got your minutes ready yet?

*Me.* Not quite. Practically. I was just doing them—

*A V.* Oh! Well, it's like this: I've had a talk with Sir Donald and he thinks you'd better leave out that scene about Atkins and the Debutantes. He thinks we might have trouble with the Manchester lot if you read that out, but if you don't say anything about it they'll never know—

*Me.* You dirty dog!

*A V.* What's that?

*Me (innocent).* I didn't say anything. I think there's someone on the line—  
(in a brand-new voice) Cuckoo!

*A V. (indignant).* I say, Sir, do you mind getting off the line? Hullo! Hullo! . . . He's gone now. Well, don't forget that. So long, old man.

Sorry you couldn't come round the other night; I wanted you to meet my fiancée—you haven't, have you?

*Me.* Which one?

*A V. (skittishly).* You oldass—Miss Tickle, of course.

*Me.* Oh, I know her. As a matter of fact I was engaged to her myself once—but that's many years ago.

*A V.* What's that? You sound as if you'd got a cold.

*Me.* I rather think I have. You always make such a draught down the telephone. Good-bye, old man.

#### III.

*A Voice.* Is that the Box-Office?

*Me.* Which Box-Office?

*A V.* Is that the Paragon Theatre?

*Me.* Yes, Madam.

*A V.* Oh, have you two seats for next Thursday?

*Me.* Yes, Madam. There's a stall in row D, and I have one left in the back row of the dress-circle—a very good view of the stage, Madam.

*A V.* Oh, but I want them together.

*Me.* I'm afraid we never sell seats together, Madam. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN—

*A V.* Oh, but—

*Me.* May I ask why you want to see this play, Madam?

*A V.* I can't hear you. . . Hullo!

*Me.* I mean, between ourselves, it's a thoroughly bad adaptation of a thoroughly bad foreign play thoroughly badly acted by a rotten lot of actors. Letty Loo is perfectly awful, and there's no room for your legs, unless you would care for a box; and there isn't one if you



## AT OUR HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

*Groom (who has backed a winner).* "WHO SAID THE 'OSS LOOKED LIKE GOIN' BUT WOULDN'T STAY, EH?"  
*Chauffeur.* "BLESS YER LIFE, I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THE BOOKIE YOU HAD YOUR BET WITH."

would; so if I were you I should stay quietly at home with Henry. *Au revoir!*

## IV.

*A Voice (most important).* Hullo! Is that the Treasury?

*Me (sweetly feminine).* Treasury speaking.

*A V. (as if the end of the world was in sight).* I want to speak to the PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary.

*Me.* The PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary is engaged. I can put you through to the Whips' Office.

*A V. (angrily).* I don't want the Whips' Office. I want—

*Me.* One moment, please.

[*A good many moments pass.*]

*A V. (menacing).* Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!

*Me (sweetly, as if conferring some priceless boon).* Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle, please.

*A V. (spluttering).* Look here, put me through to the supervisor at once.

*Me (very far off).* Supervisor speaking.

*A V. (with suppressed passion, yet pompous withal).* Look here—I'm a Member of Parliament. I've been—

*Me (gently).* Do not shout into the receiver, please.

*A V. Hullo!* I'm a—

*Me.* Do not say "Hullo!"

*A V. (maddened).* What's that? Hullo! Look here—I'm a Member of Parliament and I've been trying for half-an-hour to get through to the PRIME MINISTER'S—

*Me.* I am sorry you have been troubled. You are *thrrrrrough* now.

*A V. Hullo!* Is that the PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary?

*Me (quiet, weary and competent).* Which one do you want?

*A V. Hullo!* Sir Thingummy Jig speaking. I want to speak to the PRIME MINISTER'S—

*Me.* Yes, I heard that. But do you want the Principal Private Secretary, or the Assistant Principal Private Secretary, or one of the Personal Private Secretaries? I mean there are forty-seven of us altogether and it makes a lot of difference—

*A V. (weakening).* I can't quite hear. Perhaps you can help me? It's about—

*Me.* One moment, please. Here is the PRIME MINISTER himself. Would

you mind speaking to him? I'm rather busy.

*A V. (awestruck).* Of course . . . Hullo!

*Me.* Hullo. . . The PRIME MINISTER speaking. . . Look here, Jig, I want to have a word with you. Would you mind holding the line a moment while I speak to my secretary?

*A V. (fawning).* By all means. . . There's no hurry—no hurry at all.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 As far as I know the poor fellow is holding still. A. P. H.

"On the day after he left for his honeymoon the house of Mr. — was burned down."

*Daily Paper.*

Doubtless the work of some old flame.

"The New Zealanders entered the Abbey at the Pots' Corner and found themselves among memorials of England's most noted men, from Chaucer to Dickens."—*New Zealand Paper.*  
 Our very biggest pots, in fact.

"Job Parlourmaid, in Town, free, wants Hyde Park."—*Morning Paper.*

Things are improving. The last one we tried to engage seemed to want the earth.



## THE EDUCATION OF THE EDUCATIONALIST.

"SPEAKING of Education——" began Miss Ward, pronouncing the word with a capital letter. Then she paused.

Miss Ward is a distant relation of my wife's and an eminent educationalist. An educationalist, generally speaking, is someone who has never educated anyone, but knows how it ought to be done. She had come down to pour forth the pearls of her wisdom before the mothers of the village and was spending the night with us.

"Speaking of Education," she began again impressively, "there is nothing so immoral as to bring up a child on fairy tales."

Kathleen's eye met mine guiltily.

"But why?" I objected. "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE believes in his Home Rule Act, Lord ROBERT CECIL believes in the League of Nations, Mr. BOTTOMLEY believes in his own power to govern the British Empire. Why shouldn't Veronica believe in fairies?"

"Because it means that from the very beginning the child is taught to confuse the real with the unreal, truth with falsehood. Parents who teach their children to believe in fairies are deliberately training up liars and deceivers. I'm going to lay great stress on that in my lecture to-night."

Kathleen and I, who for the last five years had been deliberately training up a liar and deceiver, looked at each other blankly.

"Yes," said Kathleen at last, "it sounds reasonable; but——"

"Here's the 'but,'" I said, as Veronica approached.

Veronica, one quiver of excitement from her curls to her small strap-over shoes, hurled herself upon me.

"Daddy, I've seen a fairy!"

"Splendid!" I said enthusiastically, avoiding the Educationalist's eye.

"I saw it as plain as plain. It was swinging between two brackens an' all shiny in the sun. Then, when I got close up, it had changed itself to a spider's web. It would do that—wouldn't it?—'cause they don't like you to see them, do they?"

"Of course, darling," said Miss Ward, on a note of gentle pity, "there are no such things as fairies."

We held our breath. The quiver died out of Veronica. She turned her gaze slowly upon the visitor.

"Don't you b'lieve in fairies?" she said.

"There are no fairies," said Miss Ward, smiling.

"Well," said Veronica, "if you don't b'lieve in fairies, who do you fink lights up the stars at night?"

"We'll have a nice little talk about that before I go," said Miss Ward kindly. "I'll explain it all to you."

"An' if you don't b'lieve in fairies," said Veronica again, "who do you fink washes the flowers' faces an' puts them to sleep?"

"We'll have a talk about *that* too," said Miss Ward.

"An' if you don't b'lieve in fairies," said Veronica, pink with earnestness, "what do you fink about in bed before you go to sleep?"

The Educationalist considered this question conscientiously.

"I generally wonder whether I remembered to turn the light off in my study and whether it's worth while going down to see," she said at last.

Later I found Veronica sitting by herself in the garden, unusually silent and motionless, gazing frowningly into space, her small face between her hands, her elbows resting on her knees.

"Hello!" I said cheerfully. "Don't you want to come for a run with Chips?"

Chips is a shameless mixture of every known species of terrier, with a slight *souppçon* of collie. Veronica discovered him outside the village last year with a tin tied to his tail, and their admiration was prompt and mutual.

"Not just now, fank you," she said gently. "I want to fink—to fink *kite* by myself."

One respects Veronica's reserves. I took Chips out alone.

That evening, when the Educationalist had duly delivered the pearls of wisdom and sent home the mothers of liars and deceivers abashed but unrepentant, she smoked a cigarette with me in the library.

"Does the child really believe," she said suddenly, "that fairies light up the stars?"

"Veronica?" I said. "She *did*. But you've implanted the first doubt in her mind, and life will never be quite the same again. She *did* believe that fairies lit up the stars and washed the flowers and made the snow and spun the spider's thread and slid up and down from the moon on moonbeams."

The Educationalist pondered deeply. "Of course," she said at last, "apart from their immorality there's something—not unattractive about those ideas."

"There *was*," I said sadly, "till you exploded them."

After breakfast next morning Veronica appeared suddenly at the open French-window. She was radiant.

"You must come wiv me, *please*," she said breathlessly to Miss Ward, "an' look at what I've found. It's a most important thing."

Obediently we all went. She led us to the stump of a tree that had been cut down the year before. On its level surface stood tiny acorn-cups in a ring, and next to them little round leaves, most carefully arranged. They could be nothing but fairy cups and plates. It could be nothing but the scene of a fairy feast, whose tiny revellers had fled, scared perhaps by the first ray of dawn, perhaps by the sound of a mortal footfall. There had been no time to clear away.

Veronica stood a-quiver with rapture and pointed to it:

"*There!*" she said triumphantly.

I looked at Kathleen, but her gaze was innocent and surprised. Only the Educationalist avoided my eye, and on her cheeks was a faint flush of shame.

"Were you unhappy about the fairies last night?" I said to Veronica afterwards.

"Oh, *no!*" she said. "There was nuffing to be unhappy about wiv the fairies. The *fairies* were all right. I was unhappy about *her*, 'cause I thought *she'd* be so unhappy not b'lieving in the fairies. But she's all right now, isn't she? 'Cause now she *knows*."

## ANTITOXINS.

(By an old Fogey.)

WHEN psycho-analysis vexes  
The feminine novelist's heart  
And she thinks the discussion of sex is  
The ultimate triumph of Art,  
I return to the simple romances  
Of ante-Victorian JANE,  
Or I find a new charm in the fancies  
Of Cranford again.

When the decadent Georgian poet  
Composes unmusical tosh,  
And importunes the public—to show it  
The linen he sends to the wash,  
I reflect that, unmoved by the ages,  
The mighty are still in their seats,  
And take comfort once more from the  
pages

Of COWPER or KEATS.

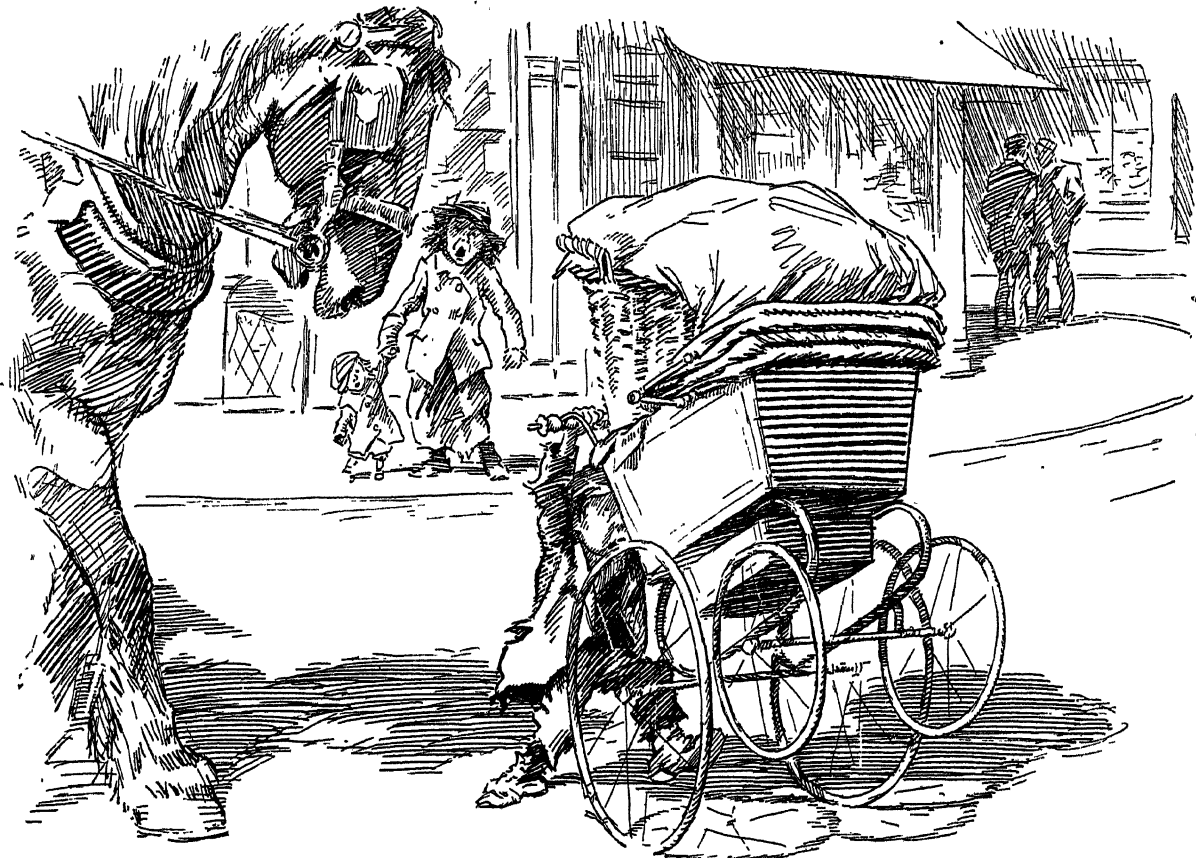
If the twentieth-century flapper  
My sense of what's fitting annoys  
With the garments that weirdly enwrap  
her,  
Her glances and dances and "boys,"  
From her manners and modes (which  
are shady)

I get some relief when I dine  
With a really delightful old lady  
Of seventy-nine.

## Our Golfers.

"The Cantabs won the first hole in 4, Mellor fozzling a brassey shot after Wethered had holed a long tee shot."—*Evening Paper*.  
MELLOR must be told to take his spoon next time he plays out of the tin.





G. L. Standa  
1921

"NAH THEN, LOOK WHERE YER GOIN', ALBERT! IT'S THE WASHIN' YOU 'VE GOT, MIND—NOT CLARA."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is hardly possible to exonerate Mr. ROBERT HICHENS from the suspicion of a little mild book-making in the matter of *The Spirit of the Time* (CASSELL). Perhaps I felt specially sore, because what turns out—so far I will betray it—to be simply an inflated short story of a painfully obvious type began with all the promise of a best-quality HICHENS study of human nature at its most baffling. The start at least is quite admirable. The sensation of renewed liberty conveyed by all the details of *Derrick's* journey to and arrival at Montreux, after the confinement of the war-years, is told with a zest that may well cause other eyes besides those of the present reviewer to gleam enviously. Then we have the familiar but ever intriguing R. H. gambit, the distinguished, slightly mysterious middle-aged woman, here a Russian princess (Ha!). Follows a gradually ripening intimacy, in which the strange princess reveals herself as a companion of charm and culture, but in many ways, chiefly financial, mysteriuser and mysteriuser—as *Alice* (in *Wonderland*) would say. And then, just as I had become thoroughly worked up, it all came to nothing. Precisely what kind of nothing I will not tell you (nor do I ignore the fact that, in calling his story *The Spirit of the Time*, our author had prepared beforehand an ingenious dug-out against the irritation of the critics). But I repeat that it will take me some time to forgive him a sharp personal disappointment.

As *Allan Quatermain* belongs to the real delight of my boyhood it would hurt me sorely to turn round now and

bite the hand to which I owe so much. Yet I am bound to say that in *She and Allan* (HUTCHINSON) I found some excuse for modifying my sense of gratitude. When *Allan* (or rather Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD) writes: "That wondrous *Ayesha* seemed to draw vitality from me, and after my long talk with her I felt very tired," I found no sort of cause for wonder. So portentously loquacious was *Ayesha* that I confess to sharing this tired feeling, and her little trick of saying "O, Allan!" again and again was to me peculiarly irritating. For the rest Sir RIDER has given us yet another story rich in the real adventurous spirit. *Allan* is in as good form with his gun as *Umslopogaas* was with his axe; *Hans* is as full of affection and impertinence as *Zikali* was of wizardry. If the action is a little delayed by *Ayesha's* long-windedness no one can complain that the fighting lacks ferocity and vigour when the opposing factions really get down to it. In short, if I am not altogether satisfied with *Allan* in this volume, it is solely because he gives me so much entertainment when he is making things move that I am ridiculously impatient when he is content to sit down and be talked to, even by the "wondrous *Ayesha*."

Who invented pet names like "Granite City" for Aberdeen, and "Monarch of the River" for salmon? Major J. L. DICKIE, in *Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing* (HEATH CRANTON), is not the first to use them, nor will he be the last; but he uses them sparingly, and he refrains from calling trout "speckled beauties." Do you know Dee, Don and Deveron and the fighting fish that haunt them? If you don't, and if you have ever handled a rod and loved a river, Major DICKIE will make you wish you did; and if you too once on a time

"lived in Arcady," he'll recall to you the bitter Spring days when the wet line freezes in the rings (Spring fishing is very much like knocking gold out of granite) or those soft September afternoons when the fish run big (what if they are just a little red?), on one of which, some day, I mean to get my fifty-pounder. Major DICKIE, who writes with a pleasant simplicity, is no fly purist, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he goes fishing on purpose to catch fish, an intolerable taste, of course, but one which he seems well equipped to indulge in. There are interesting pages on gillies, habits of salmon in fresh water, and fishing in India, and here and there a good story. Like all pukka anglers Major DICKIE has a proper appreciation of what the greatest authority calls his "diet," but I think he makes a mistake in disliking pike and eels as table fish; and had I as a twelve-year-old lost the first salmon I had ever hooked, as he did, I should have drowned myself. On the whole I'm glad Major DICKIE didn't. The book is well illustrated with photographs and a reproduction in colour of a good drawing of flies by Private JOHN ROBERTSON; there is also an introduction by the next greatest authority, Mr. R. B. MARSTON.

So far as I can detect any moral in *The Tribal God* (CONSTABLE) it is twofold. First, as addressed to impressionable young women, never get engaged to a man without having thoroughly inspected his near relations. To which might be added, for the benefit of large families, keep parents in their place. Practically all the trouble in Mr. HERBERT TREMAINE's latest novel came about through *Bridget* neglecting the

first of these precautions and accepting *Paul* in ignorance of the altogether detestable tribe from which he was an unrepresentative off-shoot; also from the attitude of these same *Casshers* (a name of horrid import) in making an idol of their aged, wealthy and almost incredibly hateful mother. Oh (as the vulgar so expressively put it), she was a *Madam*, was old *Mrs. Cassher*; eighty and odd years old, covered with personal property in the form of bequeathable jewellery and with any quantity of invested funds, using her power to keep her large family of ageing descendants (to say nothing of a companion) all hanging about her like hounds on a leash. The atmosphere of this household, with its constant intrigues and its equally hateful materialism, is excellently suggested; though I was never quite persuaded that Mr. TREMAINE wasn't wantonly piling on the mud. Anyhow, you can imagine what a rollicking time they gave poor *Bridget* when she went down on a visit of inspection. Finally, when the old lady died suddenly and the family sprang apart, snarling over her will, *Bridget* very understandably eloped with the piano-tuner (whose mother she had often seen). A clever atmospheric tale—but oh, how ugly!

In view of the renewed infiltration into decent society of the unappetising Hun—has not the unspeakable Boy-Ed recently become engaged to an American heiress?—I cannot

find it in my heart to upbraid Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS because in his latest novel, *The Laughing Girl* (APPLETON), he caricatures KING CONSTANTINE, his Teutonic spouse and his friend and ex-colleague, FERDINAND of Bulgaria, not to mention sundry Germans, German-Swiss and Bolsheviks of no recognisable identity, with a crude vigour not unsuggestive of "*Simplicissimus*" at its best. If the story were anything like up to Mr. CHAMBERS' usual standard the grossness of the lampoon—for that is what it really is—would be a serious drawback to its popularity in this country, where, though we have no love for the Hun or the Bolsh, we know enough about them to realise that their table-manners are probably the least unpleasant thing about them. But *The Laughing Girl* is not to be taken seriously. If it were, the author's fellow-countrymen would surely take exception to the American hero who is still found talking of joining the American army about a month before the Armistice. But even regarded as a *jeu d'esprit* rather than as a novel *The Laughing Girl* is unworthy of Mr. CHAMBERS' sprightly and facile pen, and I cannot do him the injustice of commending it, the more so as I feel

confident that, like the three little maids in *The Mikado*, he "will do better by-and-by."



Medieval Monk (to his fellow-observer of an oath of silence, after two years' taciturnity). "THIS IS A HOLY LIFE WE ARE LIVING!"



Second Monk (after a further interval of two years). "THEN WHY SPOIL IT WITH CHATTERING?"

The second volume of that interesting and pleasant series, *Les Fleurs de France* (PHILPOT), is dedicated to a collection of representative short stories, twenty-nine in all, "translated from the French of twenty-nine celebrated authors of the day." It may be said at once that no better introduction for English readers to the modern French *conte*

could be provided than by this engaging little anthology. Here you may study and compare art as wide asunder as that of TRISTAN BERNARD (represented by an exquisite little masterpiece of quiet pathos, "The Last Visit") and the sportive impressionism of MARCEL PRÉVOST. The editor of the series, and presumable translator, Mr. ALYS EYRE MACKLIN, has given, in a foreword, some sketch of the difficulties of making such a selection; I can only congratulate him upon the result. Admirably printed, inexpensive (6s. net), these *Flowers of France*, of which a fresh volume is to appear every two months, should help enormously the artistic understanding between ourselves and our Allies. For my part I already look forward to May, when volume three, *The Crystal Coffin*, by MAURICE ROSTAND, is to take its place in the line.

"CRICKET CLUB DINNER.—The chairman, in responding, said he hoped they would accept a bat from him, to be used for any purpose they thought best."—*Local Paper*.

To prop open the pavilion door, for example.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"'AYLWIN.' Theodore Watt-Dunlop's famous Classic. Secured at enormous expense."—*Local Paper*.

How this would have tired WATTS-DUNTON!

## CHARIVARIA.

"SHOULD Film Actresses Marry?" asks a cinema paper headline. Yes; but only now and then.

"The workers of this country," says a Labour paper, "made England what she is." We are afraid this is only too true.

The members of the M.C.C. Team on their return have all confirmed by word of mouth the rumour, recently current in the Press, that they lost the Ashes.

"Where he will field this year," writes a cricket expert of the Australian Captain, "is a moot point." This must be the unorthodox position sometimes called silly mid-off.

The summit of Snowdon is advertised for sale. On account of its rhetorical associations it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to retain it in Britain.

We are asked to contradict a rumour that Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY has been appointed official lecturer at Madame TUSSAUD'S.

"The Welsh language," says a contemporary, "is becoming quite a force." All the same we still think it should only be used for defensive purposes.

An American spiritualist doubts whether they have telephones in the spirit world. This looks like an attempt to make death a long-felt want.

Wigan miners insist on taking their dogs to football matches. During these hard times we suppose miners' dogs do not turn their noses up at a slice of referee.

New York has a "poor-house" for millionaires who have lost their wealth. With us a capitalist merely hangs on in the hope of one day becoming a workman.

"What is the best all-round bait?" asks an angler in a weekly paper. For ourselves we find that most fish will rise to a Treasury note if well rustled and played carefully up and down the floor of a fishmonger's shop.

Germany, it seems, is only just be-

ginning to realise what it means to be plunged into peace with the entire world.

The Court of Appeal has decided that the War is not yet over. It is said that Mr. LOVAT FRASER will ring a bell when he has finished with it.

According to *Burke's Handbook* there are only twenty-five thousand O.B.E.'s. We feel that no good purpose can be

the Turkish and Greek soldiers played a football match together. We understand, however, that, as the casualties were rather heavy, both sides were ordered back to the firing-line.

The table-banging oratory of one of the most extreme of the Labour leaders has been described as being of the thud and blunder type.

A naturalist recently gave a lecture on the instinctive antipathies of wild creatures. It may not be generally known that an egret will manifest every symptom of alarm at the sight of a milliner.

Under the new passport regulations travellers leaving Poland may not take with them more than one watch and two rings. This is a great blow to impresarios and others who object to travelling practically nude.

"At the fifth, the famous picturesque hole with Windsor Castle in the distance," says a report of a golf match at Stoke Poges, "the American lady made her first serious mistake." We consider it very sporting of her not to have protested against so obvious a design to distract her attention from the ball.

London M.P.'s have been informed that the recommendations of Mr. KENNEDY-JONES'S Committee for the control of London traffic were rejected as entailing an establishment of bureaucrats at heavy expense to the public. Mr. KENNEDY-JONES does not seem to have realised that this is an Anti-Waste Government.

The publicity given to the fall of a thunderbolt or fire-ball at Edmonton ought to convince sceptics that there really is such a place.

There is a feeling in the highest quarters that the Government ought to keep the Defence Force in being to carry on while the nation's golfers settle the question of the floater.

It is hoped that Germany will soon send us a letter telling us how much the Allies really owe her, and have done with it.

From a service-paper:—

"Hymn to be sung during the Collection.—  
'Now the day of gold is past.'  
A singularly tactless selection.



Sergeant of Defence Force. "ARE YOU ONE OF THEM SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUMS?"

Recruit. "NO, SERGEANT."

Sergeant. "HO! THEN WHY DO YOU FALL INTO A TRANCE EVERY TIME I GIVE AN ORDER?"

served by rubbing their exclusiveness in like that.

The variable weather experienced of late has caused a great deal of illness, according to a morning paper. We ourselves know of one youth who contracted a severe chill through using his summer cane too early.

A typist recently horse-whipped a grocer's assistant who had jilted her in order to marry another girl. That ought to learn him to trifle with a gentle and loving heart.

In an interval of their recent fighting

### THE COMMONS' FAREWELL TO THE SPEAKER.

SPRING comes, and little nests will soon be furnished

With little eggs to hatch;

The turtle's coat, I hear, is newly "burnished,"

And those who look may catch

(The while he weeps to bid Good-bye)

"A livelier iris" in the SPEAKER'S eye.

For now, the long day's heavy task completed,

And better than the best,

His tact confirmed, his wit still undefeated,

He goes to take his rest;

Now may he slough his formal fig

And joyously demobilize his wig.

No more shall he adjust our party quarrels

When statesmen bark and bite;

No more interpret Parliamentary morals

And put our manners right;

No more rebuke without a bias

The man who calls another "Ananias."

Even as pullets of an orphaned brood 'll do,

Robbed of their mother's care,

When, like a perky cockerel, with his doodle-doo

KENWORTHY rips the air,

And flaps his wings and runs amok,

How we shall miss the old parental cluck!

Farewell the gentle strength that never smote us

On a too tender spot!

Lapped in a downy bed of well-earned lotus

Elysian be his lot,

Where summer woos a wine-red sea,

Or in some glade of LOWTHER Arcady!

But sometimes, if we're good, he may revisit

Our human vale of tears,

And, couched on purple plush (or velvet, is it?),

Slumber among his Peers,

Looking, I hope, extremely well,

And in his hair a sprig of asphodel.

O. S.

### MAROONED.

Goliath is a despicable mongrel.

This morning he failed to see eye to eye with me over the question of a leash, and it was only in a sitting posture that he consented to follow me into the street.

Once there he trotted meekly beside me, and, noting his chastened mood, I ventured to express my approval. My patronising tone must have exasperated him, for with a jerk of his head he slipped his collar, frisked across the road and wagged his tail at a policeman.

The constable's hand grabbed the back of his neck and adhered.

"This your dog, Sir?" he inquired.

Not without shame I acknowledged it.

"Muzzling order in this borough," he announced.

I disclaimed all knowledge of it. His reference to caps., sections and sub-sections left me cold. Goliath and I had lived there for six inharmonious months and neither of us had ever worn a muzzle. I pointed to my mansion across the road.

The constable gave a tolerant smile.

"This road is a boundary," he explained. "Your side is in one borough, this side is in another. There's a muzzling order here, and, if your dog wants to use our pavement, he must wear a muzzle."

"The solution appears to be to return to our proper

sphere," I said, and, readjusting the collar, I dragged Goliath from the forbidden ground.

I was about to step on my own hospitable pavement when my way was barred by another policeman.

"Gott'er permit?" he demanded fiercely. "Can't come into this burrer without a permit. Rabies over the way."

"But we live in this borough," I explained mildly.

"We are ratepayers——"

"Must 'ave a permit," he interrupted with vulgar stolidity. "Laws is laws."

I could not dispute it.

"I'll get you one," I assured him, and returned to the muzzle maniac.

"Your unprepossessing mate demands a permit," I explained. "I agree with him; he certainly should have one——"

"Not my job, Sir," he answered suavely.

I returned to the truculent one.

"Your brother in blue," I said, "has mislaid his book of permits. If you have a muzzle——"

He snarled. Goliath and I withdrew to the middle of the road.

"Goliath," I said, "foes are on each side of us. If we turn to the right or the left foes are before and behind us. We must disarm suspicion with an air of nonchalance and slip down a turning when we get the chance. Let us walk awhile."

No sooner did we begin to walk than the borough sleuths also walked. To counter their clumsy strategy we turned about. I raised my hat and Goliath nodded pleasantly.

We spent an hour in turning about, raising my hat and nodding, but our foes continued to march solemnly abreast of us.

For another hour we stood still, hoping that murder or arson in one of the boroughs might relieve us of an adversary; but such lapses from grace seem lamentably rare.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have now been stranded for seven hours. It is raining. Our nonchalance is washed out of us. Frankly we are wretched. Our guardians have been changed, but the newcomers take the same bigoted view of the situation. We are doomed, it seems, to drag out our remaining days in the middle of a suburban road—for want of a muzzle or a permit.

The commissariat question chiefly disturbs me. A coal-cart has passed and Goliath staved off his hunger with a few crumbs of it and a coke crust; but nothing more solid than an oath has passed my lips, and that the wrong way.

A mournful look in Goliath's eye tells me that he too realises that one of us must soon devour the other. We shall draw lots. I wonder, if Goliath wins, how he will kill me. I hope he won't bungle his job.

Our last hope is this message. It is written on my handkerchief with my fountain-pen; I shall push it into an aspirin bottle and trust it to the mercy of the stream that flows down our gutter.

We shall wait for three days. If the fourth day dawns without muzzle or permit, one of us will be dead; the other alive and full, but very lonely.

### Another Irish Sex Problem.

"Three hundred emigrants arrived here [Queenstown] to-day by train, 90 per cent. of them being people of both sexes."—*Irish Paper*.

Consecutive paragraphs in a Manchester paper:—

"Two cats, sold by auction at a Southport bazaar, yesterday, realised £50."

"Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson is returning to England to-morrow." To take advantage of the boom, we suppose.



### PAY-DAY.

GERMANY. "I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY."

FRANCE. "OH! ARE YOU? WELL, I'M QUEEN OF THE MUST."





Novice (trying to remember all he has been told). "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT DO I DO WITH THIS?"  
Caddie (in an audible whisper). "TAKE IT 'OME AN' PRACTISE ON IT."

### THE CLOTHES-LINE.

(An essay in the style of the *Psycho-analytic Romance*.)

SHE went to the window. Behind her the dusk fell in soft folds. A strange yellowish-green smell hung mist-like in the room. "Pea-soup," she murmured in her remote little voice.

It was the vision outside the window that claimed her spirit. Through all the gradations of light she had watched it, a picture infinitely pathetic in its alternations of futile wind-blown gaiety and limp dejection. There, upon the clothes-line, hung the household's weekly washing. It was outlined against a jade-green sky. She could have screamed at its significance. Arms and legs of mangled garments drooped above the grass or tossed in an insensate joy against the evening's jade.

"I will name them, name them all, in my new book," she thought.

The crude realism of the laundry-book had often charmed her. Here indeed was fit matter for the psycho-analyst. She smiled a little, picturing the Philistine's prudish pursed-up lips. But the Neo-Georgian would understand and glory in her candour.

"One pair of pyjamas, one day-shirt, two vests, three camisoles," she whis-

pered. Her mood had a passionate intensity. She wondered if her husband would see it as she did, this fateful clothes-line against the jade-green sky. Yes, his new pyjamas danced an airy tango beside her petticoat. Mauve pyjamas and white petticoat waving and dancing in wind-blown tango and fox-trot. Ah! . . . She drew in her breath with a gasp, for here was the theme of her great psycho-analytical novel. In a moment her second self was clicking a spirit typewriter.

Inspiration almost stifled her. There would be that great chapter entitled "The Clothes-Line," where Felix, the shell-shocked hero, hypnotised by the sight of flapping garments against a brazen sky, disclosed his hidden but now uncensored past to a horrified laundry-maid. She clenched her hands and gasped at the audacity and completeness of his confession. Felix should not be hampered by any fusty old laws of reticence. Every forgotten spot and stain that had marked his soul from precocious infancy to lurid manhood should be recorded. And she, true analyst that she was, would show how this nerve-storm was produced by those rare moments of restraint when he had struggled to obey a time-worn Decalogue.

Another chapter flashed into her consciousness. "Dreams" was the title, Harley Street the scene. Felix was narrating to the great soul-doctor his visions of the night—those orange and magenta visions which were so vastly significant of his past. Only the psycho-analytical reader would understand the symbolism of their seeming irrelevance.

Her chin lifted a little in its frank courage. Her resilient spirit rose as she watched those waving arms and legs. She thought of her husband, that simple dealer in stocks and shares. Would he see it all as she did? Would he read her novel at all? What if he said "Piffle!" and crushed the winged child of her dreams?

Or he might utter some banal quotation, "Let the dead past bury its dead," and damn her Felix with blatant moralities. Such was her life mated to a man of common clay. The eternal and insistent feminine in her rebelled against the grossly masculine stupidity to which she was chained.

There was an eager insistent scratching at the front-door. It was Chu-Chin, the young Chow. She smiled her Monna-Lisa smile as she let him in. Often she thought of her husband as a Chow. His roughly jocular moods were like the dog's. More like was his



frowning severity. The Chow had that set jaw, that cold eye when he walked abroad.

"Chu-Chin," she breathed, but the dog disappeared elusively through the pale oblong of the garden door.

In the hall there was a loud piercing smell of gas. It was like a false note on the clarinet, like a crimson hat on a red-haired woman. She seemed to taste it.

The vision of the clothes-line recalled her to the window, but she resisted a little, lingering by the tea-table. She noted every detail of the finished meal, the plated tea-pot, the milk-jug, the sugar-bowl, the empty muffin dish, the cake-crumbs, the stain on the cloth, the seven tea-leaves in her cup.

"I will put them all in my book," thought her second self, that strange, conscious, affected author-self. "I will have lots of meals in my book, and nothing, not one course, shall be omitted."

Her glance travelled round the dusky room. "To-morrow morning I will write an inventory," she murmured. "One might forget; and every ash-tray is significant, every tea-spoon."

Again she was at the window. She saw herself, that other self, leaning against her husband's shoulder. Suppose he should not understand; suppose he looked blankly at the week's wash, unmoved by its exquisite appeal.

His key grated in the lock. She moved swiftly to greet him. He stood there, a Chow indeed, *her* Chow. He turned his signet-ring six times on his little finger. Her small moth-like hand fluttered on his arm.

Now she drew him to the window. "Look," she whispered; "I've waited for you so long! Look!! So lovely! . . . our wash."

Gazing at him she saw his Chow-like face suffused with an immense passion. Her eyes followed his. The vision had changed. No longer the helpless arms and legs dangled against the jade-green sky. The clothes-line had fallen. The huddled garments lay prone upon the shadowed grass. Only Chu-Chin the Chow pranced like some Chinese demon among the scattered whiteness. From his mouth waved grotesquely the mauve legs of the pyjamas.

The husband's voice rasped the silence. It tore the gathered curtain of pea-green aroma to shreds. Tragedy had them in thrall.

"Woman," he shouted, "my trousers—"

Her wistful mouth drooped. She tried to speak. He did not understand.

She was alone. From the garden rose a discordant yell. The jade-green sky turned to indigo. The green smell eddied about her.



Florist. "I'VE GOT SOME NICE HYACINTHS, MADAM. BEAUTIFUL SCENT."

Customer. "OH, NO, THANKS. THEY GIVE DARLING FU-FU SUCH A NASTY HEADACHE."

#### An "Old Gasworker."

Under the heading "Lie promptly nailed at a Newcastle Meeting," *The Daily Herald* reports an attack on the Triple Alliance, during which the speaker remarked that *The Daily Herald's* editor, Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, had never been a trade unionist. In reply a Labour candidate named WINTERTON (not to be confused with the Earl of that name) "immediately nailed down the lie, pointing out that Lansbury joined the old Gasworkers' Union over thirty years ago."

We had long suspected that the "Old Gasworkers' Union" was Mr. LANSBURY's spiritual home.

The Government's answer: Na-pool.

"Priest wanted for year, possible permanency. Catholic, not ultramarine."

Church Paper.

There would be no objection, we gather, to a Cambridge blue.

"A committee of five was elected to look after the arrangements for painting the exterior of the Church including the Vicar."

Local Paper.

But not ultramarine, we trust.

"There is no standard for the 'sprints,' but some extraordinary times have been recorded, D. G. A. Low (of Highgate), E. H. Fryer (Wellingborough), G. R. Service (of Fettes), and J. W. Holmes (of Epsom) all being credited with 10 min. 2 sec."—*Daily Paper*.

There is no standard for sprints or misprints either, but this must be nearly a record.

## UNCLES UNLIMITED.

SOME little time back an enterprise was started known as "Universal Aunts," a body of ladies who undertake to meet children at railway stations, to convey them to dentists, matinées or other sources of amusement, and to perform all such other duties as an aunt is competent to perform. The association seems to supply such a felt want that a project is on foot to found a parallel society to be called "Uncles Unlimited."

It is true that the scope of the uncle has of late years been greatly curtailed. The adolescents of either sex now know so much of life that there is little left that an uncle can show or teach them. It is true too that, with the emancipation of women, the aunt has encroached in numerous directions upon his one-time province. She can blow smoke through her nose, for instance; she can even make rings of it come out of her mouth; both feats once an avuncular monopoly. Nevertheless there is no class so conservative as children, and there are still some sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer, for some purposes, an uncle to an aunt.

To families uncleless or whose uncles are abroad, "Uncles Unlimited" will come as a boon. For a moderate fee they will be able to obtain on hire for an afternoon or evening the services of such a relation. It will be the aim of the directors to provide models to suit every taste and pocket. Here are a few of those at present in stock.

(1) The "George." As an escort to the Zoo one can scarcely do better than engage "Uncle George." He belongs to that favourite variety, the Anglo-Indian. He will be turned out with a suitably yellow complexion and choleric disposition. But, though subject to sudden fits of irascibility, he can be warranted harmless with children. He will be competent to describe with accuracy, but not too accurately for entertainment, the habits of the various animals of the Indian Empire and elsewhere. Naturally he will be acquainted with all the keepers, and know how to get behind the scenes. He will be supplied with a good stock of anecdotes. Narrow escapes from tigers, cobras and mad natives will not be stinted, and his speech will be plentifully garnished with words of Hindustani and strange expletives, though none, of course, of an offensive kind. At intervals,

when not describing adventures or animals, Uncle George will declare, in characteristic fashion, that the old country is not what it was in his young days, and so inculcate in the young mind a right view of the Government as a set of rotters.

(2) The "Oliver." For boys and girls with a taste for science we can specially recommend "Uncle Oliver." He knows all the Museums like the inside of his pocket. For hours at a stretch, without signs of fatigue or impatience, he can hang about over show-cases. He is proof against wear-

said to boys and girls bringing home bad reports at the end of the term will find our Uncle Ernest invaluable for the purpose. He will constantly relate the hardships of his own up-bringing and go on to describe his early struggles in life, his determination to win his way, and the ultimate success which crowned his efforts. The goal he attained can be varied in the narrative in accordance with the ambitions that parents wish to be instilled into their offspring.

(4) The "Theodosius." This is a milder specimen—the clerical uncle. Not so popular as he once was perhaps,

but still an adjunct to a family. He will be equipped with dog collar or white tie, following the religious views of the parents as stated in the application. He is of peculiar advantage in conducting parties round St. Paul's or the Abbey, often saving the expense of a guide and securing a reduction in tips to vergers. Uncle Theodosius's services can also be retained for weddings. Families which have not enjoyed social eminence sufficiently long to possess a clergyman within their ranks can thus gain for a moderate fee the prestige of inserting in their wedding announcements: "... assisted by the Rev. Theodosius —, uncle of the bride."

The foregoing are offered as examples likely to be in demand, but a longer list is contained in the catalogues which are sent post free to prospective clients. It must be understood, of course, that it is impossible, except at prohibitive prices, to provide the old-time rich bachelor uncle, once so deservedly popular, who took boxes at the pantomime and distributed largesse. But a

scheme is under consideration whereby with one in every hundred (selected by drawing) will be issued a coupon entitling the holder to a one-pound tip at Christmas. At present the directors are taking legal opinion whether such a scheme will contravene the Lottery Acts.

"Wanted, Washerwoman for Large Family Washing. Done in or taken out."  
*Scotch Paper.*

Ours, we regret to say, is almost invariably "done in."

"Concerning reports of a new Inter Allied conference it is felt idle to let the matter at present."—*Leicester Paper.*

We can't see what there is to yodel about.

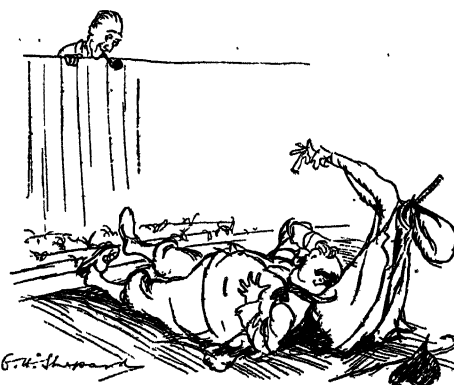
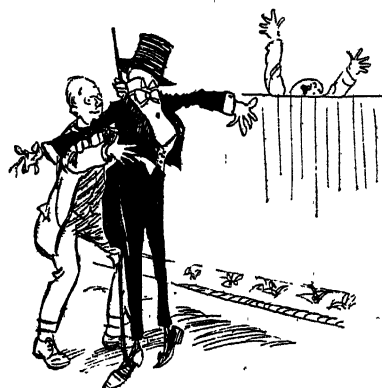
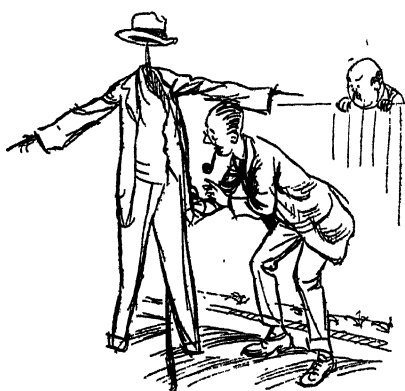


*Artist (in desperation).* "THAT, SIR, I CONSIDER THE FINEST IN MY EXHIBITION. YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR HALF THE CATALOGUE PRICE."

*The Visitor.* "BLESS MY SOUL! YOU DON'T SAY SO. BY THE WAY, WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THE CATALOGUE?"

ness of the legs or the jaws. He is trained to answer questions on the most abstruse subjects and to give explanations of the most complicated mechanisms, without contradicting himself or manifesting restiveness under cross-examination. Scarcely even stopping to think, he can tell you how long a train travelling sixty miles an hour will take to reach any point of the stellar system.

(3) The "Ernest." This model will probably be more popular with parents than with children. He is a penal rather than a recreational type; he is made up of austere demeanour and is fitted with an iron-grey beard; his sole idea of amusement is a long walk. Parents lacking the gift of tongues and desirous of having a few words in season



THE RIVAL SCARECROWS.

## HOW IT IS DONE.

*A story of the preparation of the Annual Estimates of Expenditure of the Whufflespin Borough Council.*

SCENE: *The Municipal Offices.*

I.

*Office Boy (at typewriter, to Junior Clerk).* I say, there's a figure missing on this sheet. Ninth line down.

*Junior Clerk.* So there is. Must have been overlooked.

*O. B.* Shall I bung down £2,000 and say nothing about it? I want to get the beastly thing finished.

*J. C.* Perhaps I'd better inquire first. Shan't be long.

II.

*Junior Clerk (to Senior Clerk).* Oh, before you go, there's one figure still missing on that Estimate sheet I'm typing.

*Senior Clerk.* What's that?

*J. C.* Expenditure under the Care and Protection of Lost Cats (Local Authorities Duties) Act, 1921.

*S. C.* Curse it, yes. I meant to go into that. Er—now—what shall we say?

*J. C.* About £2,000, I should think.

*S. C.* Yes, stick down £2,000. Where's my hat? By the way, make it £2,049. Sounds better.

*J. C.* You think that will be all right?

*S. C.* It'll have to be. I haven't had an evening at home for a week on account of these dashed Estimates, and I'm going to have one now if it means the Ministry of Lost Cats itself going bust. Stuff it in and get the sheet finished.

*J. C.* Right-o.

III.

*Chief of Department (to Senior Clerk).* I see you have here £2,049, estimated cost of new duties for the Care and Protection of Lost Cats (Local Authorities Duties) Act. That all right, do you think?

*S. C.* Yes; I've worked it out pretty thoroughly, Sir, and I don't see how we can arrive at a closer figure. There's a lot of papers from the Ministry on the subject, and I think I've gone into all the details. It's been a long job.

*C. of D.* H'm. Allright. By the way, make it £2,049 14s. 6d. Sounds better.

*S. C.* Very good, Sir.

IV.

*C. of D. (addressing the Chairman at a meeting of the Finance Committee).* . . . We come now to the estimated cost of the Council's new duties under the Care and Protection of Lost Cats (Local Authorities Duties) Act. This has been rather a difficult matter, Sir. The work is quite unprecedented, and we

have no previous experience upon which to go in arriving at our figures. There are many uncertain factors to be taken into consideration, such as probable fluctuations in the cost of materials, the possibility of a decline in wages during the coming year, and so on. Then again we have the problem of ascertaining the probable number of Lost Cats to be provided for, and on this subject I may say that it has been exceedingly difficult to obtain reliable information from former years. However, Sir, I have given a great deal of time and thought to this question, with the assistance of my staff; and the Circulars and Memoranda from the Ministry of Lost Cats which lie before you have been of material assistance. I think, Sir, you may accept the estimate of £2,049 14s. 6d. as being as accurate in the circumstances as it is humanly possible to make it.

*Chairman.* Um, yes—£2,049 14s. 6d. I am sure, Gentlemen, we are greatly indebted to the staff for the care they have taken over this matter and we cannot do better than adopt this figure. Are we agreed?

*Members (heartily).* Agreed!

V.

*Chairman of Finance Committee (in the course of his annual "Budget" statement at a full meeting of the Council).* . . . We now reach a question which has cost myself and the members of your Finance Committee a great deal of trouble and anxious consideration. I allude to the work to be imposed on the Council for the first time during the coming financial year by the Care and Protection of Lost Cats (Local Authorities Duties) Act, 1921. I need hardly point out how difficult it is to arrive at an accurate estimate of the probable expenditure on such a work when we have no experience from previous years to guide us. We have received from the Ministry of Lost Cats a very voluminous correspondence on the subject, in the light of which we have gone into the question with great and painstaking detail. We have had, of course, to bear in mind the probable fluctuations in the cost of material, the difficult question of the possibly shifting level of wages throughout the year and a hundred-and-one other such considerations with which I need not trouble you now. The collection of reliable statistics as to the number of lost cats for which provision may have to be made has been a long and arduous task. However, this heavy but necessary spade-work has been accomplished by your Finance Committee, and I ask you to accept the figure—£2,049 14s. 6d.—fixed by that Committee after lengthy deliberation.

In dealing with this matter I myself and all the members of the Committee have been fully alive to the urgent and pressing need for the strictest economy in all public expenditure, and we give this as the lowest possible figure consistent with efficiency. Anxious as I am not to allow a further burden to be cast upon the rates I fail to see how this estimate can be diminished by a penny if the duties are to be performed in a manner befitting the dignity and reputation of the town of Whufflespin. (*Applause, particularly from members of the Finance Committee.*)

VI.

*Junior Clerk (to Office Boy).* This is a bit of all right for you, Smutters. Read that:—

*Extract from*

*"The Whufflespin and District Courier."*

. . . It is satisfactory to note that expenditure on account of new work under the Care and Protection of Lost Cats (Local Authorities Duties) Act is estimated at the lowest possible figure. In this matter the Council have wisely been guided by *The Courier*, and we are glad that our unremitting efforts have borne such good fruit.

*Office Boy.* Lumme! I don't think!

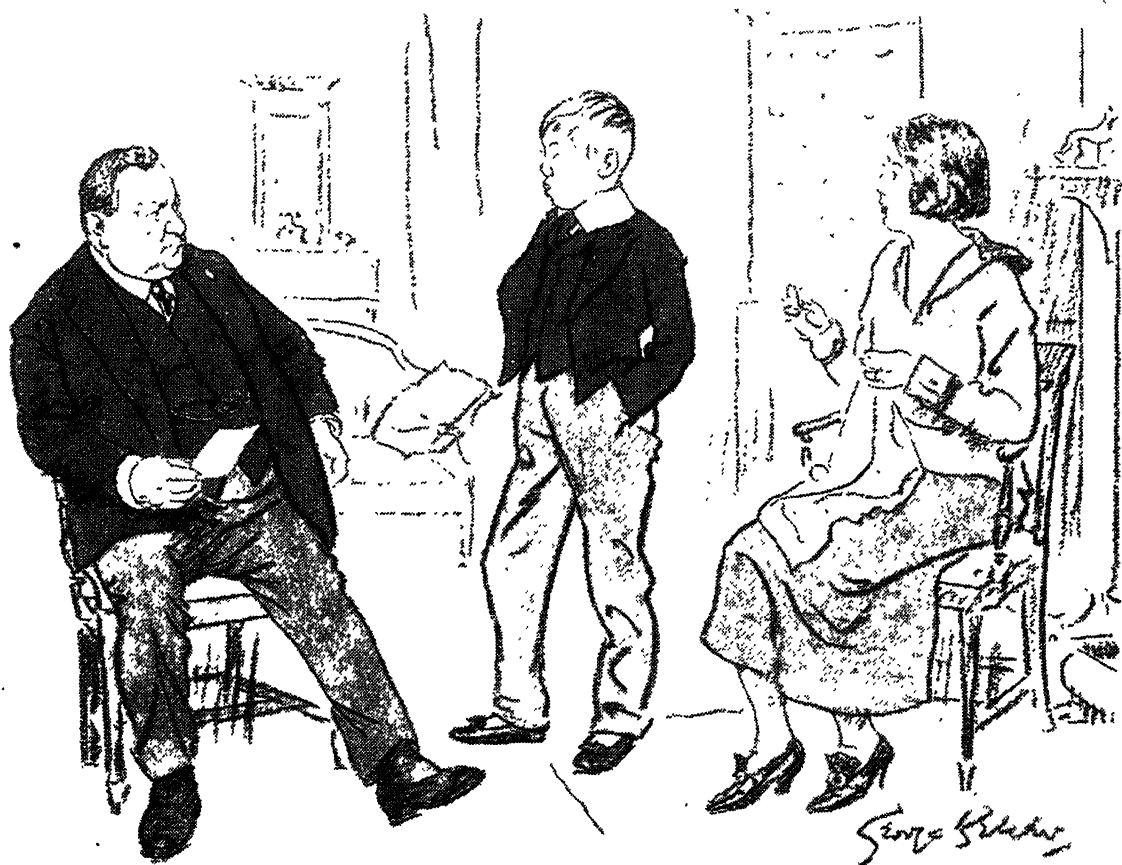
## BALLADE OF ROSALINDA'S BIRD.

(*On the Second Reading of the Plumage Bill.*)

Of all the birds with plumage drest  
In manifold resplendent hue,  
Of all that in their nightly nest  
Take refuge from the cold and dew,  
Of all the birds that win or woo  
In their celestial habitat,  
One beats the best I ever knew—  
The bird in Rosalinda's hat.  
Go, search the world from East to West,  
Taking a comprehensive view,  
From Sydney go to Hammerfest,  
From Togoland to Titipu  
(Don't spare expense, but see it through),  
And you'll acknowledge after that  
The finest bird that ever flew—  
The bird in Rosalinda's hat.  
The lapwing has a noble crest,  
The ostrich has its merits too,  
The peacock's tail outshines the rest,  
And there are penguins at the Zoo;  
In Whitehall Place the pigeons coo  
And make us wonder what they're at—  
But be advised and just pursue  
The bird in Rosalinda's hat.

L'ENVOI.

So, Plumage Bill, good luck to you,  
For (*verbum sapienti sat*)  
'Tis worked in silks of gold and blue,  
The bird in Rosalinda's hat.



Parent. "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO HAVE 'GOOD' IN YOUR REPORT AND NOT ALWAYS 'FAIR.'"

Young Hopeful. "I DARESAY YOU WOULD, DAD. BUT, YOU SEE, I'M AN ORDINARY BOY OF ORDINARY PARENTS, AND THAT'S AN ORDINARY REPORT."

### BRIDGE NOTES.

For my subject this week I have chosen "How to be Dummy."

It is essential to know the right behaviour for Dummy, for we must all fill this position at one time or another, unless we habitually find ourselves with a partner who cannot be trusted to play the hand even with a one-trick call.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to-day for me to warn my lady readers against what is, I suppose, the gravest Bridge crime of which they could be guilty—I mean knitting when they are Dummy. The unfortunate affair in Harrow Square should surely be a sufficiently powerful deterrent. But in case there be yet some who have not heard of it I may mention that recently, at the house of a Member of Parliament, a lady took up her knitting when she was Dummy. The other three players stood it until she began to count her stitches aloud. When she arrived at the number thirteen they rose and slew her with her own knitting, strangling her with the wool and stabbing her with the needles. "The modern Saint Sebastian," *The Daily Tale* called her. But the great mass of think-

ing people acclaimed the verdict of justifiable homicide.

This was, I admit, an extreme case. But many Dummies, without falling to such depths, are very unsatisfactory. Just that happy medium of bright, but not too bright, interest; just that amount of passive activity, or active passivity, which is helpful but not dominating—how hard it is to come by! A gross overfed torpor is absolutely blighting to the partner's game. To follow him with bulging eyes and swelling veins is worse.

And how few Dummies realise the disastrous effect of distracting movement or sound. The golfer makes a ridiculous fuss over a sniffing or sneezing caddy. I have myself seen a caddy with hiccups hounded from the course. Yet Dummy will cough, adjust his glasses or play with her rings, and will then be surprised that tricks are lost.

I have known only one perfect Dummy, and that is the well-known player, Sir Cardwell Trumper. The sympathy with which he would follow his partner's play was an inspiration. And he never moved. He was as likely to blink an eyelid as he was to turn a double-somersault over the table. On one occasion

when he was Dummy he observed a glowing coal to fly out of the fire on to the carpet. Did he stir? No. He waited until the playing of the hand was finished. The sad thing was that his partner, who was also his hostess, quite failed to appreciate what very fine Bridge this was, and actually blamed Sir Cardwell for the damage to her Persian rug. Could vandalism go further?

"A chasm in the road was being roughly stopped, as you stop a tooth, with sacks full of stones."—*Daily Paper*.

Our dentist never does this, though we admit it sometimes feels like it.

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £68 from Birkenhead on account of Excess War Profit."—*Daily Paper*.

Who keeps the KING's conscience must himself be without reproach.

From a film-description:—

"Reveals in an intimate manner the startling events that took place during a typical country pictoog."—*Canadian Paper*.

"Pictoog" defeats us; but "typsical" is obviously *le mot juste*.



Lady. "So you don't believe in politics, GILES?"

Gardener. "Yes, MUM, I DOES, JUST AS I BELIEVES IN WIRE-WORM. YOU CAN'T 'ELP IT WHEN YOU SEES THE MISCHIEF THEY DO."

### BIRD SONG.

[I had intended to write a little poem on the psycho-analytical aspect of this entrancing theme. Unfortunately I found that birds haven't got a "psycho," but only a "physio," so I have been compelled to do my best with that.]

PRETTY the *tweet-tweet-tweet* is  
That sounds in the merry Spring,  
But where is the poet (except myself)  
Has taken the trouble to go to his shelf  
For a scientific treatise  
On the way the song-birds sing?

Has anyone bid you remember  
That all these twitterings come  
From a kind of *syrinx* that birds possess  
Where the rings of the *trachea* coalesce  
To form a peculiar chamber  
Which is known as the *tympanum*?

Or told you the cry that issues  
From the throat of the mounting larks,  
And even the nightingale's well-known air is  
Due to *membrana semilunaris*  
And certain elastic tissues  
On some of the bronchial arcs

Of a cartilaginous order?  
And, when they have air pumped through,  
Muscular folds are set vibrating,  
And that is the cause of the captivating  
Notes from the pear-tree border—  
Did BROWNING say that to you?

A sort of a structural jointing,  
A kind of a guttural flap,  
And the bird doesn't care what tunes come out  
But simply wobbles the membrane about,  
Which is all rather disappointing  
To a sentimental chap.

But I hope when you hear the mavis,  
Or the lilting laverock now,  
Or read some lines from the LAUREATE'S pen  
On the tedious theme of the willow wren,  
Or a poem by Mr. DAVIES,  
Explaining the kind of row

(And the causes that seem to prompt it)  
Produced by the nightingale,  
Or a *cri du cœur* from MASSINGHAM wrung,  
Or Lieutenant-Commander HILTON YOUNG,  
Or the exquisite note of the tom-tit,  
The whaup and the pied wagtail,

Or the tunes that wheatears whistle  
And the strains from the wryneck's beak—  
You will recollect it was I who tried  
To tell you about the birds' inside  
And the cleft in the bronchial gristle  
That causes the actual squeak.

EVOE.





**"L'ÉTAT, C'EST MOI!" OR, HISTORY BURLESQUES ITSELF.**

AS THE EXTREMIST APPEARS TO THE AVERAGE WORKING MAN.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



CHAIRING THE CHAIR.

"For he's a jolly good fe-el-low,  
And so say all of us."

*Monday, April 18th.*—Mr. BALFOUR made a welcome reappearance on the Treasury Bench. Sir JOHN REES, who offered a sneering allusion to his "pious aspirations" regarding the League of Nations, discovered to his cost that the old warrior still carried a sharp rapier beneath his Geneva gown.

There was a lively debate on the Supplementary Estimates for the Forces of the Crown, necessitated by the industrial crisis. The WAR MINISTER said that practically all the Reserves had answered the call, and that the rush to join the Defence Force had been so great that recruiting had been stopped. "The next step was demobilization—as soon as the political horizon was sufficiently clear."

Mr. CLYNES considered that the preparations were "provocative and unnecessary." The PRIME MINISTER however pointed out that this was the first dispute in which a body of workpeople had challenged a deliberate decision of Parliament, and asked, "Would the precautions have been unnecessary if they had not been taken?"—a question to which, perhaps naturally, nobody ventured a reply.

As regards the prospects of a settlement—not "another temporary patch-up"—he was not particularly hopeful, and he somewhat weakened the effect of his uncompromising condemnation

of a "national pool" by confessing that he had not had time to read Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE's letter on the subject.

Mr. WALLACE wittily utilised a recent experience of his own by suggesting that when a descent (in wages or anything else) had to be made it was less painful to come down the staircase than to fall through the skylight.

*Tuesday, April 19th.*—The LORD CHANCELLOR moved an Address to HIS MAJESTY asking for the appointment of an additional judge, and gave particulars of the congestion in the Courts, particularly the Divorce Court. He mentioned some of the measures that had been taken to meet the emergency, but modestly did not include the fact that he himself, condescending from the high dignity of the Woolsack, had spent a busy morning untying matrimonial ligatures at the rate of three knots an hour.

In the Commons Colonel GUINNESS raised the hard case of the telephone subscriber who, to defend himself against overcharges by the Post Office and the raids of his telephoneless neighbours, desires to have a coin-collecting apparatus. The Department charges him thirty shillings rental for the box and twopence for every call, instead of three-halfpence. Mr. PIKE PEASE pleaded that the boxes as at present designed would not take halfpennies,

and was promptly referred to the "Tubes."

A complaint by Sir ROBERT THOMAS that in the matter of State-grants the University of Wales was starved as compared with the Scotch Universities met with short shrift from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, who proved that, on the contrary, the grant for full-time students was twice as great in Wales. On hearing this the Scotch Members began to sharpen their claymores in readiness for another raid on the Exchequer.

By the time these lines appear in print Mr. LOWTHER will probably have left the Chair which he has adorned—first as Chairman and for the last sixteen years as Speaker—for a whole generation. By way of smoothing the way for his successor, no doubt, he has lately shown himself rather less lenient than formerly to offenders against the rules. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY received this afternoon the sharpest rebuke of the many that he has earned during his brief career, and even Lady ASTOR, when carried away by her teetotal enthusiasm, was drily requested to "put her question without lecturing the House."

*Wednesday, April 20th.*—In reply to a request for information regarding the financial results to date of the Government's fifty per cent. plan for securing

German reparations Lord PEEL hit upon a new and convenient phrase. It had brought in, he said, "a substantially small sum."

With unemployment and its attendant expenditure piling up every week the Commons were pleased to learn from Mr. CHURCHILL that on his recent tour "everything was done in the most economical and correct manner."

It being now nearly two years since the treaty of peace with Hungary was drafted the Government can hardly be accused of undue haste in bringing forward a Bill for its ratification. Colonel WEDGWOOD, however, objected. He is so fond of the Hungarians that he cannot bear to part with them.

Mr. BALFOUR admitted that the treaty might not be perfect, but shuddered at the thought of having to sit through another Peace Conference in order to improve it. He earned a left-handed compliment from Captain ELLIOT, who said that the case for doing nothing could not possibly be so good as Mr. BALFOUR made it appear, and twitted the draftsmen of the Peace Treaty with their neglect of geographical considerations. Faith might remove mountains, but it could not make rivers run sideways.

A lively finish to the evening was furnished by Major Sir KEITH FRASER, who protested against the disbandment of four cavalry regiments, and pleaded in particular for the retention of the Fifth Lancers. They had been disbanded once before, he reminded the House, but that was by GEORGE THE THIRD in his dotage, and he broadly hinted that the War Office must be in the same unhappy mental condition. Tanks would never replace cavalry in the sort of wars we had to wage, was the view of Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, who further declared that, if economy was essential, they should reduce the chaplains' department—on the principle of "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses."

*Thursday, April 21st.*—Another new phrase was added to the Parliamentary dictionary when Captain REDMOND described Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's reply to the Bishop of CHELMSFORD as "a blizzard of misrepresentations." Mr. DENIS HENRY stated, in contradiction of reports circulated in America, that Ireland was exceedingly prosperous and that the death-rate was never so low, despite the patriotic endeavours of the I.R.A. "gunmen" to maintain it.

Mr. MACQUISTEN thought the Americans would have been still more impressed if they had been told that the Irish suffered from no restrictions in the standard strength of beer and had "lashings" of pre-war whiskey.

Attempts to draw the PRIME MINISTER into the controversy between Japan and the United States over the island of Yap signally failed, and Sir J. D. REES probably expressed the general opinion when, in unconscious parody of the *Elderly Infant* in the *Bab Ballads*, he observed that to the British nation it is

"A Yap that is not worth a rap."

## THE PROLETARIATE CRITICS.

"I HAD such an entertaining journey," said Aunt Amelia. "Quite a new light on the British working man. A number of them got into my carriage at Croydon and travelled all the way to Victoria. The train must have been very full, for they were standing almost on my poor toes."

"None of them made you give him your seat?" I asked.

"No, certainly not. You're so cynical," Aunt Amelia protested. "They even asked me if I minded smoking."

"And when you said 'Yes,' they stopped?" I inquired.

"But I didn't say 'Yes.' I said 'No,'" the old lady replied. "You're absolutely out of date and wrong about them. They were perfectly civil. But it wasn't their manners but their conversation that struck me as being so unusual. They had, for labouring men, such a wide range of interests. Indeed what made me pay attention was the question of one of the roughest of them to another, asking him what he thought of LEIGHTON? Now, my dear father—your grandfather—and I used to look forward to every Academy so, chiefly because of LEIGHTON'S pictures, and it seemed so very interesting and remarkable that these men should be discussing him now. I suppose there must have been some recent exhibition of his work at Croydon."

"And what was the reply?"

"Oh, the other man was enthusiastic. I was so pleased. He said he had always fancied him. They then turned to books and discussed—of all things—*Westward Ho!* I thought how happy CHARLES KINGSLEY would have been at this evidence of his

popularity. But there was more difference of opinion about *Westward Ho!* One man said he had never fancied it at all. To 'fancy' a thing seems to be a Croydon phrase. They touched on STEVENSON'S *Kidnapped* too. I could hardly believe my ears when one of them said that he had been following *Alan Breck* ever since last year. He must read very slowly, I thought; but I was glad that he and all of them should have such unexpected tastes. Aren't you? The miners may be behaving very oddly, but it shows that all working-men are not frivolous. Doesn't it?"

Aunt Amelia is such an old darling that I hadn't it in my heart to tell her that these were the names of horses in the coming Derby.



*Peter Fraser*

*Navy.* "THE BOSS, 'E SEZ TER ME, 'I WON'T RAISE YER WAGES, AND YOU CAN GO TER BLAZES.' WHY, STRIKE ME PINK—"

*Agitator.* "GO THE 'OLE 'OG, COMRADE. TURN RED."

Captain GUEST made his *début* as a Cabinet Minister with a clear and modest statement of our aviation policy. It was pleasant to learn that the Air Ministry had survived its "infantile diseases," for it is notorious that at one time it suffered a good deal from wind. It was interesting too to hear that Egypt is destined "geographically and automatically" to be our central *dépot* in the East, and one can only hope that this land, having survived a plague of flies, will not be overwhelmed with a plague of fliers.

"Thousands of miners are in receipt of Paris relief."—*Provincial Paper.*

The natural result of taking French leave.



"RIGHT-O! I'LL MARRY YOU. BUT WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE YOU MIGHT HAVE A LOOK UNDER THE SETTEE FOR MY CIGARETTE-HOLDER."

### AN ESSAY IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

(In humble imitation of the Negative and Superlative Method, as practised by "The London Mercury.")

NEVER has the international competition in intellectual and gymnastic virtuosity assumed such colossal importance as during the past month. First and foremost of all as a matter of common fact—if it is permissible to use the epithet "common" in so uncommon a context—stands the astonishing, the amazing Tarquinio Superbusoni.

It is not easy to find a parallel for such a pianistic luminary unless one takes refuge in the dimensions of the distant star recently estimated by an American astronomer to be the size of the entire solar system out to Jupiter. Yet even this crude comparison fails to render justice to Superbusoni's portentous predominance. At his first recital held in Wigmore Hall—that building which so happily emphasizes the abiding connection between capillary and musical attraction—the transcendental intensity of his intellectual

powers reached in BEETHOVEN'S last sonata an absolutely immeasurable and incomparable limit. Never has the abysmal profundity of the first movement or the utterly adorable loveliness of the variations been revealed with such a Goliardic and Gargantuan grandeur. Surely there is no pianist capable of approaching the Himalayan altitude which he attained in this sonata—the very apex of inspissated obscurity.

Never has a musical critic been confronted with a task imposing such a terrific strain on his vocabulary as that of endeavouring to adumbrate the unbridgeable gulf that lies between the unapproachable sublimity of Superbusoni and the gorgeous but monotonous *bravura* of Ignaz Pummeltuski. The Polish pianist has an emotional warmth and a lucent purity of tone that in slight things are supremely attractive; but the didacticism and sentimentality of his larger readings are calculated to inspire inconsolable grief in the judicious. No performer can equal the stark perfection of his playing of such pieces as Gargalini's *Pipistrella* or Tchitchikoff's *Sternutation*

*Tartarique*. But in a CHOPIN nocturne or in a BEETHOVEN sonata the lack of red corpuscular vitality reduces his interpretation to the level of mere acrobatic prestidigitation. Still, no conscientious critic can deny him the quality of greatness in his own peculiar *genre*.

There remains the young Russian pianist, M. Poff Ploffskin, who has also been giving recitals at the Wigmore Hall. Never before in London has the mystical quality of Scriabin's later pianoforte works been so clearly revealed, or its occult essentialities so deftly disentangled from their harmonic shrouds. M. Ploffskin is young; he is only in his early twenties; but there is no doubt that he will become one of the artists of the world and win the laurels of universal fame. Technically he transcends criticism; his touch is peerless; his tone, though somewhat strepitous, is never unduly strepitous; and his intellectuality is already developed to an illimitable and irresistible extent.

### Highly Intensive Poultry-Farming.

"EGGS FOR HATCHING FROM DAN-OLD CHICKS."—Local Paper.



"COME, GENTLE SPRING! ETHEREAL MILDNESS, COME!"

[It seems that one May-fly (the appearance of this insect has already been announced) does not make a summer.]

### AN UNDERSTUDY TO FATE.

"I *CANNOT*-decide," said Molly, picturesquely knitting her brow, "whether to have one or two new hats this Spring."

"One," I said firmly. Molly nodded doubtfully, as though open to conviction.

"Or two?" she added gently. "That's what's puzzling me. It's too important a question for me to decide—me, a mere woman—and so . . ."

"One," I reiterated sullenly.

" . . . and so I think I shall leave the matter in the hands of Fate. If Fate says two I shall be bound to get two, shan't I?"

"And if Fate says one?" I urged hopefully.

Molly laughed excitedly. "I love leaving these things to Fate," she said. "I suppose every woman is at heart a gambler. Where are the cards?"

Reluctantly I routed out the pack of patience-cards from my desk. Molly cuddled them with a little maternal chuckle and began to fumble with them in a slipshod manner. I think she thought she was shuffling.

"Now then," she said briskly, "black, one hat; red, two hats."

"Right," I agreed; "cut."

Molly shivered. Her eyes were excessively bright.

"Oo," she breathed, and cut—cut so bluntly that three cards dropped, face upward, from her fingers. They were all black.

"One hat," I announced officially.

"Nonsense," she retorted. "That wasn't a proper cut; but if it was it meant three hats. If one black card means one hat, three means three. Was it a proper cut?"

"No," I said hurriedly. "Cut again."

She cut again. This time she cut the four of clubs. I saw the card distinctly, and, what's more, Molly saw that I saw it.

"You haven't shuffled," she said reprovingly. "In a game of chance the chancer *never* shuffles for his own cut. That's a well-known rule in all the clubs."

With a dreadful sinking feeling I took the pack and shuffled it.

"Now then," said Molly, "we start fair. Wherever the element of luck is the deciding factor all the preliminaries must be above suspicion. I'll shut my eyes and show the cut card to you. There—what is it?"

"Six of spades," I announced grimly.

"One hat."

Molly laughed loudly—I thought too loudly.

"Two hats," she corrected. "We decided that a red card meant one and a black card two hats."

I stared at her in amazement. Her eyes were wells of truth—beautifully-constructed wells.

"I—I think you're mistaken," I ventured. "You said that a black card meant—"

Molly raised her brows. "Oh, if there's any doubt about it," she interrupted loftily, "I'm perfectly willing to cut again. I hope I'm a sportsman." I hoped so too, but it was a hope which by constant deferment was causing a certain nausea of the heart.

"Perhaps," I concurred weakly, "it would be more satisfactory to—to Fate if you were to cut again."

"Very well. What is your new arrangement? Please be quite certain this time."

I pressed my hand against my forehead. "Black, one hat; red, two," I groaned.

She laughed recklessly. "Here goes!" she cried. This time she did not shut



her eyes. This time she peeped, flagrantly peeped, at the cut card. It was as black as sin.

"Tut-tut," she muttered peevishly; "how the cards *do* stick together, don't they?"

"Don't they?" I echoed soddently.

She cut and peeped again. On this occasion the cards did not stick.

"Ace of diamonds!" she cried triumphantly. "Nothing could be more conclusive. *Two hats!*"

I gathered the cards towards me. "Now," I said acidly, "I'll cut to see who pays for them."

Molly clapped her hands. "We are being sportsmen this evening, aren't we?" she gurgled. I made no comment.

"Black, I pay; red, you pay?" My voice was incisive. Molly nodded and smiled.

"It's in Fate's hands, isn't it?" she chuckled.

"In Fate's hands," I acquiesced. I could not have said anything else in the circumstances; her smiling lips were the circumstances. All the same her own and Fate's hands were fast becoming, for me, interchangeable terms.

"But I must shuffle, mustn't I?" she asked punctiliously. "And while I'm doing it would you, like an old dear, fetch my cigarette-case from the dining-room?"

Fate's—I mean Molly's—voice was too persuasive. I went. And when I returned she had the pack close held between her two pink palms.

I knew I was done; but she was still smiling.

"Draw one," she commanded. I drew one.

"Eight of spades!" cried Molly. "You pay."

She looked so surprised and radiant and alluring that I kissed her. One might almost say that I kissed Fate. It was difficult to distinguish between them.

"I pay," I agreed, picking up the pack and casually glancing through it. All the black cards were on top, and she, or Fate, had held the bottom half as in a vice when I made my selection.

"Fate plays funny tricks," I observed tentatively.

Molly was quite unabashed. She leaned over and rumbled-up my hair.

"You really are *rather* a dear, aren't you?" she said.

#### Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"There are two theoretical alternatives. Either the trade will recover in the course of the next few months, or it will not."

*Weekly Paper.*

"Lady solicits orders for crochet hats; West End styles."—*Ladies' Fashion Paper.* Personally we always spell this word with an "i."



*First Public Man.* "WELL, SIR ALFRED, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?"

*Second Public Man.* "I'LL TELL Y—; (*sotto voce*) BUT WAIT TILL YOUR TYPIST IS GONE. SHE MAY BE WRITING ONE OF THESE CONFIDENTIAL MEMOIRS."

#### ON A FAVOURITE CAT. SLAIN AS A CURE FOR FACE-ACHE. (With apologies to T. GRAY.)

[*"Parisian chemists are selling numbers of cat-skins as a cure for face-ache."*

*Daily Paper.*]

I READ a chemist's counsel sage  
When racking face-ache made me rage  
And groan, and rage again;  
A cat-skin, so the writer said,  
If swathed about the patient's head,  
Would quickly soothe the pain.

The solace of my lonely home,  
My furry friend, who loved to roam  
Upon the tiles at night—  
Candace—purred and arched her back;  
I touched her coat of glossy black  
Without a speck of white.

Obsessed by pangs that knew no end  
I planned the murder of my friend,  
Nor faltered at the sin;

With poison, water, rope and knife  
Nine times I slew her, life by life,  
And soon secured her skin.

I wrapped it round my anguished head  
Exactly as the paper said  
And found relief at last;  
But, free from pain, behold the time  
Arrived to meditate on crime  
And weep for what was past.

What prompted me to such a deed?  
No other cat can fill my need;  
I weep beside her corse;  
Repentance haunts me now too late—  
Her skin cannot alleviate  
The anguish of remorse.

#### Our Popular Orators.

"Mrs. — delivered a speech befitting the occasion, she-being quite inaudible."

*Indian Paper.*

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

WE were once again, for the thousandth time, discussing pre-war and post-war conditions, when the Colonel came in and placed himself with some care on the padded fender which, without any assistance from half-pay officers, succeeds in keeping most of the heat of the fire from the rest of the room.

The Colonel listened to the talk for some time and then informed us that the best example of pre-war and post-war differences that had ever come under anyone's notice had come under his own. Before he could be asked to relate the occurrence he was already relating it.

"It was somewhere about 1910," he said, "and we had been living for several years in a rambling old place in Kent. It was near Ashford; very good country, but the house was low-lying and, having a horror of rheumatism, we decided to move to London. So we went up to town and saw various agents and at last settled on a house in Kensington.

"Having fixed it up and put the decorators in we went back to Ashford to prepare for the move. It must have been about a week later that I was called out of the garden to meet a stranger who gave no name but said he had come from London on purpose to see me.

"One has one's weak moments, and I went.

"I found him in my study—an ordinary-looking man with a bowler hat, who was a shade too deferential in manner. He handed me his card—'So-and-so, Family Butcher, somewhere in Notting Hill.' Hearing that we were moving into his neighbourhood, he said, he had come down to solicit the honour of purveying the best English mutton and Scotch beef to my household. They say 'purvey,' but Heaven knows why it's a better word than 'supply.'

"Well, as I didn't know anything about butchers in London, and as he had taken the trouble to come all that way to ask for our custom, I said we would try him; and he went off much gratified, leaving his card on my mantelpiece.

"A week later another fellow called in just the same way. I saw him too—the same type exactly, bowler-hat and apologetics. But this time I wouldn't let him begin; I got in first.

"'You're a Kensington butcher,' I said, 'and you have come all the way from town to solicit the honour of purveying the best English mutton and Scotch beef to my household when we move to Campden Hill.'

"He admitted it.

"'But you're too late,' I said; 'you've lost by a week.'

"I gave him a drink by way of a solatium and we had a little talk. I asked him how they discovered who the new tenants were, and he said that they got the information from the agents. Directly they saw the 'Let' notice up they made inquiries.

"'And how far would you go for a new customer?' I asked him. 'Ashford is nearly sixty miles, and then there's the cab to my house, and you must get lunch somewhere. That all costs money, and you'd have to stick it on the joints like anything to get it back. How far would you go?'

"He said that for a good customer he'd go any distance. Customers were what they wanted. There was terrible competition for them.

"And then he got into his cab and returned to town with his tail between his legs.

"Well," said the Colonel, "we moved, and we got our meat from the first fellow, and he was all right. We stuck to him until we left in 1918 and went to Reigate."

He braced himself for his dénouement. "Not long ago," he continued, "I came up to see my sister in the Cromwell Road, and while I was there some people telephoned inviting themselves to lunch, and as the household was short-handed and busy I volunteered to go out and get the necessary cutlets.

"Would you believe it, the very first butcher I came to was the fellow who had come to Ashford a week too late; I recognised him in a twinkling, although he had a blue apron on and several years had passed."

"'I want some cutlets,' I said.

"'Are you one of our regular customers?' he asked.

"'No,' I said.

"'Then I'm sorry but I can't serve you,' he replied.

"Can you beat it?" E. V. L.

## THEATRICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

A LITTLE while ago Drury Lane Theatre was closed for renovation and structural alteration.

When it is reopened it will be found to surpass all other places of entertainment in its mechanical devices. We understand that the stage-manager's office will contain a number of switches labelled "Fog," "Snow," "Waterspout," "Typhoon," "Scirocco," "Earthquake," "End of World" and so on, and the operation of any switch will immediately produce upon the stage the effect indicated by its label. The apparatus will be so simple that a child can work it.

Squads of commissionaires will be employed in guarding this switchboard in order to prevent any child from getting within reach of it.

The revolving stage is to be adapted as a tip-up stage also, and can be made into the approach to the summit of Mount Everest, or one side of the roof of Westminster Hall, or the Cresta Run, or a bedroom floor after an earthquake, any one of which is liable to figure in future dramas staged at this historic théâtre.

The tip-up seats in the stalls will also revolve, to enable patrons to survey their neighbours in comfort.

A revolving floor is to be provided for the auditorium, so that occupants of the stalls may enjoy the novel experience, between the Acts, of sitting in the pit, and *vice versa*; and a rotating gallery will give the gods a glimpse of the flies. In the event of an actor forgetting his lines both floor and gallery will be put into motion until such time as he recovers himself.

## THE MERRY LEXICOGRAPHER.

(Lines inspired by Professor ERNEST WEEKLEY'S "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.")

THE "lexicographer's a drudge—

A harmless drudge," wrote JOHNSON bleakly;

Yet, *pace* JOHNSON, this is fudge

When tested by the work of WEEKLEY.

Though *Becky Sharp* could not endure

The gift of JOHNSON'S volumes meekly, She would have welcomed, I am sure,

The learned levity of WEEKLEY.

He always wears a jocund guise;

He never compromises sleekly;

He's witty and he's also wise;

He argues strongly though he's WEEKLEY.

Rich in precise linguistic lore,

He's rich, he's positively treacly

In the new coinages of War—

Is our alert omniscient WEEKLEY.

So, whether you affect the high

Falutin' style or chatter *chic*-ly,

In either case you can rely

Securely on the aid of WEEKLEY.

In fine, these humble rhymes to close,

His dictionary quite uniquely

The paramount "importance" shows,

And proves, "of being ERNEST"—WEEKLEY.

"The Government say to both sides, 'Get to ether either in Downing Street or at the Board of Trade, either with the Premier and Sir Robert Horne or without them, and thrash out the wages controversy.'"*—Evening Paper.*

How happy could they be with ether! Far better than gas.



"WELL, THIS IS A PLEASURE, MAJOR! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING UNDER CALICO AGAIN?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN some of us who had snatched a fearful joy from that amazing exhibition of virtuosity in mud-slinging given by Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY in *Eminent Victorians* heard that, in consequence of the success of this, he was engaged upon a life of the central and most revered figure of the epoch, it may be admitted that a certain apprehension was created. The nature of the challenge seemed all too obvious. Now, however, that *Queen Victoria* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is in the hands of the public this trepidation is seen to have been needless. Like Balaam, Mr. STRACHEY may have been called in to curse; he has remained to write a sympathetic and intensely interesting life of a woman in whose character he has apparently found himself increasingly absorbed. Even more unexpected is his appreciative treatment of ALBERT the Good, whom off hand one would have supposed only a destined target for satire, but of whom, in the manifold hazards of a situation without precedent, there has appeared no more appreciative and illuminating portrait. Do not however suppose that the Mr. STRACHEY of the *Eminents* is altogether obscured. At least a score of famous reputations find themselves shrewdly dealt with, notably that of the Duchess of KENT, whose graciously drooping feathers, so close an accompaniment of all the activities of the Princess, were with such promptitude removed into the background by the young Queen. I have only space to add that the illustrations, mostly portraits, ranging from the courtly translations of WINTERHALTER to

the last familiar photograph, are by no means the least interesting, even subtle, feature of a successful book.

For my part I must regard it as a circumstance of singular misfortune for *Liddiard*, hero (if you can call him so) of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON's new story, *The Green Bough* (CASSELL), that he should have chosen to spend a quiet golfing and sketching holiday at Bridnorth just at the moment when what polite novelists call the Life-Force was so rampant there as to leave him without a chance of escaping it. In other words, just as *Mary*, youngest of the four unmarried *Throgmorton* sisters, had grasped that she was the only one of the branch not already withered and wasted in missing the crown of womanhood. Also that something had got to be done about it; and further that, if you want a thing properly managed, the only way is to see to the details yourself. So there was *Liddiard*, arriving all unprotected for a summer that was to improve his handicap and incidentally provide a restful interlude from the society of a boring wife and sister-in-law—and *Mary* had gotten him before he had been in the place twenty-four hours. The rest of the book is made up of (i) her defence of unmarried maternity; (ii) life on a farm, with all the more obvious analogies duly emphasised; (iii) joys of motherhood; (iv) adoption of his son by the wealthy *Liddiard*; and grand finale of the War and death of the lad *John*. Mr. THURSTON writes this sort of thing with a palpable enjoyment, which may spread to his readers—or may not.

*Carmichael's Past* (MILLS AND BOON) was a bad one, and

he was heartily sick of it, so, when he met *Tredennis* at the Club and began to pester him to take it over and look after it, and *Tredennis*, bored to death, rashly agreed, he gave him no time to repent. How pasts may be handed over to someone else I don't know, and I don't think that Miss MARIE VAN VORST does either; at any rate she gives no instructions for doing it. As a matter of fact *Tredennis* seemed to get much more than a past, for he acquired a great deal of *Carmichel's* personality too, and was consequently involved in all sorts of unpleasant adventures, including imprisonment for manslaughter. At the same time he remained sufficiently himself to bear all his sufferings with an air of self-sacrifice and not sufficiently himself to avoid any of them. People who had known him before still knew him as *Tredennis*, but *Carmichel's* associates—and a very undesirable collection they were—all took him for *Carmichel*, and in every case the view formed

company of beautiful heroines who just stroll luxuriously through life, creating havoc among the hearts of men. She went to Tokyo to live with her brother-in-law, who was Counsellor of the British Embassy, and with her dazzling complexion and the provoking dimple in her left cheek achieved instant success. Both the Belgian Minister, who had a past, and the German Ambassador, who vigorously intended to have a future, fell in love with her. In the first round of the contest for *Caroline* the Hun was successful, but the marriage was already a failure when 1914 arrived and further complicated matters. Then *Caroline* really got busy, and the manner in which she dealt with an extremely delicate problem convinces me that, with or without the assistance of a husband, she was cut out to be an ambassadress.

Sir JAMES BARRIE, writing a preface to *The Conversations of Padan Aram* (RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY), by DAVID DONALD



THE CHESS-TEAM OF A CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE GIVING THEIR COLLEGE CRY ON ENTERING THE ALBERT HALL TO TAKE PART IN A TOURNAMENT.

of his identity was exactly the one calculated to be most helpful to the unfolding of Miss VAN VORST's plot. In the end a high-minded mystic, to whom he had once done a good turn, became Warden of the prison in which *Tredennis* was, and persuaded *Carmichel* to take back both his past and his personality; but by this time I found that I had ceased to care what became of either of them. I didn't in the very least mind making-believe with Miss VAN VORST that *Carmichel* had been able to transfer his past as easily as watches are transferred by a conjurer from pocket to pocket, but, having agreed to that, I wanted to see her use the opportunity and show me what any man in such a position as *Tredennis's* really would do, not merely evade all the difficulties by asking me to suppose something else.

*Enter Caroline* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is saved from mediocrity by the fact that the scenes of it are laid principally in Japan. Baroness D'ANETHAN obviously knows and loves that country, and I think that most of us who read her story will be caught in the web of her enthusiasm. *Caroline*, at any rate, felt the charm and mystery of Japan, and therefore cannot merely be added to that crowded

(and thereby, according to an increasing modern fashion, rendering your mere reviewer's task unnecessary or ungrateful), says that as these good folk of *Padan Aram* "move leisurely thro' his pages . . . we feel we have chatted with them at their doors or called to them in their fields." I accept that as giving just the sense of these human and gently humorous papers with their affectionate pictures of the genial minister, *Duthie* the stonebreaker, wise *Saunders* the cobbler, the queer laird and his *Kirsty* and many others, all with such a steady undercurrent of religious feeling as to make the book a suitable publication for the R. T. S.—a kailyard tract indeed. I have been at much pains in an otherwise careless life to attempt always to say "Scottish," or even "Scots," instead of "Scotch," out of deference to our stout friends over the Border, and here I find plain "Scotch" set down, and feel just a little defrauded. Sir JAMES's word to the effect that *Padan Aram* is the genuine article is sufficient to discount this otherwise damning internal evidence to the contrary.

"Mr. —, who presided, was in the chair."—*Parish Magazine*. It was a happy thought.

## CHARIVARIA.

A WELL-KNOWN publishing house is reported to be contemplating the publication of a *Strikers' Year Book*, containing a diary of Autumn and Spring Fixtures.

Satisfaction is felt that the price of champagne will not be sufficiently affected by the Budget to make it unfit for a plutocrat to be seen drinking it.

"U.S. No Cat's Paw," said a headline in *The Morning Post*. From the context it would seem that the Germans in relying on American assistance have misinterpreted the term "Pussyfoot."

The German Cabinet, we are told, needs a specialist. Judging by their offer to the Reparations Committee they don't need a nerve specialist.

"Long live the British," says a headline. Quite right; but on what?

Under the new regulations of the Liquor Control Board, public-houses will open an hour earlier in the mornings. It will be interesting to see if this attempt to encourage early rising will be successful.

Speaking at Sunderland Mr. G. B. SHAW said he had not been able to buy a new suit since the War began. We feel sure the Allies had no idea it would have that effect or they would have called the thing off.

"Lynching must be stamped out in America," says a New York paper. Really we can't think what America is coming to. They'll be stopping baseball next.

We understand that a mechanic, while taking away a telephone from a City office, found sixty-two wrong numbers in its crop.

"How long should spaghetti be cooked?" asks a correspondent in a home journal. About twenty-eight inches, we think, is the right length.

The *Daily Mail* celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday on May 1st. Mr. LLOYD

GEORGE is rumoured to have sent a message asking to be forgotten to it.

"The good cheese-maker knows," says a contemporary, "that it is useless to force it." All the same we like the old method of threatening it with a niblick.

We read of a Spanish chess-player who made four moves in two hours. British bricklayers accuse this fellow of being no artist.

A morning paper complains that "eggs ought to be more plentiful and cheaper than they are at the present time." The number of hens to be seen nowadays standing about doing nothing is certainly a scandal.

In spite of the display of straw hats in the shop windows, no intimation has been received from Carmelite House to the effect that the close season for "Sandringhams" has begun.

Having noted that Mr. BEN DAVIES is to sing COLERIDGE TAYLOR'S "On-away!" at the Albert Hall Jubilee Concert, an old lady writes to ask us if we consider hunting-songs quite appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, the famous American after-dinner speaker, laments as one of the saddest results of the War the decay of humour, especially in Europe. We attribute this largely to the deterioration of pre-atory dinners — especially in Europe.

Colonel ARCHER-SHEE is responsible for a Bill to make it compulsory for electors to go to the polls. We have been afraid that sooner or later somebody would discover the loopholes in our liberties.

A man who absconded, the other day, from a London hotel without paying his bill left behind him a suit-case filled with ashes. It looks as though he had tried to divert suspicion to the Australian cricketers.

The abolition of the speed limit for motor

vehicles under a certain tonnage is considered probable. It is recognised that under the existing rules the pedestrian has far too great a chance.

## "NEW COMET TO BE VISIBLE.

The National Party is to be called in future the National Constitutional Association."

*Evening Paper.*

The previous invisibility of this body was due, we understand, to its being all head and no tail.

"The two Parliaments [in Ireland] may be likened to two trains, one leaving Belfast and the other Dublin and meeting half-way."

*Morning Paper.*

On a single track?

"Nice.—For Sale, beautiful Unfurnished Villa, as new. Unequally situated, view on sea, everlasting."—*Daily Paper.*

We are glad that, despite the inequalities of the situation, the view at least remains unchanged.



Visitor. "EVER PAINTED IN THE NUDE?"

Artist. "NO, MY WARDROBE NEVER GETS AS LOW AS ALL THAT."

"During our honeymoon," said OTTO SCHMIDT before the Berlin Courts, "my wife hurled a rock at me." It is rare that a honeymoon goes off without some little hitch or another.

The recent tour of the M.C.C. team in Australia resulted in a profit of seven thousand pounds. It is not known how much a column this works out at.

"A possible cause of the Flood has been discovered," says a *Daily Express* message from Nairobi. We are pleased to learn that no blame attaches to Mr. CHURCHILL.

We understand that a few friends of the Royal Academy are arranging to entertain it at a little dinner somewhere in Soho in honour of its having had an Associateship accepted by Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN.



## FOLK-SONG.

A CORRESPONDENT to this paper has reproached me for not paying sufficient attention to the rustic Muse. In order to repair this omission I have made a beautiful poem all in dialect and extremely racy of the soil. It reminds me somehow or other of something that was once written by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC; but that is almost irresistible when one is writing of Sussex. It also strikes me, now I have finished it, as being rather Bacchanalian in spirit; but that again is inevitable when one is dealing with dialect. Try talking dialect yourself in the drawing-room and you will see.

When I gooded into Midsheeres  
So stoachy and so greay,  
I tuk my pint of an evenin',  
I sat and smoked my cleay,  
An' the gurt ales of the South Country  
I rackollacted they.

The gurt ales of the South Country  
Be brewed a-nigh the sea;  
It puts me in good harness  
When drinking they I be,  
An' the chaps as wur lads when I wur  
a lad  
A-drinkin' along wid me.

The sheere-men of the Nor'sheeres  
I suted um for a while;  
Their land wur naun but tussicks,  
The smutch wur on their sile;  
And the mothery<sup>(1)</sup> sort of stuff they  
drink  
It be mortacious vile.

The sheere-men of the Westsheeres,  
'Tis there the Sivern goos  
A-rollin' down the apses' leaves  
More quicker 'n what the Ouse;  
They have the tar'blest kind of tales  
And the sweetest kind of booze.

But the men that live in Sussex  
Be the bettermost men sure-ly;  
The Spring it makes them gansing<sup>(2)</sup> gay,  
And the peart look in their eye  
'Tis all along of the Sussex sea  
An' the beer they sells thereby;  
The Sussex malt and the Sussex hops  
They rackon to make us spry.

I niver goos into ale-house  
Where ale be purty strong  
But I thinks to be in Sussex,  
The pléace where I belong,  
An' I sets me down on a settle  
An' sings a Sussex song.

I niver could find a foundle<sup>(3)</sup>  
Nor a broke thing noways mend,  
An' I'm feart I shall disremember  
My way home in the end,  
For 'tis dark comin' over postal<sup>(4)</sup>  
An' road do justabout bend.

(1) Mouldy. (3) A thing you find.  
(2) Cheerful. (4) A hill path.

I will sardenly gather a mort of friends,  
So many as iver I may,  
Of men as can count the Sussex moons  
An' walk in the Sussex cleay;  
They mun ivery one catch a holt on me,  
They mun all go home my weay.

An' happen we'll come to high 'oods  
Up nover an' on to hill,  
An' happen we'll fall in dew-pan  
If pathway doan't keep still,  
But we'll keep it up till the marnin'  
Let be howsumever it will.

We'll keep it up till the marnin',  
We'll sing till the bréak o' dee,  
An' the chaps as wur lads when I wur  
a lad  
Shall show what lads they be.

EVON.

## THE TWENTY-POUND NOTE.

ONCE upon a time there was a waiter named Lucien who was tired of his job. We all get tired now and then, but waiters must get more tired than most of us, for they walk ever, and there cannot be much fun in always feeding others and themselves never eating, except at odd hours, when the rest of the world is doing something else. Besides, some guests can be very testy.

Lucien was more entitled to be tired of his job than some of us are, for he was young enough not to have yet lost hope. He did not think of himself as predestined to carry dishes. He might one day become rich. But meanwhile he was a waiter and he was restless. He saw men of his own age dining luxuriously, and he longed to be in their position and order delicacies and find fault and drink champagne with the meal and little glasses of old brandy after it. He had watched so many that he had learned how to behave; he would undertake to cut such a figure that no one would detect the imposture.

But how could he attain to this bliss? These raptures are not for the poor.

It happened that while he was in this rebellious and ambitious mood a massive American came into the restaurant for an early dinner and seated himself at one of the tables which Lucien served, and at the end of the meal he paid his bill with a twenty-pound note. It was the largest note that Lucien had ever seen, and as he bore the plate containing the bill and the note in the direction of the cashier his brain buzzed and his heart throbbed. Here at last was the opportunity for a burst. Should he? Dare he? He would! And so before he got to the desk he laid the plate on a table, swept the note and bill into his pocket and, hurrying to the servants' quarters, slipped on his hat and overcoat and was away.

It was not yet eight and he calculated that the hue-and-cry would begin in about twenty minutes; but that gave him plenty of time. He hurried to his lodging, smartened himself up and packed his bag, which he left at a neighbouring Tube cloak-room. He then put on a false moustache and some eye-glasses, which he had been for long preserving for this purpose, and made for one of the most fashionable restaurants.

He chose a remote table against the wall, called for an *apéritif* and the *carte*, and ordered himself the best dinner that money could buy. Looking round the room he was reassured to see no waiter of his acquaintance.

Over his repast he sat long and placidly, sipping his wine and planning his escape from the city. Having half finished his cigar he asked for the bill and laid the twenty-pound note beside it on the plate.

It was the largest note that the waiter who was attending to Lucien had ever seen, and as he carried it towards the desk his head buzzed and his heart throbbed, for he too had been longing for a burst and this put it in his reach. Should he? Dare he? Yes! Instead therefore of handing it to the cashier he slipped it into his pocket and left the restaurant.

After several minutes had passed—perhaps twenty—Lucien began to make inquiries for his change, and after ten minutes more the manager arrived full of apologies and explained that a theft had, they feared, been committed.

Was Monsieur certain that it was a twenty-pound note?

Monsieur was quite sure.

Did Monsieur happen to know the number?

Monsieur did not.

Would Monsieur allow the matter to stand over till to-morrow? If he would be so good as to call the next day probably the thief would be captured and Monsieur's evidence would be needed.

Monsieur was sorry, but he was leaving town that night and he required his change for the journey.

Monsieur, at any rate, would give all the information in his power to the detective who had been telephoned for?

Lucien had some terrible moments, and then replied that he would, of course, do so; and the instant that the manager's back was turned, fled.

He did not dare to get his hat and coat, but simply fled, as an additional precaution tearing off the moustache and eyeglasses as he descended the stairs.

At the door he ran full tilt into the iron grip of the massive American, who was coming in for an early supper.

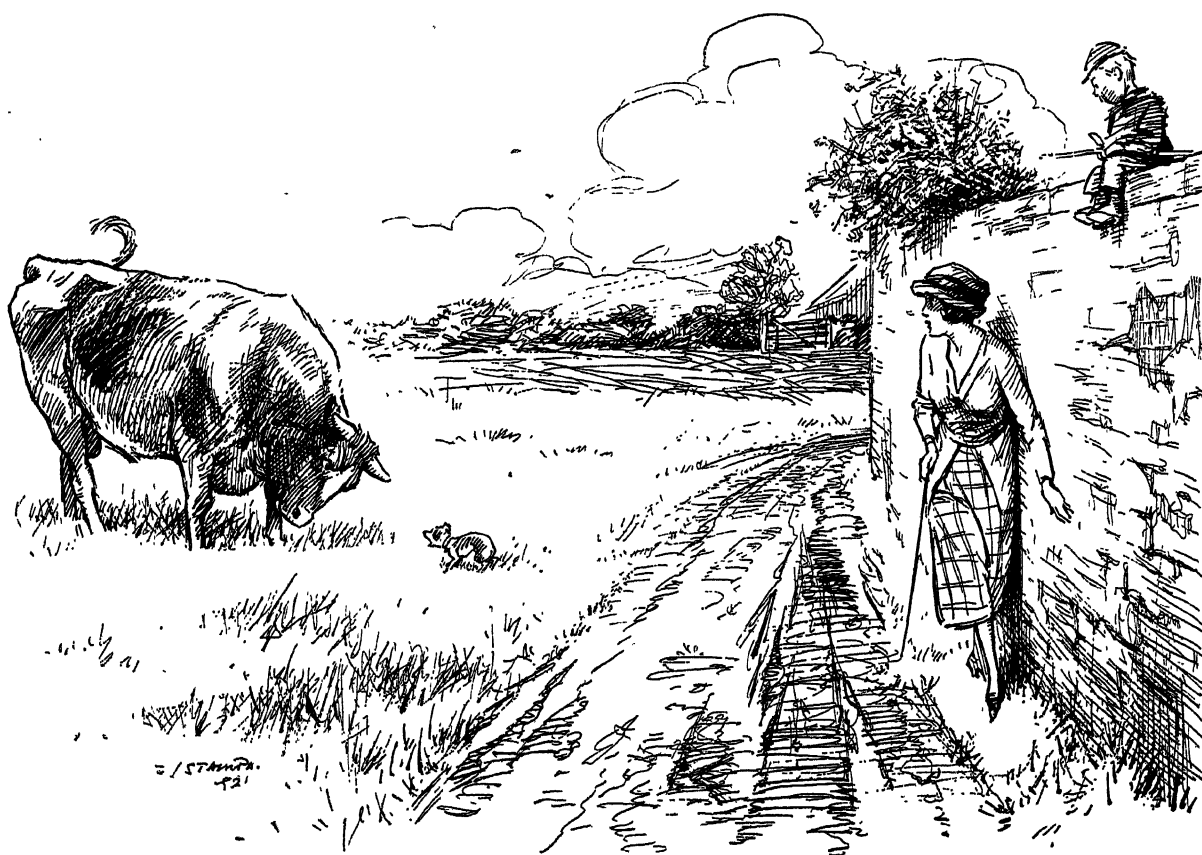
E. V. L.





### THE WATCH ON THE RUHR.

M. BRIAND (*recruiting for the Entente*). "VOILÀ, MON BRAVE, DOESN'T THAT TEMPT YOU?"



*Nervous Lady.* "Is THAT BULL SAFE?"

*Fokel.* "Yes, Miss. YE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT 'IM; 'E CAN LOOK ARTER 'ISSELF ALL RIGHT."

### THE EYE-WITNESS.

If a man's wife cannot go to a wedding the best thing a man can do is to stay away himself. I know I shall get into trouble. She says I never notice anything. I must do better this time.

Already I am late, of course. I have missed the entrance of the bride; I do not know what she is like, I do not know what she is wearing, I cannot get anywhere near the nave, I am segregated here in the north transept, I am mixed up with the bride's friends, a lonely outcast in an alien tribe. Far away to the south I can see George's head. Lucky George! He's safe among the friends of the bridegroom, as I should be. I cannot see anybody else. I cannot see the bride or the bridegroom, or the best man, or the bride's mother, or anyone important.

But I can see hundreds and hundreds of the friends of the bride. It must be an awful thing to marry a bride with so many friends. Nearly all of them are beautiful ladies—a womanly woman, no doubt. All the beautiful ladies have bought special new dresses and special new hats for the occasion. I suppose there are six or seven hun-

dred new dresses in the building. A solemn thought. And these are the trousers which I had at school.

Strange. I perceive that the bridegroom has almost exactly the same number of friends. It must be an awful thing to marry a man like Henry with so many friends. I see now that it will never be our turn to be asked to dinner. I had hoped. . . .

I wish I could see something. What is that red thing waggling in the distance over the endless heads of the friends of the bride? I saw the Derby last year. At least I saw the red cap of a jockey pass very swiftly between two people's heads. This red thing is very like that. There it is again. . . .

It is very quiet and peaceful here. No one would suppose that two people were being married. There is a good deal of whispering going on somewhere in the church, very cautious and subdued. No hanky-panky, I hope. Or perhaps there is a hitch. Perhaps it has come out that Henry is her maternal uncle, and it's all off. But I think they might let us sit down while they are arguing about it.

Miles away I can see some of the bride's friends craning their necks.

They are pretending they can see something. The whispering is quite loud now—they are growing reckless. I hope Henry is not making a scene about the wedding being off. The jockey-cap is waving about from one side to the other. I expect the jockey is keeping the peace. But why did he come in costume?

Meanwhile I do not know what the bride is wearing. *Tulle*, no doubt. . . . However, as it is all off. . . .

Goodness, I can see something. Something is moving about away over there on the horizon. A trained scout, I detected it at once. It is the bride and bridegroom. I see now what it means. They are going to go on as if nothing had happened, to prevent a scandal. Well, nothing *has* happened as far as I know. . . . It's not the red hat of a jockey; it's the red hat of a bishop. My wife will want to know about that. What is it made of, I wonder? *Tulle*, I imagine. . . .

I do not understand it. They are making out that the marriage has taken place after all. The Bishop is homilising them—a good word that. But why did they keep it so dark?

I like this dress in front of me. I shall describe it to my wife. It is made

of tulle. Or else *ninon*. Well, *taffeta*, anyhow. *Taffeta* would be a good name for a girl. I shall give Henry the tip.

They are coming down the nave. I wish I was nearer. Ah, there they go. Of course she looks radiantly happy. They always look "radiantly" happy...

Goodness, I never noticed her dress! So like a man—always missing the essentials. Anyhow, it was sort of white and shimmery. *Tulle*, no doubt.

At the reception I shall get the final details. . . . Here we are. What a huge house! I wish all the proletariat wasn't standing outside; I'm sure they take me for an idle rich.

However, if they have time to stand about and watch me going into a house they are very likely the idle poor. . . .

Now then, we must get at the bride. It is no good being polite in a crush like this. A little frank shoving is the thing.

The queue is passing the presents—very slowly, like a glacier. There is a jolly Chinese vase on our port bow.

I wish that woman wouldn't prod me in the back. Hullo, it's Mabel. I must find out what she's wearing. . . .

Mabel tells me she is wearing black satin with a brocaded thingummy. Her hat is black too—a straw black hat—a varnished straw black hat. Fancy wearing a varnished hat. And it has a sort of fangle-dangle hanging down and tickling her left ear. I wish I knew the technical term for that.

I wonder if Mabel noticed what I was wearing. . . .

Capital presents. But I don't see my postal-order anywhere.

We shall never reach the bride. The Chinese vase is still on the port quarter. But I can just see the top of Henry's head. He parts his hair on the right side. But I don't believe my wife would be interested in that. Extraordinary.

We are approaching the bride. She is talking to George. Very charming. A sort of quiet vivacity about her—blue eyes; no, grey—no, blue. Rather pale; but one may fairly say that she looks radiantly happy.

I have been introduced. I have passed into her life. . . . I have had a conversation with her; I have passed on out of her life.

We had a jolly little talk. I said, "Many congratulations. I've heard so much about you." She said, "Thank you. I've heard so much about you." She has a delightful smile. Musical, I should think.

It is all over. There is still no sign of my postal-order. Perhaps it is in the other room. Perhaps there is some champagne in the other room. . . .

I cannot find any champagne. I



Wife (choosing evening gown). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE?"  
Husband. "TOPPING! SPOTTED HER DIRECTLY I CAME IN."

shall go home. After all, I have seen the bride. She was wearing— Good Heavens, what *was* she wearing? I never looked. White, I fancy—all wedding-dresses are white, more or less. *White tulle*.

There is Mabel. She will know.

Mabel says the note of it is gold. White satin, gold brocade, yellow roses, a veil of old lace or gold net—she is not sure. Not a bit of *tulle* about it. . . .

I'm glad I went. *Evening News*, please. Hullo, here is a lot of chat about Henry's wedding. "The bride's dress. . ." "Mediæval," I see. Mabel missed that. "Lent by her grandmother." Nothing about satin. Mabel's description was hopelessly wrong. Nothing like it at all.

And the veil—I was right all the time. "*Gold tulle*."

These women don't notice *anything*.

A. P. H.

#### A Film Tragedy.

"The result on the audience is much more serious than in the case of deferred exhibition. Men go to the pictures and do not return."

*Daily Paper.*

"To-day the security of the governments of the world is based primarily upon the British Feet."—*West Indian Paper.*

This explains why some of them are so fond of treading on our toes.

"Mr. Justice Darling recalled that—

There was once a milkmaid all forlorn,  
Who milked a cow with a crumpled horn,  
Who was kissed by a man—whose clothes left  
much to be desired."—*Evening Paper.*

We had forgotten that it was the cow who was kissed.

"A party of Scotch bachelors have procured lease of commodious bungalow, beautifully furnished, on very reasonable terms, from a Scotch Landlady."—*Indian Paper.*

The sceptical should observe that the tenants also come from Scotland.

## A PATRON OF ART.

SCENE.—An important Private View. The huge room is crammed with notabilities, of whom some are politely dissembling their interest in one another, and some are simulating a courteous scrutiny of the pictorial exhibits. Lord and Lady Sparklestone are holding a levée in front of a life-size portrait of his lordship.

Lord Sparklestone (for the twentieth time this afternoon). Well, 'ow d'yer like it?

Mrs. Levison. I think it's a marvellous portrait! A speaking likeness! A—er—well, it just is Lord Sparklestone! Don't you think so, Mr. Glossop?

Glossop. I do indeed. If Lord Sparklestone himself hadn't been standing here in the flesh I'm sure I should have tried to shake hands with it. I expect you're very pleased with it, Lady Sparklestone?

Lady Sparklestone. Well, I'm glad it shows 'im in a good temper. I 'ad me doubts 'ow Sam—er—ow Lord Sparklestone would come out after 'avin' to set still so long, considerin' it's every bit 'and-painted from life.

Mrs. L. The artist has caught Lord Sparklestone's genial expression most admirably. And yet one feels behind it the tremendous—er—driving force that—er—

G. To me it suggests Lord Sparklestone in a moment of happy relaxation after a master-stroke of business.

Mrs. L. The ease of the attitude is so thoroughly characteristic, even to the thumb of the left hand in the arm-hole of the waistcoat, just as Lord Sparklestone is holding it at this very moment.

G. And the other hand holding the cigar is a portrait in itself. That's a real cigar too; one can almost smell it.

Lord S. Ah, there you've 'it' it, Glossop. Now me and the artist we 'ad a bit of a tussle over that there cigar. 'E was all for 'avin' the band off of it and smudgin' it in any'ow. But I says, "No," I says, "I've no cause to be ashamed o' the cigars I smokes," I says. "Seven year ago, w'en I was in quite a small way o' business as plain Mister Samuel 'Iggle, the price of a smoke like that 'ud 'ave been beyond me; now I'm one o' the few as can afford 'em. You copy it careful," I says, "like you done me 'ead." Well, 'e's done it so as you can smell it, like, as Glossop 'ere says. A 'undred years 'ence anyone 'oo looks at this 'ere picter will say, "Ah, 'e liked a good cigar, did Lord Sparklestone." That's my notion.

G. It was fortunate you found a painter to carry out your ideas so conscientiously.

Lord S. I got 'old of 'im through me friend Lord Possumtree, 'oo knows 'em all. I says to Possumtree, "I wants the job done thorough," I says. "I'm willin' to pay 'andsome for a piece of paintin' we can reckonize," I says. "None o' yer slap-dash Himpressionists for me," I says. "Scamped work don't take me in," I says. "I'm North Country, I am." So Possumtree 'e put me on to this feller, and I'm bound to say 'e done 'is work satisfactory, once I'd let 'im see I wouldn't stand no nonsense. Turpin 'is name is. Now I shall 'ave 'im do one of the missus—er—of Lady Sparklestone. You fancy one in yer erming robes as a Peeress o' the Rellum, don't yer, Florrie?

Lady S. And 'oldin' Choo-Choo.

Lord S. 'Oldin' her pet Peke. Ah, 'ere comes Turpin 'imself with another feller.

Turpin. Lord Sparklestone, Mr. Cleeshay, the famous critic, is much interested in our portrait.

Lord S. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Cleeshay.

Cleeshay. Charmed. I have, of course, already examined this remarkable painting, Lord Sparklestone, but I am glad to have the privilege of comparing it with its distinguished original. I find it has the—er—*penetrazione* of a—ah—BELLINI and the *allegrezza* of a—er—BOLDINI. If I have a complaint it is that this masterly portrait is not destined for our national treasure-house. In fact I am venturing to say so in my Press appreciation.

Lord S. Oh, well, I might 'ave another done; but any'ow them that comes after me'll want Samuel 'Iggle, First Baron, among the family portraits. You mightn't believe it, Mr. Cleeshay, but no more than seven year ago I should 'ave 'ad to think twice about 'avin' me photygraph taken. I raised meself to wot I am from nothink, or almost nothink, and proud of it. That's the meanin' o' the motter I chose w'en I got me peerage—"Hex ni'ilo ni'il fit." But I don't forget I'm the founder of a noble family, and I mean to be worthy of it. 'Owver, there'd be no objection to the nation 'avin' a look at this 'ere picter now and then, though I 'aven't decided w'ether to 'ang it in me town 'ouse or at Sparklestone 'All.

G. In either case it will doubtless form the nucleus of a valuable collection.

Lord S. Well, I'm always open to pick up a few things 'ere and there. Good picters gives a classy look to a 'ouse, and not only that, but, if they're by the right people, they're an investment. That's 'ow I look at it. The thing is to know wot to buy. I don't

profess to know anythink about 'igh art; I only know wot pleases me. I don't pretend to the knowledge of me friend, Lord Possumtree.

C. British Art has indeed a benefactor in Lord Possumtree—a nobleman of extraordinary discernment. But whatever knowledge I possess, Lord Sparklestone, is at your lordship's service.

G. Don't forget the statuary—a few nymphs for that noble staircase in Belvenor Square.

Lord S. Yes, I mean to 'ave some stachures. I see there's a large selection in this 'ere exhibition. We might 'ave a look round some day when there's more time, Mr. Cleeshay. I suppose they won't all be snapped up.

C. Unhappily such patrons as Lord Sparklestone are all too rare nowadays.

Lord S. Or per'aps I'd better write and tell 'em to send a few specimens round on appro, so as I could see 'ow they go with the other fittin's.

[Exit Patron of Art.]

## WHEN YOU GO TO FAIRYLAND.

ONCE I went to Fairyland—but it's years and years ago—

I wandered through a dusky wood when the moon was shining low;  
I saw the fairies dancing, and they made me join them too,  
For when you go to Fairyland you must do as the fairies do.

The fairy Queen was beautiful. She wore a shimmery gown  
All made of misty moonbeams, with star-shine in her crown;  
The fairies bowed in front of her, so I made a curtsy too,  
For when you go to Fairyland you must do as the fairies do.

I peeped at fairy babies in their wild-rose cradles sleeping,  
And I watched them gently rocking when the cool night wind came creeping,  
Then I perched on a crimson toadstool and I sipped some honey-dew,  
For when you go to Fairyland you must do as the fairies do.

They feasted me with fairy fruits and they gave me fairy gold,  
But they all trooped down a rabbit-hole when the night was growing old;  
Oh, I tried, I tried to follow them, but I couldn't wriggle through,  
So I came away, for in Fairyland you must do as the fairies do.

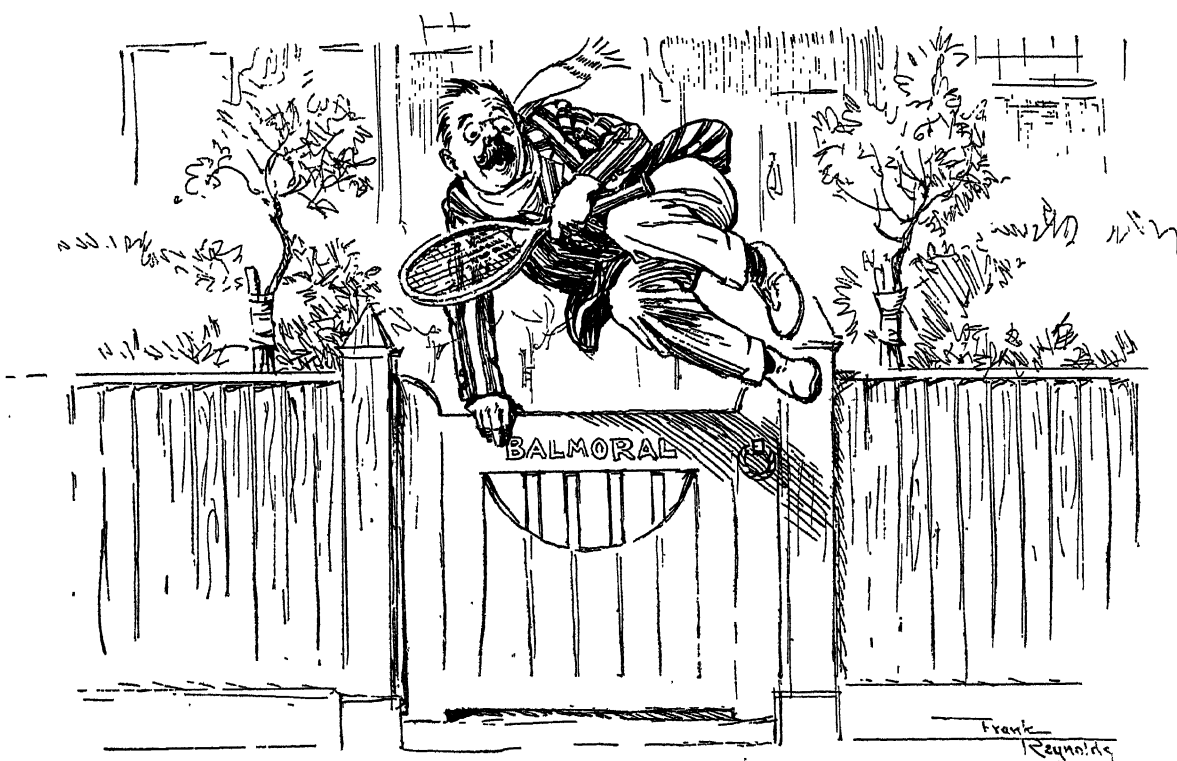
## Appropriate.

From the report of a whisk-drive:—

"Two boxes, each containing a dozen eggs, were given by Mrs. — for the two longest sitters."



"LEAVING HOME FOR THE CITY IS ONE THING—



BUT—OH, TENNIS!"

Frank  
Reynolds

## THE LONG, LONG TRAIL.

MECHANICALLY I raised my hand as I passed the policeman, but he did not salute, and I endeavoured to use my handkerchief convincingly. Policemen in the War House do not salute bowler hats.

In the Inquiry Room a blue frock-coat suspended conversation with a blue short jacket, eyed my shoes gloomily, examined my waistcoat with disfavour, was cheered a little by my eyeglass, became depressed by my soft collar, handed me a buff-coloured form and resumed conversation.

I filled in the form and began to walk up and down, painfully conscious of the absence of click when my heel struck the floor.

The blue frock-coat rang a bell, said "Messenger!" and washed his hands of the matter.

Messenger and I formed single file and moved off smartly. Presently Messenger marked time two paces to allow the rear rank to close up, halted and scratched his head.

"Room 1203B, Sir?" he said, studying the buff form.

"Room 1203B," I replied firmly.

Refreshed by the halt, the detachment proceeded and presently entered a lift. The liftman fixed us with a glassy stare as we commenced to ascend, and burst into a hoarse monologue.

"I seen a officer," he said, "in this lift, 'smorning, unproperly dressed. 'Ad two stars on 'is shoulder an' a crown underneath 'em."

Messenger selected a floor. The lift stopped.

"Full colonel," said the liftman morosely. "Unproperly dressed. *Blimey!*"

The corridor was empty; the detachment formed two deep and proceeded. Encountering a colleague, Messenger halted the party.

"Room 1203B?"

Colleague scratched his head. Messenger remembered that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I put my hands in my pockets.

"Those Ordnance maps are so unreliable," I said sympathetically. "I have enjoyed the walk, but time, so to speak, flies. Come, I will take you to Room 1203B."

Messenger turned pale; Colleague leaned against the wall for support. Tradition was being outraged.

"I used to work—I used to be here," I said, "on the Staff."

Heels clicked.

"I only bin 'ere three munse, Sir," said Messenger apologetically.

"'Tain't my corridor," said Colleague.

"That's all right," I said cheerily.

"Come along."

Messenger listened respectfully while I related to him an untrue story about a General Officer who, refusing a guide, walked about the War House for three weeks and was found dying of hunger and exhaustion within a mile of the Officers' Dining-Room.

"Big place, Sir," he said presently.

"Enormous," I replied briefly.



[There are plenty of servants to be had if you don't mind taking them without a character.]

*The New Footman.* "I MUST BE OFF DUTY THIS AFTER-NOON, MA'M."

*The New Employer.* "OF COURSE, IF YOU MUST YOU MUST. BUT WHATEVER FOR, JAMES?"

*The New Footman.* "WELL, IF YOU INSIST ON KNOWING, I'VE GOT TO REPORT UNDER MY TICKET OF LEAVE."

"Major X you was wantin', I think, Sir?"

"Yes. He used to be in the Secret Service—M.I. 37B/S.S.4, Section 11, Department for the Evasion of Questions by Private Members. Now he is the head of a new Section—Department for the Elucidation of War Problems."

We proceeded.

"Here we are," I said at last, turning a corner. "It's wonderful how one remembers—"

"But this is 123B, Sir," said Messenger.

I pulled myself together.

"Of course. How stupid of me!" I said. "My memory—"

"Shell-shock, Sir?" asked Messenger sympathetically.

"Three times," I replied basely. "But I remember now—it's next-door to Maps."

We found Maps, but Major X. was unknown in the neighbourhood.

I was compelled to admit that I was, for the moment, at a loss.

Messenger did not presume to dictate, but humbly suggested that, as the number system was very complicated, we should boldly inquire for the department itself.

I agreed, but without success.

The strain was telling on Messenger, but the gallant fellow struggled on uncomplainingly, although we had been without food or drink for a considerable time, and he had no belt to tighten.

Suddenly we turned to one another; the same thought had entered both our minds: "I have no right to sacrifice him." Discipline was forgotten, our hands met in a warm clasp. Then we flung ourselves desperately at the nearest door.

A hearty voice called from within; I entered, and in another moment was drinking eagerly from Major X.'s flask of milk.

"But, my dear fellow," said the Major, when I had in some degree recovered, "why didn't you ask for my department by name?"

"I did repeatedly, but no one had ever heard of you."

"Strange," murmured the Major; then he bent forward excitedly. "Tell me," he cried, "exactly what you asked for?"

"The Department for the Elucidation of War Problems," I replied.

The Major's face cleared.

"Ah, that explains it," he said.

"You see, we have changed our name."

"And what do you call yourselves now?" I asked feebly.

"The Department for the Elucidation of Problems of War."

A gurgling noise from the doorway reminded me of Messenger; the poor fellow had fainted.

"A very silent man—'Noisy' to his intimates, on the 'lux a non lucendo' principle—you might play for years and never hear 'the silver chain of sound' from voice of his."

*Cricket article in "The Daily News."*

This is in keeping with the classical tradition that associates the words *Fiat lucus* with the creation of the district where Lord's Cricket Ground is situated.



### EGBERT THE ELEGANT.

Egbert, Eldred and Ed. are a constant joy to all who know them. So bursting with physique, so beautifully tailored, so brushed and valeted, they daily (Sundays excepted) show us what we might be—and are not.

Outwardly they are perfection. More than that I cannot say, for they are known to their admirers by externals only. You see, Egbert, Eldred and Ed. exhibit themselves behind the plate-glass window of a men's-wear shop; they are the three noble dummies used by the proprietor for the display of the latest in seasonable suitings.

Eldred mostly prefers a dinner-jacket, regardless of the hour; Ed. inclines to sporting checks and vivid scarves. No doubt they have their worshippers. But it is Egbert, the elegant, the discreet, the man of taste, who magnetises me.

One of these fine days Egbert will magnetise me right into his parlour. Perhaps he will be wearing a gallant creation in light grey, and the sun will be shining and the breeze wafting, and Germany will have paid (or really promised), and the lark will be trilling and all will be right with the world, except my deficient wardrobe.

As I gaze into the window Egbert will seem to swell his chest out another inch or two, and his unspoken words will be, "Come, man; how about these joy-rags for the call of springtime?"

Weakly I shall temporise: "But my blue serge is still quite respectable."

"That frowsy stuff at this season of the year!" Egbert will exclaim. "An outrage on nature! See the set of this grey. A cutter's ode to Spring! And only seven guineas."

"You haven't got to pay for it"—under my breath.

But Egbert will win his way—I know he will—and I shall enter the shop with hesitating step, not because I am practising the new waltz, but because the blue serge will be trying to magnetise me the other way.

Salutations from the shopman. "What can I do for you, Sir?"

"I rather thought I would like a suit of light grey."

"Certainly, Sir. Allow me to show you some patterns."

"Well, as a matter of fact I had more or less decided on the one Eg—I mean the one you're showing on the centre dummy (O Egbert, forgive!) in the window."

"By all means, Sir. I'll——"

"But, you know, I'm a bit doubtful about it. You see, Eg—I mean, the dummy—is such a splendid fellow. Like a Guardsman about the chest, and such a leg line! Easy enough for



*Indignant Lady.* "'ORACE, I'D 'AVE YER KNOW THIS IS THE HUPPER CIRCLE—NOT THE GALLERY! BANANAS IF YER LIKE, BUT ORANGES—NO!'"

him to carry a light grey. But what about me?"

"You may rely upon our measurements."

"I only wish I were like him, but it's no good deceiving myself; I'm not. I can hold my chest up taut, but the moment I stop concentrating it flops. Office work, you know, and stooping over the cabbages. And I don't fill out round the collar-bones, as he does. What do you feed him on?"

"I don't quite——"

"Of course you don't. I'm sorry. I know Egbert is only a dummy, but I do admire him so. Do you really think I could carry a light grey?"

"Sure of it, Sir."

"My right shoulder falls away a bit, you know. And there's generally a sort

of ruck at the back of my collar. Egbert isn't troubled that way. Do you still think I could carry a light grey?"

"Not the least doubt, Sir."

And, while I am yet faltering, the shopman will have inveigled me to a screen, plied his tape and booked his mystic figures.

Egbert will have conquered. I can feel his ascendancy every time I come near him. But never—never shall I dare show myself to him in the new suit when it is made. No man can be a hero to his dummy.

### Gotham at the Antipodes.

"A Special Meeting of the Borough Council will be held on Thursday, when the Council will, by resolution, decide what Working Day in the Week shall be the Saturday Closing Day."—*New Zealand Paper.*



"WELL, MOLLIE, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW GOVERNESS?"  
 "I HALF LIKE HER, AND I HALF DON'T LIKE HER. BUT I THINK I HALF DON'T LIKE HER MOST."

### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE STOPPER."

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),—I wonder if you realised when you wrote that little article which appeared in *Punch*, April 13th, just what a crime you were committing? You have turned this house from a quiet well-mannered family abode into an establishment not unsuggestive of the County Asylum. People go muttering darkly here and there, asking themselves idiotic questions and answering the same with shrieks of laughter. One is unable to read a book or a paper without uttering aloud each Christian name encountered, as if in search of some magic formula.

We all do it. Various infatuated youths wander about the house, muttering, "Do you know Marie?" "Marie who?" "Marie-me," and dissolve into hysterical giggles.

The lady of the house, who is not renowned for her wit, save in matters pertaining to the daily menu and the grocer's book, asks everyone within reach, "Do you know Thomas?" and, having received the necessary question,

she replies with idiotic glee, "Thomas-a-pain."

And the girls are quite contented with "Do you know Evan?" "Evan who?" "Evan-knows."

Even I—even I, I say—have not escaped the contagion. In return for the ten minutes of amusement you have given me, dear Sir (or Madam), I'll give you this tip. It is infallible. When addressing the ball—I suppose you play golf—ask it savagely, "Do you know Hugo?" And then, as the thing remains mute, ejaculate with extraordinary ferocity, "Hugo-to-hell!" and smite it. It will travel several miles down the fairway; I have never known it to fail. But there was a sequel—an unfortunate sequel—which served to remind me that Little Pitchers, especially when acting as caddies, have long ears.

Our Rector's wife, an estimable woman but, sad to say, no reader of *Punch*, called to see us the other day. Perhaps it was the general atmosphere of the house, thickly sprinkled with question-marks; that set her off; but the fact remains that almost the first

words she said were, "Do you know my old friend Hugo —?"

That was enough for the Little Pitcher on the window-seat.

"I know that one!" she shouted eagerly; "Hugo-to-hell!"

Well, what I mean to say is, who pays the damages? You, dear Sir (or Madam), or yours regretfully,

A NON-STOPPER?

"The cuckoo lays many or few eggs according to the number of suitable foster-parents and foster-nests available, and as most cuckoos greatly prefer one particular sort of foster-parent, a pipit, or wagtail, or what not, they are often put to it to find nests enough."

*Sunday Paper.*

*A propos* of the above extract "Nature-Lover" writes: "We have a pair of what-nots in our drawing-room, but the cuckoo in the hall clock has paid them no marked attention as yet."

Dr. LASKER on his first defeat by Señor CAPABLANCA:—

"I have made blunders before, very serious blunders. Errare humanum est."

*Sunday Paper.*

Obviously.



“FOR THIS RELIEF—”

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (to new driver, as he removes two straws from camel's back). “YOU'LL FIND HE'LL STRUGGLE ALONG ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT I'VE MATERIALLY EASED HIS BURDEN.”



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, April 25th.*—The PRIME MINISTER appeared to be a little weary—dare I say Lymphnephatic?—after his week-end conversations with M. BRIAND. It was with an air of resignation rather than of enthusiasm that he announced this country's intention, in the event of Germany's new proposals proving unsatisfactory, to support France in occupying the Westphalian coalfields.

He woke up wonderfully, however, when Lord HUGH CECIL (*à propos* of Ireland) inquired, "Why should the Government always be afraid to speak the truth?" and at once riposted with, "Why should the noble lord always be rude?" Possibly Lord HUGH regarded this as a sufficient answer to his question; at any rate he did not repeat it.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY is not so entirely satisfied with himself as his demeanour might lead one hastily to assume. On the contrary he lately became conscious of a serious gap in his political equipment, and with sailor-like promptitude took immediate steps to repair it. Hence his appearance this afternoon in the tortoise-shell spectacles which mark the full-blown statesman.



"RATS!"

The Pied Piper of Taunton.  
SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

A recent statement by the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE that most of the Government Departments other than his own were infested by rats seems to have conjured up in the mind of Sir CHARLES YATE visions of a new and gigantic breed. For he solemnly asked

whether it would be possible to manufacture their skins into gauntlets for motorists. Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN hastened to reassure him. Gloves had been made from ratskins, but only "on a small scale."

The SPEAKER made the expected but none the less unwelcome announcement of his wish to retire. There were sixty-



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

MR. SPEAKER WHITLEY.

six personal reasons, he said, for his resignation, and one impersonal—the desire that his successor should have some experience of the old Parliament before he was called upon to preside over a new one. He was thinking, I daresay, of 1906, when, after only a few months in the Chair, he was himself called upon to lick into shape the weirdest collection of new Members ever returned to Westminster.

In opening the Budget of 1921-2 Mr. CHAMBERLAIN generously took upon himself the responsibility for all its deficiencies, and assigned to his successor in the Chancellorship the credit for any merits that it might contain. Sir ROBERT HORNE, sitting by him, showed no undue elation. Outside the small circle where excess profits are expended on the vintages of Champagne and the cigars of Havana there will be "none to praise and very few to love" a Budget which leaves everything else (including a six-shilling income-tax) precisely as it was.

*Tuesday, April 26th.*—To praise a man to his face is always a delicate task. If one is not perfunctory one is too apt to be fulsome. But the PRIME MINISTER happily escaped both dangers, and told Mr. LOWTHER what he thought of him in a series of well-turned sentences that secured the entire approval of the House.

On this occasion Mr. STEPHEN WALSH, as spokesman of the Labour Party, took the *pas* of Mr. ASQUITH, and proved himself no whit his inferior as a ceremonial orator. Mr. LOWTHER'S

urbanity and accessibility, his unexampled patience and above all his saving grace of humour, received their due and unexaggerated meed of praise. Nor were what may be called his extra-cathedral services forgotten; and particularly his unique share in the last and greatest extension of the franchise.

If the SPEAKER'S voice lacked a little of its usual sonority as he put the congratulatory resolution to the House, and declared, after the tumultuous roar of approval, that "I think the 'Ayes' have it," who shall wonder? But he pulled himself together to make a very happy little speech of thanks, containing more than one touch of the incomparable humour that has dispersed so many Parliamentary storms.

Then for the last time there fell from his lips that wonderful line—

"The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the day,"

and so the longest and perhaps the greatest Speakership of modern times passed into history.

*Wednesday, April 27th.*—No Speaker, no prayers. Accordingly it was without the ministrations of the Chaplain, just when one would have thought that they were most required, that the



WAITING TO GET THROUGH

(After a *Hermes at the Louvre*).

MR. KELLAWAY, the New Postmaster-General.

House of Commons met to elect Mr. LOWTHER'S successor. The Clerk, disregarding of the injunction, "It's manners out of joint to point," wagged a monstrant finger first at the PRIME MINISTER, who conveyed HIS MAJESTY'S leave to the House to elect a Speaker,



*Employer (inspecting a very inflated bill for work). "LOOK HERE—HOW DID YOU GET AT THIS AMOUNT?"*

*Odd Jobs Man. "WELL, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW YOU'D PREFER ME TO CHARGE IT UP, SO I JUST CHARGED BY TIME."*

*Employer. "OH, REALLY! I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE BEEN CHARGING BY ETERNITY."*

and then at Colonel MILD MAY, who forthwith moved "That the Right Hon. JOHN HENRY WHITLEY do take the Chair of this House as Speaker." By way of placating the Opposition he emphasized the fact that it was the rank and file who elected the Speaker, and that the Chairman had no prescriptive right to the Chair. But he urged that the Chairmanship should not be regarded as a bar to promotion.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON seconded on behalf of the Labour Party, and drew special attention to Mr. WHITLEY's services to the cause of industrial peace.

The ungrateful part of *advocatus diaboli* fell to Mr. RONALD McNEILL, who performed it with great skill, and, while accusing the Government of an unconstitutional interference with the House's free choice, was careful to say no disparaging word of the candidate chosen. The only practical effect of his speech was to bring a disclaimer of undue influence from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. WHITLEY bore what must have been a trying ordeal with a calmness that argues well for his future in the Chair, and when he had to return thanks for his election did so with a modesty, and indeed a pathos, obviously sincere. His proposer and seconder conducted him

to the steps of the Chair; there he made another little speech, promising complete devotion to the service of the House, and so amid unanimous cheers took his seat as Speaker-Elect.

*Thursday, April 28th.*—The SPEAKER-ELECT, still in the chrysalis stage, signalled by his wearing bob-wig and no silk gown, attended the House of Lords to hear the Royal approval given to his appointment.

On his return he donned the full-bottomed wig and the silken gown that make the complete Speaker. His first duty was to issue a new writ for the Penrith division, in the room of his predecessor, now Steward of the Manor of Northstead (pending higher promotion). His next was to arrest (quite in the Lowther manner) the shower of "Supplementaries" that threatened to swamp the Treasury Bench.

On the whole he had a fairly easy time, much easier than that of his successor as Chairman of Committees, who had to preside over a long and occasionally acrimonious debate on Irish affairs. It was a case of HOPE in the Chair and Desperation on the floor, for hardly a cheering word came from anybody. The CHIEF SECRETARY, while generally supporting his Auxiliaries, was fain to admit

that under stress of I.R.A. provocation too many of them were apt to "seer red." Still the prospect in Ireland was not so black as it looked, and he expected to see both the new Parliaments functioning in June. Colonel GUINNESS declared that, if the Government insisted on holding the elections in the South, none but Republicans would be returned. On the contrary, said Sir E. CARSON, postponement would be a triumph for the campaign of assassination. Lord R. CECIL's simple panacea was that the PRIME MINISTER and CHIEF SECRETARY should retire. "If the Irish want a republic, let them have it," was the Labour view, as expressed by Mr. KENNEDY. The PRIME MINISTER adroitly congratulated him on having put "the real issue." It might take "some years" to restore the reign of law in Ireland, but so long as the Government were responsible for the administration of Ireland and the security of the United Kingdom they could not allow murder to go on with impunity. By 176 to 65 the House agreed with him.

"—First Circuit is seeking relief from a second minister."—*Nonconformist Weekly*. Church people have been known to feel just like that about the curate.



**ANXIETY AND ITS ALLEVIATION.**

(By a Disciple of "The Times'" Medical Correspondent.)

At a time when worry and anxiety lurk in almost every hour of the day and the ticking of the tape tends to exasperate the most benevolent of Club habitués, the theories of Sproule and the remedies of Emery Blodwen are naturally exciting an immense amount of attention. Sproule holds that these widely prevalent conditions of "shock" and weariness are physical and arise from an emptying or depletion of the cells of the brain and the pineal gland of a substance generally referred to as chromaffine. Chromaffine, which freezes at a temperature of 300° Plantigrade, is an opalescent liquid richly provided with vitamins, calories, paravanes and other salubrious succedanea. But once depletion takes place it is extremely difficult to get chromaffine to return to its original habitat; it dissipates itself throughout the system, setting up all sorts of local disturbances, including thrombosis, conjunctivitis and polyphonic combination of the metatarsal duct.

To remedy this dispersion Emery Blodwen has experimented with the injection of synthetic chromaffine through the sutures of the skull. Synthetic chromaffine, it may be observed, is prepared from the yolk of the eggs of the albatross, mixed with the blood of the wild ass of the Idumæan deserts. The preparation is exceedingly costly, and the output at the Blodwen Laboratory, or Asinaeum, is exceedingly small. Moreover the results of its application are obscure and disquieting. Of the nine patients treated four have developed parabolism, three are under arrest for window-slashing, and the other two are suffering from cranial distension.

I cannot therefore regard this treatment as a satisfactory substitute for the one and only restorative—sleep. Refreshing sleep is the greatest need of our time. The remedies for insomnia are varied. Many find an upper room better than a lower one, but others sleep better on the basement than at the top of a skyscraper. Some believe in a game of "Patience" as a preliminary to repose; others adopt the device of counting up to a million. Personally I believe that the best preparation for sleep is to go to bed and stay there. If you cannot go to sleep, sleep will probably come to you. If it does not the outlook will become darker, and disease, ever watchful for its victims, will bear us down.

In conclusion my advice is—remember *Macbeth*; remember that BISMARCK said that Kings ought to be able to sleep; remember that Prime Ministers have fallen from power through insomnia; remember the *Fat Boy* and *Mark Tapley* and the *Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*. Remember too the hard case of the present scribe, longing to retire to his couch, but kept from it by the peremptory instructions of an exacting editor to provide a series of articles in which a parade of expert and alarming knowledge is tempered by the soothing syrup of vague optimism.



"AND WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?"

"WELL, MISS, I'M CHURCH AND ME 'USBAND'S CHAPEL; BUT LITTLE MAUDIE'S COUNTY COUNCIL."

**A FALSE START.**

[“Those who have cried and laughed together are no longer strangers.”  
Dr. MAX NORDAU.]

WHEN the First Act was over I boldly addressed  
The girl in the neighbouring stall;  
She was pretty and jolly, I thought, though impressed  
With the stamp of the Chelsea Town Hall;  
She might like me in spite of my Philistine hide  
If she only had time to get used to me;  
But she sat like a ramrod and stiffly replied,  
“I don't think you've been introduced to me.”

I reminded her then of what NORDAU had said,  
That common emotion made friends;  
She replied, with a toss of her pretty brown head,  
“Well, it's here that the episode ends;  
This play isn't Art, I was quick to decide,  
But the stuff to feed infants and loonies on,  
So I cried when you laughed and I laughed when you  
cried,  
And we never emoted in unison.”

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

It opens in a sitting-out room at a fancy-dress ball, and strange things at once begin to occur, very abruptly. *Lady Carfax* is musing in solitude on the conduct of her disreputable husband, whose behaviour at the dance is the object of general remark, when there enters a very second-rate person, *Nap Errol* by name, in the disguise of a Court fool. Instantly he seizes a pack of cards and sets about telling the future of the lady (a perfect stranger), and indicating the part which the Fates have assigned to him in her future career. The language of cards has always been obscure to me, but I vaguely gathered that the man's position was represented by the Knave of Diamonds, that the lady was the Queen of Hearts, and that he was destined to be her jester. His manners seemed to escape the notice of *Lady Carfax*, but they made me shudder.

This was the Prologue. In the First Act we are given some easy samples of the brutality of *Sir Giles Carfax*; but our sympathy for his wife is mitigated by the sorry taste she shows in accepting (though virtuously) the advances of the resilient *Nap*. The fact, subsequently brought out, that he was not a legitimate *Errol* at all (the *Errols* were county neighbours of the *Carfares*), but the bastard of a Red Indian squaw, may have explained his crudities, but did not explain her tolerance of them.

Of these however I complain rather less than of his claim to be a jester, when he was incapable of any jest. Indeed almost the only semblance of a jest that I can recall from the play was furnished by somebody else—a rustic innkeeper, who, when asked for petrol, offered the alternative of cow's milk. For the rest of our humour we had to be content with such *bons mots* as "*Cherchez la femme*," or "Rome was not built in a day."

Towards the end there was promise of a dramatic situation in a competition of sacrifice between *Nap Errol* and his invalid brother, *Lucas*, whom he adored. Both wanted to marry *Lady Carfax* (*Sir Giles* having mercifully expired). The deplorable taste of the lady—with whom it was a question of saving the doubtful life of the one or the more than doubtful soul of the other—was all for *Nap*; but duty and stagedirections pointed to *Lucas*. I don't know what her choice would have been, if at the crucial moment *Lucas Errol* had not walked out of the room and died. For this lamentable blow the lovers lost no time in consoling themselves.

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH was not very happy in the part of *Lady Carfax*. I ventured long ago to regret her tendency to smile too much, but here she had small cause for this indulgence. Her natural charm—a little spoiled by lack of voice-control—had no chance with a character that left us cold. One's heart may go out to a woman who prefers a wastrel to a saint, but not to one who prefers a cad to a gentleman. It may be that women, very quick with their own sex, are not so quick as men to recognise the male bounder. In that case Mr. CHARLTON MANN, who adapted Miss ETHEL M. DELL's book, should have corrected her errors of vision.

The rest of the company—Mr. WHITLING as *Sir Giles*, Mr. MULCASTER as *Lucas Errol*, Mr. SUNDERLAND as *Nap*



A MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE.  
*Lady Carfax*. . . MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.  
*Sir Giles Carfax* MR. TOWNSEND WHITLING.

and Mr. VIBART as *Dr. Capper*, a medical philosopher from U.S.A.—all played quite well enough in their fairly obvious parts. Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, whom I find very attractive, had some pleasant interludes, before and after marriage, with Miss CECILY BYRNE.

*The Knave of Diamonds* may for all I know be one of Miss ETHEL M. DELL's best-sellers on the bookstall, but I doubt if the other kind of stalls will take very much of it. O. S.

## "A MATTER OF FACT."

Marlow Moat, residence of *Sir Philip Marlow, Bart.* ("a county landowner and H.M.L.") and *Mary* his wife, was not in luck on a certain spring morning. First, *Philip's* oldest friend, *Bob Hethcote* ("a county gentleman"), strolls in to announce his marriage to a divorcee and their arrival in the neighbourhood from the shires which had refused to

call. "Oh, that 'll be all right," says the "county landowner"; "*Mary* will call and then they 'll all call." *Mary* however will do anything in reason, but she will not call. First rift in *Marlow* lute for twenty happy years.

Next, obscure telegram from daughter *Pauline*, who has been travelling abroad, "Engaged, bringing fiancé," unnamed, unsuspected.

Thirdly, arrives a lamentably overdressed woman to ask *Mary* for five hundred pounds. She happened to be widow of the doctor who twenty-three years ago brought into the world *Mary's* babe, *Egerton*, whose father was *Mary's* lover, *Egerton Chiltern* (*Mary* by the way had got out of that scrape by just running away from babe and lover and was rewarded for her presence of mind with the hand of her Baronet). Exit widow with the five hundred.

Fourthly, expensive motor-car delivers *Pauline* and eminently eligible young man. "My fiancé—*Egerton Chiltern*" (! ! !).

Of course this version of "the sins of the father" theme is not new. Mr. ERNEST CECIL's startling originality is shown in his making it the motive of a comedy.

Now we happened to know from the blackmailing widow (in the most shameless aside that has been uttered on a West-End stage for many decades) that *Mary's Egerton* is really dead; *Pauline's* is a son of *Chiltern*, born later in lawful wedlock. *Mary* in her ignorance is constrained to oppose an obviously suitable marriage without reason given, and finally, in despair, to discover to the young man the sad secret of his parentage. (He seems to have been very vague about this even for an orphan.) A truly comic situation, of course.

As it happens—there are some stout coincidences in this play—the one person who knows the truth is the sister of the very *Mrs. Hethcote* whom *Mary*, still contrary and uninstructed by adversity, refuses to call on.

So you glimpse, I hope, the happy ending. If she had only called! Well, she will. And our *Mary*, not two minutes out of the inspissated gloom of her own poignant confession, is, bright as any sparrow, writing notes to the county inviting it to meet the *Hethcotes* at the Moat—while everybody behaves much as if Cambridge (or Oxford) had just won the boatrace.

Not exactly a slice of life. The initial error of the comic treatment of a tragic theme necessitates these alternating and unrelated patches of gloom and gaiety, enforcing also characterisation that is essentially unreal. This makes any criticism of the players nugatory or unfair. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL,



*Small Boy (on being told by cousin that she is engaged to be married). "OH! (long pause) AND WHAT DID YOUR HUSBAND SAY WHEN HE ENGAGED YOU?"*

the kindly Baronet; Miss EVA MOORE, the all but imbecile *Mary*; Miss DORIS LYTON, her sympathetic friend; Miss AURIOL LEE, the adventuress—these played with sufficient skill the cards dealt to them. The most interesting performance seemed to me to be that of Mr. FRANCIS LISTER as the young lover. His quiet method gave a sense of reserve strength and of an appreciation on his part that deep sorrow is neither noisy nor gesticulative. T.

#### Our Shameless Profiteers.

"Ladies' Artificial Silk Stockings. In Black, White, Nigger, Grey and Toney. Sold elsewhere 3/11. Our amazing price, 4/6." *Daily Paper.*

"FOR SALE.—Beautiful Green Parrot, wings tinged with red; first-rate talker, sings with piano out of the cage."—*Irish Paper.*

A piano inside the cage is always apt to cause congestion.

#### A CADDIE OF COMFORT.

SHE whispers when the ball is teed, "Slow back, Sir, noo, and mind yer heid; Just gie't a dunt and gar it speed;" Yet, though it flies into the rough, Declares I hit it right enough.

She says, when I have made a hash Of every stroke and merely gash Her native soil, "Hoots! dinna fash!" And when a two-foot putt goes skew, "Yon's what the best o' them will do."

Still, should I chance to keep the line And manage the long hole in nine, She tells me I am "daein' fine," And then assures me with a laugh, "Few will be givin' you a half!"

So at the many shots I've played Most vilely she has simply said, "Weel, Sir, no *every yin* is BRAID;" Adding that even such as he Have sometimes their bad days, like me.

Then, should I be, say, five holes down And sure to lose my good half-crown, She cries, "Gang on! ye'll win the roun'."

And, though defeated, she'll exclaim, "Ye've seldom played a better game."

And the next time I come to stay She'll grip me by the hand and say, "It's *far* too long ye've been away;" So once again the ball is teed, With "Slow back, noo, and mind yer heid."

"There is apparently very little fear on the part of the travelling public that their inconvenience will be seriously interfered with." *Birmingham Paper.*

None at all, we should have said.

"Regent's ark also has been closed so that it may be used as a food delivery centre." *Daily Paper.*

NOAH'S Ark was, of course, closed long ago.

## OUT!

"HULLO," I said, breezily paternal; "what's the matter with Peggy?"

My daughter, who has achieved seven years, was contorting her charming distinguished face (she is supposed to be the image of me, though of course my face is larger) into agonised grimaces, while she nursed one reddened cheek in her hand.

"The poor child's got toothache," explained my wife.

"Oo," corroborated Peggy, rocking herself expressively.

I came to a quick decision. I am rather noted for coming to quick decisions in other people's affairs: that is why I am avoided by weak procrastinating folk.

"She must have the tooth out," I said firmly, and added "at once" even more firmly. I am that sort of man.

"Oo," groaned Peggy.

My wife looked at me as a true wife should look; I mean, admiringly.

"You are right," she agreed. "Will you take Peggy to the dentist's after breakfast? I cannot bear to see the dear child suffer so."

"Oo," obligato'd Peggy.

"Certainly," I said in my super-man manner. "Be ready at ten, Peggy."

"Oo," hooted Peggy.

"Come, come," I exhorted her, "there is nothing to make such a fuss about. Nothing. The tooth will be out before you know anything about it. Remember you are your father's daughter."

"And your mother's," suggested my wife mildly.

"Oo," commented Peggy.

In my own inimitable way I kept the child entertained on our gruesome walk. Several people glanced at us sentimentally as we walked along hand in hand—the big strong man and the tiny winsome girl-child; we must have presented an attractive picture. Of course my object was to keep the mind of my little daughter distracted from the contemplation of the coming ordeal. For a visit to the dentist is a horrible, a ghastly, a damnable thing to dwell upon—for a child, of course. I'd sooner be flayed alive than sit in a dentist's chair—if I were a child.

"Good morning," said the dentist genially.

"Oh, good morning, as it were," I retorted somewhat nervously. "My little daughter—"

"Come in," said the dentist, smiling. "Oo," said Peggy.

In another moment we were in the torture-chamber. My hands were wet, my throat dry. The place struck me as being intolerably sinister. So did the dentist's smile; his teeth were so incredibly perfect.

"Now, dear," I whispered huskily to Peggy.

Instantly she forgot whose daughter she was. She shrank into a corner, screaming. In fact she behaved disgracefully. Finally she declared that

But the dentist said that she must on no account have any of her teeth out, and prophesied confidently that her pain would quickly vanish. And Peggy told him that, curiously enough, it had already vanished.

On our way back home Peggy and I laughed very heartily at the joke of my having had a tooth out instead of her. And then all at once her dear little face grew solemn.

"But you were brave, Daddy," she said.

"Ha, ha," I laughed as in deprecation of her praise. But I knew she was right.

\* \* \* \* \*

The door of my study was open; so was that of the sitting-room. It was the hour of Peggy's bedtime.

"But, Mums," said Peggy's clear young voice, "how did the dentist know that Daddy's tooth—?"

"Hush, darling. I'd prepared him. Daddies don't always know what's best for them."

"I see," said Peggy gravely. "And may I have the half-crown now?"

A brief silence while, I suppose, the blood-money passed. Then: "Of course, darling," urged my wife, "it's very wrong to deceive anyone, even Daddies, but—"

Here followed the age-old laughter of women.



A MEMORY OF HOLIDAY TIME.

"WHAT A LOVELY WARM AFTERNOON! THIS IS BETTER THAN SCHOOL, SON—  
HEY—WHAT?"

she wouldn't sit in that awful chair for anything. "Oooooo!"

"Peggy, I'm ashamed of you," I said. "Look; Daddy will sit in the chair. Watch Daddy. You'll see it doesn't hurt a teeny-weeny bit."

I winked at the dentist. The dentist winked at me. I sat in the chair, tossed back my head with a light laugh and opened my mouth. The next moment the fellow had squirted some cold stuff into my gum.

"Oo!" cried Peggy. But it was now an "Oo!" of interest rather than of alarm.

"Ah—ah—ah—ah—" I tried to explain. But the dentist stopped me.

"One moment," he said brusquely. And then my tooth was out—the tooth which had tormented me off and on for the last month, though I had kept my torture a profound secret. I staggered from the chair bewildered, affronted, but relieved.

"Now me," said Peggy eagerly.

But it was I who laughed next morning. I can't remember having had so good a night for ages.

## LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

## DANTE'S SEXCENTENARY.

THERE was a young lady named Mary  
Who read the *Commedia* in CARY;

But her skill was so scanty

She thought that Andante  
Was daughter to ALIGHIERI!

## THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The head of a prosperous *banca*  
In Italy sent CAPABLANCA

A wire of congrats,

But it fell rather flat

For the name was misspelt *Casabianca*.

## BRYAN ON THE BAHAMAS.

A Puritan statesman said "Jiminy!  
I don't like this island of Bimini."

When they questioned him why,

He replied, "It's not dry,

And it rhymes to Francesca da Rimini."



### THE CHALLENGE.

Combatant. "WOTCHER GOIN' ON TER ME FOR? I DIDN'T START IT. SHE THREW DAHN THE GIMLET."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MICHAEL MACDONAGH'S two handsome volumes on *The Pageant of Parliament* (FISHER UNWIN) appear at a fortunate moment, when, owing to various circumstances, there has been a revival of interest in an institution which there had been some disposition to regard as a back number. Thirty-five years' familiarity with its proceedings has bred in the author, not contempt, but an increasing admiration. It is, I hope, a good omen for the success of the new legislatures in Ireland that an Irishman should be able, out of full knowledge and with all sincerity, to say of the parent body that it is "as perfect an instrument of democratic government as can humanly be devised . . . fully capable of accomplishing whatever may be asked of it, in the changing thoughts of men." Here the long panorama of Parliamentary history is laid out before us with a wealth of colour and detail never surpassed in any similar work, and with a consistent accuracy not always maintained by previous chroniclers. Once indeed I caught the author tripping; but he may fairly plead that when he wrote that "a Speaker with spectacles would look incongruous in an assembly where the competition to catch his eye is so keen" he could not foresee that Mr. WHITLEY and his *pince-nez* would so quickly arrive to prove him wrong. But this is hardly a blemish on a thoroughly sound and highly entertaining book.

I should, I think, be unworthy of my noble calling if I let you suppose that the collection of short stories that "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" has put together under the

title of *Lady Bountiful* (CHRISTOPHERS) is wholly worthy of the best reputation of the distinguished author. They are of all types, ranging from lively to severe, and from severe (with a dull and sickening thud) to the worst type of machine-made article for the popular magazines. I fear that some of the tales in Part II. of this collection, as signed by a writer for whose talent I have so genuine an admiration, may have given my enthusiasm a chill of which I shall bear the scars for many a long day. Enough. Infinitely the best thing in the collection is the title piece, which is both happy and original; though I confess I should like a good opinion as to the legality of the method under which *Lady Corless* provided all her relations with affluence by the simple process of engaging a fresh lot of them every week as domestic staff at the Castle (where she, as cook, had married *Sir Tony*); sacking the former crowd, and enabling them to batten upon the unemployment pay provided by an imbecile Government. It sounds all right—but surely there must be a catch somewhere.

If I knew what is the Anglo-American equivalent of *entente cordiale* I should say that Miss BERTA RUCK had done some energetic work for it in *Sweet Stranger* (HODDER AND STOUTON). Nobody who has not quite forgotten what it was like to be young could help feeling some interest in the love affairs of the Vaughan twins, *Jim* and *Mouse*, if not because of the vivacious prettiness with which they are told, then in spite of it. Perhaps even the greatest of Miss Ruck's admirers will admit that it was a little extreme of *Jim* to dash off to America, dragging his sister with him, in pursuit of a girl to whom he had spoken once on the Tube. Surely, too, it was a trifle complaisant



of *Mouse* to obey at once the long-distance telephone call which summoned her to join her own particular "sweet stranger," then merely a steamboat acquaintance, in New York. But Miss Ruck casts such a glamour of youth and young love and high spirits over these incidents that I, for one, was scarcely aware of the enormity of the twins' behaviour until I arrived at the cold moments of reflection which lie between reading a book and writing a review of it. Americans certainly should have nothing but approval for *Sweet Stranger*. Miss Ruck has so many nice things to say of American girls and American summer camps and American hotels and even American bathrooms that, for the first time in my life, I feel a yearning to visit the United States. As, I believe, the native idiom would put it, Miss Ruck sets out to "crack up" everything American, and very charmingly she cracks it up too.

My chief cause of complaint against *The King of Lamrock* (ALLAN) was that I had supposed, from certain indications, that it was going to be one kind of story, and in fact it turned out to be entirely another. Take, for example, *Lamrock* itself. This, the author tells us, was an island apparently situate somewhere off the coast of Cornwall. He has a map of it for frontispiece, an engagingly playful map, studded with little self-conscious cottages, each supporting its decorative smoke-plume, and with the chief points of interest identified on archaic scrolls. Now it should, I contend, be an obligation upon authors not to draw an island in this way unless their intentions are definitely frolicsome. Yet to frolic about *Lamrock* proved to be the last thing in Mr. V. Y. HEWSON'S mind. *Rendel Trebetherick*, his hero, descendant of the old masters (or kings) of *Lamrock*, was a young man of almost portentous solemnity, a Socialist who unkindly snubbed the loyalty of his island subjects. The scheme of the tale is threefold; the hereditary hatred between *Trebetherick* fathers and heirs; the manner in which island nature defeated *Rendel's* ideals about the equality of man (a touch certainly of dry humour here), and the causes that constantly postponed his union with the lady whom, erroneously, he supposed himself to adore. The end, on a note of romantic comedy, is pleasant, but an unexpected lapse for a story till then sustained at a level rather conspicuously severe. A clever uneven tale, handicapped by a plot whose procrastination is occasionally the thief of interest.

Deep pitfalls lie in wait for the novelist bold enough to choose a boy for his hero, but Mr. A. S. NEILL has, in *Carrotty Broom* (JENKINS), succeeded in steering clear of most of them. *Peter Broom*, the son of a cattleman, and first, last and all the time a Scot, was twelve years old when we are introduced to him, and he was already a fully-developed egotist and also in his way an artist. Mr. NEILL does not spare *Peter*; indeed he insists frequently upon his faults; but nevertheless he has given us a boy who

is both lovable and amusing. *Peter* had only just arrived at the dignity of long breeks when the book closes, and he left me speculating considerably about his future. He might become anything, an actor-manager, a popular preacher, a sensational novelist, but no career out of the limelight could attract him for long. In his last chapter Mr. NEILL descends to something perilously near to sentimentality, and for my own part I wish he had spared us a scene which, while it added nothing to my knowledge of his hero, gave the only false note in a delightful study of boyhood.

*Richard Richard* (CONSTABLE) is not exactly a modern book. Mr. (if it be Mister, which I rather doubt) HUGHES MEARNS won't mind my saying that, because I mean to suggest that it is one of those romantic affairs with happy easily foreseen endings and of folk not so terribly lifelike that you need be bored with them. Also you can skip occasionally without fatal consequences, and can be simply entertained without taking it all too seriously; and obviously all that fulfils a felt want for many people. For chief ingredients we have a millionaire *incognito*, a fair



THE BUSY KNIGHT-ERRANT HAS FORTY WINKS.

outspoken maid, a tipsy but salvageable young brother—Americans these; then two very voluble Irish-Americans, a limerick-producing professor (his limericks are, however, tactfully suppressed), and a merry widow. The action begins in Naples, proceeds on board ship, and hurries to a predestined end on the heavily mortgaged but (as is obvious) immediately to be redeemed family property of the maid somewhere in New York State on the borders of a

very notable lake which I cannot find in the *Gazetteer*.

Of the cult of *Eurhythmics*, as everyone knows, The leading exponent's EMILE JAQUES-DALCROZE, And his volume, now published by CHATTO AND WINDUS, Brings Terpsichore down from the summit of Pindus To instruct our ingenuous youth in the duty Of living a life of true rhythmical beauty. To accomplish the aim, with quite average chicks, Is not a mere matter of dodges and tricks, But means a reform of all musical teaching On lines which DALCROZE for long years has been preaching,

With Rhythm as the basis, but duly designed To train simultaneously body, ear, mind. The lessons set forth in these luminous pages Are endorsed by our chief educational sages; But its paramount claim to a place on our shelves Resides in the pictures of limber young elves Cavorting and gambolling, leaping and skipping, With a gossamer grace that is utterly ripping.

"ARMY RACKETS.— had been decidedly uncertain, missing several sisters in the second game."—*Indian Paper*.

Some players never can do themselves justice without feminine encouragement.



## CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the new war in Upper Silesia, we understand it is to be a private affair.

"As Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Sir ROBERT HORNE in the House of Commons, "it is your money I want." Some of these new brooms sweep very dirty.

At the Convocation of Canterbury the Bishops passed a resolution of sympathy with the miners. It is believed that, but for the example in moderation set by the Railwaymen and Transport Workers, this advanced section of the Black-Coated Workers would have carried their support to the length of Direct Action.

The new Viceroy of Ireland has been sworn in. The swearing at, we presume, will come later on.

"Hawthorn," we read, "is blossoming in the country about a month before the average time." We fear it is too late to do anything about it.

Mushrooms too are reported to have appeared unusually early in some districts. It is hoped that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will see his way to discuss the situation with representatives of the ketchup industry.

"Honesty," says Dr. SIMONS, "is the best policy." All the same Germany seems to have been getting along pretty well so far.

Commenting on the surprising exclusion of many exhibitors of long standing from this year's Academy and on the fact that the walls show more red distemper than paintings, an evening paper quotes a distinguished Academician as saying, "Every dog has his day." But naturally the older ones thought themselves immune from this outbreak of distemper.

A contemporary states that KING TINO contemplates abdication again. It looks as if he might be doing it for the films.

In the course of a recent billiard match, according to a Press report, INMAN turned the tables on SMITH. Luckily SMITH was not injured, but INMAN must really learn to control himself.

A wren has built a nest in a cabbage at Lavington Park, says *The Weekly Dispatch*. We doubt, however, whether this attempt to divert public attention from the coal-strike will succeed.

The present position of things seems to be a strong case for the League of Nations prohibiting war on the ground that it eventually leads to peace.

"What is most sought for to-day among collectors?" asks a weekly paper. The answer is: The unemployment dole.



*Milkman.* "I SEE YOUR GUVNOR'S PHOTO IN THE PAPER THIS MORNING."

*Cook.* "WHY, WHAT'S 'E DONE?"

*Milkman.* "WELL, IT SEEMS 'E'S ONE OF THE 'ANGMEN AT THE ROY'L 'CADEMY."

A Belfast policeman has been bitten by a Sinn Feiner. There is some talk of the Muzzling Order being extended to Ireland.

In support of an application for the confirmation of the licence of a Soho restaurant it was urged at the London Sessions that the walls of the establishment were decorated with Impressionist, Cubist and Futurist art. It is felt that there are still people who cannot face this sort of thing on lemon-squash.

A Lille message states that a ten-year-old boy has shot his father with a revolver. His mother quite rightly boxed his ears.

We learn that cement-workers who have been on strike have now returned to work; and, saying they would not cement, cemented.

In a notice of Mr. MARK HAMBOURG'S final recital before his South African tour *The Times'* critic approves his "tremendous vitality and hard-hitting." We are glad to think that he is not likely to be subjected to barracking for over-cautious play.

Last week was NAPOLEON Week. It reached its climax with salvoes of artillery in Paris on Thursday; but Lord NORTHCLIFFE had already received the felicitations of his immediate entourage on the previous Sunday at a modest little luncheon at Olympia.

A man living in the heart of London has recently bought a cow, which he keeps in his back-yard. Thirty milkmen have already been noticed looking over the wall to see what a cow looks like.

"Mr. Cutting, the American tennis-player," we read, "has a remarkable 'railroad' service." Our own railroad service in turn has done some remarkable cutting.

Sir W. BEVERIDGE has uttered a warning that undermining threatens the British coal trade. We wish the same menace could be extended to the pits.

Since the statement of Mr. MOISEWITSCH that music is beneficial on health grounds there is said to be a movement on foot amongst South of England medical men to make the bagpipes a notifiable disease.

A New York stockbroker who had three wives living in his two-room flat has been arrested. Overcrowding must be put down, we suppose, even in America.

From a preliminary account of *The Daily Mail* banquet:—

"DECORATIONS.—1,800 red tulips are being used. Twenty-five florists will arrange them—a 12-hours' job."—*Daily Mail*.

One every ten minutes! Won't the bricklayers be jealous?

From an astrology column:—

"Many thanks for your kind wishes. The gentleman seems to do electrical engineering." *Lady's Paper*.

This must be the same gentleman who seemed to mend our bells last week.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S DEATHRIGHT.

[Lines written in envy of Mr. J. H. THOMAS, the affluent Strike Leader, who has gone on a long visit to the United States of America.]

I CROUCH beside a hearth forlorn  
With chattering teeth and purple nose,  
And ask myself why I was born  
To be the butt of tyrants' blows,  
When Britons (who conduct the waves)  
Were never, never meant for slaves.

They said I had a perfect right  
- (Unless I did some deed of crime)  
To walk about and see the light  
And breathe the air at any time;  
That's what they said; but now I know  
That as a fact it isn't so.

I wake at dawn; my lungs expand  
As people's do whose souls are free;  
Another day in this dear land  
Of settled law and liberty,  
The home, sweet home, of joyous labour,  
Where everybody loves his neighbour!

(For so, at waking out of dreams,  
Their haunting spell will linger on,  
Cheating us still with hazy gleams,  
Ghosts of the good days dead and gone,  
And we mislay a little while  
The truth about this hopeless isle.)

"I will arise and go," I say,  
"Forth to my toil, alert and fain,  
Since all are free to earn their pay,  
Whether by sweat of hand or brain;  
Ay, in our brotherhood of men  
The pick's no mightier than the pen."

And then I take my morning news  
And read, in awful language writ,  
Designed to shake me in my shoes,  
A Manifesto from the Pit,  
Denouncing Capital's vile dodges  
And saying I must starve (signed  
HODGKINS).

What have I done that I should die?  
Why should he want to freeze me dead?

I only asked for leave to try  
And earn a little coal and bread;  
Why must he treat me like a god  
Stamping on worms? It's very odd.

It's very inconvenient, too,  
Never to know who next will give  
Instructions to his Soviet crew  
Saying how long you have to live;  
All these death-warrants, when you  
read 'em,  
Tend to disturb your sense of freedom.

Ah, Land of Promise in the West  
(So like the Canaan Moses saw),  
Where each is equal to the best  
And Labour's not above the law!  
Sometimes I think, for change of air—  
If he would kindly pay my fare—  
Of joining THOMAS over there. O. S.

## FAIR WARNING.

IF you knew Mrs. Battley, our cook, as well as we know her, you would understand how utterly impossible it was to give her notice by word of mouth. Sibyl didn't even call me a coward when I refused the job. We agreed to write to Mrs. Battley about it.

I had better say at once why we wanted to part with this treasure, for a treasure she truly is. It was not because she ruled the household—the best cooks invariably do that—but because the new rent-raising stunt had come into force and we were obliged to choose between using a cheaper cook and sleeping under the stars.

In a rash moment I said I would write the letter. The first effort I produced was this:—

DEAR COOK,—We don't want to lose you, but—well, you can guess the rest.

Sibyl said it was too indefinite and wouldn't be considered legal notice, so I tried again with this result:—

To Mrs. Elizabeth Battley.

DEAR MADAM,—Whereas an agreement between James Arthur Wilshaw Journalist of The Limes Withersham of the one part and Elizabeth Battley Cook of the other part was entered into on the fifth day of November 1920 such agreement being terminable by one calendar month's notice given by either party to the other and whereas the provisions of The Rent Restrictions Act whereby the rent of the above said messuage The Limes is greatly increased as from the twenty-fifth day of March last past make the hereinbefore mentioned agreement impossible of continuance Now I the said James Arthur Wilshaw by virtue of the right of determination vested in each and either of the said parties hereby though most reluctantly give notice to you the said Elizabeth Battley of the determination of the said agreement at the expiration of one calendar month from the date hereof.

"Phew! There," I said, "is that legal enough for you?" Sibyl thought that Mrs. Battley wouldn't understand a word of it, and would probably have an apoplectic fit or hysterics over it, so I made a third essay, as thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—Spring is upon us with its note of joy; but, alas! with its note of sadness also. The provisions of The Rent Restrictions Act which, happily for you, pass you by, have laid such an additional burden upon me that a continuance of the relations between us, fast ripening into something more than the ordinary feelings of employer

for employée, and *vice versa*—relations which in fact might, and I feel sure would, with years have matured to close friendship—is rendered absolutely impossible.

Were we able to find a cheaper residence the blow might have been averted; but under the conditions existing in the brick and mortar market we must bow to fate.

Will you therefore please make it convenient to transfer your valuable services to some other employer from and after the Fifth of May next?

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES A. WILSHAW.

P.S.—What a lovely custard you gave us last night!

Sibyl's verdict was "Too flowery." Perhaps she was right; anyway I agreed to try just once more, with something short and to the point:—

DEAR MRS. BATTLEY,—Please accept this the only intimation that, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we must dispense with your services from and after May 5th next.

Yours in haste and in deep sorrow,

JAS. A. WILSHAW.

Sibyl said that, while she felt that no Literature Prize could be awarded this year, the last letter would have to do, and we discussed whether we would post it, or leave it about somewhere where Cook would be sure to find it. Just as we had settled on this latter course of delivering our fiat, there was a decisive knock on the door and Mrs. Battley entered.

"If you please, ma'am," she said rapidly, "I wishes to give a month's notice from to-day, as I'm thinking of getting married again."

The door had closed on Cook's retreating form before we had recovered our breaths.

"What a remarkable case," said Sibyl, toying with my latest wasted missive, "of two people thinking of the same thing at once!"

"It seems to me," I said, "that if Mrs. Battley of the one part is thinking of getting re-married, it doesn't much matter whether the party of the other part does any thinking at all."

"In Test Cricket this year, of course, the invidious line [drawn between amateurs and professionals] will be all the more marked. We shall see the Australians coming out with our amateurs—say, about fifteen men in all—and half-a-dozen players emerging from a gate far away as if nobody in particular wants them."—*Evening Paper*.

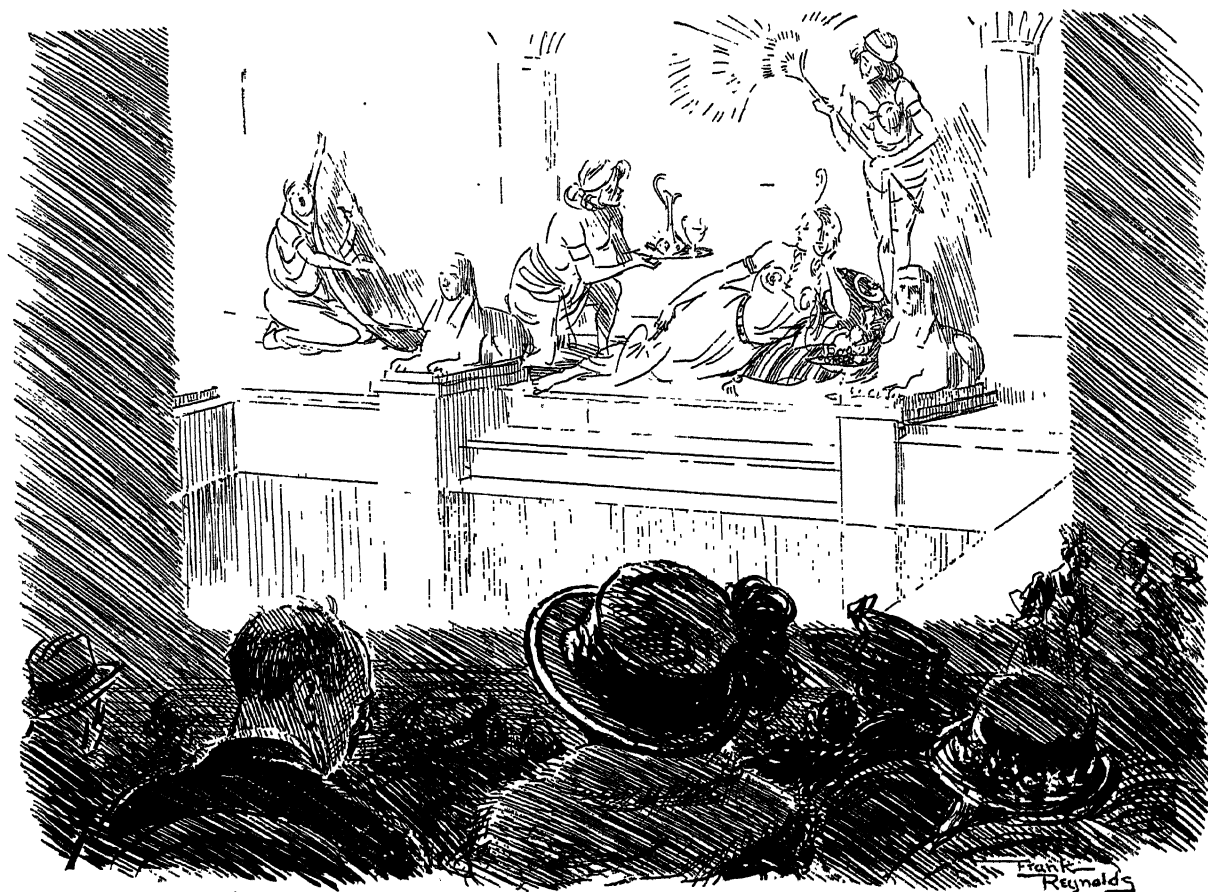
It's a shame. Why shouldn't they all run out together for a romp, making twenty-two in the field at once, instead of a beggarly twenty-one?



### “THE SOLIDARITY OF LABOUR.”

MINER (to factory hand). “WELL, MATE, WE’RE BOTH IN THE SAME FIX.”

FACTORY HAND. “HO—ARE WE? YOUR DOOR’S OPEN AND YOU’VE GOT THE KEY OF MINE.”



### THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Wife. "BY THE WAY, GEORGE, DO YOU THINK WE COULD HAVE THE BATH-ROOM RE-PAPERED THIS SPRING?"

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A DAILY contemporary has asked, "When were the good old days?" and has received many and varied replies. I had been greatly in doubt myself until a day or so ago.

I chanced to come across some old school-books of mine and fondly ran through their once familiar pages, recalling the circumstances of a smudge here, a finger-mark there, a passage marked "For prep. Sat. 15th—of all days," though why I cannot now say. And there was the little sketch in a margin at sight of which Smuggins minor let forth a giggle and the vials of the master's wrath upon my head.

Then I struck my Arithmetic and at once realised the answer to the question. "A woman buys 5 doz. eggs @ 3 for 2d." "A man has £1 and purchases 3lbs. of steak @ 10d. a lb., 56 bananas @ 14 for 1/-, 20 loaves at 3d. each. . . ." The days when I cursed these sums were the good old days.

And this raises the question, "What is to happen to our schools' arithmetic books?" The modern boy knows more of the outside world than we did, so

what is the use of giving him a sum like this: "A man pays £36 2s. 6d. a year in income-tax @ 10d. in the £, etc."? or, "A bricklayer lays 480 bricks a day. In how many days would 7 bricklayers erect 6 walls each containing 8,400 bricks"?

A modern sum should read something like this: "A miner works 3 hours daily and is paid £2 for 3 days' work. He commences on 1st January in a leap year and is called out after 33½ minutes. He resumes on 19th February and works till 21st February. He is on strike pay at £1 per week till 22nd April, and works 30 minutes a day at time and a-half till 30th June. How much has he drawn altogether?"

### THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Mr. Punch's personal association, through certain members of his staff, with the old Inns of Court Volunteers (founded as a Bodyguard for QUEEN ELIZABETH in 1584), from whom sprang the Inns of Court O.T.C., and whose splendid record in the Great War is known to all, must be his excuse for drawing attention, by request, to the

reconstitution of this famous Corps amongst the units of the Territorial Army. Members are recruited from the Four Inns of Court; the Faculty of Advocates, Scotland; the King's Inns, Dublin; the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the Public Schools, and from those considered by the O.C. as specially eligible. The establishment consists of one squadron of Cavalry and two companies of Infantry. The Corps has a Mess at No. 1, Paper Buildings, Temple, a Pavilion at Bisley for week-end and other Training Camps, and a School of Arms. The training, in addition to the usual parades and musketry exercises, includes regimental tours, an annual Camp, and Riding School instruction for the Cavalry. Application for membership should be made in person at the Headquarters of the Corps, 10, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

### Notice by a Gas company:—

"The gas supply will be cut off from 9 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., and from 11 p.m. to 9.30 a.m., starting from Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper.* For getting it both ways you can't beat a Gas company.

## THE SNAIL.

WHILE we are dealing with the rustic muse it will be as well perhaps to discuss the kind of poetry which depends on the exploitation of animal life. Some time ago I read a very fine poem by Mr. RALPH HODGSON, entitled *The Bull*, and ever since then I have been longing to write one myself on the same theme. Unfortunately I have no bulls, so I have had to content myself with a study of the only horned livestock on my premises, which are snails. A friend to whom I have shown the verses which follow tells me that my natural history is entirely wrong and that snails do not behave in the manner that I have described. I cannot help that. After all, I am trying to write poetry, not nature-faking.

Once more, then.

## THE SNAIL.

See the sick and wounded snail,  
Sick in mind and body both,  
Travelling through the undergrowth  
Of asparagus and kale,  
Exiled from the herd (or horde)  
Where he once was overlord.

See him as his eye-balls glaze;  
Nasty sorts of flies and things,  
Such as every poet brings  
Into poems nowadays,  
Buzz about the eyes and tail  
Of this old unhappy snail.

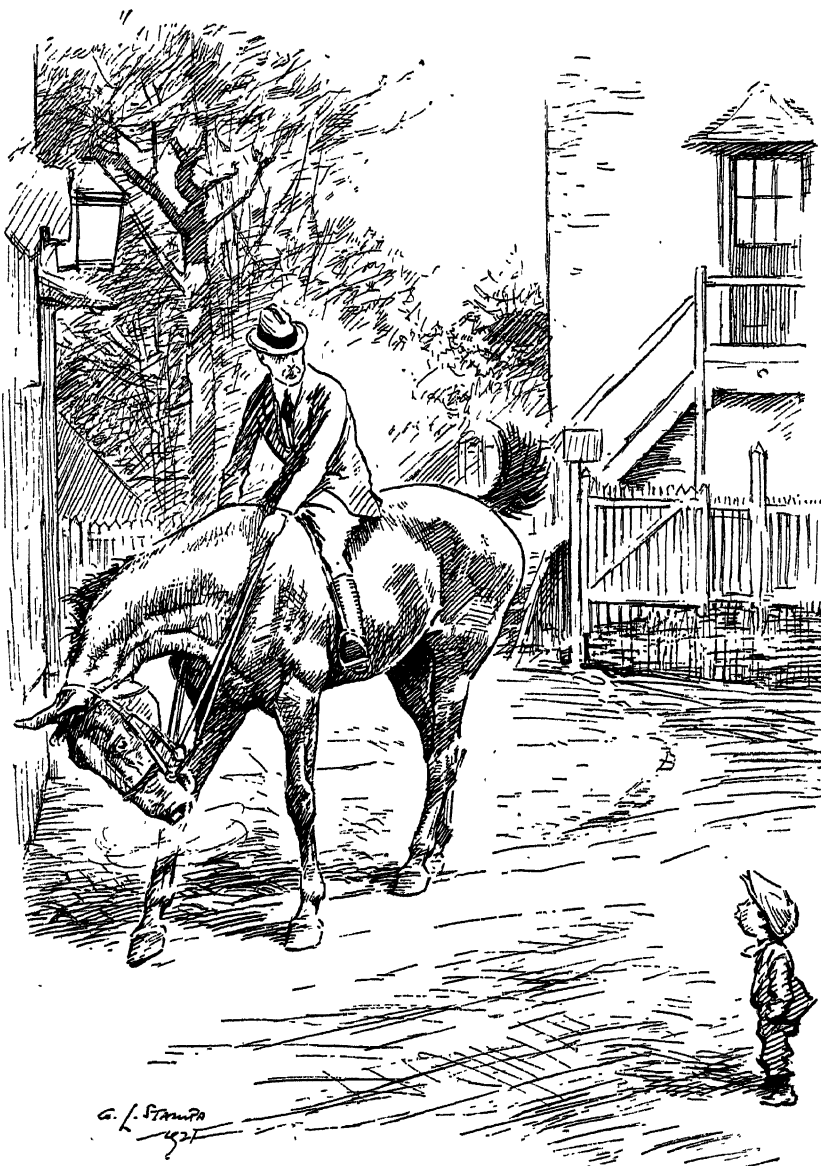
Ants arise to greet the dawn,  
Beetles burnish up their mail,  
But this old unhappy snail  
Creeps towards the croquet lawn,  
Where the loathly blackbird jumps  
Looking out for slithery lumps.

He recalls the moment when  
Long ago, a thing uncouth,  
He arrived without a tooth,  
Youngest of a batch of ten  
(Snails recall their infancy  
Far more brightly than do we);

How he gambolled round about,  
Always at his mother's side,  
Filled with lustihood and pride,  
Feeding upon Brussels-sprout,  
Turnip-tops and cauliflower  
(Pity him in his lone hour!).

Oft in those remembered morns  
With his tiny friends at play  
He would butt, and so would they,  
Making trial of his horns,  
Butt until he felt unwell,  
And retired into his shell.

Till at last his hour occurred;  
Fiercely then, and roaring loud,  
He attacked the leader proud,  
Chieftain of the horned herd,  
Whilst the lady-snails looked on,  
Smiling at their paragon.



"HERE, BOY! FIND SOMEONE TO HOLD THIS HORSE, WILL YOU?"  
"WHAT YER MEAN 'FIND'? I'M 'ERE, AIN'T I?"

Foaming at the lips with slime,  
Each the hated foe assails  
(Battles between rival snails  
Occupy no end of time);  
Butting hard but butting slow,  
These went on two weeks or so.

See him victor at the last;  
See the victim creep away,  
Tameless even in decay,  
From the treacherous herd outcast,  
Whilst the hero of our plot  
Stands the head-snail of the lot.

Stands resplendent in his pride  
Waving to and fro his horns;  
Not a beetle but he scorns,  
Not an earthworm far and wide  
But he tosses from his path,  
Bellowing in berserk wrath.

Now how altered! Now he's been  
Broken like the one before;  
All his face is smeared with gore;  
Showing undisguised chagrin  
He is crawling, as I said,  
Through the vegetable bed.

Soon to meet the blackbird grim  
Perching on the fateful tree,  
While the last snail (Number Three),  
Having now defeated him,  
Lords it, till in turn he fails  
And a fourth—

Oh!—these snails!  
EVEN.

## A Pillow of the Church.

"The Methodist Conference has confirmed the re-appointment of Mr. W. E. Sleep to the Home Mission Station of Nightcaps."  
New Zealand Paper.



## A DRAMA IN WAX.

THOSE who visit Madame TUSSAUD'S admirable institution in a spirit of sympathetic understanding can do more than merely look upon the features and figures of the various celebrities there; they may hear the most entrancing dialogue, for the waxworks are talking the whole time. They make almost pathetic efforts to keep *au courant* with the events of the outside world, though it is true that their main pre-occupation is the problem of their future. Comfortable and well cared for as they are, they have each a haunting fear that the position of the best of them is not secured for ever. Month by month there are mysterious disappearances; some old familiar figure passes suddenly from among them, and in his place there stands some upstart politician, some cricket professional, some vulgar pugilist, some purely accidental celebrity. The banished friend is never seen again; but they think of him kindly, huddled away in the lonely obscurity of the dismal mausoleum of superannuated waxworks, or, worse still—and of this loathsome suspicion they only speak in whispers—stripped of his uniform and boiled down again to become the raw material of the very latest murderer—Faugh!

When I last heard them talking they were concerned with this very theme, though they were struggling bravely to keep it out of their thoughts. The talk ran somewhat like this:—

*Lord Nelson (suddenly).* Who is FRANK HODGES?

*Martin Luther.* And who, pray, is EVAN WILLIAMS?

*Mr. A. J. Balfour.* I have never heard of either. But why do you ask?

*Lord Nelson.* Well, I understand they're both coming in here, and two of us will have to go.

*Pope Benedict XV.* I notice that LOUIS PAULHAN and that other flying gentleman have been removed already.

*Garibaldi.* Yes, but there's a board there to say it's only for a few days.

*Mr. Dan Leno.* Ah, yes, we all know that game, as the monkey said when the steam-roller—

*Mr. Asquith (from a dark corner in the next room).* I have no useful observation to offer except to say that I trust that either CARSON or MARCONI will be replaced. I could put up with CARSON alone or MARCONI alone, but to expect me to stand in this obscure alcove and listen to the two of them—

*Mr. Bottomley (shouting from the other end of the hall).* Why am I stuck here between the Abbé LISZT and PUSSY-FOOT JENKINSON? They're the ones that

have got to go. For the first time in my career I look ridiculous.

*Lady Astor.* I won't have PUSSYFOOT moved.

*Lord Northcliffe (confidently).* Well, it won't be me.

*Mr. Lloyd George.* Hallo, ALFRED—I didn't see you. Got over that beano at Olympia yet?

*Lord Northcliffe.* Good show, wasn't it? Did you read about the special prayer?

*Mr. Lloyd George.* Yes, I liked the passage which began, "Thou hast endured thy servant Alfred—"

*Lord Northcliffe.* "Endured," you fool.

*Mr. Lloyd George.* And finished up with the hope that you would go on "guiding aright the destinies of this great Empire." But why only the Empire?

*Mr. Balfour (waking up).* By the way, I don't see ALFRED THE GREAT.

*Lady Astor.* They've put him downstairs in the neatherd's cottage. It's a great shame.

*Mr. Bottomley (roaring).* Well, if I can't get rid of this PUSSYFOOT, I think CHRISTABEL PANKHURST ought to go. She's a back-number now. Or else some of these babies—they take up too much room.

*Lady Astor (bitterly).* Oh, yes, of course. The women and children first. What brutes men are!

*Henry VIII.* Talking of that, who is this woman with her back to me?

*Edward VI.* She is labelled "40—RICHARD III.," but she looks to me like CATHERINE PARR.

*Henry VIII.* I think she might go.

*Sir Thomas Lipton.* If there is going to be any rearranging I want to be near FRANCIS DRAKE. What have I in common with Dr. BARNARDO?

*Mr. George R. Sims (plaintively, from his little room).* I wish somebody would turn my manuscript round. I keep writing and writing, and all the time it's upside down. I say, TENNYSON.

*Lord Tennyson (from his little room next-door).* Yes, what is it?

*Mr. G. R. Sims.* Do you see this extraordinary collection of people they have put into the grotto on my left? Who is that fellow in white trousers? I thought this was going to be a literary corner.

*Lord Tennyson.* They tell me that is a man called HOBBS. So far as I know he has never written a line of poetry in his life.

*Mr. G. R. Sims.* The man CARPENTIER looks as if he could write a bit. But I must say they've treated us pretty shabbily here. There's only you and me and GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—nothing else but ex-Kaisers and cricketers. We ought to be with SHAKESPEARE.

*Lord Tennyson.* Don't suggest that. All the children take me for SHAKESPEARE as it is.

*George Washington.* What are you staring at, ALFRED?

*Lord Northcliffe (fretfully).* I'm trying to see into the Napoleon Room. I don't see why it should be eightpence extra to go in there.

*Lord Nelson.* Nor do I. I can just see him through the door. He has got salmon-pink stockings, like mine.

*Lord Northcliffe (anxious).* Do you notice any other resemblances?

*Lord Nelson.* Yes, his hair is rather like yours. So are his eyes.

*Lord Northcliffe.* What about the jaw?

*Lord Nelson.* Oh, yours is much the squarer—twice the size.

*Lord Northcliffe.* Good. Has he got a gilt chair with lions on the arms?

*Lord Nelson.* No, he's standing up the whole time.

*Pope Benedict XV.* I have a gilt chair with lions on the arms, your Lordship. You and I share that distinction together, I believe.

*Lord Northcliffe (gracious).* You are welcome.

*Sir Edward Carson.* Well, cut the cackle—who is it to be?

*Mr. Bottomley.* Rather than remain in the present company a moment longer, I am prepared to go myself. (Cries of "No!")

*M. Marconi.* You know what happens? (In a hoarse whisper—wireless) You'll be boiled down!

*Mr. Asquith.* Boiled down! I will never be a party to a system of dissolution so painful and opprobrious.

*Mr. Balfour.* If I am to be boiled down I am ready, but I decline to be boiled down into Mr. FRANK HODGES.

*Lady Astor (heroic).* The women of England shall never be boiled down.

*Mr. Arthur Henderson (getting hold of the new idea).* Labour will never consent to be boiled down.

*Lord Northcliffe (musing).* I don't see why it should be eightpence extra to go in there. Why not send NAPOLEON away?

*Mr. Bottomley.* Send PUSSYFOOT.

*Mr. George R. Sims.* Send HOBBS.

*Lord Tennyson.* Send SIMS. (Up-roar.)

*Mr. Lloyd George (soothingly).* Really, gentlemen, really. I propose that we appoint a small sub-committee to make a full inquiry into this matter. The names I suggest are Dr. SUN YAT SEN, CATHERINE OF ARAGON, EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE and my good friend, CHARLES PEACE. (Renewed uproar.)

\* \* \* \* \*

At this point I had to go. I often wonder what was decided. A. P. H.



## ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



177  
WHEN A STRIKE OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IS FOLLOWED BY A STRIKE IN THE CLOTHING INDUSTRIES. AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN AN OUTER SUBURB.



187  
FINAL OF THE MUSICAL CHAIRS CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON.



155  
The Chef (observing, across the room, an imitation of his pose). "PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU HAVE STOLEN MY RECIPE."



547  
AN ARTISTE OF THE HAUTE ÉCOLE.  
(The figure marked X is an interpolation.)



168  
Lord Pentland. "IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BEAU."



178  
"AFTER MANY YEARS."  
THE RECOVERED UMBRELLA.



488  
THE 'BAG, OR THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY.

## CHOOSING A DISEASE.

### A PATIENT'S EMBARRASSMENT.

I STOOD very expressively on the hearthrug of home, surrounded by a fire, several armchairs, Jennifer and a deep silence. I was expressing gloom. In the morning I had refused to see a doctor and, as Jennifer had not mentioned the subject since, I began to think that she had made a secret treaty with the undertaker.

Suddenly she looked up from her book. "I want to read this to you, Steve."

I clenched my teeth on my pipe and waited.

She continued pleasantly, "It's called 'Primitive Physic; or, An Easy and Natural Method of Curing most Diseases.'"

"There's nothing on earth the matter with me," I replied hastily, regretting past confidences; "I haven't even——"

"And," she interrupted, "it was written by JOHN WESLEY in 1785."

I was petrified. "But he——" I stammered.

"Yes, I know he was," she agreed placidly, "but he wrote this too, and he says that doctors are mostly frauds and people ought to cure themselves more than they do."

"Cure themselves?"

I faltered.

"And their families," she said briskly. "He

specially mentions families. Come on, let's see if we can find out what's the matter with you. WESLEY takes the diseases alphabetically, and he often gives alternative cures. He's put 'tried' after some of them, so perhaps it would be safer to choose one of those."

I swallowed hard. "Would it? I mean, does he mention the result?"

Jennifer, overlooking this practical consideration, began to read aloud: "'AGUE: (1) Go into a cold bath just before the Cold Fit. Nothing tends more to prolong Ague than indulging a lazy indolent Disposition. The Patient ought therefore between the Fits to take as much Exercise as he can bear. Or (2) Apply to the stomach a large Onion split. Or (3) Eat a small Lemon, Rind and all.' The first one seems to have been written for you."

"I am not in an ague, Jennifer," I remarked with dignity, "and if ever I am I shall—er—apply a large onion."

Jennifer returned to the book: "'ASTHMA: Live a Fortnight on boiled Carrots only. It seldom fails.'"

"I should, though," I shuddered, "before the fortnight was up. Pass on."

"'BALDNESS: To cure,'" she continued in a casual tone, "'Rub the part Morning and Evening with Onions until it is Red. And rub it afterwards with Honey.'"

I burst into tears. "I am NOT," I sobbed.

"It'll do for Baby," she proceeded, courteously ignoring my emotion.

"'BLEEDING AT THE NOSE: To cure. In a violent case go into a Pond or River. Tried.'"

"Baby can have that one too," I said, wiping my eyes.

"Have a Dropsy, darling," she suggested tenderly. "There are sixteen here, but I think this'll suit you best: 'A middle-aged Man in the West of England drank every Day five or six Quarts of Cyder, and without any other Medicine was totally cured in a few Weeks' time of a Dropsy long supposed to be incurable.'"

"The idea," I considered, "seems to me sound——"

She interrupted me with, "'EXTREME FAT——'" I stirred restlessly. "'Use a total Vegetable Diet. I know one who was entirely cured of this by living a Year thus. She——'"

"Oh, 'she,'" I murmured, relaxing.

"I was afraid——"

"'She breakfasted,'" Jennifer went

on reprovingly, "'and supped on Milk and Water (with Bread) and dined on Turnips, Carrots and other Roots, drinking Water.' Steve, I do hope we grow fat unanimously. It would be awful to chew roots alone."

"I wonder," I said pensively, "if the poor girl was ever able to dine again. Oh, tell me something cheerful."

"'THE HEARTBURNING,'" she continued quickly: "'Eat four or five Oysters. THE JAUNDICE: Take a small Pill of Castile Soap every Morning. FOR ONE SEEMINGLY KILLED WITH LIGHTNING: Blow strongly with a Bellows down his Throat."

LUNACY: Rub the head several times a Day with Vinegar.'"

"Let's try that with the domestic staff," I said hopefully. "It might do her good."

"Oh, Steve, listen," gasped Jennifer suddenly. "THE MEASLES: Immediately consult an Honest Physician.'"

"How conventional!" I said. "Is there no alternative?" I was a little shocked.

"None," she replied, searching the page. "But there is a cure for 'OLD AGE: Chew Cinnamon daily and swallow your spittle.'"

"In modern England," I said reprovingly, "we say, 'Please do not expectorate.'"

At this juncture Jennifer became ecstatic. "Oh, here," she cried, "is a lovely one. 'THE VERTIGO OR SWIMMING IN THE HEAD: In a May Morning,' she sang lyrically, "'about Sunrise, snuff up daily the Dew that is on



ANTI-SQUANDERMANIAC MAKES A STAND AGAINST THE INCREASED CHARGE FOR PARK CHAIRS.

"This," said Jennifer brightly, "may be useful—'A BURN OR SCALD: Immediately plunge the part into cold water. Keep it in an Hour if not well before. Perhaps Four or Five Hours. Tried.' 'A DEEP BURN OR SCALD: Apply Black Varnish with a Feather.'"

I smiled. "Our charming hostess, who had unfortunately scalded herself in the soup, wore a simple black varnish on her face and carried her right hand in a simple bowl of water."

Jennifer frowned. "COUGHS," she said, "are the next thing, and there are several kinds for you to choose from. 'CONVULSIVE COUGH: Eat preserved Walnuts. AN INVETERATE COUGH: Wash the Head in cold Water every Morning. A TICKLING COUGH: Keep a piece of Barley Sugar or Sugar Candy constantly in the Mouth.'"

"It's the 'Inveterate' one that spoils the set," I said thoughtfully. "Let's choose me a cough, Jennifer."



J.H. DOWD · 21

*Tenant of New House (anxious to live up to it). "I SHALL 'AVE TO GET SOME NEW UNDERCLOTHES. IN A 'OUSE LIKE THIS I MUST 'AVE SOMETHING NICE TO 'ANG ON THE LINE."*

Mallow Leaves.' That's mine, Steve. I'm going to have vertigo."

"We might keep it on the window-sill," I deliberated. "The mallow, I mean, till we have a marsh of our own. But you haven't given me anything, and the carver shouldn't help himself first. What am I to do all May?"

Jennifer came back to her responsibility and looked apologetic. "Darling, she said, "I've got to the end of the book. I'm so sorry. He just says: 'But in complicated Cases or where Life is in danger let everyone apply without delay to a Physician that fears God.'"

"On the whole," I said after deep thought, "I think I prefer to be a complicated case."

Jennifer laid the book away with a sigh of relief. "How very convenient," she said, smiling up at me. "I rang up Dr. Brown just now, and he promised to come as soon as possible."

There was something so disarming in her eyes that I hadn't the heart to inquire whether Dr. Brown was exactly the kind of man that Mr. WESLEY meant. Besides I really did feel ill.

### THE MINERS' "NATIONAL" ANTHEM.

WE will not bow our heads  
To economic laws;  
Up, comrades, from your beds  
To battle for the Cause!  
Though bitter be the fight,  
Splendid our goal and great;  
We claim the Miner's right  
To bleed the good old State.

#### Chorus.

Hurrah! Hooray!  
The good old State must pay.  
The consequence be blowed; we  
mean to have our way.  
The good old State,  
The good old State,  
The good old State must pay!

The Owners in despair  
Have seen their profits killed,  
And we must look elsewhere  
To get our purses filled.  
The mines can never pay  
To each of us his due;  
Then rally to the fray,  
The State must see us through.

Let tax be piled on tax  
And loan succeed to loan,  
The burden falls on backs  
Much broader than our own.  
The people of the land  
Of every class and age  
Shall give with either hand  
To pay the Miner's wage.

#### Chorus.

Hurrah! Hooray!  
The good old State must pay.  
The consequence be damned; we  
mean to have our way.  
The good old State,  
The good old State,  
The good old State must pay!

#### Our Cynical Advertisers.

From a theatrical announcement:—

"LAST 2 PERFORMANCES.

'Emphatically a thing to see, and to see more than once.'—*Daily* —."

"Some apple blossom is over. Potatoes are big plants; and the country is deep in greenery, so deep that the rookeries are almost concealed."—*Daily Paper*.

The rooks appear to be nesting unusually low down this year.



A. Wallis Mills.

Mistress. "NOW THEN, BINGS, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT YOUR WISHING TO LEAVE, EH?"

Butler. "IT'S 'IS LORDSHIP. BEGGING YOUR LADYSHIP'S PARDON, 'E SPOKE TO ME YESTERDAY ALMOST AS IF 'E WAS MASTER 'ERE."

### AN IDEAL UNDERGROUND.

SCENE.—A car on the Underground.—Not a seat is vacant. Lady enters with small child.

Gentleman (rising at once). Pray take my seat.

The Lady. Thank you. How very kind.

The Lady in the next seat. Do allow me to take your little boy on my lap.

The Lady. Thank you. [Allows it.]

Chorus of Ladies near by. What a charming child! Such lovely eyes; so intelligent.

[The child suddenly sneezes. Two gentlemen produce their handkerchiefs.]

First Gentleman. Allow me.

Second Gentleman. Allow me.

The Lady. Thank you. Thank you! [Takes, and retains, both handkerchiefs.]

The car is a little draughty.

First Gentleman. Let me close the window.

Second Gentleman. Do pray permit me.

[Both men dash at the nearest window.]

The Car Attendant. I shall be delighted to close the window for you, Madam.

The Lady. Thank you.

The Car Attendant. Not at all, Madam. Quite a pleasure.

[The train stops. The lady arises to alight.]

The Nearest Lady. Must you go?

The Two Gentlemen. I hope we may meet again.

The Lady (sweetly). I hope so too. [To the nearest lady, taking the child] Thank you. [To the gentlemen] Thank you. [To the car attendant] Thank you.

The Car Attendant. Would you mind hurrying, Madam? The train is anxious to start.

The Lady (hurrying). I am so sorry.

[She walks down the long car, pauses in the doorway and makes a very charming inclination to each of the gentlemen and to the lady who had held the child. During this action the train goes on.]

The Car Attendant. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more."

The Lady. What a pity! But it was my fault.

Nearest Gentleman (rising). Pray take my seat.

The Lady. Thank you.

[EDITOR. Thank you.]

### Ominous.

From a Government sale-list:—

"HELMETS. Crash, for Aviators."

"A distinctly democratic spirit seems to have entered the Royal Academy. There is a portrait of his Majesty the King, undraped, in an inconspicuous place."—Daily Paper.

A very proper concession to modesty.

### "MAIMED PIGEON'S CRAWL.

Tragedies which follow crack of the 'Sportsman's' Rifle."—Evening Paper.

Apart from the cruelty, pigeon shooting with a rifle seems to us too dangerous a form of sport to be encouraged.

From a report of the Budget speech:

"There were also domestic obligations, statutory and contractual."—Evening Paper. Our London statutory is certainly more of an obligation than an asset.

"A man who really likes a girl will spend a little money on her, even though it requires a li-v-JWxetaoin xzx fi fi flyi."—Irish Paper.

Erse for a "Fisher," we presume.

"Scotsman, married, desires change."

Weekly Paper.

We ought to warn him that the Divorce Court is very congested just now.



### A · ROUGH ISLAND WELCOME.

JOHN BULL (*to the CROWN PRINCE of Japan*). "IT MAY SHOCK YOU, SIR, BUT I PROPOSE TO SAY 'HOORAY'!" (*Says it.*)

[In Japan it is the custom to greet Royalty in silence.]





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, May 2nd.*—The Commons' Order-paper teemed with Questions relating to the critical topics of the hour—Germany, Ireland, Coal; but as the PRIME MINISTER was elsewhere dealing with the first of them not much information was elicited. Mr. SHORTT added a useful phrase to the official Dictionary of Evasions. Asked whether the delay in the production of the Key Industries Bill was due to certain communications that had passed between the Government and their supporters, he said that it was not, and added that the communications referred to were "possibly purely imaginary."

I forget how long it is since the Trade Agreement with Russia was signed, but the "bulging corn-bins" have not yet burst in our direction. Mr. BALDWIN knew of no commercial transactions that had been completed with that country, not even when an hon. Member jogged his memory with a story of three thousand barrels of pickled herrings sold by the Disposals Board to the Soviet Government.

Sir CHARLES YATE's bright idea that the railway companies should plant apple-trees along their lines met with no encouragement from Sir ARTHUR BOSCAWEN, who feared that the soil of railway embankments would not be suit-



THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR.

MASTER BOBBIE HORNE, AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF HE'D STARTED EARLIER.

able for pomiculture. What a pity! It would be so pleasant in the spring to journey through avenues of apple-blossom, and in the autumn to pluck the "rare and refreshing fruit" from one's carriage-window. But it is not to be, and Sir CHARLES will have to

travel through life like a character in the pantomime of my boyhood, "*King Pippin*, who lived most unappetely."

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY was quite unruffled by the Opposition's reminders that in his unofficial days he had opposed import duties. He observed



"THE WATCH-DOGS OF THE TREASURY."

(After LANDSEER.)

SIR ERIC GEDDES AND MR. A. NEAL.

that in these times it would be folly to abandon anything that brought in revenue; and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who had no past to explain away, since, as he said, he came into the House much later than any self-respecting Scotsman should, took the practical view that the more he got out of the consumers of luxuries the less he had to take out of the pockets of other people.

*Tuesday, May 3rd.*—Viscount CURZON's desire for public lawn-tennis courts in the Royal Parks met with no success. In vain he urged that the State need incur no expense, but might expect to make a (literally) net profit on the transaction. The Office of Works, through Sir J. GILMOUR, made the at present unanswerable objection that the proposal would mean the permanent exclusion of the general public from portions of the park. But wait till Labour takes to tennis.

On behalf of the Labour Party Mr. JACK JONES, purely on grounds of economy, moved a reduction in the pension of the late Speaker from four thousand to one thousand. Both he and Colonel WEDGWOOD, who seconded the motion, performed their ungracious task with as little offence as possible; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was perhaps a little heavy-handed with them. The amendment was lost by 248 to 31, and the original vote was carried unanimously.

The House then discussed the COLWYN Committee's Report on the Government's indebtedness to the railways. There was a good deal of divergence of view between those who, like Mr. GRAHAM, thought that the railways had done very well out of the State, and those who, like Major HILLS, considered that the companies were being shabbily rewarded for the services they had rendered during the War. Sir ERIC GEDDES came down heavily on the side of the taxpayer as against the shareholder. The COLWYN Committee had put the potential liability of the Government at one hundred and fifty-six millions; he had induced the railway companies to accept sixty millions, and of that nine millions would come back in the form of income-tax. He might well claim that the Ministry of Transport had acted as "the watch-dog of the Treasury."

*Wednesday, May 4th.*—The Lords dutifully expressed their thanks for the Royal Message informing them that a state of emergency exists. Some of them, I fancy, had already suspected it.

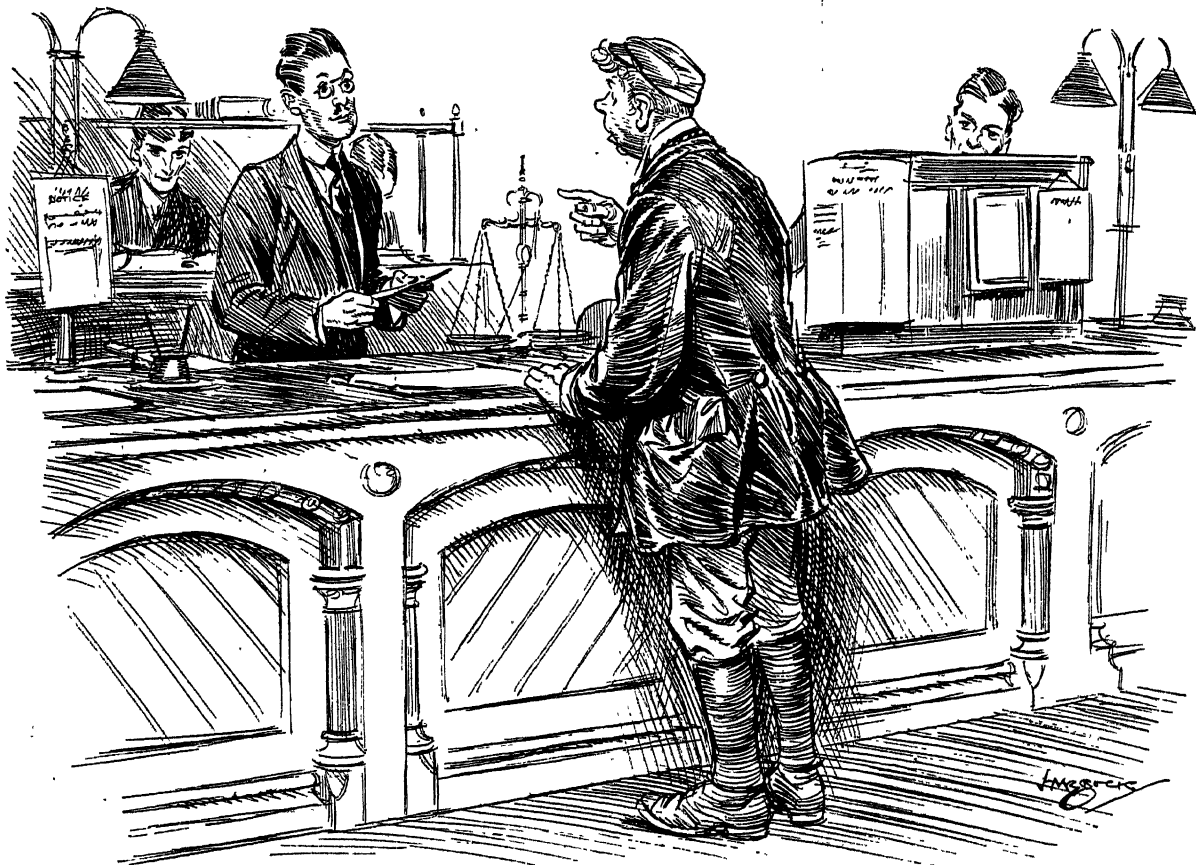
The only logical conclusion to be drawn from Lord HALDANE's long lecture on the deficiencies in our Naval organization is that our recent triumph at sea was a pure fluke. The training of our young officers is particularly bad. After a few years at Dartmouth "they



"WHEN LABOUR RULES."

MR. J. H. THOMAS.

go into ships and their education practically ceases." True, they imbibe the traditions of the sea as set forth in MARRYAT, for whom Lord HALDANE has a certain respect, since he discovered that his novels were included in the curriculum of the German Navy. But



Bank Clerk. "Do I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WISH TO WITHDRAW THE WHOLE AMOUNT?"

Customer. "No, IT AIN'T THAT. I JUST WANTED TO COUNT IT TO SEE AS HOW IT'S ALL RIGHT."

in their general education, according to the Cambridge dons whom he has consulted, "they show signs of not having been put through the mill." It seems hardly decent of these numskulls to have defeated the highly-trained exponents of *Kultur*.

Although Whitsuntide is still ahead of us the Massacre of the Innocents has already begun. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY announced, amid cheers, that the Revenue Bill is to be dropped for this Session. His grief was probably tempered by the thought that its postponement entails the survival of the three years' average into what promises to be a lean year for incomes.

The SPEAKER was not unfriendly to Commander BELLAIR's suggestion that Members' speeches should be timed by two recorders placed in a prominent position, but required further information. "O, the recorders! Let me see one," he replied—after *Hamlet*.

All the forces of the Opposition united to oppose the re-issue of the emergency regulations. Mr. HOGGE's chief objection seemed to be that a Welsh choir had been refused permission to give a concert in Trafalgar Square, while Mr. CLYNES was of opinion

that the emergency had passed. It is supposed that an abundant supply of latent heat makes him superior to the chills that affect ordinary Members.

*Thursday, May 5th.*—In both Houses statements were made in elucidation of the ultimatum handed to the German Ambassador this morning. As a German refusal of the terms imposed will involve the occupation of the Ruhr Valley, Lord CURZON need not have laid so much stress on the undesirability of that operation. That might have been left to Lord CREWE, who declared that it would be "an unmitigated misfortune for everyone," and to Lord PARMOOR, who beat his own record for *naïveté* by inquiring if the Government could guarantee that "the industrial life of Germany would not be interfered with."

The PRIME MINISTER's statement in the Commons seemed to me much more likely to induce the Germans to yield, and to convince the French that in urging moderation we were acting in their interests as much as our own. In the oft-quoted lines of DENHAM it was

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Lord ROBERT CECIL, Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. CLYNES hastened to endorse Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's claim that the scheme proposed was fair and workable; and the only note of dissent came from Mr. BORTOMLEY. But there are those who hold that blame from that quarter is praise indeed.

### THE BUST.

It was my destiny one day to be travelling between London Bridge and Sevenoaks in a compartment with two or three knowledgable strangers, and to overhear one of them tell his companions to buy all the Oklaponk Consolidateds they could lay their hands on, because they were going up like winking on the first of the next month.

Such pieces of information are not much in my line, but I passed the recommendation on to a City acquaintance and neighbour, with the result that a few weeks later there was deposited at my door a marble bust of CAVOUR by an Italian sculptor named CIPPI, accompanied by a note from my speculative friend saying that my financial tip had come off and that he hoped that I would accept the bust as some recognition of my kindness.

I could see exactly what had happened. He had been passing one of those improvised auction sales of sculpture in Cheapside and had suddenly remembered his obligation to me—with this dire sequel.

CAVOUR may have been a great statesman, but he was no beauty, nor am I in favour of dazzling white statuary in any form as an addition to the house. But the feeling behind the offering was sound, and gratitude is rare, and my friend was so certain to drop in to see in what position of honour the bust was placed, that I could not banish it to an attic. It was set up instead on a bracket in the hall, and every day I learned to hate it more and more. Works of art, even when they are beautiful, should not be acquired by gift. They satisfy their owner only when he buys them for himself.

For three years I felt it my duty to keep CAVOUR on view, such is the cowardly nature of me, and then my City friend fortunately left our neighbourhood, thus enabling me to hide it or give it away. I did both. I first bore it to the lumber-room, and then, on the occasion of my elderly Aunt Agatha's visit, I presented it to her with not a little emotion in memory of a long discussion which she had had at dinner with the Rector on the historical accuracy of MEREDITH'S *Vittoria*. She carried it off with her in transports of delight.

My own feelings were very different when, a year later, Aunt Agatha died suddenly and it was found that her sole bequest to her dear nephew was a marble bust of CAVOUR—"in the wish that it may return to its honoured home." The smallest sum would have been more welcome, and I felt that I knew precisely what the man felt who, when he asked for bread, was fobbed off with a stone. In my case the disappointment was far greater; for, instead of a rough stone without any shape, the stone that confronted me had been hewed into cheeks and whiskers by the adroit and confident chisel and mallet of Signor CIPPI.

Again—this time for fear of family criticism—the bust was restored to public gaze, and it there remained until a cousin of mine, who had been in business in Milan, announced his engagement to an Italian girl, and there could clearly be no infidelity to Aunt Agatha's memory in passing CIPPI's masterpiece on to him as a suitable wedding present, for he was akin to her too. In my letter of congratulation, which accompanied the bust, I said something about the *Bisorgimento* and the appropriate stimulus to be drawn from a representation of CAVOUR in his apartments.



Mistress. "HAS THE PIANO-TUNER ARRIVED?"

Maid. "YES, MUM."

Mistress. "THEN WHY ISN'T HE TUNING THE PIANO?"

Maid. "WELL, MUM, I JUST ASKED HIM 'IF HE'D FIRST STEP TO THE SERVANTS' SITTING-ROOM TO TUNE MY HARP.'"

My cousin, however, made the mistake of leaving Italy, where he was doing well, and settling in England, where things went badly with him, so badly that not long ago he had to sell out and return to Milan and live with his wife's relatives. Before he went he asked me to buy the CAVOUR, as he knew that I had a warm place in my heart for the illustrious liberator. I replied that I was very sorry for him and would gladly buy something else; I did not feel that I ought to deprive him of so Italian a possession.

To this he said nothing, but a month or so afterwards a mutual friend, after depicting my cousin's financial condition in the gloomiest hues, persuaded me to come to his assistance by taking

part in a raffle, the prizes in which were half-a-dozen works of art that he had accumulated and did not wish to take to Italy. The tickets, he said, were five pounds each, and it was hoped that a hundred would be sold. I bought two, feeling, after a life largely misspent in failing to win anything in sweepstakes or other forms of gamble, that I was secure from the embarrassment of success.

Need I go on? This morning arrived a note stating that I had won the tenth prize in the raffle and was therefore the lucky possessor of a very fine head of CAVOUR by the famous sculptor, CIPPI, and a few hours later a packing-case was delivered with the bust in it and thirty shillings carriage to pay. E. V. L.

# MAKING UP LEEWAY;

OR, THE PERSISTENT PLAYWRIGHT.

It is announced that by way of preparing himself for the task of writing his drama on General ROBERT LEE, the Confederate commander—the pendant to his *Abraham Lincoln*—Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER is visiting various members of the LEE family, though we believe he has been obliged to decline an invitation from those settled at Brandywine, as involving too abrupt a contrast with his own name. This, however, only represents a portion of the arduous spadework which the conscientious playwright is bound to undertake in order to invest his work with the aroma of actuality. The LEE family is large; it has branches on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is not expected that Mr. DRINKWATER will be able to settle down to the labours of composition until the close of the year.

Thus on his return to England he has arranged to pay a long visit to one of the most distinguished members of the clan; it is hardly necessary to add that we mean Sir SIDNEY LEE. The reasons for this preference are manifold and overwhelming, for, apart from family ties, Sir SIDNEY is not only the greatest English authority on the greatest of all dramatists; he is

also a monumental repository of all available information bearing on Stratford-on-Avon; and General ROBERT LEE was born at Stratford, Virginia. In order the more thoroughly to steep himself in the true atmosphere of the town after which the General's birth-place was named, Mr. DRINKWATER will spend his week-ends, in company with Sir SIDNEY LEE, at Stratford-on-Avon, for at least two months, passing the remainder of the week at Folkestone. The choice of this salubrious seaside resort is dictated by considerations which, in view of the great task which Mr. DRINKWATER has undertaken, are paramount and imperative. Folkestone has for generations been associated with the Lees. The most interesting and venerable traditions of the town are bound up with them, and Mr. DRINKWATER is assured in advance of a cordial welcome in their ancestral haunts.

After completing his investigations at Folkestone and Stratford-on-Avon

Mr. DRINKWATER will be the guest of Lord LEE of FAREHAM for several weeks, possibly months. Lord LEE's claim to this honour is beyond question. He was formerly Professor of Strategy and Military History at the R.M.C., Canada, and Military Attaché at Washington. He has travelled widely over the North-American continent and his topographical knowledge should be of great assistance to the dramatist. He is also, from the point of view of social status, the most exalted member of the clan.

By the late autumn Mr. DRINKWATER hopes to be able to devote himself to clearing up the mystery attaching to other illustrious members of the British branch of the LEE family. No light is shed, for example, in the *Dictionary of National Biography* on the career of the distinguished sailor whose adven-

And one is deaf and one cannot see,  
And they all are as cross as a gallows-tree,  
Those three old maids of Lee.

Now if any one chance—'tis a chance remote—

One single charm in those maids to note  
He need not a poet or handsome be,  
He need not sue on his bended knee,  
For they all are as willing as willing can be;  
He can take the one or the two or the three  
If he'll only take them away from Lee.

Even the name of the poet has escaped our memory, yet it is said that Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY has called his poem "the most perfect specimen of Victorian parlour pathos" with which he is acquainted. The difficulties which attend the solution of the problem are complicated by the fact that, as in the case of HOMER, several towns claim the honour of having given birth to these heroines—Lee (near London), Lee-on-Solent, Leigh (Essex), Leigh (Lancs) and Leigh (Staffs.) Also, as they died unmarried and left no descendants, no family records or documents are available to throw light on a tragedy which, as an illustration of the Nemesis which follows on overweening pride, cannot be paralleled outside the annals of "PELOPS' line." Indeed Mr. DRINKWATER is seriously considering whether, after completing his present work, he will not have to postpone the companion dramas on STONEWALL



THE WINDOW-SLASHING MANIA. THE SUSPECT.

tures are described in the famous ballad of THACKERAY. But Mr. DRINKWATER is not without hope that, with the assistance of Sir JULIAN CORBETT and Sir HENRY NEWBOLT, he will be able to obtain convincing proof that *Little Billee* was a certain Admiral WILLIAM LEE who flourished in the Tudor times, and was the ancestor of the beautiful *Annabel Lee* immortalised in EDGAR ALLAN POE's melodious elegy. Another and even more important question which the dramatist feels himself obliged to investigate with the utmost care is that of the identity, the pedigree and domicile of the three ladies whose tragic history is set forth in another piece of immortal verse, alas! almost forgotten by the present generation. We quote from memory:—

There were three young maids of Lee,  
They were fair as fair could be,  
And they had lovers three times three,  
Those three young maids of Lee.

There are three old maids of Lee,  
They are old as old can be,

JACKSON, GRANT, SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, in order to render poetic justice to the dolorous doom which befell these ill-starred spinsters.

## The Miracle at Olympia.

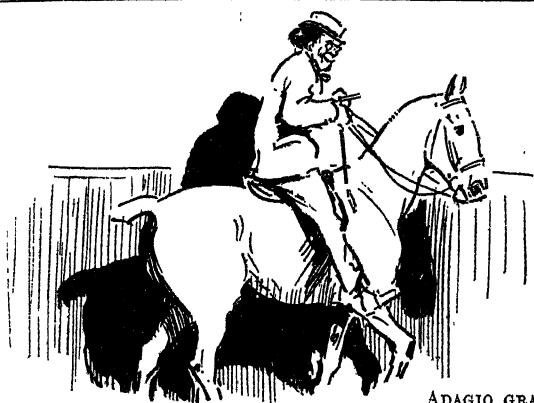
Nemo jam fieri miracula posse negabit,  
Qui nuper ludos vidit Olympiacos;  
Namque ibi turba ingens Aluredi nomen  
adorat  
Et vivum superis addere rite parat.

## A Change for the Wetter.

"Because 'Bowling Alley' sounds too much like a public-house, the Pewsey (Wilts) Guardians have decided to re-name the workhouse which was known by that name to Wet End House."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men, nor the roasting steak of Smithfield itself, would induce me to vote for the member for Finsbury."—*Daily Paper*.

We hope our contemporary does not mean to insinuate that Colonel ARCHER-SHEE, M.P., employed such gross methods of bribery to secure his election.



ADAGIO GRAZIOSO.



ACCELERANDO.



ALLEGRO AGITATO.



FORTISSIMO FURIOSO.



STACCATO ("DETACHED, LIGHT AND OF SHORT DURATION").



SIRETTA ("A FINAL PASSAGE TAKEN QUICKER THAN THE PRECEDING MOVEMENT").



FINALE CON VIOLENZA.

J. D. ARMOUR

'MOMENTS MUSICAUX': THE PROFESSOR IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "COUNT X."

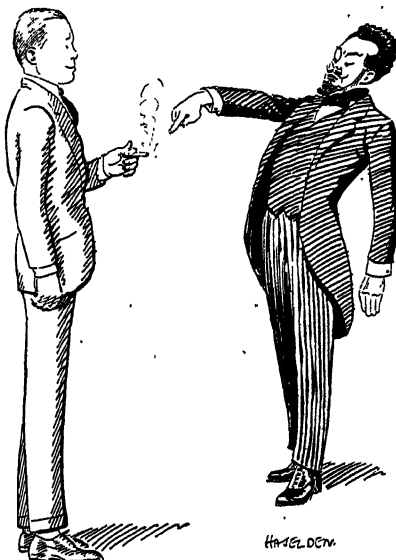
For two-thirds of the play we had to live on faith that something would be sure to happen before the end. Meanwhile there was no peace for our eyes even between the Acts. Not only did the permanent scene quiver with orange and other dazzling effects, but the centre of the drop-curtain seemed to represent a general eruption of the solar system. Here the actors had the advantage of us, for they were spared this second terror. But the interior alone was enough to petrify *Colin Rossiter*, when he returned after a long absence to find his flat a very inferno of blinding flame. At first he must have thought that it had something to do with the DANTE revival; but later he learned that the idea was to produce an atmosphere congenial to mental repose. Worse than that, he was to find that *Count X*, the notorious stranger who was responsible for this devastating scheme of decoration, had also plastered the receptive mind of his wife with theories of crimson vibrations and auras and things, and was practically in control of what she mistook for her personality.

Further, he soon had reason to suspect that *Count X* was not an ordinary impostor, living on the credulity of women; that he had, in fact, a sinister and felonious design. During his absence from his flat, *Rossiter* (briefly described in the programme as "an inventor") had been conducting scientific experiments in the blasting of hæmatite ores with a success that was calculated to cause a *bouleversement* in the iron trade. We gathered, but very vaguely, that *Count X* was in league with certain iron-masters to get possession of the papers in which these epoch-shaking discoveries of *Rossiter* were embodied.

Having found the clue to their hiding-place (the keyboard of a grand piano) through the culpable innocence of the wife, he gains entrance to it by the following means. Obtaining permission from *Rossiter* to perform a psychic operation on him for the purpose of calming his mind and inducing "drift," he borrows his keys in order to promote contact with his personality and takes a wax impression of the piano-key, though nobody—not even *Rossiter*, who detected the trick—could tell how he knew which was the right one. Subsequently, during a dark séance, in which the *Count* condescends to accept the assistance of Mr. NEVILL MASKELYNE, he abstracts what he imagines to be the papers.

But "the inventor" has a better trick than that. He proposes to take a leaf

out of the book of the *Count's* own jargon and demonstrate the "superiority of mind over matter." Reminding him that he ("the inventor") has been a bit of a toxicologist in his time, he informs the *Count* that the liqueur brandy which they have both just drunk contained a deadly poison due to operate in a few minutes unless dispersed by an antidote which he alone possesses. This antidote he administers to himself and the rest of the bottle gets spilt. The *Count*, exhibiting all the symptoms of virulent poison, is reduced to pulp by the palpitation of his heart, but recovers by what he takes to be a supreme exertion of will-power, only to learn that both poison



THE SELF-STARTING CIGARETTE.

*Colin Rossiter.* . . . Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL.  
*Count X* . . . . . Mr. LEON M. LION.

(*Magic by Mr. NEVILL MASKELYNE.*)

and antidote consisted of *aqua pura* ( $H_2O$ ).

This was a good episode, but we had had to wait a long time for it. Most of that time was spent in listening to the *Count's* psychic theories, with or without demonstration, and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. LEON LION that he got us through it with his plausible arts. Even so I doubt if he could have achieved this feat without the adventitious aid of a foreign accent and exotic gestures.

As for the rest of the company their business was to play into his hands. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL (as *Rossiter*) seemed at first a little bored with himself and recited his words rather perfunctorily in the manner of a chairman of a company-meeting when the balance-sheet is without features. Subsequently, as the plot developed, he took a livelier interest in the proceed-

ings. Miss MOYNA MACGILL played his futile wife with as much probability as the conditions allowed; but neither she nor Miss MARIE ILLINGTON (in a part that gave disappointingly small scope to her characteristic humour) looked quite like the sort of woman who would be imposed upon by a crimson vibrationist. Miss LAURA WALLIS MILLS was an attractive figure as *Rossiter's* sensible and loyal sister. I look forward to seeing her in some part that will offer larger opportunities.

I think Mr. VACHELL might have done better if he had confined himself to the ridicule and exposure of the modern psychist. Much fun—and he gave us very little—is still to be got out of that topic. But in what I hope was an honest desire to give us more for our money he attached a nefarious purpose to the *Count's* imposture, thus importing into his argument an arbitrary element of prejudice which proved nothing, and reducing his "comedy" in the end to plain melodrama. I gathered too from the conclusion, where *Rossiter* seemed pleased with the idea of having retrieved his wife's heart, that the author imagined that he had represented the *Count* as having temporarily usurped the seat of her affections. But Mr. VACHELL had really given us very little indication that his psychist had any serious use for the lady except as a factor in his main scheme, of which the document, and not her rather silly heart, was the real objective.

To be frank, it is not a very good play, and if it is to succeed it will be mainly Mr. LEON LION's fault, as in the case of *The Chinese Puzzle*, another work of no great intrinsic merit. O. S.

## "PRESSURE AT G.P.O."

Several of the highest officials slept in the office.—*Evening Paper.*

This, of course, is absolutely unprecedented.

"—s will supply a handsome and well-appointed Private Car to seat five, with private-livered chauffeur."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We are all against public livers.

"Our umbrella experts reached their 'high water' mark in 1913, having since shrunk to one-sixth of the 293,182 dozen sent out in that year."—*Evening Paper.*

Ah! It was just before the War, we remember, that one of them took ours at the club.

"Mr. — and his brother welcomed their guests in well-chosen and witty phrases, the senior partner saying that the combination employed nearly 5,000 people, with a pay-roll of £21,000 a week."—*Sunday Paper.*

It doesn't sound excruciatingly funny, but we suppose it was the way he said it.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ACCORDING to *Wisden*, GEORGE ROBERT CANNING, LORD HARRIS, was born on February 3rd, 1851, and I will venture the statement that no other cricketer of that vintage year was playing in a first-class match in 1918. Lord HARRIS, however, had kept himself fit enough to do this—the match was at Lord's, just half-a-century after his first appearance there—and the record of a career that covers so long an active period cannot but be valuable and entertaining. Under the modest title, *A Few Short Runs* (MURRAY), the great Kent captain and M.C.C. pundit gives us his cricketing autobiography, through which, like the *motif* of a symphony, runs PROWSE's warm-hearted poem on an earlier Kentish hero, ALFRED MYNN. The hop county, however, is not unduly prominent, for the author has played all over the world, and what he says of his Australian experience is of peculiar interest to-day, when "ashes" are almost as much in the public mind as coal. He has some strong critical remarks on the modern "two-eyed stance" which "RANJI" brought into the game, and he stoutly affirms that the greatest players of the past, could they be seen on modern pitches, would be also the greatest players of the present. There is an admirable chapter on "W. G.," full of personal touches; and there are many stories. Among them is one of JUPP, the Surrey stonewaller, who in a local match, after being bowled first ball, calmly replaced the bails. "Ain't you going out, Juppy?" the other captain asked. "No," said JUPP; "not at Dorking." Lord HARRIS has a number of "Don'ts" for young cricketers, of which this is not the least timely: "Don't think one hand is enough to field with. You have been given two; use them." *A propos* of the title of Lord HARRIS's book, I should like to ask him, as a leading cricket authority, a question: When an umpire calls a short run ought not the batsmen to change ends? The laws make no provision for any such readjustment; but I can conceive of a situation where a deliberate short third run might have strategical advantages.

MISS RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA deserves, I think, warm congratulations upon her novel, *Jealous Gods* (HURST AND BLACKETT). Not perhaps least for having furnished it with a substantial and understandable plot. Plots that the plain man can grasp seem rapidly disappearing from our fiction. When the still young and lovely *Olivia Quayle* found herself widowed mistress of Quarrenden and mother of a growing-up son and daughter she did the obviously right thing in advertising for an agent for herself and a governess for her daughter. One of the moments in which you feel that the tale is due to palpitate is when the chosen applicants for these jobs (who have arrived



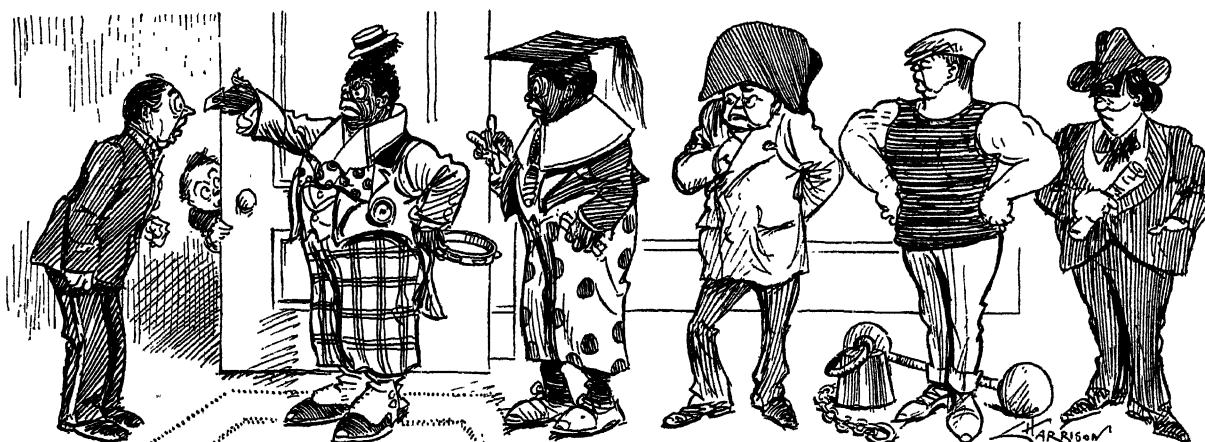
M. le Comte (to consolable Widow). "I KNEW YOUR LATE LAMENTABLE HUSBAND VERY WELL."

together) are rolling up to the front door of Quarrenden in the station-car. Of course the great problem is how the inevitable love affairs of these four persons—for presently daughter *Noeline* has become grown-up enough to take a hand—will adjust themselves. I will not give you any indication of what happens, but be content to say that Miss MACNAMARA has written a very thoughtful and well-contrasted study of two women—her for whom the world is well lost in a cottage, and her for whom the Treasury Note remains all. An interesting, original and occasionally charming story.

By a curious coincidence, on the same afternoon on which I settled down to the enjoyable perusal of Professor CONWAY's *New Studies of a Great Inheritance* (MURRAY), my eye had been caught by a headline in an evening paper, "Save the Classics. Their supreme value to Horse-racing." Professor CONWAY, it is true, makes no mention of Epsom, or Newmarket or Doncaster, but the aim of his book is correctly described in the sub-title: "Lectures on the

modern Worth of some ancient Writers." Not worth, mind you, that can be estimated by the enhanced earning power of the student. The real defence and justification of classical studies, as the late HENRY BUTCHER said, "is not that they provide a gentlemanly training for the sons of the professional and leisured classes, but that they contain a great part of the stored beauty and wisdom of human thought, to be admitted to which is a privilege which ought to be open to every student from every class of society." On these lines, to which some of the greatest men of science have cordially subscribed, Professor CONWAY has given us a most suggestive and fruitful work, linking up ancient Greece and ancient Rome with the civilisation of to-day, whether the theme be letters or finance, patriotism or the tender passion. *Punch*, who for four-score years has endeavoured to hold the balance fairly between the claims of science and the classics, welcomes this reasoned defence of ancient letters. It is far more moderate than the collected testimonies of representative scholars, men of science, bankers, engineers and commercial magnates contained in the Report of the Princeton Conference of 1917

The hero of *Woman Triumphant* (CONSTABLE), by V. BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, translated by HAYWARD KENISTON into perfectly good American (occasionally just like this, "My! but you are beautiful!" "Shucks! die! why should she die?"), is one *Renovales*, a blacksmith's son who becomes a great painter and has a passionate desire to emulate Goya in his *La Maja Desnuda* mood. His wife however, who is of a shabby-grandee family and very narrow and acquisitive, is bitterly jealous of his models, behaves in perfectly intolerable manner and drives the poor fellow to fashionable portrait-painting as both safer and more lucrative. The honest puzzled soul finds that whereas compliance does not disarm his wife's hostility—she hates not merely his actual work but his suppressed ambitions—even his personal fidelity is called in doubt. She falls sick, is more and more difficult. He drifts into an unworthy intrigue with a flippant aristocrat, tires of it and, his neglected wife dying, at length becomes possessed by a morbid passion to make reparation, to discover some model who shall recall the memory of her beauty and enable him to paint as he has dreamed. But he is a broken man, and he is left with all



DELEGATES FROM THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF STREET ENTERTAINERS ARRIVE AT THE L.C.C. OFFICES TO PROTEST AGAINST THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF THEATRE AND MUSIC-HALL QUEUES.

and published under the title of *The Value of the Classics*. For the moral of that remarkable volume was: if you want to get on in the world learn Latin, and if you want to get on quickly learn Greek.

I cannot but feel that the publishers of *The Rough Crossing* (BLACKWELL) are ill-advised in calling attention to it as "A Girl's Loom of Youth." Because, with all respect to what is almost a classic, the effect of such a comparison would undoubtedly be to encourage an expectation of "more educational revelations," etc.; whereas, in fact, Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON's heroine manages her passage through the dangerous shallows of life at a variety of schools without coming by any notable harm, certainly without anything that would excuse the pea-green countenance depicted on the wrapper. *Elizabeth* seems to have been a very normal and well-observed young girl; it is probably a true characteristic that the influence of "certain famous schools" upon her was almost negligible. As a study, wholly unmorbid, of the post-war schoolgirl (there is one excellent and joyous chapter in which *Elizabeth* and her friends attempt to evolve the ultra-modern flapper with some lack of material) this modest story certainly achieves its purpose, though in spite of its pleasant Oxford background it will hardly set the Cherwell on fire.

his dreams turned to ashes and with the memory of his wife's love as the only abiding worthy thing—a matter which I do not profess to understand. This is the meaning of the title, which would have been more suitable, it seems to me, if only the woman had done something worthy of her sterile triumph.

Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE's purpose in *The Iron Bell* (O'CONNOR) must presumably have been to show that some people have no chance whatever in this world, and I can vouch that he has fulfilled it. *Elizabeth Pratt*, when we first meet her, is "in the scullery cleaning her father's boots;" when we part from her, after a strenuous fight against every kind of misfortune, she is entering the workhouse. She was indeed one of the unfortunates, and, although she put up a noble fight, I am not going to pretend that such a tale of misery can be recommended without reserve. The times are out of joint for a story like this; but those of us who are familiar with Mr. LAWRENCE's work do not require to be told that his work is admirable in style and construction. I wondered if a girl whose hands must have been badly coarsened by domestic drudgery could be as clever with her needle as *Elizabeth* was, but apart from this detail I followed her fortunes without a doubt as to their genuineness.

## CHARIVARIA.

"ONE result of the coal strike," says *The Daily Express*, "will be a shortage of beer." We have thought all along that the miners' strike would sooner or later lead to something serious.

With all this peace going on it is hardly a matter of surprise that the Poles should be trying to revive the piping times of war.

Mr. LOUIS BRENNAN hopes soon to invent a satisfactory "artificial horizon." We understand that Thanet has decided to get measured for a pair at once.

"I should not choose a naturally contented temperament as my first request from a fairy godmother," writes Dean INGE. We had half suspected this.

"I like to attend public dinners," said the same hierarch, speaking in London, "because they cheer me up." So long as they don't make him too frisky it should be all right.

"People are never so miserable as they suppose themselves to be" is another *bon mot* of the GLOOMY DEAN. This, of course, is no fault of his.

"The woman pipe-smoker is on the way," a contemporary tells us. It doesn't say where to, but we think it must be to Epsom Downs in a caravan.

ALBERT KORFANTY, we are told, is Poland's D'ANNUNZIO. We knew Poland was in trouble, but we didn't realise it was quite so bad as that.

"Men come and go," says Sir ARTHUR YAPP. We fancy there are many plumbers who will dispute this both ways.

SARAVANAMUTTU, now at Cambridge, says a contemporary, will make a great name as a cricketer. As far as names are concerned he seems to be doing pretty well already.

There has been no election at Penrith, the EX-SPEAKER's seat, for twenty-six years. We have often wondered what they do up there to pass away the time.

The pearl necklace stolen from a Paris jeweller's the other week is said

to be worth seven thousand pounds. We wouldn't mind betting that's why the thief took it.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England has resolved to admit women to be elders. Even behind their backs it sounds unchivalrous.

"Several years ago," says Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON in an evening paper, "Earl Curzon suggested that I should write to the papers." We have felt for some

is by the fireside in the cosy library, where man and wife talk over common interests and joys in common." No doubt, but we have been asked to economise in coal.

According to *The Evening News* Panama hats are being brought out again and cleaned. As this emanates from Carmelite House we take it as semi-official that really dressy men have tired of the "Sandringham."

The sub-committee appointed by the Standing Committee on Trusts has found that the Cut Nails Association is a ring which keeps up prices. We thought better of our manicurist.

Seeds of Savoy cabbage, a gardening note tells us, may still be sown. It is a week or two, however, since we heard our own gardener crying, "*Avanti, Savovia!*" as he rushed to work.

It appears that since the announcement of attractive insurances by London morning papers several suspicious-looking pedestrians have been seen loitering near the manslaughter ends of motor-cars.

According to a New York paper four men in Newton, Kansas, had their arms broken in trying to crank a motor-car. It is thought that the car must have been bitten by an Army mule.

A man in Switzerland has created a record by marrying the same wife three times within five years. And neither of them acts for the Pictures. What a waste!

It is pleasant in these days to find a five-guinea suit marked down from thirteen to twelve guineas.

"*The Daily Mail* forms part of the curriculum at the village school at Drayton, Berkshire." It must be the prettiest thing in the world to hear the little voices lisping their LOVAT FRASER lesson.

"GIBRALTAR, Sunday. At a bull fight in La Linea this afternoon a Briton from Gibraltar, under the *nom de guerre* of 'Don Carlos el Irlandese' (Charlie the Irishman) killed two bulls."

*Continental Daily Mail.* Well, now he will just have to turn to and make some more.



Miner. "YOU'RE LOOKING A BIT PALE, MATE."  
Sweep. "YUS; AND I DON'T STAND MUCH CHANCE O' GETTIN' MY COLOUR BACK WHILE YOU'RE LOAFIN' ABOUT."

time that LORD CURZON has had something on his mind.

A school for hotel-waiters has been started in the West-End. It is said to be a delightful sight to see them doing the "Clutching-Hand" exercise.

A cricket expert declares that the Australians look as if they could play with an umbrella. We hope it won't come to that.

"To-day people want to find happiness where it is not," says Father BERNARD VAUGHAN. "It is not on the golf-links nor on the tennis-ground, though both places have their use. It

### OUR CHARTERED LIBERTINES.

[The salary of Members of Parliament has been increased to an equivalent of £570 odd by exemption from Income Tax. They have also been granted free railway passes for use when travelling to or from their homes and constituencies, a special effort being made to get these passes ready for Whitsuntide when, in view of the coal crisis, the general public was urged not to use the trains. Members have still to pay their omnibus fares.]

LET others note with great chagrin  
One law to suit the idle fat,  
And one for labourers, poor and lean—  
Myself I don't complain of that;  
I bear my lot with smiling face,  
A working man of so-called letters  
Who hopes he knows his proper place  
And how to bow before his betters.

I never held with those who found  
The ways of Justice too obscure  
When Members touched four-hundred  
pound  
For taking on a sinecure;  
Nor did I lately share their rage  
Who cried that Heaven, and only  
Heaven, knew  
Why such a crowd should have its wage  
Exempted by the Inland Revenue.

I also took the larger view  
Of him from whom these bounties  
flow,  
Who made 'em retrospective to  
The first of April (*ultimo*);  
Though just a passing doubt arose  
Whether he had for once abated  
His sense of fitness when he chose  
A day to All Fools dedicated.

Then, as regards their railway fare,  
I felt they ought to travel free,  
Nor breathe the stuffy third-rate air  
Imbued by common men like me;  
And, when in trains we might not ride,  
Was glad they got, with their free  
passes  
(Available for Whitsuntide),  
The bulge upon the lower classes.

Oddly enough, when in a bus  
They do not draw their rightful perks;  
They have to pay to mix with us  
Who go about our daily works;  
And, even when they lack a seat  
And the rude proletariat barges  
Against their sacred ribs or feet,  
They get no discount off the charges.

And yet this vehicle has its use,  
Permitting Members to recall  
That, though their charter runs so  
loose,  
They be but mortals after all;  
For here—since no free pass can save  
The Great from life's impartial  
sequel—  
They get a foretaste of the grave,  
Where (as in busses) all are equal.

O. S.

### THE OPENING CHORUS.

I TRIED to look unconcerned—*insouciant*, as all the best feuilleton-writers say—as I let myself into the flat on my return from the day's labours; but I am a child in these matters, with absolutely no control over my organs of expression.

"You seem remarkably well pleased with yourself to-night," said Suzanne. "Have you been celebrating anything on your way home?"

"No, but I'm going to," I replied, throwing off the ineffectual mask. "Things are booming."

"You don't mean to say you've been listening to any more Stock Exchange tips," exclaimed my wife. "You ought to know by now that the only tips you get come from people who want to unload. Look at those Grand Hope Deferreds you swamped your Aunt Josephine's legacy in."

"This is no Stock Exchange ramp," I declared. "It's work. You remember that chap Murray Mendelson I got an introduction to last year, who so nearly liked my comic opera? Well, I ran across him at lunch to-day—in fact he came and sat at my table—and, after I'd re-introduced myself to him, he said he was producing a revue shortly and was in need of some lyrics, and—and I'm going to do them for him. Isn't it great?"

"Who paid for the lunch?" asked Suzanne, who is unfamiliar with the way in which really big business-men do their business.

"Oh, well, as a matter of fact I did," I replied; "but don't let that warp your judgment of Mendelson. He did offer to pay the bill, only——"

"Only you managed to get your money out first. However, if it's really genuine I suppose you won't be much out of pocket. You've an hour before dinner, so you'd better start writing the lyrics at once."

"I'm afraid that's not possible till I get the music," I said. "You see, the composer's already done his job and I have to fit my lyrics to his tunes, which Mendelson's sending along. So get into your *robe-de-joie*, lady mine, and we'll usher in the venture with a dinner and a dance."

"Yes, we'll usher in the venture with a dinner and a dance," echoed Suzanne, as she tripped in the manner of a dutiful chorus. "You're getting into the swing of the thing already."

The promised music did not arrive for some days and I spent the interval saturating myself with the lyric spirit by a diligent perusal of the dozen or so poets of a recent revue. At meal-times Suzanne and I acquired the habit of

versifying our conversation; as who should say:—

"Listen while a prayer I utter;  
Will you kindly pass the butter?"

Or:—

"I feared that I could eat no more, but, having that alarm allayed,  
I'll trouble you, my precious love, to heave along the marmalade."

At last the postman delivered a brown-paper parcel containing the score which I was to make vocal. Unfortunately I cannot read a note of music and still more unfortunately Suzanne and I, on our marriage, were unconventional enough to set up a flat without a piano. So I purchased a mouth-organ and begged my wife, who had an expensive course of music-lessons in her youth, to play the tunes over to me on that instrument. Suzanne replied with unwifely firmness that she wasn't going to ruin the fit of her mouth for all the revues in the world. In the end therefore I was compelled to hire a piano, which we were only able to accommodate by sending the sideboard and a couple of what-nots into cold-storage at the local depository.

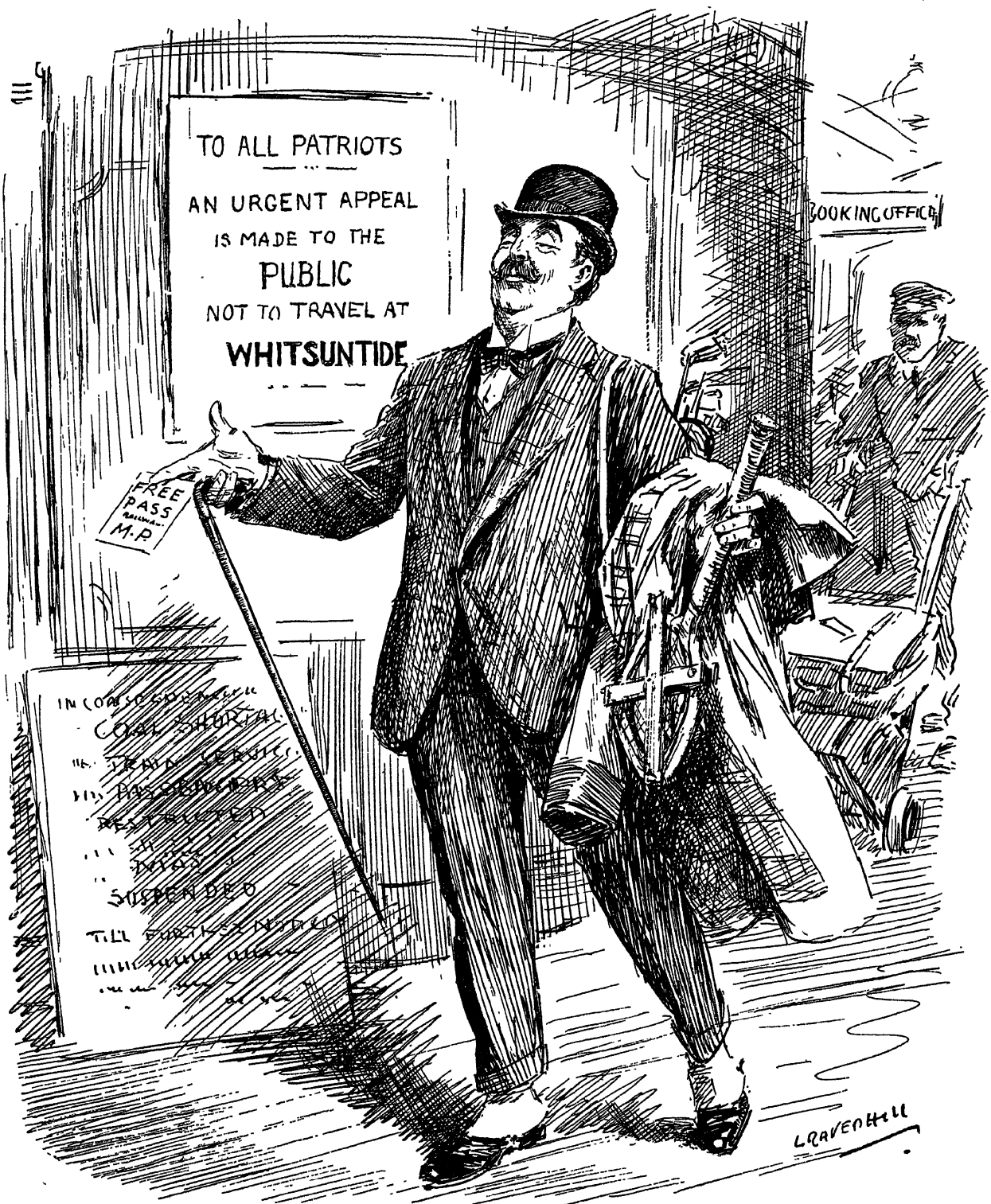
Then I discovered that, before I could write my lyrics, I should require to see the "book," or at the very least be given an indication of the plot. I mentioned this in a letter to Mr. Mendelson. His reply, conveyed by an office-boy over the 'phone, was as follows:—

"Mr. Murray Mendelson's compliments, and there's not going to be any plot. The dialogue will be written during rehearsals."

It was with ardour somewhat damped that I flattened out the bundle of music-script and handed the first piece to Suzanne. It was headed "Opening Chorus."

Suzanne's initial rendering, after several years of musical inaction on the part both of the pianist and, I should judge, of the instrument as well, was not of the happiest. Her greatest difficulty was to discover the time in which the thing was written. At first it seemed to go "Pom-pom, tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle, pom-pom, pom-pom;" but subsequently that interpretation was discarded in favour of "Terumpti-umpti-umpti-umpti-umpti-terumpti."

That settled, my own task of memorising the wretched tune began. After Suzanne, with growing impatience, had played it over a dozen or so times I was just getting the hang of it when the pianist was summoned to a conference in the nursery on Timothy's refusal to go to sleep. However, I could remember the rhythm, if the notes at times escaped me, and I sat down to fit it out with words that should be capable of application to any conceivable body of



## PERKS.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT (*with his new pass*). "OBVIOUSLY THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO ME!"





*The Aged One.* "WELL, GEORGE, IT DO BEGIN TO LOOK LIKE PEACE AT LAST, WITH THESE 'ERE AUSTRIANS COME OVER FER CRICKET."

persons in any conceivable set of circumstances—from a wedding to a funeral. By the end of a perspiring hour I had hammered out the following:—

"Behold us here appalled as befits the occasion,

So { light } of heart are we,  
sad }

So full of { joyful glee.  
misery.

We venture to assert without the slightest evasion

That while we're here

Upon the spot

You need not fear

To find we're not.

So let us now { three cheers bestow—  
our grief express—

Are we downhearted? { No!"  
Yes!"

This was certainly capable of sufficiently wide application. Nevertheless I could not conjure up much enthusiasm for it, and could only comfort myself with the reflection that, for all the information it conveyed to the audience, an opening chorus might just as well take the form of a concise statement on the Theory of Relativity or possess no words at all.

Before attacking the next number (which the composer had with admirable candour headed "Hopeless Love Song") I thought it would be well to

see how Mr. Mendelson regarded what I had already written and endeavour to glean some further details about the general idea of the piece. So I took the words and the bundle of music to his office and asked to see him. Mr. Mendelson kept me waiting three-quarters-of-an-hour in his ante-room, in company with a depressing crowd of unemployed chorus-girls, and then, in response to my insistence, sent a message to the effect that if I would leave the music he would communicate with me.

Three weeks later, having received no further word from him, I again visited his office. This time I found it empty except for a seedy-looking gentleman with a bowler-hat on the back of his head, who was apparently making an inventory of one chair and a collection of framed photographs.

"I want Mr. Murray Mendelson," I announced.

"And you're not the only one that wants him," replied Bowler-Hat. "If you've any idea of his whereabouts the Official Receiver will be glad to hear it."

From which I gathered that the revue was not likely to materialise and that my opening chorus had been born to

blush unheard. That did not worry me much, because I have never regarded it as one of my most inspired efforts. But Suzanne has been inconsiderate enough to draw up a cash statement, which includes on the expenditure side Mr. Mendelson's lunch, with champagne (this last detail came out in cross-examination), dinner and dance, hire of piano, storage of sideboard and what-nots and damage to walls of flat.

On the assets side Timothy is the only member of the family who has anything to show, for he now possesses a first-class mouth-organ, on which he daily composes opening choruses that open with the shriek of dawn and never close till bedtime. I have frequently fitted them with words, but not for publication.

"The Concert to be given by The Forget-me-Sots (the Children's Concert Party) takes place on Monday."—*Egyptian Paper*.

The local Band-of-Hope, we presume.

"Then we had the familiar backward toss of the head—without which Kreisler would not be Kreisler."—*Daily Paper*.

Also the unfamiliar leftward glance of the "i," without which "Kreisler" would not be "Kreisler."



### HOW I BECAME A VORTICIST.

IT must have been the pulsating joy of springtime that flooded my soul. I always feel restless and uneasy at this season, even when the spring-cleaning is over, so I think I must have the nature of an artist seeking expression.

"I am going to re-paint that old chest of drawers," I announced.

"Better let me do it," said Henry, looking up rather eagerly. "It's more of a man's job."

When Henry speaks of anything as being a man's job you may be sure it is something he rather likes doing. I received his suggestion coldly.

"Lots of women are doing men's jobs nowadays," I said. "Besides, any idiot could do a little thing like that."

"Then you ought to manage it all right," replied Henry. I have wondered since what he meant exactly by that.

I began with a lot of enthusiasm and a large tin of paint. Its colour was green—glorious verdant green, symbolical of Spring, restful to the eye, soothing to the soul; at least that is what it seemed like until I opened the lid. You remember the story, don't you, of the genie in the sealed bottle—how the trouble began directly he was uncorked? Well, paint is like that, particularly green paint.

I see now the mistake I made when I first started the job. Oh, yes, I am quite willing to admit right away that I was wrong. I don't want to excuse myself, though Henry is so fond of exaggerating the incident. But then Henry has a curious form of humour, which relies for its effect on gross exaggeration. Unfortunately nobody—except Henry—can laugh at it.

I started at the bottom. This is all right when you're carving a career, but wrong when you're painting a chest of drawers. Hand-painted garments are, I know, the latest note in modes, but a blurred rim of paint round the hem of a skirt is too Futuristic for me. Start at the top when you're doing a job like that, and before you begin take each drawer out to be painted separately.

I admit I didn't. One can't think of everything. Afterwards, when Henry was trying to break open the drawers with a chisel, he said an imbecile would have thought of that. But then I am not an imbecile.

I think I must have begun with too much energy. You know those lines about the artist who dreams that in the hereafter he will "slash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair"? Well, I felt just like that at first. I certainly *did* slash for fifteen minutes, and then a sudden languor seized me.



### SLUMMER-WEAR.

*Mistress.* "I'M DINING AT A FRIED-FISH SHOP IN SHOREDITCH TO-NIGHT, ESTELLE."

*Maid.* "BIEN, MADAME. AND WILL MADAME WEAR HER RUBIES OR HER DIAMONDS?"

You grasp what I mean. The brush refused to glide. It had to be urged, coaxed, bullied. I know now that it wasn't the fault of the brush, but the paint, which demanded the addition of turpentine. But how was an amateur to know that?

Twenty minutes later nervous exhaustion set in. I began to reflect that house-painters stand an eight-hour day of this sort of thing. Unhappy, oppressed men! How is it one hears so little about painters striking? When miners strike I revile them, but painters shall always be sure of my sympathy.

Ten minutes later new symptoms developed. I was unnerved. A mist swam before my eyes. Feverishly I lunged at the chest of drawers with the brush, while everything around me absorbed

green paint. My soul was steeped in it—worse still, the floor was covered with it. You often hear of people seeing red; I can tell you that seeing green is far worse.

When at last I rallied I found the chest of drawers covered with streaks and daubs of green, which took strange and fantastic forms. Where had I seen such a thing before? Then in a flash I knew. It recalled the Vorticists' exhibition I had recently visited. That fine masterpiece, "The Embodiment of Spring," had looked just like my chest of drawers.

That is how I discovered I have the soul of a Vorticist.

I have also discovered a coal substitute, very useful in the present shortage. It is the chest of drawers (painted green).

## BASH-BALL.

WHEN people ask me whether I play lawn-tennis I say, "Oh, yes." But when they ask me whether I will play lawn-tennis with them I say, "Oh, no." This is because they do not play lawn-tennis. They think they do, but they don't. They play a game for which no title has been invented as yet, which I think should be called bash-ball. And the people who are not good enough to play bash-ball play pat-ball. But the pat-ballers are only the young, or else an inferior type of the bash-ballers, as the lemon sole is an inferior kind of sole. Neither kind plays lawn-tennis.

Lawn-tennis is a game we used to play long, long ago, before people leapt about flogging whizz-bangs wildly with circular flails. The main point about the game was that it was played upon a lawn. A lawn—it says so in the dictionary—is a plot of grass between trees. It is wet—the poets say so—and bird-haunted. On a lawn there are strewn leaves and petals and small pieces of stick. Daisies grow on a lawn, worms come out, and somewhere about the middle there is a broken thrush's egg. One end of a lawn is much soggy than the other. Faint lines are to be discerned on it, and two posts, from which a net hangs limply. Part of the thing that runs through the top of this net is made of wire and part of cord. There are no other nets on the ground. And the game of lawn-tennis is played like this:—

*Clarissa (stepping out on to the verandah).* Come along, or we'll never get a set done before tea.

*Edwin (to George).* Help me get the net up, anyway. We shall have to wedge the handle.

*[They proceed to the lawn.]*

*Miranda.* I say, there are only three rackets.

*Clarissa.* Nonsense. There's Aunt Isabel's. She left it last year.

*Miranda.* Oh, that thing. But it's been in the boot-room all the winter and there are only three strings left.

*Clarissa.* Never mind. You play with George and we'll have it a let when the ball goes through.

*George (returning and looking tired).* Where are the balls?

*Miranda.* Have you got the net up?

*George.* Yes; and do be quick, because it's pulling the posts out.

*Clarissa (plaintively).* There ought to be five balls, I know. There were five yesterday, and I can only find four now.

*George.* What was it Togo was eating a minute ago?

*Miranda (indignantly).* It wasn't Togo; it was Dick. (*Togo is Miranda's dog.*)

*George.* Well, Dick, then.

*Clarissa.* Only one of Mother's shoes.

*George.* That was before lunch. I swear he was eating a tennis-ball this afternoon.

*Clarissa (returning from a currant bush).* It's all right. I've got it. He didn't get his teeth right through.

*Edwin (who has been picking up little sticks and berries and things from the centre lines of the court).* Let's try the balls, anyway. (*He bounces them all a great number of times on the stone floor of the verandah.*) Only two good ones. We'll have those for the first service.

*George (who probably has his own reasons for being suspicious).* No. Much better shout "Good" before serving a good one, and "Bad" before the others. Come along, Clarissa.

*Edwin (very decisively).* No. Miranda's to play with you.

*[The point is argued. After which George spins a racket for choice of ends.]*

*Edwin.* Damn. The laburnum's a let, of course.

*George.* Certainly not.

*[This is also argued, and, the let being abandoned, George holds that a ball which strikes the laburnum should be regarded as having entered the dedans; Edwin, that it should remain in play, as if it had dropped from the pent-house roof. The matter is finally adjusted.]*

*Edwin.* Good. *[Serves.]*

*George.* Fault.

*Clarissa (to Edwin).* It was the line.

*George.* It was on a splash.

*[The net breaks.]*

*Miranda (sunnily).* Well, it's tea-time anyway.

This is lawn-tennis, and I cannot find that anyone plays lawn-tennis nowadays. Always I go about hoping to find some pleasant old-world garden where they still keep it up. Instead I see nothing but flat blatant terraces on which a number of bash-ballers are exercising themselves in cages and being photographed for the daily press. From the dry baked soil they all spring prodigious distances in the air. Some people tell me that the photographers take their photographs close to the ground so as to increase the apparent height of these leaps. But I am inclined to think that bash-ballers practise the art of levitation, or else are suspended by strings from the ceiling. Pat-ballers, as I said before, simply imitate them, only they cannot jump so high yet or brandish their flails with such startling ferocity.

One of the marks of the true bash-ballers is that he or she is entirely clothed in white. In the old days there used

to be a pleasing variety of costume. Aunt Isabel simply changed her boots for a pair of speckled sand-shoes, and I have seen grey flannels contending with coloured blouses in a garden where the County called. To-day, they tell me, white sock-suspenders are practically *de rigueur* in Hoxton.

I should like to play lawn-tennis again some day. EVOE.

## TRADE UNION TERMINOLOGY.

*From a Child's Guide to the Newer Knowledge.*

*Child.* What is "blackleg coal"?

*Authority.* Coal imported during a strike.

*C.* Is there a coal-strike on now?

*A.* No. There is no coal-strike. There is a coal-stoppage.

*C.* But if there is no coal-strike, why do they talk about "blackleg coal"?

*A.* "Blackleg" is a term of well-merited contempt applied to those who help the employers by taking the place of the men when they are out.

*C.* How does "blackleg coal" help the employers?

*A.* It spoils the blockade.

*C.* What do you mean by that?

*A.* It stops people from starving.

*C.* How does that help the employers?

*A.* It stops the employers from starving.

*C.* Doesn't it help the miners just as much by stopping them too from starving?

*A.* Ask another.

*C.* I will. What is a strike-breaker?

*A.* One who breaks strikes. The term may, for instance, be applied to a Government that uses its powers to nullify the effects of a strike.

*C.* Is there a coal-strike on now?

*A.* No. You asked that before. There is no coal-strike. There is a coal-stoppage.

*C.* As there is no coal-strike, can you say that the Government is strike-breaking if it imports coal?

*A.* Strictly speaking, no.

*C.* Then I hope you won't.

"ROME.—The great eruption on Mount St. Romboli continues with undiminished fury." *Canadian Paper.*

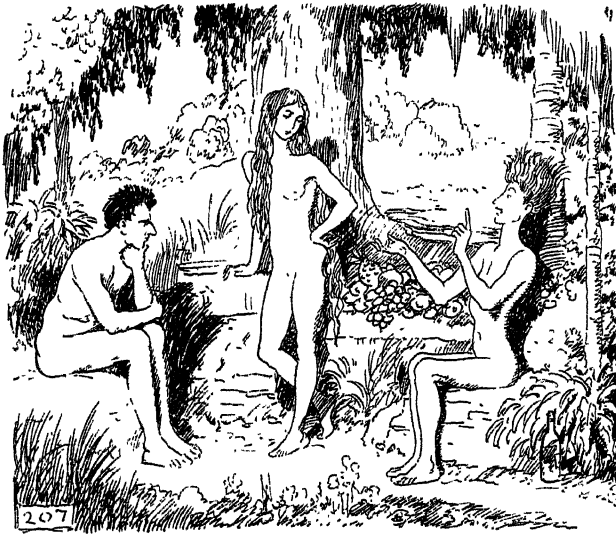
It may not be generally known that this Saint (Romboli) was a connection of Fra Lippo Lipari.

From an interview:—

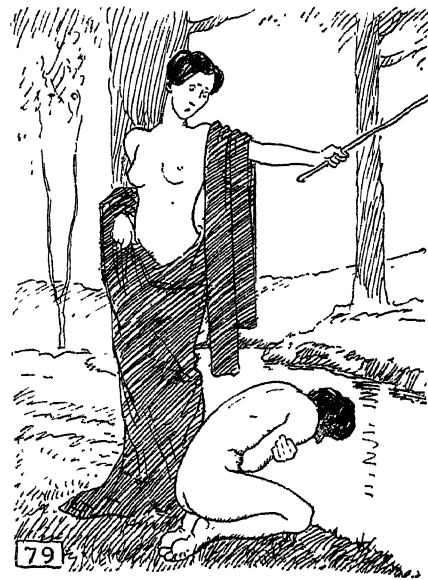
"Miss Eileen Soper, who at the age of 15 has had two etchings accepted for this year's Royal Academy . . . said . . . 'My father, Mr. George Sloper, has been my constant guide in art.'"

Her Ally Sloper, one might almost say.

## ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



THE SIMPLE LIFE. YOUNG POET RECITES HIS VERSES AT A FRUITARIAN LUNCH DURING HEAT-WAVE.



Echo (to Narcissus), "COWARD!"



"BUT THINGS LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW, MUST BE AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY."  
*SOUTHEY.*



THE LITTLE BOY OF CAMDEN TOWN WHO GOT A PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON "SAFETY FIRST."



Romantic Lady (who has taken a charming "old-world cottage, furnished"). "CAN'T HAVE MUCH OF A BATH IN THAT."



EARLY MORNING SCENE ON THE BEACH. FOUR PERFECT GENTLEMEN PASS BY.



SIGNING THE PROTEST AGAINST THE MASSACRE OF WILD BIRDS FOR THEIR PLUMAGE.

### INVIDIOUS NASO.

MR. EPSTEIN'S attack on the British Museum authorities for restoring the nose of the famous statue of Demeter of Cnidos, which has caused no little disturbance in Art circles, was followed by a meeting to consider the whole theory of restoration.

The Chair was taken by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, who called upon Mr. EPSTEIN to recapitulate his charges.

Mr. EPSTEIN said that the British Museum's interference with the works of art in its care was an outrage. He personally was against all restoration. A statue should be made as well as the sculptor could make it and then should be allowed to decay. Restorers were vandals. Only two collaborators were possible: the artist and Time.

Mr. BETTINGSON, who attended on behalf of the National Sporting Club, said that it was the opinion of his Committee that the beauty of the nose was greatly overrated. A nose was a plastic attribute, to be moulded by the blows of fate. For his part he had more respect for a battered countenance than for any other kind. Contusions honestly come by were more than comeliness. (Sensation.) He admired the Demeter more without a nose than with one; but his greatest admiration when he visited the British Museum, as he often did—(renewed sensation)—was reserved for a certain figure in the Archaic Room from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ. That figure was without features altogether. And so also, he added in fairness to the Museum, was the head of Nemesis from the Temple of Nemesis at Rhamnus. He should

like to be able to set up a cast of that head at the National Sporting Club as an incitement to boxers.

Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH said that he had not seen the Demeter, but that he agreed with the restoration. The thought of any figure without a nose was distasteful to him.

"JOHN O'LONDON" asked if Mr. EPSTEIN'S objections applied to tails as well as noses. Would Mr. EPSTEIN have been pleased, for example, to find that the horse in the equestrian statue of WILLIAM III. in St. James's Square, now just exposed to view again after several years of internment in the Washington Inn, had during the War been deprived of its flowing tail by American officers? He was glad to see that no such act of souvenir-hunting had been performed. (Cheers.)

Mr. LANDFEAR LUCAS, who appeared on behalf of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, said that writing letters was more in his line than speaking in public. None the less he was bound to rise now to say that his fellow spectacle-makers viewed with alarm any movement that favoured the removal of the nose. They were therefore entirely out of sympathy with Mr. EPSTEIN'S obscurantism.

Mr. FRANK SALISBURY said that he quite agreed with Mr. EPSTEIN that some statues were the better for being damaged. The question to settle was, At what point did

the damage cease to improve them? Or was complete dissolution perhaps the best thing that could happen? He had been looking at the figures on *The British Medical Journal* offices. What, he should like to ask, were the limits to the damage needed there?

Sir ALFRED MOND said that if the question of the restoration of the Demeter had been within his jurisdiction (and he could not understand how it was not, so extensive were his activities) he should have encouraged it. There was something distressing in the thought of a figure without a nose.

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY said that if, as it seemed to be held, a statue was all the better without its nose, he should like to ask how it was that sculptors troubled to make noses at all? Yet they did. Even Mr. EPSTEIN added noses to his figures. He would like to put a question about the statue of the Duke of WELLINGTON at Hyde Park Corner. Would the censors of the British Museum be against the replacement of the Duke's nasal organ if it was knocked off by a runaway motor-bus or other mischance, or would they concede that the Duke without this characteristic was all the finer?

The Hon. Secretary of the Society of Pekinese-Worshippers said that there was no doubt in her mind that Mr. EPSTEIN was right. The less nose the better.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY said that he did not mind about the new nose on Demeter. It seemed to him very ably done. But he resented bitterly the new nose on Julia Paula in the Gallery of the Roman Emperors. Before the restoration this lady had a mischievous look that was very alluring;

she was now as dull as anybody else.

Mr. A. E. W. MASON said that he had not been to the British Museum to investigate the rights and wrongs of the case, but the idea of noselessness was repugnant to him.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM wired from the Italian Riviera to say that he had the greatest respect for Mr. EPSTEIN as a sculptor, but he thought that his theory of the value of mutilation could be carried too far. He could not, for example, look forward with any degree of rapture to Mr. EPSTEIN'S reading of the part of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Lord NORTHCLIFFE, speaking through a pocket stuntophone, said that he was against antiquity. He was shocked and pained the other day to discover that *The Daily Mail* was a quarter of a century old, and he did all that he could to hide the fact. However, it leaked out. There should be new noses everywhere, especially in Downing Street.

At this point the Chairman called upon Mr. EPSTEIN to reply, but was told that he had left to address an overflow meeting at the Café Royal.

E. V. L.

### The Moneymoon.

"Mr. —, the popular rugger player, is joining the ranks of the Benedicts this week, his finance being due out from home."

Malay Paper.



Intelligent Child (keen student of Photo Press). "OH, LOOK, MUMMY! CAN THAT BE MR. CHURCHILL?"



Urchin (as old gentleman's dog begins to roll). "Hi, MISTER! YER DOG'S FELL OVER."

### THE NEW CHIVALRY.

(A beauty specialist lays it down that those who wish to remain beautiful should laugh as little as possible.)

My Phyllis, I deem you adorable still,  
But caution, which has to be heeded,  
Forewarns me that things would be sure to go ill  
If we to the altar proceeded;  
So, though I have lately shown symptoms (or signs),  
Of starting a serious wooing,  
I send you these few valedictory lines  
To tell you that nothing is doing.  
I look for a helpmate on whom I can test  
My attempts to be witty and clever,  
Whose ripple of laughter, applauding each jest,  
Will urge me to higher endeavour;  
And, Phyllis, you'd find it exceedingly hard  
If part of your conjugal duty  
Involved a procedure that rapidly marred  
Your present remarkable beauty.  
While if I refrained like a chivalrous knight  
And did not attempt to be funny,  
Your beauty would then be immune from the blight,  
But where should I turn me for money?  
You see my dilemma, I hope. If my toil  
Ceased to make your encouraging grin come,  
Those features that I was too noble to spoil  
Would totally ruin my income.

### OFFICIAL NOMENCLATURE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—We know that fact plagiarises from fiction, and that what Mr. Punch says to-day England will do to-morrow. Here is proof to hand, in parallel columns:—

"Tell me," he cried, "exactly what you asked for?"

"The Department for the Elucidation of War Problems," I replied.

The Major's face cleared.

"Ah, that explains it," he said. "You see, we have changed our name."

"And what do you call yourselves now?" I asked feebly.

"The Department for the Elucidation of Problems of War."—"Punch," May 4th, 1921.

"The Orthopædic Department of Charing Cross Hospital has been converted into the Department of Orthopædics."

"The Times," May 6th, 1921.

### A Humorous Tragedy.

"GAY SCENES AT THE ACADEMY.

Mrs. Asquith and Lloyd George bust."—*Evening Paper*.

"Miss ——'s seven addresses, to be published under the title 'The Sex Question in 1921,' will be given in *Time and Tide*."—*Daily Paper*.  
As an intimation that she "waits for no man."

"Sir Harry Johnston, who at the age of sixty turned novelist and gave us continuations of Dickens and Wilde, with 'The Gay Dombey's' and 'Mrs. Warren's Daughter,' has another novel out to-day."—*Daily Paper*.

This is not such a blunder as you might hastily think, for when "G. B. S." saw the paragraph he *was* wild.





*Small Student of Natural History.* "I SAY, MABEL, DO HEDGEHOGS LAY EGGS, OR DO THEY HAVE KITTENS, LIKE RABBITS?"

## REVIVING THE GRAND TOUR.

(By a Student of Youth.)

AMONG the outstanding personalities before the British public at the moment none is engaging more attention than that of Mr. "BOBBY" JONES. But no serious educationist can fail to notice that the cause of this interest does not wholly reside in Mr. JONES's prowess as a golfer. It is rather to be found in the momentous announcement that he has been compelled to suspend his studies in order to compete in the Amateur and Open Championship meetings held in this country.

In view of the paramount claims of youth we can only marvel at the moderation of Mr. JONES, who has already attained the mature age of nineteen. He was somewhat late in beginning to play golf; indeed it was not until he was five that he first handled a club; and he has allowed fourteen years to elapse before thus publicly registering his protest against the tyranny of educational routine.

None the less his action is of immense significance and value, since it has already lent impetus to a movement among the victims of educational despotism in this country, who find their efforts at self-expression hampered at every turn by the cruel restrictions

imposed on them by parents, guardians and schoolmasters. In almost every department of intellectual and artistic activity the young have successfully established their pre-eminence—poetry, *belles lettres*, novel-writing, painting. Yet these triumphs—of which the Exhibition at Burlington House affords the latest and most conspicuous example—have been achieved in the face of the most galling restraints—long school hours spent in the uncongenial study of unpalatable or futile subjects, and a general embargo on pursuits and occupations calculated to foster independence and originality.

Many instances of the disastrous results of this repression have come to the knowledge of the present writer. For example there is the case of a brilliant young novelist of twelve, who has for several months been engaged on a romance of modern manners, but has found his progress delayed by the irksome obligations of form-work in Latin, French, divinity and geography. Another even more tragic example of thwarted genius is that of a young authoress of thirteen, conscientiously anxious to acquire local colour for a study of life in the Quartier Latin, but denied by her parents facilities for visiting Paris in the holidays! Similar cases might be indefinitely multiplied; they

all point to the only rational remedy of the evil—the periodic and complete suspension of study amongst the young in order to fit them to take their proper place as leaders and governors of a community too long harnessed to the yoke of the aged and effete.

It is for this reason that we welcome as timely and helpful the manifesto just issued by the Federation of Youth, appealing for the institution of a free Wander-Year for all boys and girls while they are still at school. They do not ask, mind you, for the abolition of schools; there is nothing revolutionary in their demand. It is based on the analogy of a privilege accorded to the Professors of certain American Universities of absenting themselves for a year from their Chairs in order to refresh their energies by world-travel. If this be needful for the middle-aged, it is doubly so for the young, when the intelligence is more sensitive to new impressions, more capable of assimilating and retaining information. The revival of the Grand Tour for the benefit of those who can appreciate it most and turn it to the best profit is which all earnest educationists will hail as worthy of the most unqualified and unflinching support.

Ireland's Favourite for the Derby:  
CRAIG an' Erin.





*Bernard Partridge. (with acknowledgments to Sir W. Orpen, R.A. elect.)*

## "THE CHEF."

TOO MANY BROTHS DON'T SPOIL THIS COOK.



# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, May 9th.*—A spirit of perversity seemed to brood over the House of Commons this afternoon. First it caused Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON to advance the theory that the high price of milk was caused by its super-abundance at this time of year. Next we



THE VICTOR OF HASTINGS.  
(After the Bayeux Tapestry.)  
LORD EUSTACE PERCY.

had Colonel NEWMAN inquiring whether, "notwithstanding the emergency regulations," the lieges would be allowed to obtain coal by lawful and peaceable methods. Mr. BRIDGEMAN failed to understand what was in his hon. friend's mind, seeing that the whole object of the regulations was to safeguard the community.

If there is one thing which this House collectively is supposed to be keen about it is public economy. But, as the Scotch lassie said about love, that is only true "in the abstract." Otherwise, whence came the volley of cheers that greeted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's announcement that henceforth M.P.s would receive their Parliamentary salaries free of income-tax, and also travel at the public expense (first-class) between Westminster and their homes and constituencies? Members were instant with inquiries as to the exact scope of these concessions, which are to date back to April 1st. Faithful alone among the faithless was the sometime leader of the National Party, who thought that, in view of the industrial crisis, the proffered boon should at least

be suspended. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave him scant encouragement, though he did draw the line at another Member's suggestion of free bus fares. That, he said, would only make the House ridiculous.

There seems some lack of consistency in Mr. CLYNES's complaint that the police, after raiding the offices of the Communist Party, had carried off a number of articles, including a gold watch. Does not the Communist creed provide for the public ownership of all valuable property? Mr. SHORTT's explanation was simple but satisfying. The police had removed the watch lest they should be subsequently accused of stealing it; taking time by the forelock, so to speak.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY, victor in the latest Battle of Hastings, took the oath and his seat.

In introducing the financial resolutions of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill Mr. BALDWIN was careful to say that the measure was not his own child, but a foundling, and, though he promised to do his best for the infant, one felt that he rather wished it had been born different. To impose a duty of 33½ per cent. on certain articles selected by the Board of Trade would hardly seem *a priori* the best way to set the wheels of industry revolving, as he desires, "with frictionless ease."

Sir WILLIAM BARTON, who was elected as a supporter of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE,

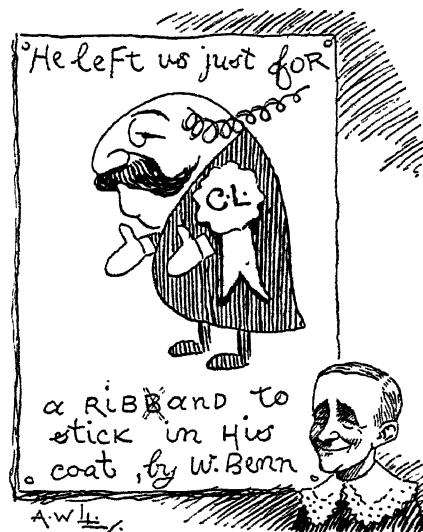


THE NURSE AND THE FOUNDLING.  
MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

but has lately crossed to the Opposition, attacked the Resolutions with all the zeal of the convert. They would be a triumph for Protection; they would

bolster up inefficiency and instal the Board of Trade as a taxing authority. The strongest support for them came from Sir A. MOND, who declared that to import cheap subsidized foreign goods was the very antithesis of the Free Trade principles that he still professed, and that we were living in "a kind of business Bedlam"—a phrase which, with its suggestion of fiscal strait-waistcoats, was hailed with delight by his opponents.

*Tuesday, May 10th.*—Lord LAMBOURNE moved the Second Reading of the Captive Birds Shooting (Prohibi-

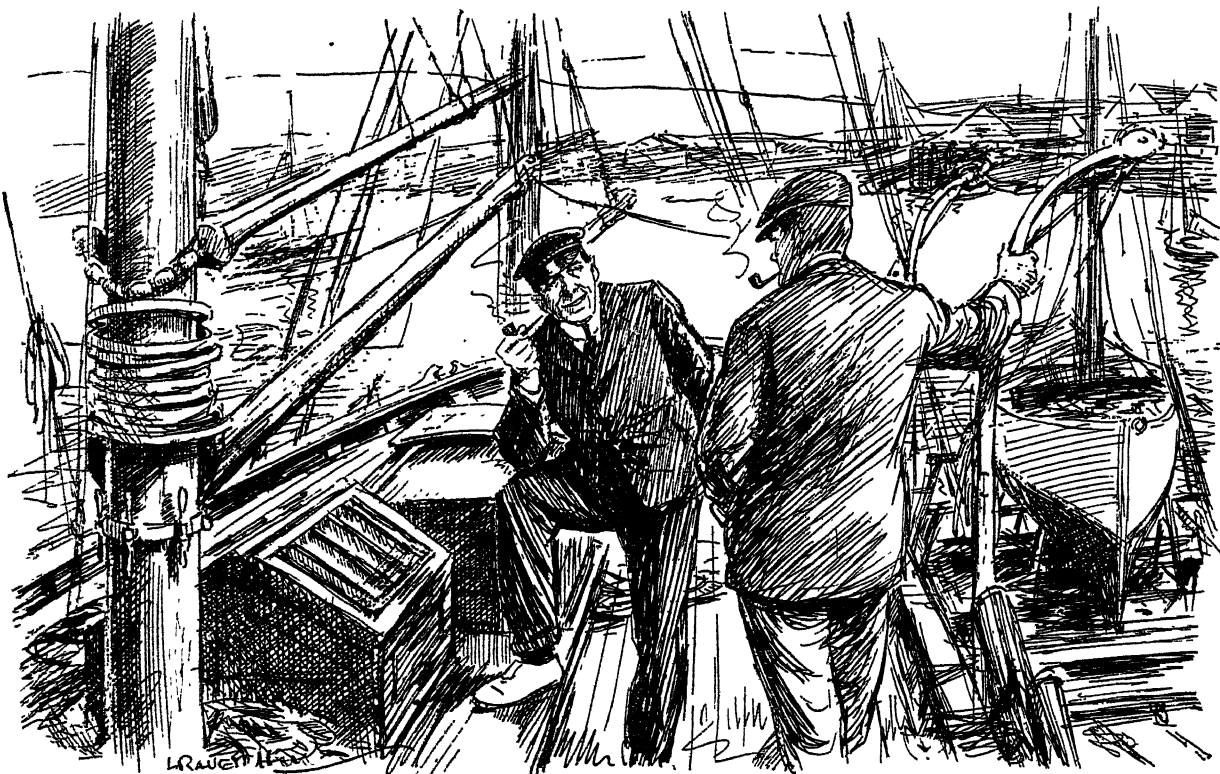


A "LOST LEADER" OF FREE TRADE.  
SIR ALFRED MOND, AS SEEN BY MASTER WEDGWOOD BENN.

tion) Bill in a good sportsmanlike speech, and Lord ONSLOW, for the Government, gave it his blessing. But Lord NEWTON's impish humour would not allow the measure to pass without a protest. It was not that he loved pigeons less, but that he hated newspapers more; for this Bill, he averred, was the outcome of a journalistic "stunt." So far as morality was concerned he found little to choose between the shooting of trapped birds and what was called legitimate sport.

Their Lordships, he said, were estopped from sitting in judgment on this matter. Even the LORD PRIMATE had confessed that he had once won a cup for pigeon-shooting. If the Bill passed, all field-sports would be attacked. The Peers enjoyed the speech, but were unmoved by the prediction, and agreed to the Second Reading without a division.

Cabinet-making in Mesopotamia has its peculiar difficulties. Mr. CHURCHILL announced with regret that the Minister of the Interior in the Baghdad Government had been deported to Ceylon for threatening to levy war against the Mandatory Power. I am sure that our



*Friend.* "SHE'S A NICE LITTLE CRAFT, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DON'T PUT A MOTOR IN HER INSTEAD OF STICKING TO SAILS."  
*Owner.* "WELL, YOU SEE, WIND IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS THAT HASN'T GONE UP IN PRICE."

HOME SECRETARY would never think of doing this.

The Minister without Portfolio still excites curiosity. Mr. LANE-FOX succeeded in ascertaining that he is Chairman of several Cabinet Committees, but when Mr. ORMSBY-GORE inquired whether it would be permissible to put questions to him, and, if so, on what subjects, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was not helpful. Possibly he too thinks his colleague's position a little anomalous, for, on being asked whether he would stand in the way of his being given another portfolio, there was unusual emphasis in his "No, Sir, I certainly won't."

Already there is one person whose industry has been safeguarded by the BALDWIN Resolutions. Mr. ASQUITH's comparative apathy during recent debates and the mildness of such criticisms as he has passed upon the Government have caused irreverent whispers as to his leadership among the junior ranks of the "Wee Frees." From this time forward these whispers should be heard no more. The mere mention of a Tariff has revived all the old warrior's combative instincts, and to-day the House had a glimpse of the adroit and forceful boxer who enjoyed so many lusty bouts with the late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN circa 1903.

In one respect his task was harder

now than then, for he had first to dispose of the Paris Resolutions, to which he was a party in 1916, and on which the Government's policy is professedly based. But having proved to his own satisfaction that there was nothing in common between them he went on to subject the new resolutions to a searching analysis, in which both logic and humour played their part. Members



"WHO SAID 'TARIFFS'?"  
 (After a popular Picture.)  
 MR. ASQUITH PRICKS UP HIS EARS.

without exception enjoyed his application of the famous dialogue between *Hamlet* and *Polonius* to the difficulties of the Board of Trade. He did not succeed in inducing the House to reject the resolutions, but he sent up his own stock by at least fifty per cent.

*Wednesday, May 11th.*—The House of Contradictions excelled itself to-day. After the unanimous cheers that greeted the PRIME MINISTER's announcement that Germany would carry out the Allies' terms "without reserve or delay" you would have expected that Members would rattle through their remaining business and go home to celebrate. Not a bit of it. The Opposition spent the afternoon in futile efforts to resist a foregone conclusion on the Tariff resolutions. Then, by way of interlude, they discussed a proposal by the Labour Party to pay old age pensions to every septuagenarian (millionaires included), and, despite Sir ROBERT HORNE's protest that it would cost fifteen millions, very nearly carried it against the Government. Finally they kept the House up for the rest of the night before they would part with the remaining fiscal resolution. Mr. HOGGE's explanation, that this was not obstruction but merely a way of passing the time till the morning trains began running, was worthy of the rest of the proceedings.



## A REDEEMING FEATURE.

He. "NOT QUITE A LADY, IS SHE?"

She. "NO—BUT I SHOULD SAY HER PEARLS ARE 'CULTURED.'"

## THE HASTY WORD.

EVERYBODY'S heard, of course,  
Of that celebrated horse,  
Isaac, whose beloved master  
Made a fortune even faster  
Than a profiteer in war-time.  
If I had a trifle more time  
I would demonstrate to you  
All the things that nag could do;  
As it is I'll just explain  
One compartment of his brain.

He was nuts on mathematics;  
He could solve the worst quad-  
ratics,  
Quickly take a right ascension,  
Work out in the fourth dimension  
Sums that you—or even I—  
Would be ill-advised to try,  
And without the smallest fuss  
Floor the Integral Calculus;  
Was, in fact, so very cute on  
Figures that they called him  
"Newton."

But "*humanum est errare.*"  
Horses, too, however wary  
And however good their brain, I  
Fear will sometimes be "*humani.*"

Once he got a most confusing  
Problem wrong; his master, using  
Words no editor would pass,  
Screamed (in substance), "You're  
an ass!

You shall have no food to-night  
Till you get that problem right."  
Simple words; but oh! the pain  
Doomed to follow in their train.

Ike, who had an aching void,  
Was excessively annoyed  
(Go and ask a college don  
Whether, when engaged upon  
Any complicated sum,  
He'd forgo his pabulum);  
But far worse than this indeed  
To a self-respecting steed,  
Something far beyond a joke,  
Was that he'd been called a *moke*!

In a word, then, undefeated  
By the fact that he was treated  
In a way he didn't like,  
Isaac Newton went on strike,  
Thinking, "I will show the fool  
That at least I am a *mule.*"  
Thereupon that gifted beast  
Downed his chalks and promptly  
ceased

To perform upon his board:  
And, although his outraged lord  
Rained upon him blows like hail  
(Quite an equi-noxious gale!),  
All was vain; the stubborn Ike  
Resolutely stayed on strike.

Thus his master learnt that man,  
If his horse is mulish, can  
Take him to the water's brink  
But he'll never make him—think.  
So he sold him to a shabby  
And disreputable cabby.

Poor old Ike has made a mess  
Of his life through stubbornness;  
And through temper Newton's boss is  
Suffering grave financial losses.  
Oh, be mindful of the moral:  
"Ware of entrance to a quarrel;"  
Hasty words should not be said  
Even to a quadruped.

From a speech by Mr. HERBERT SMITH:—

"I am not prepared, if the worst comes to the worst, to accept the proposals which Sir Robert Horne has put down and which lead into a cul de sac."—*Daily Paper.*

Whereas Sir ROBERT intended them to lead to a sack de coal.

## A STATE OF EMERGENCY.

SOME interest was recently aroused by an action the result of which was to decide that a certain gentleman was a "Stateless" person. The gentleman in question was gratified by the decision, and had, I believe, even insisted on having no State, because it meant that he would be entitled to receive money from someone or wouldn't have to pay money to someone else. But there are, I imagine, certain practical disadvantages in the position, as the experience of Aunt Mabel has very clearly shown.

Her story was naturally a little hysterical and incoherent, but I think I have got the gist of it.

Aunt Mabel is a perfectly satisfactory Englishwoman, born of two thoroughly English parents, but twenty years ago she married a German, whom she has not seen for thirteen years. She is also the mother of three children, and rather than remain in this country a moment longer she has conceived the fantastic notion of proceeding in their company to America.

She went accordingly to the Foreign Office to obtain a passport. After a long time the Foreign Office sent her to the Passport Control Office. There she was asked by a young man where she had been born, and she felt that what he really meant was *why*. Aunt Mabel replied with absolute candour, "Switzerland."

The young man, imperfectly acquainted with the law, said, "Then you are Swiss." Aunt Mabel said, "You lie." The young man retorted, "All right. You go to the Home Office." I think the young man won.

Aunt Mabel went to the Home Office. After a long time the trouble about Switzerland was satisfactorily cleared up, and it was generally agreed that Aunt Mabel was British. That meant either that she must go back to the Foreign Office, or that she must go back to the Passport Control Office, or possibly the Port of London Authority. But before she had time to go anywhere it came out that, twenty years ago, she had married this German.

"So you are a *German*," they said, in a shocked voice.

"But I haven't seen him for thirteen years," said Aunt Mabel.

They said, "That makes no difference. The state of marriage continues." (ED.—Should that be printed "State" or "state"? AUTH.—I don't know.) "You'll have to go to the German consulate for a passport."

Aunt Mabel went to the German Consulate, and said in a hurt voice that she was a German. Nobody believed her. So she produced her marriage

certificate. "Ach!" they said, "but where is your husband's birth certificate?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Mabel with perfect candour. "I haven't seen him for thirteen years."

"That is unfortunate," they said. "You were born British and British you remain as far as we can tell. But, of course, if your husband is a German you are also a German, and you can easily prove that by getting your husband's birth certificate—"

"But I don't know where he is," said Aunt Mabel.

"You had better go to the English Home Office," they said.

Aunt Mabel felt that it was a pity in a way not to break fresh ground, and she wasted a good deal of time wondering whether she ought not to try



"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' OF, JAMES?"

"SHARPENIN' A BIT O' PENCIL."

"YOU'LL AVE THE UNION AFTER YOU, ME LAD. THAT'S A CARPENTER'S JOB."

the Japanese Embassy or the Czechoslovak Consulate, neither of which she had so far visited at all.

However she went to the Home Office and saw an entirely new young man, who asked her, with what she felt was justifiable suspicion, where she was born.

"Switzerland," she said. "But it's no good your telling me to go to the Swiss Office, because I won't go."

The young man was very helpful, and suggested that she had better abandon the idea of getting a passport. "Why do you want to go to America?" he asked.

"I really forget," said Aunt Mabel. "I know I did have a reason, but it's so long ago now—"

The young man thought she might be able to get a Permit instead of a Passport. "You'll have to go to the American Consulate," he said.

"Shall I be an American then?" said Aunt Mabel hopefully. The young man declined to commit himself. If, however, she could get a Permit he, or somebody, would be happy to have the thing *visé*.

On the way to the American Consulate Aunt Mabel engaged a furnished flat for three months and cancelled her passage.

At the American Consulate she was introduced to a very urbane and delightful young man, and she felt that something was really going to happen at last.

"What is your nationality?" he inquired with fine courtesy.

"Heaven knows!" said Aunt Mabel, speaking, I think, with undue optimism.

The young man was very helpful, but he said that America was rather bored with the tag-rag and bob-tail of Bolos and Bosches who were dumped in the Land of Liberty. If, of course, the Home Office said Aunt Mabel was an unobjectionable import, he would be happy to give her a Permit, but otherwise—

"You had better go to the Home Office," he said.

Aunt Mabel had that curious sensation (remarked by Rossetti) as if somewhere or other she had passed through this moment before.

However, all was now plain sailing. Almost buoyantly she returned to the young man at the Home Office.

"So you see," she explained, "if you'll just tell them that I'm all right, it will be all right, you see."

The young man was politeness itself (whatever that may mean). "But we can't do *that*," he said. "You see—not to put too fine a point upon it—you're a *German*."

Aunt Mabel screamed.

"Very well," she said, "I shan't go to America at all—so *there*!" and she walked out.

She has decided to go to Kew instead.

The three children, however, are in a happier position. Somehow or other they have contrived to become absolutely British, and their passports are all in order.

Aunt Mabel packed them in a large tin trunk with holes in the top and consigned them for dispatch by the good ship *Megalomania*. Unfortunately, however, I hear that certain members of the International Labour Movement, the main principle of which is that nationality is a purely artificial distinction—Man being one Big Brotherhood—have very logically refused to allow the *Megalomania* to have any coal.

So I doubt if even the children will get to America very soon. A. P. H.





### TRAIN RESTRICTIONS.

(SCENE—Country Railway Station.)

Would-be Traveller. "WHEN IS THE NEXT TRAIN TO SLOWCOMBE?"

Railway Porter. "NEXT WEDNESDAY."

### FRIENDLY MOUNTAIN.

[Map Ref.—Survey of India, 57 D/3, B 1.]

For all good hills I give my thanks as through this world I go,

For the green hills and the heather hills and the hills of rock and snow;

But one small hill is neighbourly and kind beyond compare, The little hill of Bettada, the hill that's always there.

Look east from Pushnagiri, look westward from Mysore, The willing hill of Bettada stands sentinel afore; Look southward from Shimoga, look north from Malabar, The ready hill of Bettada it tells you where you are.

Now Everest is good to see and Dodabetta's high, And Nandidrug exalts the mind and Kap contents the eye, And great and small, my heart is theirs, but still I keep a nook

For Bettada, the hill that's always waiting when you look.

You see it in the tinted dawn a gem of gold and grey, Blue-shimmering in the noontide and rose at set of day; And when the silver moonrise steals athwart the Cauvery bend

The silver ghost of Bettada stands up to hail you friend.

For all good hills good men give thanks; but one whose eyes have known

The terror of the Alien Place wherein he stood alone,

And the comfort of a landmark when the light was falling dim,

Gives double thanks for Bettada, the Friendly Hill to him.

H. B.

### Nature's Mimicry.

From "The War on the Seashore," in *Country Life*:—

"Take the common limpet . . . examine the stout tent-shaped shell so firmly fixed to the rock that without some tool we cannot move it a fraction of an inch. . . This shell is a military masterpiece, but it is just as well to remember that, if it were not, the animal would die by the million and become extinct. . . Man is responsible for the annual destruction of millions of limpets, yet I doubt whether the limpet population is appreciably less to-day than it was a thousand years ago."

Assuredly "Nature is creeping up"; "The War on the Seashore" is a highly creditable imitation of the one that is being waged in Whitehall.

### A Barmecide Entertainment.

From the programme of a Learned Society:—

"In consequence of the present industrial unrest the Council has decided not to hold the usual dinner this year. Instead of this there will be a Clinical Evening of an informal nature. The Subject for Discussion will be 'The Stomach,' opened by the President."

But what's the good of opening it if it's empty?

"'Punch' celebrated the game in a parody of Mrs. Hemans' well-known poem, commencing, 'The Australian came down like a wolf on the fold.'"—*Evening Paper*.

Mr. Punch has quite forgotten doing this, but he is now thinking of a companion parody of Lord Byron's well-known poem commencing "The stately homes of England."

### WHEN GREEK JOINS EX-GREEK.

THE British tramp steamer *Kelvin-haugh*, inward bound from Rotterdam, where she had discharged a grain cargo from the Plate, docked on the morning tide.

The same evening Peter Macfarlane, the bo's'n, having removed the signs of his day's toil, but obviously not rigged himself out in what he termed his "go-shores," strolled down the gangway on to the dock-side. He was in no hurry. First he carefully inspected the stem, then the rudder; apparently satisfied with what he saw, he started off towards the policeman at the dock gate about a hundred yards away and abreast of the ship. Half-way there he stopped, turned and let his sailor's eye travel slowly over every detail of his ship. For a full minute he stood thus before suddenly resuming his journey towards the gate with purpose in his stride.

"A fine nicht," he greeted the policeman. "Can ye tell me whaur the *Finnieston* is lyin'?"

"Down near the entrance. If you want to go aboard of her you'd better hurry up; she's going out in an hour's time."

"Man, dae ye tell me that, noo? She's a Glesca ship, an' her bo's'n's a Glesca man like masel'. Weel Ah ken him; we were shipmates for two years in the auld wind-bag days."

The policeman smiled as if something tickled him.

"I came from Glasgow when I was ten," he said.

"Gosh! Naeboddy wad ever guess it," exclaimed Peter. "Ye've lost yer tongue completely. Mebbe ye're trainin' for a detective? Never mind, Ah'm awa' tae the *Finnieston*. Ah'll hae a crack wi' ye later; onybody that comes frae Glesca is guid enough for Peter Macfarlane."

An hour later Peter came round the corner of a pile of lumber and headed for the gate policeman. His eye was brighter and his step lighter. Clearly his old shipmate had understood the true meaning of the word hospitality.

For some time the two stood together in conversation until Peter, having gazed carefully all round and satisfied himself they were unobserved, stepped quickly into the little gate office, closed one eye slowly and beckoned the constable. Robert followed him with majestic tread.

"Could ye tak' a hauf?" Peter inquired in a husky whisper.

In spite of the years which had elapsed since his boyhood days in Glasgow the officer plainly understood the invitation. Stretching out one hand for the flask and with the other pulling down his chin-strap, he threw back his head.

The friendship ripened rapidly and soon a highly confidential conversation was being carried on in mysterious whispers, accompanied at regular intervals by a musical gurgle.

"That's settled, then," said Peter finally. "Seeven o'clock the morrow nicht. Ye'll be here as usual; Ah'll jist stroll across jaunty-like, stop for a second tae pass the time o' nicht, then oot the gate an' naeboddy ony the wiser. Richt. Here, hae the last peg an' Ah'll slip ootside an' get a wee drap for the mornin', as Harry sings."

When the bo's'n passed in again twenty minutes later Robert bade him good-night in a passable imitation of the Glasgow speech.

Back aboard his ship Peter sought the carpenter in the room under the fore-castle-head which they shared.

"Weel," said Chips, "did ye manage it?"

"Ay," replied Peter, no exultation in his tone. "A saft mark. He cam' frae Glesca oreoriginally an' he thinks he's fly, but Ah doot he's lost the natural ageelity o' mind. A disgrace tae his birth-place. An' efter a' ma play-actin'—pearls afore swine. Chips, it's no' only the feet that show the polisman; while he guzzled ma whisky an' misused his native tongue wi' a fair imitation o' conveeviality, Ah kent fine frae the face o' him he was jist itchin' tae nab me."

"It's sickenin'," was Chips's comment, "an' him 'drinkin' yer whisky. A man wi' nae honesty; nae better than a common criminal. He's whit ye ca' an Anglo-Scot, Ah suppose?"

"Jist that; neither wan thing nor another. No' but whit he tried tae dae the affable wi' his 'Suit yersel', Peter. Ony nicht ye like, it's a' the same tae me.' Standin' there wi' his thumbs stuck in his belt, bendin' doon and shootin' oot his knees tae opposite p'int's o' the compass, then straightenin' himsel' up—for a' the world like a stage bobby. 'Ony nicht,' says he. Ay, but Ah telt him it wis in a watertight tin and couldna be got at till the deep tank wis pumped oot."

Peter started to undress, and, as he climbed into his bunk his last remark was, "Frae Glesca? Weel, he needna gang back there; he'd stairve."

\* \* \* \* \*

At one minute to seven the following evening Peter came down the gangway and made straight for the dock gate. His pace was leisurely, but betokened a definite purpose. Further, he was dressed for the occasion in his "go-shores." While still ten yards off he hailed the policeman in a cheery voice, "A fine nicht, Robert."

"Come inside a minute," was the

constable's answer, spoken in a cold official voice which contrasted ill with his tone of the previous evening. Looking puzzled and a little hurt, Peter stepped into the gate office and found a Customs officer awaiting him.

"Jings!" exclaimed Peter. "Whit's the rummager daein' here? That's yer spendthrift Government for ye; keeps hunners o' Customs men runnin' about the docks, nabbin' decent sailormen and finin' them for smugglin'. An' for whit? Tae raise the price o' anither National shipyard and build ships tae relieve the unemployment among sailors? Naething o' the kind. They've nae need o' sailors; there's nae war on jist noo; WUNSTON's haein' a holiday, Ah hear. Weel, dae yer worst. Ah've naething but whit's in ma pipe, and that's no' mine, strictly speakin'. Ah borrowed it."

During this speech the representative of the Customs deftly ran his hands over Peter's clothes; then, turning to the constable, said: "Ain't made a mistake, 'ave you, mate?"

"No; that's the man all right. Maybe he funk'd it at the last minute."

"Right-o, I'll 'op it; nothing doin' 'ere this time."

The Customs officer went off down the dock.

Sorrowfully and in reproachful silence Peter eyed his late friend Robert. When the rummager had disappeared from view he spoke.

"Robert," he said, "ye'll never mak' a detective; ye left Glesca ower young for that. When ye lost yer Scotch tongue ye said good-bye tae ony chance ye ever had o' risin' above a common bobby. Read the lives o' oor great men an' ye'll ken whit Ah mean. Awa' wi' ye tae the suburbs afore some first-voyager steals the helmet aff yer heid; ye're ower slow for the docks. Ah took a' ma plug tobacco oot the gate last nicht."

### THE FIRST STEP.

["It is up to me not to get off the earth until England is dry."

Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON.]

THOUGH strict "aridity" may be A priceless boon, it seems to me That Mr. JOHNSON should submit Some striking proof of benefit To gain the popular esteem So necessary to his scheme; As a beginning he might try To make an English summer dry!

From a description of the "shimmy":

"The Negro invited his partner to dance by beating his feet and a sideways movement which consisted of 'shimmying' or shivering. The couple did not move more than four feet all the time."—*Daily Paper*.

Probably those were all they had.



### THE INCORRIGIBLES.

MEETING OF ANGRY ARTISTS TO ARRANGE AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED BY THE PROMOTERS OF AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS THAT HAD BEEN REJECTED (AND SO ON) BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHAT I think I ought to do at once about *Sweet Rocket* (CONSTABLE) is to warn you in the plainest possible terms that the characters are all mad. Perhaps that is putting it too drastically; I will compromise on "eccentric." Personally it was a sharp disappointment to me. The title and opening were so full of delicate and genuine charm that, when I found we were *en route* for an American summer farm, and likely to share, under the expert guidance of Miss MARY JOHNSTON, in that life of sun-soaked rusticity of which our cousins hold the secret, I smiled at an exceedingly happy prospect. However the owners of *Sweet Rocket* soon turned out to be by no means such easy company. Principally they consisted of *Dick Linden*, who was nearly blind, and *Marget*, who was his chief helper and lover, though not on earthly terms. I don't, I especially don't, want to mock, since it is clear throughout that Miss JOHNSTON writes with sincerity; but it must be confessed that the talk and behaviour of her protagonists are difficult. It is indeed often hard enough to understand what they would be at. Nor does the course of the tale help them "any." In the last paragraph of all, when they are driving homeward from seeing off their ultimate guest at the local "depôt," we learn that Daniel (the old hoss) "drew them through the forest; nor did Daniel lack . . . some dim belief in a higher world, dim will to reach it. Below Daniel the forest felt that, and below the forest the rock. The

utter stream of pilgrims . . ." That is how the book ends. I call it very uncomfortable.

It was Mr. FILSON YOUNG's good luck to see the battle of the Dogger Bank from the windy foretop of the *Lion*, the ship, you will remember, that carried Admiral BEATTY's flag and was leader of the line—it follows naturally—in the fight. As the *Lion* was hit eighteen times the author's fortune may be variously described, but at any rate it has enabled him, in *With the Battle Cruisers* (CASSELL), to add one more volume to the already overcrowded library of war disclosures. If the Admiral's battle despatch was really written as it was first published, he deserved, said an American Naval writer, to be shot; with the justice of which sentence, we are told, Earl BEATTY himself heartily agreed. It is the author's privilege to describe just what happened to allow the escape of the rest of the German squadron when the *Blücher* was sunk, and, further, to make known what his hero did actually write about it. All of which no doubt may add fuel to various controversies. It is of more interest to most of us to hear what a naval battle looked like from a reserved seat, and from this point of view the story is certainly well told. It took as a rule just about twenty-three seconds for the enemy shells to travel from the gun muzzle to their destination on or near the *Lion*, and occasionally they were visible in flight. The author amused himself timing their coming and describes his pleasurable sensations while wondering where they would alight. One might add that the battle, and all about it, occupies only a

fourth part or so of the book; but the rest, though it has a few cheerful moments, need not be taken very seriously.

Mr. THOMAS BURKE, who knows well how sweet are the uses of specialisation, has again been wandering in Limehouse and Shadwell, and has returned bringing his tales behind him. The name he gives to his collection of them is *Whispering Windows* (GRANT RICHARDS), which for mystery and sinister suggestion seems to me to fall hardly short of genius. They are what you would expect of him, if you know your author; perhaps, considered in bulk, a little less deliberately repellent than those that formed the previous collections, though the first tale, "The Yellow Scarf," and a little piece of concentrated horror, called "The Heart of a Child," would take some beating in this respect. Certainly Mr. BURKE's art has lost nothing of its vitality. Youth and love (so to call it), flaming like a fiery torch upon the drab background of the Shadwell pavements; youth sacrificed or, very occasionally, triumphant—these are still his chosen themes. And, just as before, he is wholly unafraid of logical conclusions, turning by some alchemy of sympathy the most piercing horror into a kind of beauty. There are two stories here, "Katie the Kid" and "Bluebell," which, something similar in their setting out, are at the end admirable examples of Mr. BURKE with his thumbs up or down. But in either mood he remains the writer who, more than any other of our time, can extract romance from ugliness.

I think that Mr. J. S. FLETCHER ought to know—for the fact is of more weight than many flattering words—that, when circumstances conspired to interrupt my reading of *The Root of All Evil* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) just at the point when the fortunes of *Jeckie Farnish's* coal-mining venture were going to be put to the touch, I wasn't able to shut his book without a glance at the last chapter. It wasn't only that the coal strike made *Jeckie's* enterprise seem extraordinarily to the point, but that Mr. FLETCHER has made of this hard money-grubbing woman's career quite an absorbing story. The materials are unpromising. What really nice person could expect to sympathise with a jilted maid who, on the sum she acquired as damages for breach of promise, started a successful grocery business and ruined that of her faithless lover's father? Or again, what of a woman who, on the pretence that she is going market-gardening, buys, from a poor man at a low price, land beneath which she is assured that there are rich deposits of coal? Yet *Jeckie*, whose real name by the way was *Jecholiah*, making her ruthless fight for wealth, is a lonely pitiful figure, in spite of her strength of purpose, and I found myself quite anxious to see her fulfilling her ambitions and rolling in money, and a little curious as to what she would do with it when she got it. Mr. FLETCHER hasn't been able to tell me that, because, as we all know now, owning a coal-mine is not a royal road to wealth, and

work at *Jeckie's* colliery came to an end even before the first load was brought to the top. Though it disappointed me of my picture of *Jeckie* as a profiteeress I must admit that the last drab scene of tragedy, without pathos and without nobility, which was all *Jeckie* had fitted herself for, is a fine and artistic conclusion to an uncommon story.

It would be easy enough to complain of the style and form of *The Man Who Did the Right Thing* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), but when I had accustomed myself to Sir HARRY JOHNSTON's idiosyncrasies the truth is that I enjoyed them. Somehow or other he compels interest in his characters, and I think the reason is that he gathers them under a protective wing and treats them with an intimacy in which the reader can share. *Lucy Gosling* went out to East Africa to marry *John Baines*, a missionary, and, during the voyage discovered that she loved *Captain Brentham*. She, however, married her missionary. Tragedy followed, but not of the sordid kind, for *Brentham* did the right things, even if his leisurely manner of doing them was bound

sometimes to give more than sufficient exercise to scandalous tongues. While Sir HARRY is writing of Africa he is always informing and attractive, but I confess that I found *Lady Silchester* a little troublesome. In a book as widely horizoned as this, a Society woman's social ambitions seem more than usually trivial and tiresome. Sir HARRY, generally speaking, is fairness itself in dealing with controversial questions, but he might have spared us his outbursts against the present state of our harassed country. And I should have thought



"COULD WE HAVE TWO TEAS, PLEASE?"

"WHY, DIDN'T I BRING YOU TWO JUST NOW?"

"OH, YES. BUT WE'VE LET A GENTLEMAN IN THE STALLS HAVE THOSE."

considerably more of *Brentham* if he had stayed in England after the Armistice, instead of deciding that it was "no country for him to live in."

DOT ALLAN (a new name among writers) offers us a study of a young Glaswegian who is called by *The Syrens* (HEINEMANN) of the tramps in the Clyde to leave the emporium which he is building up with such great and unsatisfying success and take to the sea, which was the home of his erratic father. The breakaway is no more than a holiday, not a change of profession, and gives occasion for scenes set in San Francisco, Martinique and the West Indies. Here I think is a novel rather of promise than of achievement, unpretentious, drawn from an experience sincerely felt if somewhat narrow, needing a little pulling together, the characters not quite emerging from the shadows, but withal agreeable to those—and there must be many of them—who are sometimes assailed by a doubt as to whether in the preoccupations of acquisitive business they are not missing something. A love-story is intertwined in which the hero, losing sight of the right woman, takes up with the wrong, only to be perhaps a little too abruptly and conveniently abandoned by the latter and thus enabled to live happy ever after.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE EX-EMPEROR of Austria-Hungary is said to be anxious to establish the identity of the fellow who wrote "Welcome" on the mat at Budapest.

A Sunday paper is of opinion that what England wants is a GLADSTONE. But a study of the Press as a whole convinces us that what is really needed is a fast bowler who can bat a bit or, better still, bowl a bit.

Sir MALCOLM SMITH has been returned as M.P. for the Orkney and Shetlands Division, and is therefore raised to the dignity of Long Distance Free Pass Champion.

"What right has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to speak from Downing Street as if it were Mount Sinai?" asks *The Figaro*. There is of course no resemblance between the two localities, but we admit that, in his vision of the Promised Land for heroes, the PREMIER seems to have mistaken Snowdon for Pisgah.

In connection with the aurora recently observed from Greenwich Observatory the latest theory is that one of Sir ERIC GEDDES's haloes must have got loose.

"You ought to be a Member of Parliament," said the Tottenham magistrates to a defendant. Fortunately for the prisoner the magistrates have no power to include this sort of thing in a sentence.

In the opinion of M. POINCARÉ the Allies ought to have inserted a clause in the Treaty with Germany insisting that the next war should be paid for on delivery.

"What is modern music?" asks Mr. L. S. PROCTOR in *The Daily Mail*. Very often, we fear, it isn't.

Over five hundred persons travelled by char-à-banc from Glasgow in one day, we read. It is not said how many bottles of luggage they took with them.

It is reported that a man indicted at Havana for fraud owes £7,500,000. His grocer seems to have been a careless fellow.

"I was in California when *The Daily Mail* started," says Mr. HORACE ANNES-

LEY VACHELL, "and returned to live in England in 1899." Thus he also escaped the San Francisco earthquake.

An exhibition of paintings by lunatics is being given in a library in Berne. It is not often that newspapers put it quite like that.

"Are the Irish one of the lost tribes of Israel?" asked Lady GREGORY in a lecture at the Abbey Theatre. Is this quite fair on Israel?

A *Daily Mail* contributor has been

sent to prison for smashing twenty-nine windows with an axe. We understand that he only wanted one for game.

A contemporary describes Mr. J. H. THOMAS as "the Lloyd George of the Labour Movement." It is said that an apology is being demanded by both gentlemen.

At the recent international trials of anti-mud-splashing contrivances at Camberwell, no entirely satisfactory device was discovered. There seems to be nothing for it but to suppress autobiography altogether.

Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS, the Labour leader, has married a professional singer. It is remarkable how often vocalists marry vocalists.

Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING announces that he will resign his seat in Parliament as a protest against bureaucracy. We hold no brief for the bureaucrats, but Mr. BILLING's treatment of them strikes us as cruelly vindictive.

Only a week remains in which to dream of the result of the Derby. In order to avoid the misunderstandings that have arisen in former years it is particularly desired that any such dreams be notified before the race is run.

"England is the enemy, not Ulster," declared Dr. MANNIX on the eve of his departure. It almost looks as if the holy man intended to dabble in politics.

For the sake of economy, it is announced, telephones have been removed from Carnarvon police-stations. Household-ers desiring to have burglars removed from their premises should send a postcard to the nearest police-station.

A Bill is being considered by the Turkish Parliament requiring well-to-do Turks to have at least two wives simultaneously, instead of several in succession. The Bill is resisted on the ground that it deprives the husband of the chance of putting something by between wives.

The slump in diamonds continues, says a trade report. A scheme for popularising them by distributing a copy of *The Daily Mail* with every diamond sold is being considered.



EMPIRE DAY.

*Habitual Striker.* "THAT'S WOT'S THE CURSE O' THIS COUNTRY, MATE—MILITARYISM. MIGHT BE SO MANY FRUS- SIANS."

injured through his car colliding with a timber-waggon. We can only suppose that the timber-waggon was not cognisant of his identity.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN WAS recently taken to the House of Commons. It is said that, upon hearing Commander KENWORTHY, His Royal Highness admitted that they had nothing quite like it in his own country.

We understand that much anxiety was felt last week when the news went round that the POET LAUREATE had been inquiring the correct pronunciation of the CROWN PRINCE's name.

A Burton-on-Trent labourer has been



### POLAND AND THE CONSPUEZ-LLOYD-GEORGE PRESS.

[In dealing with the PREMIER's speech in which he declined to stultify the Versailles Treaty for the benefit of the Poles, a certain English Daily Paper explains why he "won the war":—

"'Twas that we might, the battle won,  
Desert our friends and back the Hun."

The concluding lines of its attack upon the British representative on the Supreme Council of the Allies are remarkable not only for their authoritative tone but also for their fertility of rhyme:—

"But, Mr. George, pray bear in mind  
We are not all like you—  
Fitful, inconstant still in mind,  
Untrusting as untrue.  
What! France affront to please the Hun?  
'No!' Britons cry. 'It shan't be done.'"

WHOEVER's to blame for winning the War,  
No charge can be laid at Poland's door,  
For half of her fought for WILLIAM (Hun)  
And half for Russia—and neither won;  
But out of the spoils she drew full weight  
And now she's a sovereign (buffer) State.

But she wasn't content with her land set free  
And a corridor down to the nearest sea;  
She wanted a slab of her neighbour's pitch  
Where the minerals grow and the seams are rich,  
And she claimed that people of Polish blood  
Had been on the spot before the Flood.

But you cannot decide such claims as these  
In favour of aborigines,  
So we took a census of nationality,  
Putting this question to each locality:—  
Bosches or Poles—or both—which was it  
That rightly should pouch the coal deposit?

But Poland wasn't content with that,  
With an equable share of lean and fat,  
And before we could fix a just award  
Her brigands were out with fire and sword,  
Blazing their claims to mine and mart,  
While her Government sat and smiled apart.

Then LLOYD GEORGE said that his views were anti  
The views of the brigands' chief, KORFANTY,  
Hinting in language plain and frank  
That Poland wanted a good hard spank,  
That the Entente's baby would have to stop  
Playing at bulls in a china shop.

But French Intelligence took the line  
That his heart was wedded to German swine;  
That his one delight was to go and dance  
On the prostrate form of his old friend France;  
That the thing he was pleased to call his soul  
Was as black as Upper Silesian coal.

I can't say much for the filth they splutter,  
These rags that reek of the Montmartre gutter,  
But at least, when their dirtiest mud is thrown,  
The nest that they foul is not their own;  
And, bad as they are, they might be worse—  
*They might have done it in doggerel verse.* O. S.

### Another Sex Problem.

"A correspondent would be glad to meet with a companionable woman as nurse to her baby girl (boy in holidays)."—*Ladies' Paper*.

"Nineteen hundred centuries had done little to free humanity from the curse of war."—*Manchester Guardian*.

In the matter of centuries our venerable contemporary is naturally in a somewhat generous mood just now.

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

"Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving of it."—*Macbeth*.

I WAS hurrying along immersed in thought when I ran into Charles rather forcibly. The collision displaced him from the pavement and he narrowly escaped being run down by a taxi.

"Confound you," he gasped; "you might have been the death of me!"

"Under the modern conditions of life a not unfriendly act," I pointed out.

"But death by taxi is no earthly use to me," remonstrated Charles; "no good at all; simply sheer waste of a perfectly good death."

"My poor fellow," I said soothingly, "the shock of meeting me like that has unmanned you."

I saw that he wanted pulling together, so I took his arm and drew him into an A.B.C.

"My friend is a little unhinged," I told the waitress who ultimately brought the tea, "but there is no cause for alarm. He is under perfect control."

Before I had finished reassuring her, Charles had fished a bundle of documents and periodicals out of his pocket and thrust them into my hand.

"Use the few brains you have," he suggested.

I opened the first of the documents. It was a printed statement informing Charles that he had been registered as a regular reader of the *The Daily Policy*.

"Very interesting," I said when this information had sunk in. "Do you wear a badge or get a medal? I suppose you had to swear an oath before a certified editor and—"

Charles interrupted me.

"You have the true Whitehall mentality," he said. "Like most bureaucrats you are entirely ignorant as to how the rest of the world lives and dies. I don't suppose you have even noticed the outbreak of hostilities between the Originative and Imitative Presses."

"Ah!" said I non-committally.

"Behold the dawn of knowledge!" he went on. "The fact of the matter is that alive I'm simply a liability, but dead—if killed in the right way, that is—I'm a modest fortune. Consequently my heirs and assigns don't like me to be butted under taxis or trampled to death by tame limpets. Celia's in it too, though she hasn't quite grasped the idea; but then she's no financier. I, if I may say so, am the brains of the concern, and my plans for a really profitable exit from this vale of tears are now complete. As soon as I receive the next blackmailing demand from the bandits who run our local gas undertaking, we make our wills, buy season tickets and spend our days in railway travel until we are involved in a sufficiently fatal accident. We may have lived worthless lives, but we shall die valuable deaths—about fourteen thousand pounds between us. And gossip-writers of the future will compose little paragraphs beginning: 'The fortunes of the family were founded by Charles and Celia Surbiton-Smyth, who were killed in the Peckham Rye disaster. . . . It's a great scheme.'"

"What a life!" I remarked.

"Possibly," agreed Charles; "but what a death!"

### MOTOR CARS, TYRES, ETC.

Singer 10 h.p.; bargain; three-seater and dickey; dynamo lighting, speedometer, clock, thief proof; dressing-room, bath-room, lavatory, owner driven; all perfect condition."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"Wanted, reliable Make Car, new or recent date, second-hand; 'All-weather' body."—*Same Paper same day*.

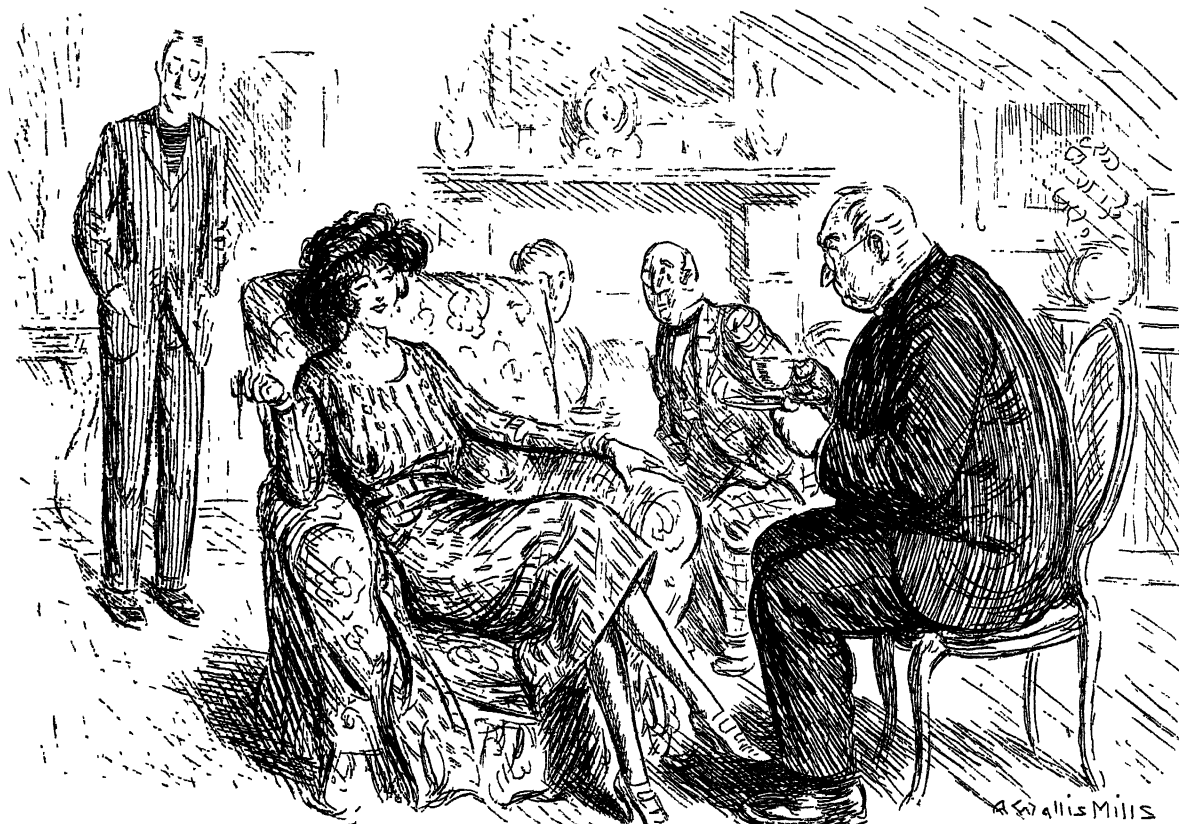
These two advertisers ought to be introduced to one another.





## THE CHAMPIONSHIP LISTS.

JOHN BULL. "AT YOUR SERVICE, GENTLEMEN."



*Country Rector (to London Actress).* "SO YOU ARE TAKING THE TITLE RÔLE IN *THE CRIMSON LADY*?"

*Actress.* "YES. QUITE A 'STRAIGHT' PART, YOU KNOW."

*Rector.* "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I AM SO RELIEVED TO HEAR THAT. THE—ER—TITLE OF THE PLAY IS—ER—PROBABLY MISLEADING."

### THE EXTREMISTS.

SCENE.—A London Drawing-room.

TIME.—This afternoon.

*Miss Dido Duwety.* We're feeling frightfully sick with LENIN.

*Lady Betty Portcullis.* Yes; don't you think he's an absolute rotter, Mr. Glossop?

*Glossop.* I've often thought so; but what's his latest?

*Miss D. D.* {Don't you read the papers?

*Lady B. P.* {Haven't you seen the news from Russia?

*G.* Now you mention it, I do remember reports of a rift within the loot. But I don't see how it makes LENIN more of a rotter than usual.

*Lady B. P.* Nobody but a rotter would go back on all his ideals and conciliate the bourgeoisie. It's piffing.

*Miss D. D.* And let down the people that believed in him. I call it too contemptible.

*Lady Gargoyl.* My dear Dido! My dear Betty! There's no keeping pace with you young people of to-day. When I was your age a Socialist was just an unpleasant eccentric—a simplifier or a rational-dresser or something. But nowadays—

*Miss D. D.* Oh, please don't mix us up with the wishy-washy cranks that live on lentils in Garden Suburbs. They're quite back-numbers. There's nothing simple or rational about us. You know, don't you, that my brother Hamilcar was sent down from Oxford because of his dangerous and violent opinions? He upset all the big-wigs by addressing them as "Comrades" or "Brothers," and they haven't got over it yet. We were frightfully bucked about it.

*G.* In fact a bourgeoisie couldn't have been more bucked about a brother getting a blue than you were at his becoming a red.

*Lady G.* I'm afraid your parents were anything but "bucked" about it. Poor Sir Peveril—

*Miss D. D.* Oh, yes; Father was absurdly stuffy about it. He squealed about the sacrifices he'd made to give Hamilcar the education of a gentleman, which gave Hamilcar a chance to retort that nobody but a bourgeois needs to have the education of a gentleman given to him. Then we found out that Father in his time had been sent down too, for some senseless rag or other. After that, of course, he hadn't

a word to say. Then there was another row when old Binns, our butler, said he really couldn't remain in a house where such opinions were tolerated. It seems that Binns is a staunch admirer of BEACONSFIELD or SIDNEY WEBB or somebody, and he nearly had seven fits when he heard Hamilcar haranguing the servants' hall, for practice, on MARX and the class-consciousness of the proletariat, which was a silly thing to do, because there's nothing more hopelessly bourgeois than the British domestic servant; as Hamilcar himself says, they're as bourgeois as the Fabian Society. Anyhow Father said he'd rather lose Hamilcar than Binns, so Hamilcar's living in rooms now and having rather a thin time, because the only papers that dare print his writings are those that don't pay for them.

*Lady B. P.* Isn't he splendid? I do envy Dido her brother! My brother got into a hopelessly reactionary set and thinks about nothing but hunting and polo. My father grouses like anything at his expensive tastes and says it would have been cheaper to have a highbrow for a son in these days.

*G.* Evidently it is difficult for extremists of any kind to please their

fathers. But of course Bolshevism relieves both parents and children of their responsibilities. Perhaps that's why you advocate it for England?

*Lady B. P.* Oh, we don't want the principles of Bolshevism in this country. They would become bourgeois at once.

*Miss D. D.* Of course they would. An ideal is ruined when it becomes common property, don't you think? But having it over there in Russia gave us something to live up to. The Bolshevik idea of abolishing the family and the home was such a satisfying thought at times. You know, I had my den entirely carried out in red, ceiling and all, with nothing on the walls but a large photograph of LENIN; and we have been having such jolly meetings there—Betty and I and Hamilcar and Ethelwulf Syskin and Pansy Southernwood and several more of us post-war lot—talking over LENIN's scheme. It seemed so grand, so uplifting—the destruction of civilization.

*G.* And yet he has merely destroyed your faith in LENIN.

*Miss D. D.* Well, it is disheartening to have one's hero go back on one. And yet when I look at his face—so splendidly inhuman—I wonder if, after all, the poor man has realised that in most countries the proletariat is incurably bourgeois at heart. Anyhow, that's the conclusion I came to when I had a talk with Joe Crouch, the Secretary of the Roadscrapers' Union, who's supposed to be one of the most extreme of all the Labour men. His way of looking at things reminded me exactly of Lord Sparklestone, the profiteer. It's extraordinary how alike the Capitalists and the Labour leaders are when you came to analyse them. Snitchsky, a real Russian Bolshevik whom Hamilcar brought to tea one day, was much more interesting. He couldn't speak anything but Yiddish, but he had such an intelligent face. When he had gone I missed my gold cigarette-case. Of course, as Hamilcar explained, Snitchsky, as a Communist, doesn't recognise individual rights in property; but it's a difficult theory to adapt oneself to all in a moment.

*G.* Then I take it you have no real sympathy with industrial agitation.

*Miss D. D.* Not the slightest. On the contrary, it was over the strikes that Father and I shook hands. He said that what he would do would be to stand the ringleaders up against a wall and shoot them, and I told him that's just what LENIN would have done.

*G.* Another meeting of extremes.

*Miss D. D.* Yes; that's what Mother said.



Auntie Annie. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU A BAG OF COAL-DUST TO TRY. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS, WRAP IT IN DAMP NEWSPAPER, POP IT ON THE FIRE AND IT WILL GO ON BURNING FOR HOURS. I WONDER IF YOU'VE READ ABOUT IT IN *HOME SNIPS*—SUCH A USEFUL LITTLE PAPER."

#### NASAL MANŒUVRES.

[A lady-doctor declares that one way to keep fit is to sneeze as often as possible.]

TIME was if I felt limp and slack,  
With all my vigour gone,  
Instinctively I used to smack

A mustard plaster on,  
And praise the kindly fate which sent  
This panacean condiment.

Then came a change; to keep me  
well

Another mode was mine:  
I seized whatever chance befell  
To bathe myself in brine,  
And grew to love the daily dram  
Of salt I swallowed as I swam.

Now to the sea no more I roam,  
No plasters wear to-day;  
Serenely I remain at home  
And sneeze my ills away;  
I've boxed the cruet-stand and got  
My cure-all in the pepper-pot.

#### "CANEWORKERS STRIKE."

Headline in *Daily Paper*.

They have already received a message  
of encouragement from Smith *minor*.

"Although he speaks no English, the cordiality of his Majesty's greeting was clear, and the Crown Prince smiled and bowed his acknowledgment."—*Evening Paper*.

Even the KING's English isn't what it used to be, apparently.

## THE OTTOMAN.

SCENE.—*Last of three plays at afternoon performance of Grand Guignol. Old Lady, deaf, unaccustomed to this kind of thing and slow in the uptake, is seated in front row of stalls with friend. Latter has seen whole show several times. Curtain rises, discovering hero seated on ottoman.*

*Friend.* Now, that's the hero.

*Old Lady.* What?

*F.* I say that's the hero.

*O. L.* Ah! Yes, of course, the hero.  
*F.* You see he doesn't know his wife is hiding in the ottoman.

*O. L.* The whatman?

*F.* The ottoman.

*O. L.* Well, why doesn't he look?

*F.* Oh, because he doesn't know she's there.

*O. L.* No, but if he looked he would, wouldn't he?

*F.* I suppose so. But his thoughts are not on the ottoman.

*O. L.* No, but he is.

*F.* Yes; but, you see, he's waiting for the woman he loves.

*O. L.* But I thought you said she was in the ottoman?

*F.* No, no; that's his wife.

*O. L.* Who is?

*F.* The woman in the ottoman. The whole point of the thing is that he doesn't love his wife. He loves the Countess.

*O. L.* The Countess? What Countess?

*F.* The Spanish Countess.

*O. L.* Is she in the ottoman too?

*F.* Certainly not. Here she comes through the window.

*O. L.* What was that noise?

*F.* It was the Countess saying, "*Car-amba*."

*O. L.* I don't know what that means.

*F.* Nor does he.

*O. L.* Does the woman in the ottoman know?

*F.* I don't know. But Don Bastinado Cigarillo knows.

*O. L.* Who's he?

*F.* The Count. He's concealed in the Venetian blind.

*O. L.* What was that she said then?

*F.* She said, "*Mañana*."

*O. L.* What?

*F.* *MAÑANA*.

*O. L.* What does that mean?

*F.* I don't know. They just say it.

*O. L.* I do wish those people behind would keep quiet. I didn't catch that.

*F.* He only said "What?"

*O. L.* Why did he say "what"?

*F.* Well, you see, he doesn't understand Spanish.

*O. L.* Then what does she speak it for?

*F.* She doesn't know he can't understand it.

*O. L.* Well, why doesn't he say so?  
*F.* Why, don't you see, he doesn't know the Spanish for it.

*O. L.* But couldn't he ask her?

*F.* No, he couldn't. Anyway, he doesn't.

*O. L.* Who's that?

*F.* Bastinado, the villain, the Count, the Countess's husband. There, he's stabbed his wife in the heart.

*O. L.* Whatever for?

*F.* Because he's not very fond of her.

*O. L.* I don't quite follow what's happening.

*F.* It's the hero's turn now. He's stabbed Don Bastinado in the heart. Now, don't you see, he'll drag both bodies over to the ottoman.

*O. L.* Won't his wife be surprised when she comes out of the ottoman?

*F.* Good heavens, no! She won't be surprised. She's asphyxiated by now. There you are. He's opened it. Doesn't he look annoyed? Well, presently he'll put the other bodies into the ottoman, climb in, stab himself in the heart and pull down the lid. Come on, dear. I don't think we need stay till the end. Here's your umbrella.

[*EXEUNT.*]

## THE PERFECT CRITIC.

WE have to thank the DANTE celebrations for many things, not least this memorable passage in *The Sphere's* "Literary Letter":—

"Matthew Arnold—than whom our modern times has produced no literary critic of equal merit—quotes many passages from Dante in support of his claim to incomparable power," etc.

It is not given to everyone to achieve so masterly an example of the new syntax, but, in a humble spirit of discipleship, we have ventured on a few feeble imitations:—

GEORGE MEREDITH, in comparison with whom, speaking from no inconsiderable knowledge of Victorian novelists, the works of GEORGE ELIOT have long since hung her diminished head. . .

As a good Londoner Dr. JOHNSON's invitation to come and take a walk in Fleet Street has always appealed to my imagination. Yet I am convinced that without BOSWELL his reputation would have been very different to the level which he ultimately attained. I have read many hundreds of biographies, but BOSWELL's stands on a pinnacle beside whom the rest are mere dwarfs.

MILTON, anent whom TENNYSON indulged in the quaint prophecy that his name would "rebound for ages"—I quote from memory—is no longer a best-seller, but there are few if any poets whose works I would sooner have composed than *Lycidus*.

## THE SAD CASE OF BERNARD BLORE.

A CAUTIONARY TALE FOR GROWN-UPS.

(*With apologies to Mr. BELLOC.*)

THE loyalest soldier of the War Without a doubt was Bernard Blore, Who moved within the inner ring As A.D.C. to General Styngé. He often spent his hours of ease With D.A.A.'s and Q.M.G.'s, Discussing freely the contents Of confidential documents. He knew who thought of Tanks; he knew

Who really ruled at G.H.Q., And what was in that telegram The Russians sent from Amsterdam; What Quarter-Masters have for lunch And who sent up that joke to *Punch*. And yet, though Generals by the score

Would earnestly confide in Blore The details of each coming fray, He never gave a thing away; Not even when the War was done Would he disclose to anyone A single tit-bit from his store Of secret military lore.

In vain relations asked his views, In vain the Pressmen fought for news, And publishers in vain would press Young Blore for Reminiscences.

At last in 1954

There came another nastier war; But he was now too old to serve, And also he had lost his nerve, And, having nothing else to do, He felt, at last, like me and you, A wish to talk of bygone days, A wish to boast of ancient ways. But, when he offered to unfold His long-kept secrets, friends were cold;

The publishers were keen no more; The Pressmen had forgotten Blore. It was too late. His very Club Received his stories with a snub. His grandchildren alone were sent, When naughty, as a punishment, To hear from 2 P.M. to 4 How grandpa won the last Great War. Ceasing at length to talk at all, He died; and at his funeral A Premier's wife, with careless laugh, Composed this simple epitaph:— "The man who keeps things to himself

Is bound to end upon the shelf; A dirty dog gives things away, But he's the dog that has his day."

From a cinema advertisement:—

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

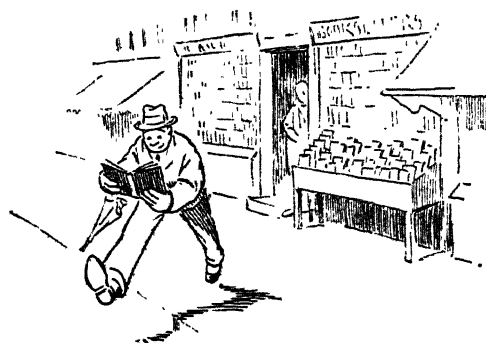
A Great Screen Version of Charles Dickens' Famous Story,"—*Scots Paper*.

To be followed, we presume, by a film of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the well-known American novel by ALICE HEGAN RICE.

## THE BARGAIN.



SMITH, WITH SURPRISING GOOD FORTUNE, PICKED UP AN ALMOST INDUBITABLY GENUINE OLD SATSUMA BOWL FOR 7s. 6d.



PIPKIN ON POTTERY (21s. NET) CONFIRMED HIS BELIEF,



WHICH WAS FURTHER STRENGTHENED BY GRUBMANN'S ORIENTAL PORCELAINS (£3 14s. 6d. WITH POSTAGE);



WHILE MUTT'S CERAMICS (15 VOLS. £20 CARRIAGE PAID) PUT THE MATTER PRACTICALLY BEYOND DOUBT.



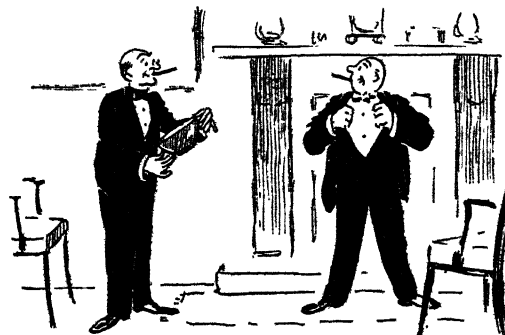
A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (TAXIS 7s.),



AND ANOTHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM (MORE TAXIS 9s. 6d.; LUNCH 11s. 2d.) INCREASED HIS CONVICTION;



AND FINALLY HIS FRIEND HARDPASTE, THE EXPERT, WHOM HE ASKED TO DINNER (INCLUDING WINES AND CIGARS £4 18s. 6d.) TO VIEW THE PIECE.



SET THE SEAL ON HIS TRIUMPH BY DECLARING IT UNQUESTIONABLY AUTHENTIC AND WORTH (IN THE PROPER QUARTER, OF COURSE) QUITE DOUBLE WHAT HE GAVE FOR IT.

## IN TERMS OF THERMS.

Eileen came into the room where I was groping my way through the instructions for filling up Income Tax, Schedule E. She was in a state of cheerful excitement.

"They're going to reduce the price of gas," she said confidently.

"Ah! But when? I suppose that, if the miners ever go back to work again and do any work when they have gone back, the price of gas may go down twopence a million cubic feet. Your grandchildren may benefit, no doubt."

"I tell you the price of gas is going down now, now, now."

"Who told you?"

"Mary."

"And who told Mary? Is her young man at the Board of Trade?"

"The gas-meter inspector told her," said Eileen triumphantly, "and he has just left this paper. It explains all about it."

"Well, let's hear some of it. I don't expect to understand it, but it will be a change from Schedule E. I understand it's official?"

"Rather," said Eileen. "From the Secretary, Gas Light and Coke Company, Horseferry Road, S.W. 1."

"Good. The only thing I like about our gas accounts is that they come from Horseferry Road. There is a touch of romance, even of poetry, about that address. It takes us back to the days when there were very few bridges in London, no gas accounts whatever, no Miners' Federation and no *Daily Mail*. However, if we keep the Secretary, Horseferry Road, waiting, he may put up the price again. What does he say?"

"He gives notice that the calorific value of the gas he is going to supply in future is 475 British Thermal Units per cubic foot."

"You know, of course, my child, what calorific value means?"

"Yes. It's the quality in the gas that makes it take so long to heat the bath-water."

"Correct. Well?"

"You are to be charged so much a Therm, instead of so much per thousand cubic feet."

"If you don't mind, let us refer to them, *brevis causa*, as Cubfeet."

"Certainly," said Eileen. "The Secretary wishes you to understand that a Therm is 100,000 British Thermal Units. He calls them B.Th.U.'s."

"Let us fall in with his humour. We will call them Bethoos. Proceed."

"Well, one Bethoo is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water 1 degree Fahrenheit."

"I don't like that at all. It sounds as if Bethoos would cost a deuce of a lot. However, fortunately there are 100,000 of them to a Therm."

"After that it gets more difficult," said Eileen. "The Company will, until further notice, supply gas of a declared calorific value of 475 Bethoos per Cubfoot. This will mean no alteration in

100,000, and that gives you Therms instead of Cubfeet. What I like about Mr. Galbraith, the secretary, is that he doesn't ask you to do anything that he can't do himself. He has multiplied 8,000 Cubfeet by 475 Bethoos, and that gives 3,800,000 somethings which he doesn't name."

"Call them Cubbethoos, if you like."

"I think Bethoocubs sounds nicer. You can almost see them walloping about the yard and biting each other's ears."

"Have it your own way. What then?"

"Well, you divide 3,800,000 Bethoocubs by 100,000, and the answer is thirty-eight Therms."

"Anything about the price of a Therm? He's not giving them away, I suppose?"

"Almost," said Eileen. "He mentions casually in the last paragraph that a Therm is to cost 1s. 2d. That sounds nice and cheap for you, doesn't it?"

"I'm not so sure. How much is thirty-eight tuppences?"

"6s. 4d. And thirty-eight shillings is thirty-eight shillings."

"Thanks. I meant to do that last little sum myself. So that is 44s. 4d. for thirty-eight Therms, which are equal to 8,000 Cubfeet, and 8,000 Cubfeet at the present price, 4s. 2d. per 1,000, are—"

"33s. 4d.," said Eileen very brightly.

Then, suddenly saddened by a realisation of the facts, "Why, the Therms are dearer than the Cubfeet. And I thought I was going to touch you for a new hat to-day."

"Still, my child, all is not loss. Horseferry Road, the home of poetry and romance, has now established a reputation for humour—a little acrid perhaps, but genuine. Let us be thankful

that the quality of the gas is to remain the same, and that the Secretary remembered to divide by 100,000."

## Sterling Cricket.

"Peach played a good forcing game, hitting six 4's in a total of £42."—*Evening Paper*.

## BO'NESS DISTRESS COMMITTEE.

## NOTICE.

The above Committee state that all the Workers at our Cooking Depots are not paid, and are giving their labour free. Any person found again repeating this statement, we will be forced to take action against.

J. GRANT, Secy."

*Bo'ness Journal*.

We trust that in reproducing this statement we shall not come within the law.



"WOULD YOU CARE TO HAVE GAS?"

"DO YOU REALLY THINK I OUGHT TO WITH THIS SHORT-AGE ON?"

the quality of the gas at present supplied."

"He means, of course, that it can't get any worse."

"Well, then, to ascertain the number of Therms used—you understand that you are to pay by the Therm instead of the Cubfoot, don't you?"

"I'd rather pay by the Bethoos, if they're not too expensive."

"Well, you can't," said Eileen; "and you've put me off, just when I was explaining it so nicely."

"Powder your nose and make a fresh start."

Eileen did so.

"You multiply the number of Cubfeet by 475, and divide the result by





"HI, GINGER! LEND US YER ROD. I GOT A WORM AN' DON'T WANT TO WASTE IT."

### A JOB O' WORK.

"I AIN'T no glutton for work," said Bill, "though I done my whack in my day,  
But I'd never say No to a boss's job if such was to come my way;  
Many's the time I've proved this true since first I followed the sea—  
A job o' work's a wonderful thing, an' you can take it from me.

"When your nine months' pay is a song that's sung an' your gear's a yarn that's spun,  
An' your girl's took up with a steamboatman as soon's your cash was done,  
An' you're back at the sea as plenty o' chaps 'ave been since the world began,  
Both ends an' the bight of a bloomin' fool of a dead-broke sailorman;

"An' you've shipped aboard of an outward-bound, but you can't remember when,  
An' you're sick an' sorry an' ready to swear as you won't touch liquor again,  
An' you've got a head like a lump o' lead an' a throat as dry as a bone,  
An' you don't much care if she sinks or swims so long's they leave you alone;

"An' a hard-case mate comes waltzin' around as ugly as he can be,  
An' yanks you out by the slack o' your pants an' cusses frequent an' free—

Just bear in mind as you've come to a place where back-chat isn't allowed,  
An' ketch a holt of the tackle fall an' tally on with the crowd!

"An' afore the tugboat's droppin' astern you'll be singin' out like the rest,  
An' afore the pilot's over the side you'll pull your weight with the best,  
An' afore the old dead 'orse is out an' 'oisted over the rail  
You'll be scoffin' pantiles an' harness beef as if they was cakes an' ale.

"For whether it's trampin' the capstan round or whether it's shiftn' sail,  
Or whether it's hangin' on by your teeth in the thick of a Cape 'Orn gale,  
Or sweatin' up a t'gal'n yard, or tackin' ship with the watch,  
Or sittin' makin' rovin's, maybe, in the sun on the after-hatch  
Or scrapin' cables or tarrin' down all day in the blue Trade weather,  
A job o' work's a wonderful thing for pullin' a man together."  
C. F. S.

"The King's company of Grenadier Guards pasted in the Quadrangle gave a Royal salute."—*Evening Paper*.

"Stick it, boys!" said the C.O., taking another brushful of mucilage.

"Just at this time everyone is interested in the question as to when it is safe and desirable to allow chickens to perish."—*Poultry*.  
A convenient time, in our opinion, is when the cockerels begin to crow.



### THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF CRICKET.

*Small "Who's-Who" of the School (to Visitor). "THIS IS PHYLLIS JONES. SHE'S QUITE A GOOD BAT, BUT RATHER WEAK ON THE LEG SIDE."*

#### THE USES OF ART

(i) As a Spur to Labour; (ii) As a Mirror of the Middle-Classes.

MY DEAR SIENNA,—My visit to this season's Royal Academy has left me with the impression that you artists are still insufficiently appreciative of the beauty of honest toil. With some exceptions, such as the interior of a motor-garage, the repairing of tram-lines on the Embankment, Sir WILLIAM ORPEN's "Chef" and a few scenes of conventional rural activity, the amount of earnest everyday work depicted on the walls of Burlington House is negligible. Even Sir WILLIAM's "Chef" does not appear to be doing his best. One may be pardoned for expecting something more of such a handsome and imposing *maitre-de-cuisine* than that he should merely stand behind a couple of chops, and not particularly large chops either.

No, Sienna, the Academy fails somehow to impress our young men and maidens with the fact, sufficiently proved in the mining industry, that there is nothing like Labour. The people in our pictures loll about far too much. There was nothing to object to

in the once popular sea-nymph sitting on a rock. One does not expect a nymph to work for her living; the poor girl has never been brought up to do anything more strenuous than play with a piece of seaweed and look picturesque. But one does look for a little practical energy in the modern girl even when she is in a picture. The most you artists make her do, however, is to wear a green dress or a pink scarf and hold a fan, or sit looking out of the window or at a bowl of flowers. That is not at all the sort of thing to inspire our sisters and daughters and fiancées to be up and doing. A man who treats his womenfolk to eighteen-pennyworth of Royal Academy is surely entitled to expect that they shall be stimulated to work for him in return. What you artists ought to do is to show our girls how attractive they would look rolling pastry, chopping wood or laying down linoleum. I feel sure that "The Little Linoleum Layer" would make quite as beautiful and moving a picture as "The Girl in the Yellow Jumper." You should appreciate the fact that a really nice girl never looks so picturesque as when she is doing helpful little jobs about the house or garden.

Then, too, your contempt of the occupations of middle-class workers arouses my indignation. Surely an editor on press-day, or a City girl knitting something under cover of her typewriter, is as suggestive of *joie-de-vivre* as a Scottish archer standing in front of a curtain or a lady in undress indulging in an uncomfortable siesta. Is there not as much spiritual beauty in a Government office as in a cottage interior? Is there not as much colour and grace in a well-groomed bank-cashier as in a shrimp-catcher or a mushroom-gatherer; as much fire and abandon in the suburban race for the 8.15 A.M. train (during a coal-strike) as in an Arab cavalcade or a dance of Nautch girls?

Turn your brush, my dear young lady, to the noble task of revealing to the world how very beautiful we ordinary people are when we are about our business. We ourselves know it; we only ask that others should be encouraged to realise it too.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL

From a book-catalogue:—

"Prometheus Illustrated (Unbound)."

A pleasant change for *Prometheus*.



## THE GODMOTHERS AND THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.

FRANCE. "CHARMING CHILD! SUCH HIGH SPIRITS!"

BRITANNIA. "WELL, I THINK HE'D BE THE BETTER FOR A LITTLE COOLING MEDICINE."





Peter (visiting his grandparents on their wedding-day). "MUMS, IS GRANDPA AND GRANDMA TWINS?"

Mother. "HUSH, DEAR, NO!"

Peter. "THEN WHY DO THEY KEEP THEIR WEDDINGS ON THE SAME DAY?"

### IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

X.

HAVING waited so long patiently but in vain, I have at last decided to write a topical poem myself on behalf of the POET LAUREATE, trying to imitate as closely as my subject permits his song called "Nightingales."

I call mine

KANGAROOS; OR, THE 6.30 CLOSURE.

*We to the Australian XI.*

Beautiful are the Provinces from whence ye come,  
And lively with opossums are those woods of gum  
And parrots' song.

What makes ye grow so tall? Ah! would we had them  
here

Men of such beetling form, or standing sheer  
Seven feet long!

*The Australian XI. to us.*

Nay, terrible is the strain of first-class cricket,  
Playing all day long we could not stick it,  
No, not for nuts;

Ah! surely we shall die in the dim field profound  
Or do upon the crease a death-pale swoond  
For all our guts.

Five hours—no more—in the enraptured eyes of men  
We bat, we bowl, we field; and then

From the green lawn  
Full of heroic deeds and white-robed limbs at play  
Long ere the light gives out we fade away,  
And stumps are drawn.

EVOC.

### "SAFETY FIRST."

THE following "Rules of the Road" have been forwarded by an English resident in Japan who has copied them from the Central Police Station at Tokyo. They show the rapid strides that our Allies are making in Occidental methods, and we commend them not only to the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but also to the management of *The Times'* Motor Insurance scheme:—

- (1) At the rise of the hand of the policeman stop rapidly.
- (2) Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
- (3) When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigour and express by work of the mouth the warning "Hi, Hi."
- (4) Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.
- (5) Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
- (6) Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.
- (7) Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks the skid demon.
- (8) Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save the collapse and tie-up."

"Rat-hunting as a new sport for ladies was a suggestion made at a meeting of the — Chamber of Agriculture, one farmer relating an instance recently where a lady motored to his farm with dogs and ferrets, and killed about 200 rats on his land and two neighbouring farmers."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that the farmer's assembled were unanimous in the opinion that this is no sport for ladies.

## DOG-DAYS.

THERE is something about dogs . . .

But I must begin by saying that I am spending a week-end with a friend of mine in the country. He is one of that increasing army of literary men for whom Sussex is a large county entirely surrounded by England, and he lives at the little village of Pinchin-hoe (pronounced "Pud-oo"). I may say that he went there for quiet, for his health, and for literary work.

When one is within a mile of it the essential character of the village becomes plain. It is a dogs' village. Here and there in the charming countryside there are traces, it is true, of the ancient industries of the place; thus by the wayside you may see a derelict plough, an abandoned hoe; in the field there is a rusty harrow rapidly disappearing in the rank neglected vegetation. In the wide marshes by the river there stands a forlorn and lonely bullock or two; on the Downs one may detect with a high-power glass a solitary sheep, nosing disconsolate the empty trough and heavily weighted with a surfeit of wool, which no man will remove. In their little gardens the cottagers and the gentry make gentle gestures of cultivation—here it is a sweet-pea, there a nasturtium—but no serious pretence is made that there is any other purpose in their lives than the upkeep of each other's dogs. Of other animals only the cow and the horse are encouraged to exist in any quantity, the cow to provide milk for the dogs and the horse to fetch the new dogs from the station.

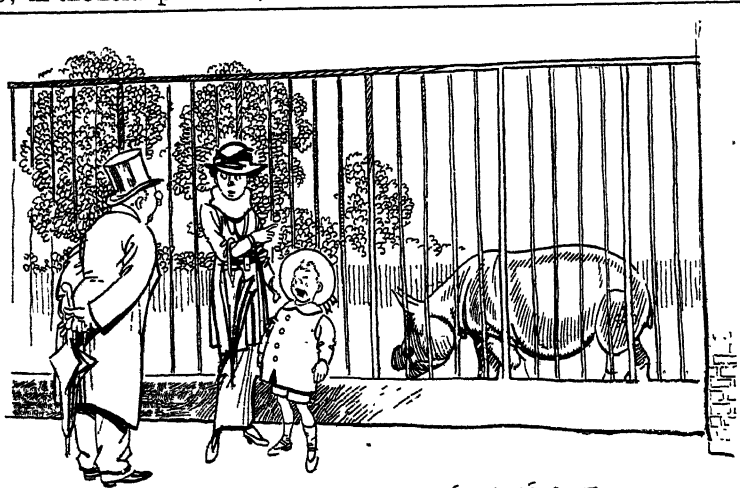
The chief meeting-place of the dogs of the village is in the little square by the pub, where at almost any moment of the day it is possible to obtain a superb view of the entire herd. It is here that they assemble to decide which of the residents or visitors they shall take for a walk. The rule is that no dog shall ever go for a walk with his own proprietor, and as you saunter through the square on your way to the Downs you are subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The number of dogs, however, is so large in proportion to the number of persons that even the least worthy of us is fairly sure of a retinue of at least four dogs. I myself pro-

ceeded one evening on a solitary stroll to the Concrete Dew-Pond,\* in order to catch newts, accompanied by one grey-hound, one mastiff, one black woolly animal disguised as a retriever, one something-haired thingummy and an Irish terrier.

While the dogs gambolled and frisked among themselves in front it was pleasant to amble along in tranquil meditation, pausing only to rescue two goats moored by the wayside from the assaults of the greyhound, or to prevent the Irish terrier from being eaten alive by the mastiff; it was pleasant to sit in the sun by the pond, catching newts, though it is true that my efforts were largely neutralised by the black woolly dog disguised as a retriever, who insisted on rushing violently into the pond and, with the marvellous instinct

In the late evenings the inhabitants take their daily exercise; the game is for everyone to concentrate in the square and pretend to be gossiping, so that the dogs may begin to have fights and commit crimes; then everyone rushes about in a masterful way with large sticks, pretending to stop the dogs. But the rule seems to be that no owner must ever interfere with his own dog, so that the game is often kept up for quite a long time. Special paraphernalia are, of course, required for this purpose; a special flock of hens is kept close to the road; the smallest child in the village is urged across the square with a jug of beer in order that the mastiff may try to upset it; herds of cows, frisky horses and mean men on bicycles are hired (I suspect) to proceed backwards and forwards through the square in order that all the dogs may fly at them and bark ferociously.

When I went down there my friend Robert and his wife had only been living at Pinchin-hoe a few weeks and they had kept themselves fairly free from the dog-fever, their only pet being a small kitten about nine inches long, called Azalea ("Zally" for short). Fortunately for me, however, Mrs. R.'s first puppy arrived by the same train as myself, so they sent the pony-cart to meet us. The puppy was about eight inches long, and Mrs. R. said that it was a "crossed Irish terrier."



Officious old Gentleman. "YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOUR CHILD CRY LIKE THAT, MADAM. CAN'T YOU GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS?"

Distressed Mother. "GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS? HE WANTS A RIDE ON THE RHINOCEROS!"

of animals, attempting to retrieve the newt before it was caught.

But never mind; I sat there in perfect peace, composing a poem on "The Sussex Newt," which I find, by the way, is strangely like any other newt, only fatter. Nothing marred the dreaming solitude of the Downs save only the black dog shaking his large wet frame all over me, and the greyhound plunging playfully about the pond, and the mastiff leaping affectionately on my back or lovingly worrying my hat, and the Irish terrier pursuing the one last solitary sheep with wild cries into the distance. . . .

There is something about a crowd of dogs. . . .

\*That is what they call it now, though I remember the time when it was a German gun-emplacement. However, it seems now to have sagged in the middle, and it certainly holds water very well. How, thorough those Germans were!

Which part of it was Irish terrier was never revealed, but about the origin of the rest of it there was very little doubt. When I say that, I mean that he was obviously something between a pug, a poodle, a spaniel and a dachshund, especially the last. I suggested that he should be called Hyphen, a pretty name. Mrs. R. objected to that, and eventually, by a delicate compromise, he was christened Siphon, because of the curious sound he made when sucking up liquid.

Still, he was a nice little dog, and our hearts went out to him. Personally, of course, I held rather aloof, but he took up a good deal of our time. Up to this point Robert had been doing some very useful work and his health was steadily improving. From that day he began to go back. It was generally agreed that little Siphon would be a pleasant companion for little Zally; in fact everybody agreed about this except



Siphon and Zally. When Siphon saw Zally he made a fierce noise, and Zally fled out into the night, concealing herself in an impenetrable wood-yard. In the small hours, when Siphon had been tenderly put to bed with his hot-water bottle, Zally walked round to the back and irritated a sheep-dog, who gave tongue without ceasing for one hour. The noise of the sheep-dog infuriated a young fox-hound called Bachelor, who is being "walked" by the people next door, and he bayed profoundly at intervals of twenty seconds, until Siphon awoke and began to whimper like a small child.

Siphon spent the rest of the night in Robert's bed. Zally spent the whole of the next day at "The Green Cow."

Two days later Robert's dog, little Vivian, arrived, a pure-bred Sealyham with a pedigree many times longer than himself. The idea of little Vivian was that he would be a nice companion for little Siphon. Unfortunately he was only six inches long, and he had the nervous temperament that sometimes goes with aristocratic and over-refined natures. When he saw Siphon he made a noise the like of which I have never heard before, something between the cry of a baby, the cry of a wolf-hound, the cry of a parrot; the cry of a cat and the cry of a young steam-siren. As I write he is still making it. He has demoralised the whole household. Little Siphon, who was quite at home, has begun again his peculiar whimper; little Zally, who had returned repentant from "The Green Cow," sits and mews with increasing irritation in a dark corner; outside, in the night, the melancholy baying of the fox-hound, the awesome howling of the sheep-dog and the distant barking of innumerable dogs, hounds and puppies all over the South Downs make a weird and tragic chorus to the scene.

All work has been abandoned; Robert is worn to a shadow; we make no serious attempt to have regular meals ourselves; only now and then we snatch a hasty sandwich or drink a very strong drink. We have divided the night into watches, and at precise intervals Siphon and Vivian are given a new hot bottle or plied with steaming bowls of hot milk. When this is done they slowly swell like penny balloons, and one waits for them to explode with loud reports; but for a moment or two the tumult is stilled.

At five o'clock the whole household stands to arms. . . .

Favouritism is rife. Robert says that Siphon is ill-bred and brusque in manner, and so he is, while Mrs. Robert makes no secret of her contempt for the foppish effeminacy of little Vivian.



J. H. DOWD · 21

*Artist's Mother.* "AREN'T YOU MAKING ME LOOK TOO OLD, DEAR?"  
*Son (reared in the best Chelsea traditions).* "WELL, THINK OF REMBRANDT'S 'PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.' SHE LOOKS A HUNDRED."

They labour with impartial devotion in the service of both, but I am afraid that relations are strained.

As for me, I no longer hold aloof. There is something about dogs. . . .  
 A. P. H.

#### "BRIGHT IDEAS."

Two hundred per cent. is said to be the recent slump in leather prices.—*Daily Paper.*  
 Nothing like leather for slumps.

"Farmers were like ostriches, for they toiled long hours and thought because they were producing, all was well, but if others sipped their honey it was clearly not enough."

*New Zealand Paper.*

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis aves,* as VIRGIL would have written had he known this breed of ostrich.

#### COAL AND ASCHE.

["If it had not been for the Coal-strike there is no knowing how much longer *Chu Chin Chow* would have gone on."—*Mr. Cs. AR ASCHE*, interviewed in "*The Evening Standard*."]

ENGLAND, while lamenting how Coal has killed her *Chu Chin Chow*, Asks, beneath this heavy wrong, "Will the coal-strike run as long?"

"Crowds have assembled nightly in the vicinity of the flying field and the various amusements to pay the closest attention."

Everyone seemed to be looking forward to the promised 'stunts' and were not doomed to disappointment."—*Local Paper.*

Even we who were not there have had our fun, thanks to the compositor who looped the loop.

## ORDEAL BY COLLECTION.

I WAS standing at the near end of one of the back pews, joining in the Service with an air of gentlemanly detachment, when my elbow was suddenly clutched in such a manner as to call forth all the reputed humour of my funnybone. I instantly dropped my book on to the seat of the pew in front.

"Wh—at is it?" I gasped.

In the aisle beside me stood a churchwarden with a hairy face and an offertory bag; the one he thrust towards my ear, the other towards my hand.

"Take the south aisle, west end," he whispered huskily; "it's a big congregation and we're short-handed."

He was gone before I could stammer a protest—gone, leaving the offertory bag in my moist limp hand, an intolerable tickling in my ear and a creeping despair in my soul.

With something like a shudder I bent forward to retrieve my fallen book. At the same moment the lady in front sat down. With a scramble I removed my hand just in time, but without the book. At once the lady returned it to me with an outraged glare. I fear she thought herself the victim of a cruel practical joke. In my increasing nervousness I smiled at her and she went very red and whispered something to her husband, who turned to give me another glare, while his lips moved in a voiceless threat.

It needed but this to strip me of my last shred of self-confidence. I sank back in my seat completely unhinged. I was all of a twitter. In about twenty minutes' time, at the bidding of a hairy churchwarden and on behalf of the Additional Curates' Fund, I was to suffer the terrible Ordeal by Collection. I had never collected before and I am the most retiring, self-effacing of men. Supposing I dropped the bag, or stumbled over an umbrella, or my boots squeaked, or I had a fit of sneezing! Supposing . . .

Merciful heavens! Which was the south aisle? If I had ever known I did not know now. And, if I did not know the south aisle, how in Heaven's name could I start collecting from the west end of it? I am no mariner, but in a fever of anxiety I strove to take my bearings by the sun, which, shining through a stained-glass window on my right, was dabbling the bald head of a stout gentleman with the gayest, most inappropriate colours. Quite useless. Over and over again I boxed the compass, but the compass won every round. Eventually it knocked me out, and, when I became conscious again, the sermon was finishing—a culpably short sermon.

I came to a desperate determination;

I decided to dart forth at the appointed moment and, ignoring all instructions, start collecting from *any* end of *any* aisle, north, south, east or west. The Additional Curates wouldn't mind.

But I had reckoned without the hairy churchwarden. Pale as death and drenched with sweat I was tottering down the aisle when in a flash he was beside me.

"Not here," he whispered angrily. "South aisle, I told you."

"But—" I whimpered.

With a gesture of dismissal the hairy one swung round and started collecting as to the manner born. I reeled back up the aisle and, swerving to the right, selected an end pew.

"Go away," snarled a little man with a receding chin and a prominent Adam's apple. "Can't you see I'm doing this bit? Have some sense."

Away I went like a hunted hare. All my fancied worsts were happening; my boots *were* squeaking, I *did* stumble over an umbrella and already I had sneezed more than once. Two more separate times was I foiled by rival collectors in my pathetic efforts on behalf of the Additional Curates; once by a military gentleman who said quite simply, "Get out!" and once by a red-headed sidesman who, with equal simplicity said, "'Op it!"

But now I was *determined* to collect. If, at the conclusion of the hymn, I had to join the procession of collectors with an empty bag, I knew I should not survive the humiliation. Caring little, therefore, on whose preserves I poached, I plunged for a pew and proffered the receptacle. A dear old lady, without glancing from her hymn-book, dropped a shilling into it. The coin fell with a queer little thud. I looked; she looked. It was not the offertory bag which had received her encouragement.

"For shame!" said the dear old lady.

I snatched back my soft felt hat and staggered, panic-stricken, to the door, cramming the wretched thing on to my head as I fled guiltily through the porch.

"Good morning," the Vicar's wife greeted me. She is an invalid. Each Sunday morning she is wheeled to the church to meet her husband after his labours.

I was as one distraught. Not only could I not collect from others, I could not even collect myself.

"Good night!" I cried wildly, snatching off my hat.

The shilling sprang gladly forth from the hat's lining and struck the Vicar's wife in the *corsage*.

"It belongs to the Additional Curates," I shouted, plunging in amongst the tombstones.

## MORE ABOUT BASH-BALL.

As I have been threatened with a libel action for asserting that the game of bash-ball is not identical with lawn-tennis, I propose to make my defence here by offering a few hints to young aspirants on the way to play the latter game. In every paper that I look at I find plenty of hints on how to play golf, but practically none on the more boisterous garden game. I have bought a number of books therefore on lawn-tennis and have tried to model my advice on them, adding here and there a few suggestions which I have found useful myself.

*Choosing a Racket.*—This is most important. Don't be misled into buying the first stringed instrument the young man behind the counter puts in your hand. It is no use going to a tennis tournament as if it were a houseboat party. When you have found a racket with a nice flat face throw it on the floor, and open the right palm, extending the fingers and thumb. Bend down and pick it up. If it comes up easily in the hand it is the one you want. If you cannot lift it without severe effort, choose another.

*The Grip.*—If you examine the handle of a racket carefully you will find that it is not round, as you might expect, but octagonal, like those Futuristic faces. This is to enable it to fit the grip more easily. Practise gripping and ungripping. About half-an-hour of this will do. Then brandish the racket a few times round your head and listen to the noise it makes. If you like the note, buy it.

*Balls.*—It is not necessary to bring your own set of balls to a tournament in a brown-paper bag and insist on playing with them; but it is better to have a few at home to practise with. The most important points to remember about them are—

(1) They should be inflated in the shop.

(2) They should float both in fresh and salt water.

(3) They should on no account have pictures of the Old Pier at Brighton painted on them.

*Shoes.*—Never play in uncomfortable shoes. If your shoes are too large, stuff them with straw or heather; if they are too small, pare off a portion of your foot until they fit.

*The Court.*—Get someone else to mark this out for you. It is rather fun, however, mixing the white stuff, because it makes a jolly mess; besides, you can white over the green places on your shoes and trousers with it. If you are compelled to mark out the court for yourself be very careful about the

angles. These should be as nearly as possible right angles. If you make them too obtuse you will never get finished; if they are too acute the thing gets all pointed at the other end.

*The Service.*—Begin practising the service first, because in this department of the game you are much more likely to hit the ball without previous experience. Serve as follows: Stand behind the base line, which you will easily detect because it is further away from the middle than the other line. Throw the head well back and open the mouth. The racket should be grasped in the right hand, with the wrist loose and the arm bent. Do not loosen the wrist so much that it comes off, or bend the arm so much that it cracks. Now throw a ball up into the air with the left hand. Don't throw more than one ball up at a time. As soon as it comes into sight again hit at it. Only one of three things can now happen. The ball may

(1) Bounce in the court diagonally opposite, which (I forgot to say) is the place you were aiming at.

(2) Bounce somewhere else.

(3) Fall into your mouth.

Go on practising until you succeed in making it do (1).

This is the plain kind of service, but there are many much more ritualistic ones. For the ordinary American service bend over to the left, throw the ball up to the left of the head and bring the racket as far over to the left as you can. If anything breaks don't blame me. Open the mouth rather wider than before, but on no account yodel. Now hit the ball with a sideways, upwards and forward movement, at the same time imparting a stroking motion to it as if it were a fairly tame puma. This service takes a lot out of you, usually about four points.

Having practised the service, which you can do by yourself without any opponent except the gardener, it is now time to study

*The Return.*—Get your old uncle or someone to stand near the net and send balls over to you, easy at first and harder by degrees. When they bounce, whack them at him as hard as you can, aiming half-way between his chin and his belt. This is called the fore-hand drive, though it is quite incorrect to shout "Fore." The fore-hand drive must be played with a stiff arm. To acquire a stiff arm, play all day and keep the arm in plaster-of-Paris at night. You must learn to hit this shot hard. Never mind the peaches. They need fresh air.

You have now mastered the two principal strokes in lawn-tennis.

My next and succeeding articles will deal with the backhand, the volley,



*Voice from the Exchange.* "R-R-EGENT DOUBLE THR-R-REE O FIVE THR-R-REE."  
*Donald MacPeebles.* "I CAN HEAR WHEEL YE 'R-RE NO SCOT; YE'RE JUST A R-R-UDE HUUZY!"

the cross volley, the genial volley, the crash, the smash, the lob, the bob, the apology, and we might have a special note on the drop and the stop—

[Ed.—I don't believe there are those.

Oh, ho! Yes, there are.

[Ed.—Well, let's have the stop now.]

EVOE.

"Arias by Bach and Schumann's 'Frauen-Liebe und Leben' cycle require a voice that is not under perfect control."—*Evening Paper.*

And, judging by our experience, they generally get it.

"Seven thousand tensely-strung people watched the wonderful exhibition of polo between the American and Hurlingham teams yesterday afternoon. They saw two unexpected things. They saw the defeat of the Americans by 3 to 2 chukkers."—*Daily Paper.* That must indeed have surprised them.

#### Another Impending Apology.

"WAR CRIMINALS.

First of British party leaves for Leipzig."  
*Headline in Evening Paper.*

"When this happy event arrives, then, and then only, can the Near Eastern world look forward to the establishment of a just and enduring peace."—*Islamic News.*

The Very Near West could also do with a peace of that kind.

"On Thursday a large band of rebels wearing uniforms, and fully equipped with rifles and ammunition, concentrated in the village of Kilmanagh, County Kilkenny. They bivouacked for some hours behind a barricade composed of creamery cats."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is not the habit of Kilkenny cats to take this sort of thing lying down. We fear they must be losing their nerve.

# THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE RUSURBANIST.

"I suppose you got away for Whit-sun?" he said with a suspicion of contempt in his voice.

I admitted it.

"In spite of the railways' appeal to patriots?"

I admitted that too.

"And you had a crowded tedious journey, and stayed in uncomfortable inns with lounges, and slept badly in strange beds, and spent far too much money?"

"All true," I said.

"And you came back fourteen in a carriage, not all of them ostentatiously sober?"

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"My mother's a Highlander," he said; "second-sight runs in our family like freckles. Any-way it was so?"

"Sure thing," I replied sadly in excellent American.

"And why did you undergo these trials and tribulations?" he went on.

"To be in the country, of course," I said. "To walk in the fresh air; to see the Spring; to forget work; to hear the nightingale; to—well, what does one go away for?"

"Ah!" he replied, "that's it. What does one go away for? But the wise man doesn't. Not in May anyhow. The wise man knows that he can get all this at home."

"Not the nightingale," I corrected.

"Did you hear one?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact I didn't this time," I admitted. "They're capricious creatures, like all *prima donnas*. But one would have to leave London if one were bent on that diversion."

"If you didn't hear it," he said triumphantly, "my point is made. Tell me where you went and I'll convince you."

I told him the itinerary. I had begun with Windsor Forest and Virginia Water, and passed on into Surrey and Hampshire.

He smiled sardonically as he listened.

"Are you any the better for it?" he then asked.

"Of course."

"You look tired," he said.

"Well, that's because I came back to rather a lot of arrears—four or five days' accumulation—and I've been getting level again."

"The price of all holidays," he said.

"The bill always comes in. Now look at me, how fit I am! And I didn't go away at all; didn't spend a penny extra; didn't have to break my habits, miss my comforts; didn't have to sit in lounges among horrible strangers; didn't have to wait for the bath, and complain of bad cooking, and lie awake because there was no light over the bed to enable me to read myself to sleep. I'll bet," he interrupted himself, "there wasn't a light at the head of the bed in any hotel you stayed at."

"You've won," I said. "But all this is nothing. The point of my going

thrushes. Hyde Park's full of them. Lovely voices too. It may not have deer, but it has a few rabbits and a great flock of sheep. You can sit under a tree and listen to the sheep bleating, and you might be on Ditchling Beacon if you shut your eyes. And in May it's all so fresh and green and clean. I don't say I should hold a brief for it in August, but in May a man's a fool to leave London.

"A London park in May is as good as any place in the world. In quality, I mean. Quantity, of course, was wholly yours; but quality I shared with you.

And in some respects I was actually better off, for a real chair is infinitely preferable to a fallen log or damp earth. There I had the advantage. And all the time you were toiling and moiling from inn to inn (oh, those awful feather beds!) I was under as fair a sky, warmed by the same sun, surrounded by just as green greenery, hearing precisely similar sounds of Spring, and—remember this—only ten minutes from my home and my club. I was saving my money too. And you, oh, my poor friend! What an appalling lot your peregrinations must have cost!"

"They did," I said. "But none the less you're missing the point. The point is that you were at home and I was away. The essence of a holiday is being away."

He showed no signs of faltering. "Well," he said, "I was away too while I was in the middle of the park sunning myself. I was as much away as any sensible man wants to be. Where I scored over you so heavily is in being away and being at home too. That was my victory. You—you were

done. You had burnt your boats. Even if you hated your hotel—which every one does—you had to put up with it. And"—here he laughed with peculiar dissonance—"you never heard the nightingale. Oh, you poor fool!"

I had had a very inferior holiday; I had come back to too many letters and more than one worrying complication, and was therefore perhaps less master of myself than usual. Anyway, it was at this point that I killed him.

E. V. L.

There was a young poet of Kew  
Who failed to emerge into view;

So he said, "I'll dispense  
With rhyme, metre and sense,"  
And he did; and he's now in *Who's Who*.



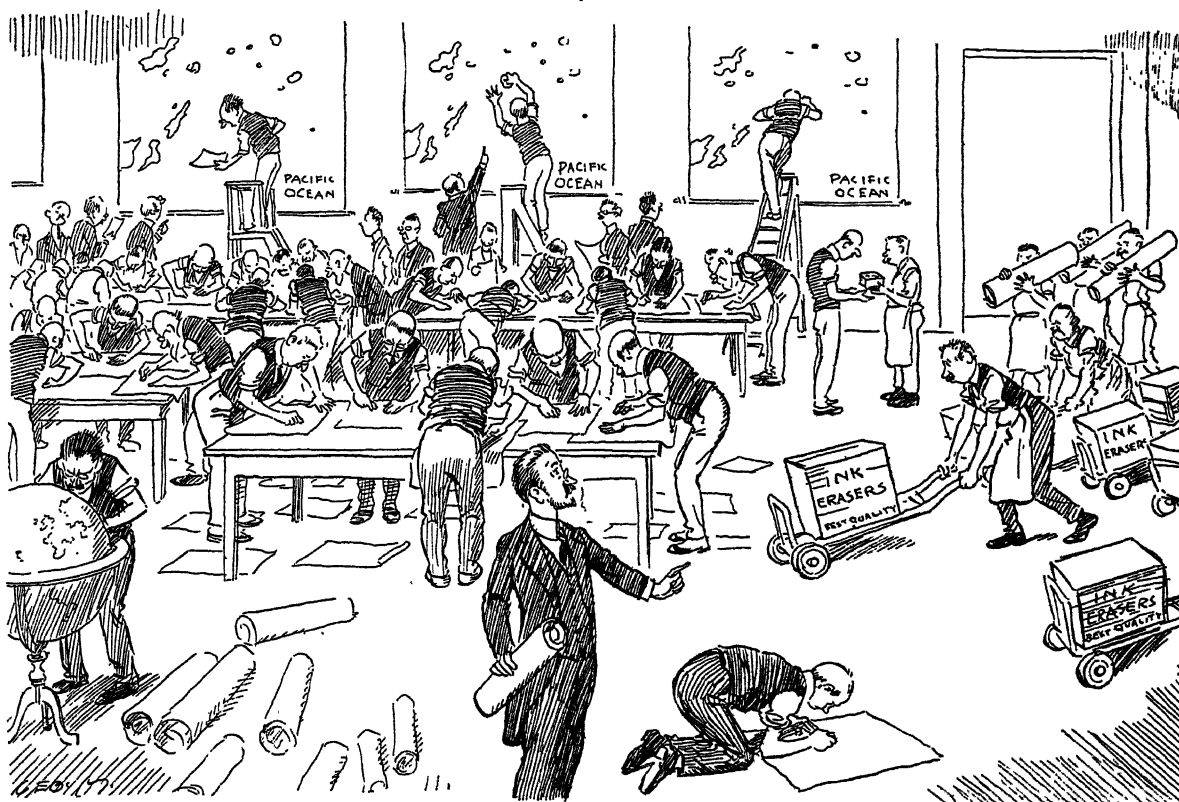
THE PEARL INDUSTRY.

Customer. "NO OYSTERS, THANKS. THERE'S NO 'R' IN THE MONTH."

Fishmonger. "'R' OR NOT, I BET 'ATTON GARDEN'S' GOT OYSTERS WORKING OVERTIME."

away was not to be comfortable, but to be in the country."

"That's what we're coming to," he replied. "I hold that I had as good country as you; not so much, but as good. I wonder," he continued, "if you have any notion how good Hyde Park is in May. It has everything. It has grass to walk on, just as Windsor Forest has, and by twisting and turning you can be on it all day. A ten-mile walk. It has magnificent trees. It has a lake. It has birds—water-birds, wild duck and so on—and singing-birds in abundance. Not nightingales, I'll admit, but honest native reliable birds, who don't just look in for the summer and then fly off again, but are always with us to play the game: blackbirds and



GREAT ACTIVITY AT THE OFFICES OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEWS THAT A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN HAS BEEN OBLITERATED BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In this space, where for many years his work has stood at the head of our review columns, we record, with deep sorrow, the death of our friend, Arthur Eckersley, chief of "Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks." Through a long illness, most bravely and patiently borne, his loyal service continued up to the very moment when his strength finally failed. Outside the wide circle of those who knew and loved him he must have made many unknown friends among the readers who followed his wise counsel in these pages; among the authors, too, whose work he reviewed with a judgment that was kindly and free from malice; for he had an understanding heart and he was very gentle by nature. The place he held in their regard, as in ours, will not be easy to fill. To his mother—between whom and her son, in the home they shared, there was the closest devotion—we ask leave to offer a true sympathy in the loneliness of her grief.

*Law and Outlaw* (HUTCHINSON) strikes me, on reflection, as a story that hardly lives up to its possibilities. When one considers that Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK has a plot that allows her to select for a text one of the most delicately cynical couplets in the whole range of poetry—

"Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive  
Officiously to keep alive"—

I do think one was justified in expecting more than a few neglected chills and a singularly bungled attempt at pushing the victim off a wall. The fact is that Mrs. Twistleton, between whom and an enormous fortune there stood only the slight figure of Peggy, her husband's daughter by a former (divorced) wife, could never quite rise to the opportunities that the late Mr. Twistleton's will had given her. Of course (being a person in a book) he had made his second wife joint guardian of the poor friendless child whose death would mean so much to her, unheeding that he might just as safely consign Peggy to the legal custody of "hungry tigers or the roaring sea." However this isn't the kind of book in which highly attractive little girls can be suffered to come by any permanent harm, so—well, you can guess for yourself how virtue is victorious. A good enough plot, but its treatment not quite adequately exciting.

Because Messrs. CASSELL AND Co., who have published *The Great Way* to make us glad or perplexed or stark insane with bewilderment (as the case may be), have an international address, comprising London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne, I am deprived of the pleasure of knowing in which of these great cities Mr. HORACE FRISH composed this "Story of the Joyful, the Sorrowful, the Glorious." But I daresay you and I can both strongly suspect. If I have to confess myself one of those for whom *The Great Way* proved only a path of deepening mystery, in which the heroine (who was, shall I say, a Great Walker) met with not one person who was even distantly human in talk and character, but wandered through various parts of Spain behaving like an imbecile in congenial society—well, that is precisely all there is to it. I should like to support my opinion of this crazy book with quotations; but I could never select them, and you would probably not believe



them if I did. Still, one gleam of light comes from what (who knows why?) Mr. FISH calls his *Prólogo*. "Vaguely, some two 'wheres' deep in our two souls, we both know the great secret already, you and I. But we have no words at hoof to put it into." The italics are mine; but I feel that the situation between Mr. HORACE FISH as author and myself as critic could hardly have been more neatly epitomized.

Let me commend Mr. GEORGE GIBBS's *The Vagrant Duke* (APPLETON) as one of the better sort of railway novels. *Grand Duke Peter Nicolaevitch*, alleged cousin of the late TSAR OF RUSSIA, just escapes the "gentlemen from Moscow" and beats it to the land of the free to make an honest living as forest ranger and bodyguard to a millionaire with a dark secret. He meets a perfect peach of a native girl, *Beth Cameron*, niece of his boss's housekeeper. They love at first sight. She is of course ever so much more real than the various scented princesses he has loved in Holy Russia. She sings like a bird, *Peter* himself playing the piano like a PADEREWSKI. But there is such a thing as grand-ducal pride, and he has it badly till *Beth's* beauty and spirit, and possibly the complete lack of other feminine society, wear it down. The principal villains, a Bolshevik agent and an interesting blackmailing ex-partner of the millionaire, are removed after the usual strokes and counter-strokes, and we leave the lovers (well provided for by the millionaire) gently honeymooning—the vagrant Duke playing the *Romance of SIBELIUS* as it can only be played in novels of this kind.

My enjoyment of *Release* (METHUEN) was rudely interrupted by the absence from my copy of pages 49-64, an omission for which a double dose of pages 65-80 failed to compensate. This was all the more regrettable because Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER's work is so delicate that it suffers badly from such vagaries. Here she has set herself a difficult task in putting her story into the mouth of a man; but to a great extent she has surmounted the difficulty. *Grand-papa*, the only name which I associate with him, was not a virile person, nor did he need to be to tell so wistful a tale as this. The opening scenes are laid in Ireland, where *Arnold Bligh*, a middle-aged official on leave from India, becomes engaged to *Owen* (short for *Inishowen*) *Knorr*, who both in years and experience was very young. *Arnold* is suddenly asked to return to India as "Acting Commissioner," and he goes back with his wife. You can imagine what *Owen*, with love of Ireland in her veins, thought of official life in India. Miss NAPIER's outstanding qualities as a novelist are restraint and a real knowledge of the subjects with which she deals; and *Owen's* life, both in Ireland and India, is a faithful picture, excellently painted and

framed. In many of our modern novels there is so much noise and beating of the big drum that it is a pleasant and soothing change to read a story which gets its effects without any fuss and fume.

"Don't you love," says the heroine of *The Incredible Honeymoon* (HUTCHINSON) to the young man with whom she elopes, "the bit that begins about 'the tempestuous moon in early June'?" He doesn't say whether he does love it or not, but I do. Whether the heroine or the author (E. NESBIT) or the printer is responsible, I consider that it is just this jolly lilt which is needed to lighten the gravity of *Thyrsis*. Besides, it is appropriate to the book, the keynote of which is a sort of gentle propaganda (oh, how badly needed!) of sunny cheerfulness. Nor is education neglected, for the eloping pair visit Warwick, Kenilworth and Chester, and shirk none of the tourist's duties at those famous towns. Everything is very pleasant in *The Incredible Honeymoon*, so pleasant that people do not even mind the bull-terrier, *Charles*, when he bites them. And, if *The Amazing Marriage* has suggested the title, the telling of the story has no trace of Meredithian obscurity. Exactly why *Edward* and *Katherine* decided to make a mock mock-marriage which was really a real marriage I would not tell you, even if I quite understood. But I do see that they couldn't have been made to run away with a plot and without impropriety by any other device; and the important point is that their moon, if tempestuous, was as good as gold.

In *The Heel of Achilles* (HUTCHINSON) Miss E. M. DELAFIELD has given us a study of egoism almost devastatingly complete. *Lydia Raymond* was a precocious child,



"LOOK HERE, WAITER, WE'VE BEEN WAITING OVER HALF-AN-HOUR."

"CAN'T HELP IT, MUM; THIS ISN'T THE DIVORCE COURT."

and she quickly developed into a woman who, both as wife and mother, was intent upon sitting precisely in the middle of every picture. We are led to believe that the *Lydian* type is quite incurable, for in all conscience this egoist was told some hard and straight things. Her sister-in-law wasted a lot of truth and invective upon her, and her grandfather called her a situation-snatcher. Retribution however came when she was thrust into the background by her daughter *Jennie*. I cannot help thinking that *Jennie* was intended to be more attractive than she seemed to me, for I found her merely a modern and more vulgar edition of her mother. The London boarding-house is well-laboured ground, but I have never seen it cultivated more intensively or to greater profit. Miss DELAFIELD's tale is admirably constructed, and, though she works out her theme so ruthlessly that it leaves behind it a sense of considerable depression, there are many moments when the gloom is relieved by her sense of humour.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE only trouble about the "far-flung" British Empire, in the opinion of some people, is that Ireland was not flung far enough.

At some athletic sports near London a spectator has been slightly wounded by a bullet from the starter's pistol. The knowledge that the starter may be armed is likely, we fear, to give an impetus to false starts.

The Meteorological Office announces that during the summer months it will supply farmers with special weather prophecies in the form of daily telegrams. Sportsmen who love a gamble should not miss the many good things sent out on these wires.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, who is an accomplished whip, intends to act as his own coachman when he and the Sheriffs pay their official visit to the Richmond Horse Show. It is hoped that this precedent may lead to the amalgamation of the two illustrious offices.

In consequence of rumours that are current we are asked to state that the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. and the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy are two separate and distinct bodies.

"Nearly everybody is run down," says an advertisement. Yes. Sooner or later the motor-car manages to get there.

A two-headed snake, which is called an Amphibæna, has just arrived at the Zoo, and is reported to have bitten its keeper. Perhaps he would have been wiser not to have called it that.

MR. J. L. FLYNN, of San Francisco, has sent a poem to his income-tax collector. People feel just as keenly about the matter in this country, but they rarely go quite so far as that.

A toothed and wingless bird belonging to a period dating back some twenty thousand years has been found in Western Kansas. It was dead.

"I object to people in trade referring to customers as 'clients,'" says Judge JACKSON. We ourselves always use the word "victim" in this connection.

According to *The Daily Express* a gramophone which was hurled fifty miles by a tornado in New Orleans played afterwards as well as ever. We can only wish the owner better luck next tornado.

"Is it not time," asks Lord INCHCAPE in a letter to *The Times*, "that every class—nay, every individual—stopped to ask the question, Where are we going?" But is it worth while, in view of the difficulties of travelling, to stop

mysterious circumstances was found to have eaten a large number of iron washers. It seems that the farmer had turned his pump loose in the same field as the cow, which proceeded to devour its rival in a fit of jealousy.

Two young fox-cubs were recently found in Warwickshire in a nest entirely composed of newspapers. This looks as if the parents had been in the habit of taking in the local papers to find out where the hounds were to meet.

"Modesty, not paint, is a woman's true adornment," declares Father DEGEN, the popular preacher. Opinion still differs as to this, but it is generally conceded that textiles have had their day.

A pair of four-toed jerboas, the only specimens ever seen alive, have been presented to the London Zoo. We do not wish to brag, but this is at least a toe better than anything the Americans can show.

"Salad," says a woman's page, "is more than ever a useful article of diet now that coal is short." It is useful, of course, but it would be idle to pretend that we do not miss our morning plateful of coal.

A number of drift bottles released by the Fisheries Department of the Board of Agriculture have been washed up on the coast of Scotland. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Scotsmen is said to be taking action.

In English money, says a contemporary, the Bolshevik executioner receives about threepence. Still threepence here and there soon mounts up.

A contemporary points out that there are fewer millionaires to-day than before the War. We suppose that this is due to the fact that so few people can afford to be millionaires these days.

A doctor informs us that hearts are more likely to be broken by joy than by grief. It is this anxiety for the safety of the race that prevents prices being reduced too rapidly.

"Scarlet bags," says a Parisian writer, "are becoming fashionable for men." We can only say that we shall refuse to wear them.



Racing Enthusiast. "EPSOM BOTH WAYS, PLEASE."  
Booking Clerk. "FIRST OR THIRD?"  
Racing Enthusiast. "WHY NOT SECOND TOO?"

and ask this question, when the obvious answer is "Nowhere this year."

It is announced that the charge for urgent telegrams to Russia is at the rate of one and fourpence-halfpenny a word. Some of the words are well worth the money.

In a lecture at the Royal Institute the other day Mr. EDWARD CLODD remarked that palmists do not read the hands of apes. We remember hearing of one, however, who truthfully predicted that an organ-grinder's monkey would shortly cross the sea with a dark man.

A cow which died at Grimsby under

### THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

SOME day the crisis may be settled;  
 Meanwhile, however pinched for coal,  
 Breathes there a Briton so low-mettled  
 Who greatly cares inside his soul  
 Whether the strike is on or off,  
*When we are champions still at Golf?*

The industries that made the nation  
 Are situated in the cart;  
 Yet as a cause for agitation  
 What topic really moves the heart?  
 Is it the slumpage? It is not;  
*It's Can we keep the Polo Pot?*

Though the Entente be torn asunder,  
 Which once was, oh! so firm and strong,  
 Does anybody mind, I wonder,  
 Whether the picnic at Boulong  
 Contrives to rectify the crack,  
*If we but get the Ashes back?*

Though arson rages on the Liffey  
 And Ireland's not delivered yet  
 From crawling vermin, very whiffy,  
 Why should we worry, why regret  
 That Peace so long delays her dawn,  
*If we can win at Tennis' (Lawn)?*

This is the spirit (known as "sporting")  
 That takes from Fate her power to hurt,  
 That leaves her baffled still and snorting.  
 Just when the knock-out seemed a cert;  
 In vain for such she spreads the mat;  
 You cannot down a type like that. O. S.

### WASTE PAPER.

#### A TRAGEDY OF INTENSIVE CULTURE.

HE is a bank clerk; he reads *The Daily Mail*; he is seriously thinking of joining the Middle Class Union; his name is Freddy Smith.

You recognise him? A little fellow, with fair wispy hair and the gently receding chin of his branch of the family.

Last winter he wrote a novel.

Undeterred by the deplorable taste of modern publishers he next turned to the short story as an outlet for his genius. He underwent a postal course of intensive culture in this art at a "College," on whose staff are many brilliant novelists who can afford to stop writing masterpieces and give the others a chance.

"Pluck and Postage Stamps" was the motto of the Correspondence College, and the first nineteen editors to whom his initial effort was sent returned it almost at once. So he sent it to the twentieth.

A week went by, and another week. Three days had been the previous average.

Freddy's hopes rose. At last he had found an editor of vision, one who knew the real thing when he saw it.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was in quite high spirits when he caught the 5.13 home on the fateful evening. She got in just as the train was starting.

She was pretty, in the fluffy style, and took with casual thanks the seat Freddy offered her.

From her little despatch-case she produced some typed MSS. and, after looking through the bundle, chose one and began to read.

Where he stood by the window Freddy watched her from behind *The Evening News* (did I say he read *The Evening*

*News* in the evening? It doesn't matter, anyway). Also, as an author on the point of being recognised as such, he took an interest in her MSS.

Surely . . . He peered still more closely. There was no mistaking the typescript. He would have known it anywhere. *The girl was reading the story he had sent to his twentieth editor a fortnight before!*

Freddy formed the opinion that the girl was a Reader. He knew there were such people. Possibly the fate of his story was in her hands. . . . He watched the expression of her face anxiously as she read; not the faintest smile ruffled its placidity. This was as it should be, for the story was a psychological study and therefore not designed to exhilarate.

She alighted at the second station. So did Freddy, although his home was farther down the line. He followed her with only the vaguest idea as to what he would do, only conscious that he was fascinated.

The road she took brought her to a park, and there under a tree she sat down and took out Freddy's story again.

Freddy sat down too, and from the corner of his eye watched her as she continued to read.

Presently she met his anxious glance. He smiled nervously.

So did she, a little ladylike smile.

"Nice evening," he volunteered. She agreed.

"You are—er—interested in the story you are reading?" he hazarded.

"So-so," she said.

"But you *seemed* very interested," he insisted in his most gentlemanly manner.

"It's all *right*," she said, as one who agreed for the sake of avoiding argument.

"I suppose you are a Reader?" he went on casually.

A suspicion that he was, as she would have said, "loopy," flashed into her mind and she edged a little away from him.

"Of course I am when I'm reading," was what she said.

"But professionally, I mean."

"I really don't know what you're talking about."

"Those typescripts—I thought you must be in an editor's office, that you read manuscripts sent to the editor."

"Me?" she answered in amazement. "I have to work for me living."

There was a disconcerting lack of culture in her voice which pained Freddy.

"I'm in a business 'ouse," she added with dignity, rightly resenting the idea that she had any connection whatever with an editor's office.

"I'm sorry," murmured Freddy. There was evidently some absurd mistake.

"Me mother's in an editor's office," the girl conceded.

Flickering hope revived, but only momentarily.

"The editor," she went on, "chucks the absolute rubbish—'tripe,' they call it—into the waste-paper basket. Mother brings some of them 'ome sometimes. That's 'ow I got these. Mother's the lady 'oo sees to the office."

Freddy looked with unseeing eyes at his watch, remembered an appointment, rose and hurried away.

On reflection he has resolved to excel in the banking business and leave MAUPASSANT's laurels where they were.

From a Riviera "Tarif des Consommations":—

"Real Whisky, 10 francs."

"A consommation devoutly to be wished."

How they get the news in New Zealand:—

"PRINCE ON A PET DOG."

The Prince of Wales rode a pet dog in the Brigade Guards' inter-regimental point-to-point race."



## LIGHTENING THE SHIP.

"It is an ancient Mariner  
And he scrappeth one in five."  
*After Coleridge.*

CAPTAIN LLOYD GEORGE. "I REGRET THAT I MUST ASK TWENTY PER CENT. OF YOU TO WALK THE PLANK. AS AN ACT OF CLEMENCY I LEAVE THE SELECTION TO YOURSELVES."

[The Government has issued a circular to the Departments ordering them to make recommendations for the reduction of their expenditure by twenty per cent.]



He. "I'M BORED WITH LIFE, BORED WITH DANCING, BORED WITH TOWN, BORED WITH THE COUNTRY, BORED WITH EVERYTHING."  
 She. "WHY BOTHER TO LIVE AT ALL?"

He. "I WOULDN'T, BUT TRAVELLING BORES ME MOST OF ALL."

## LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

### A PRIVATE LINE.

LONDON is full of obscure romantic corners. In the very heart of our great Metropolis, not a minute's walk from the Royal Courts of Justice, there is a marvellous railway. Not one of those long and complicated railways which run from Finsbury Park (wherever that is) to Hammersmith (wherever that may be); not one of those elaborate, crowded, over-dressed railways with moving staircases and stentorphones, but a lovely little toy-railway tucked away in a corner all by itself.

A miniature railway, yes; but it has everything. It has two real stations and one real train. One of the stations is called Holborn (such a pretty name) and the other is called Aldwych (so distinguished). I am the only person who uses this railway. That is the real charm of it. Nobody else ever wants to go from Aldwych to Holborn; one can understand that. But the surprising thing is that no one else is ever seized with an uncontrollable craving to proceed from Holborn to Aldwych; or if they are they are seized at other times.

Anyhow, I go to the little station at Aldwych and buy a little ticket for

Holborn (it is a real ticket; the payment, of course, is a mere matter of form, though one keeps up the pretence the whole way through). There is a special lift waiting for me, and down I go, all alone with the liftman, who pretends to be watching me closely the whole time to see that I do not annoy myself by smoking.

All alone I walk up and down the little platform, waiting for the toy-train. It is silent and peaceful down there, though there are real advertisements on the walls. It is also a little dark; I fancy the battery must be running out.

Presently the little train dashes in and stops right in front of me. It has only got one carriage, and the works are hidden away in a sort of box at one end of the carriage. In the train there are two men—the pretend-driver and the pretend-guard. One is in the front of the train and the other at the back. They get out very gravely and change places. But before they get into the train again they hang about on the platform for a short time and talk about Trade Unions and the 'Spurs. They are pretending, you see, that very likely there will be some more passengers coming, though they know perfectly well that there never are.

Then they get in. The trouble is now that the driver has to stand at the guard's end of the train, where there are no works, while the guard has to go and stand by the works and pretend it is his van; that is the worst of having only one lot of rails. Some day I shall buy them a turn-table, so that the train can turn round properly.

The little sliding-doors in the middle of the train shut mysteriously by themselves, and away we go. I am all alone now and I can do what I like, for, of course, the driver pretends the whole time that he does not see me. It is a smoking train, so I light a cigarette first and enjoy myself; it is so splendid to feel that one is alone in a train. Then, of course, there are all sorts of games you can play; very often I pretend that I am a lady and there is a huge crowd in the train. I am very beautiful, though I look tired, and a nice gentleman leaps up and offers me his seat. Sometimes I just look haughty and sit down without saying a word to the poor man; sometimes I murmur that I have only seven more stations to go and refuse to sit down, so that the poor young man looks silly; but usually I give him a bewitching smile and gratefully sink into his seat, falling into his arms on the way.

Sometimes I just sing; it is by far the best singing-railway I know.

Meanwhile the driver is having a lovely time. While we are in the first part of the tunnel there is a string of fairy-lights tied to one of the walls, so that he can see the rails through the glass, all shiny. Then suddenly there are no more lights (we could not afford to have them the whole way); the line makes a bend, and everything is black in front of him. This is the exciting part. In that pitchy darkness who knows whether the train will ever win through to Holborn? Think of the crowds of stations there are under the ground. Quite close there is the Temple, there is Covent Garden, there is Chancery Lane. Glorious names! I know that driver; I know that roving temperament of his, and I have a secret suspicion that he would be glad, positively glad, if one day that little train were to get out of hand in the darkness and, scorning Holborn, rush madly past by perilous ways into the British Museum station.

But I won't have it; it is *my* train . . .

Look, look! another bend. More lights in the distance. What can they be? And what is that beyond—that fairy cavern with the faint mysterious radiance playing on the rocks? Can it be—? Yes! No! Yes! It is—it is . . .

We have arrived at Holborn.

The whole thing has only taken a minute and a-half. A little saunter on the Holborn platform, just to feel we have really been there, and we are off again. This time one feels a little safer, for the train is the right way round, with the works in front. All the same anything may happen—a collision, a fog, a cow on the line. . . . There are so many trains in this part of the world. Those Inner Circles—terribly erratic fellows; and those Ealing Non-stops; and, worst of all, those sinister yellow trains one sees rushing through Earl's Court, no man knows whither. Full of Russians, they say. Any of them are capable of trespassing suddenly on to this little railway of ours, the jealous hussies, just because it is so peaceful and select. . . . Heavens! we are in the dark again. The driver sets his teeth. Once upon a time there was an idea of getting some more rails and letting the railway go on and on, under the river and far away, away to the far South—to Waterloo, to the Oval, to the Elephant itself. Fantastic dream! Yet that driver, I fancy, has never forgotten it. He is tired of the road to Holborn, the surly fellow; he is even tired of the road to Aldwych. *This* time, this time surely, that wild vision will come true; the bright new rails



*Preoccupied Barber (inadvertently setting light to client's hair while making conversation). "WE SHALL SOON BE DOING WITHOUT COAL ALTOGETHER, SIR."*

will open up before his reckless gaze, and that little train will run on magically out of the darkness into the sweeter air of Clapham Road. . . .

It comforts him to think that, I know; but I will not have it. It would spoil my railway altogether. The seclusion, the simplicity, the quiet—these things are better than adventure and travel. But see! Where in the wide world is this? . . .

We have arrived at Aldwych.

It has only taken us four minutes to do the round-trip. In an hour we can do fifteen round-trips; in two hours we can do thirty round-trips. In fact, that is what the driver does.

When he has done thirty round-trips he goes and plays with another railway. To-day I broke all the rules and spoke to the guard. He said that, after the

other railways, my railway was "a change."

Are you bored with this game? So am I. I don't think I shall play any more now. But I am afraid the driver will have to go on playing for another hour or so. A. P. H.

"Polynesia consists of hundreds of islands, the chief of which are the Fiji Islands. In old days the natives were cannibals, but that is now past; but the people are still very interesting."—*Parish Magazine*.

Though, so far as missionaries are concerned, less absorbing.

"Dipper batted for three hours and twenty minutes without giving a chance, and his hits included twelve 4's, three 3's, and nine 2's." *Scotch Paper*.

DIPPER is the kind of batsman we want for the Test Match.



## POLO.

(Being a faithful account of all I can learn about the game.)

POLO was the favourite pastime of the Persian kings, and JAMSHID undoubtedly played it in the intervals of glorying and drinking deep, though the shortness of Oriental tempers and the extreme width of the goals in the ancient form of the game made it necessary to have a number of mounted Chaldean astronomers on the ground in order to reckon the score and explain the offside rule to the assembled multitude. Not much more is known of the game at this period, but the line—

"The ball no question makes of eyes and nose" seems to indicate that strokes were kept well along the ground, just as they are now, and not allowed to rise into the air.

I can only find one reference to the game in the classics: "*Nostri curiosus et polo*," in the second book of the Epodes of HORACE, and it is probable that the Romans only knew of it from hearsay.

The first genuine attempt to introduce it into Europe was made without question by the great Venetian explorer, MARCO POLO, who became so enthusiastic about the game, after having seen it played by ARGHUN KHAN, that he could talk of nothing else when he came back, and consequently received his nickname. Unhappily MARCO slightly confused his central with his northern Asiatic explorations, and insisted that the players had to be mounted on reindeer. The scarcity of this kind of animal in mediæval Venice and the expense of providing even chamois as a substitute prevented the game from becoming as popular as it might otherwise have been with the Doges.

In England the game is only about fifty years old, but even in this short period it has rapidly displaced tilting at the quintain as the premier mounted pastime of our aristocracy. It was long kept a secret from a rough democratic people who hated new-fangled inventions, but at last an enterprising reporter managed to disguise himself as a Nicaraguan marquis, entered the sacred arena and blew the gaff. Nowadays, of course, polo-players are dogged by camera fiends more faithfully than *divorcées*, and the features of the Ranelagh Jammunces and the Hurlingham Chuckers are as well known to the man in the street (and which of us is not in the street to-day?) as those of the Tottenham Hotspur and Chelsea teams.

How then should the aspiring young polo player of the outer suburbs who wishes to shine in first-class company

fit himself for the task? It is first of all necessary to procure a pony of the right size, which is 14·2—not inches, but hands. Never forget this golden rule in buying a pony. If you ask for so many ells or cubits the man will simply laugh at you. The rule of measuring by hands applies to all equine quadrupeds, including the mule and the quagga, but not to the camel and elephant, which are measured by parasangs, or the giraffe, which is reckoned at so many feet above the level of the sea.

The polo pony should be fast, docile and well-mannered. All you have to do, therefore, is to go to any well-known horsemonger, adopt an open and straightforward stance and say to him simply, "I want a fast, docile and well-mannered pony, please, of fourteen and-a-half hands and the usual quantity of feet," and leave the rest to him. You will be sure to receive every satisfaction, and he will probably give you a Derby winner with a touch of Exmoor blood.

Now buy a mallet and a ball. It does not matter what the mallet is made of, though you must remember it is one thing going through the bell-hoop unmounted at Cricklewood and quite another stopping a fast rush in the last ten minutes at Roehampton. The ball should be made of willow or arrowroot, I forget which.

As to dress, I need not advise you. You will have seen scores of photographs of dukes, admirals, cabinet ministers and others putting the last touches to their polo toilet, not to mention advertisement-pictures of whisky, soap and cigarettes (you know the kind of thing, where the lean-faced out-door man explains to Her that he would never have got that goal if it hadn't been for the perfectly priceless Kunjai he smoked just before the last chukker) and you can easily make your own selection.

Properly dressed yourself, you must now have your pony duly caparisoned, taking care that the reins are so fastened that they will not come off when you pull, and that the thing which goes underneath is fairly tight. Take your cigarettes, mallet, goad, handkerchief and apple for the pony, and mount. Ride out with a few friends similarly accoutred to the nearest open common, and, as soon as the L.C.C. man is not looking, begin. Excite your pony to a gallop and practise hitting the ball when riding at full speed and without overbalancing. Your principal difficulty at first will be that you have three things to hold, viz.:—

- (1) The reins
- (2) The goad
- (3) The mallet;

and that, unlike the pony, you have only two hands. It should be remembered, however, that one of these three can be grasped at any given moment in the teeth, and long practice at your railway terminus with a season ticket, newspaper, umbrella and despatch-case will already have made you fairly skilful at this manœuvre.

When you have become an adept, choose which of the three premier Clubs you would like to belong to—Roehampton, Ranelagh or Hurlingham—and send your name in, together with the suggestion that you would like to be tried as England's No. 2. There is no rule in polo against liking.

EVOE.

## MARGERY'S YOUNG MAN.

"Alan," said my brother-in-law, "we have terrible news for you."

"You don't say," I replied; "tell me suddenly, before I can start worrying."

"Your sister Margery is engaged to be married," he announced solemnly.

I laughed heartily.

"Margery with a young man!" I said. "Don't be silly, John. She has only just put her hair up."

"It's true, though," said Cecilia, who holds a combined position as my elder sister and John's only wife.

Margery beamed at me self-consciously.

"This is what comes of my allowing her to live with you and John," I said bitterly to Cecilia. "If I had made her come and look after me as soon as she left school, this would never have happened. You know perfectly well it was understood that she and I were going to set up house together and she was to devote her life to me. Now what am I going to do? Go on having landladies for ever, I suppose. Really it is too— Who is the fellow, anyway?"

"Well," explained John dubiously, "none of us has seen him yet. Apparently Margery met him at some beastly dance during the winter."

"And didn't say a word to any of us," said Cecilia. "He's coming down this afternoon to be approved."

"Approved" indeed," said Margery.

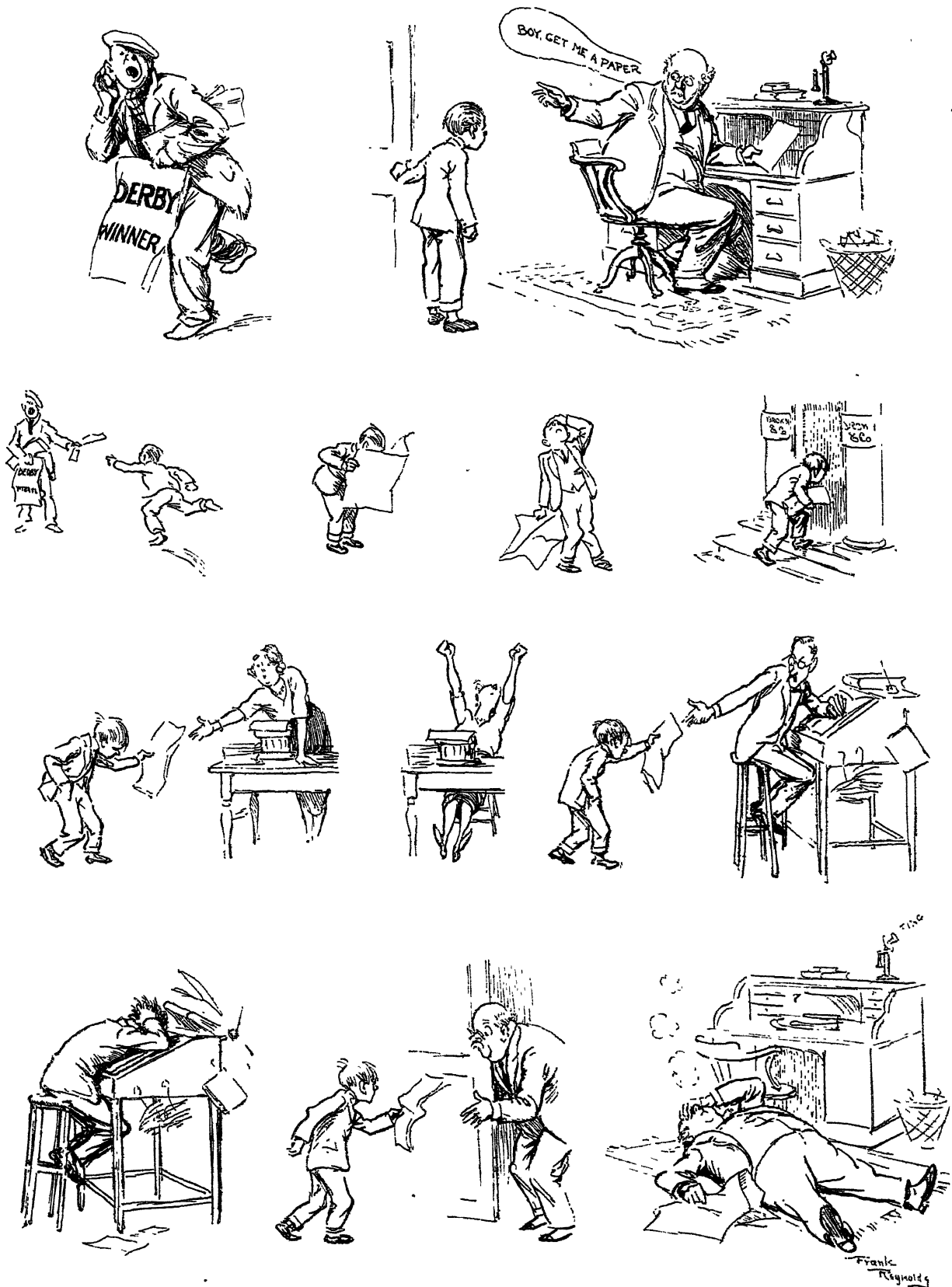
"But you must know something about him," I protested. "What's his name?"

"Well, he spells it B-r-o-u-g-h," said John; "but goodness knows how he pronounces it. Margery says it's 'Bruff,' but I think it's 'Brew' or 'Browge.' That's one of the things I've got to ask him."

"He might be anything," I said indignantly. "A most elusive name. That settles it. I shall forbid the banns."

There was a sound of wheels outside and Margery became suddenly agitated.





THE OFFICE GAMBLE.

"I believe it's David," she said.

"David!" I echoed. "Then let us prepare to meet him. If he won't go back home quietly, John, I'll hold his arms, and do you bash him with a poker."

"I know I shall hate him," said John bitterly.

All Margery's usual powers of retort deserted her. She squeezed my arm anxiously and affectionately.

"Please, Alan, be a dear," she implored. "Don't be an idiot and don't let John."

"We shall see," I said grimly as she fled out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course David proved to be an excellent fellow, and everything went splendidly until after dinner. Then John gave me a full-sized wink and cleared his throat loudly.

"Well now," he said, "we have spent a very pleasant afternoon and it's time we settled down to the real business of the day."

"John," said Margery sharply. John ignored her and proceeded.

"First of all I want to say that I consider it rather—er—cheek on Margery's part to get engaged at all without asking me if she could do so. However, I pass that. But before I can give my—er—consent to the—er—present state of affairs continuing in their—er—

present state there are two questions I should like to ask Mr. Brough."

"Fire away," said David, grinning broadly.

"First of all, then, there's your name."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that, surely?" said David.

"I don't know yet," said John cautiously; "I haven't looked up its derivation. You may be descended from a family of cattle-stealers for all I know, and if so we couldn't dream of giving our consent."

"Certainly not," I said; "our ancestors were churls of the best brand, and we couldn't possibly ally ourselves with any of the lower orders."

"We will let that rest for the moment," continued John; "the question is, how do you pronounce your name? My wife would like it to be 'Brow,' as denoting a great mind. Alan and I prefer 'Brew,' as denoting—"

"Don't answer, David," said Margery.

David laughed. "I am sorry to seem obstinate," he said, "but I am afraid it must be pronounced 'Bruff.'"

"Note that point, will you, Alan?" said John; "defendant refused all attempts to compromise as regards name."

"Very well," he went on, "the next thing is, when and if you are married, are you prepared to share with us the burden of having Alan down for week-ends?"

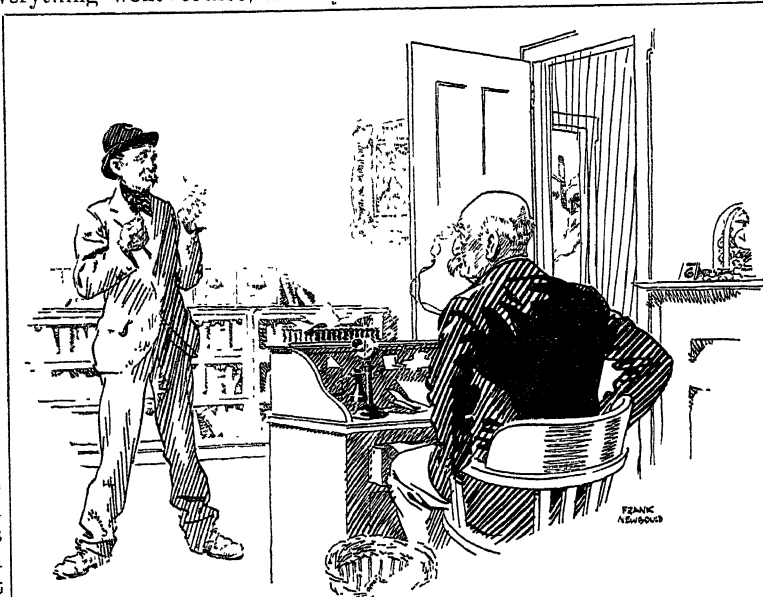
"No," said Margery.

"Of course it'll be a pleasure," said David.

I stood up and shook hands with him.

"Consider me on your side," I said.

"Choose a house somewhere near a golf-course, won't you?"



Applicant for Situation. "AFORE I DECIDES TO TAKE ON THE JOB—WHAT ABOUT SOME COMPENSATION FOR LOSING MY UNEMPLOYMENT PAY?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said John, "you've made a splendid impression by your attitude in this matter. Of course it is largely due to ignorance. You can't be expected to know Alan yet, but, speaking for Cecilia and myself, anyone who will take him off our hands a little is more than welcome."

"Then I may consider myself passed?" asked David.

"Not quite," said John; "there are still a few more questions with reference to your personal character. First, do you drink?"

"Well," said David, "since you mention it, I don't mind if—"

"Stop!" said John hurriedly; "this is no time for jesting. Put that down, Alan. He drinks—but not now. Do you smoke?"

"Just a pipe, you know," David apologised.

"Worse and worse," said John.

"You'll be admitting you play cards

next. You do? Well, that settles it. Our little Margery to marry such a man! Good heavens, no. I'm afraid all is over between you. As a matter of form, Cecilia and Alan and I will retire and consider your case; but you may as well spend the time saying good-bye to Margery. I fear there is no doubt as to the verdict."

"But you'll let me have a word, won't you?" appealed David. "I know I'm an awful outsider, of course, but it might be worse."

"Drinking and smoking and gambling," murmured John severely; "I don't see how it *could* be worse."

"Well, after all," said David, "I haven't got any serious vices like—well, singing in my bath, or—er—playing golf, or making jokes at breakfast-time."

Cecilia and I applauded loudly, while John glared.

"Who's been telling you about me?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Believe me," said David, "I'd absolutely no idea—"

"Well, it's very funny," said John. "However, I'll give you one last chance. Tell me, what did you do in the Great War?"

"Oh, I—er—fought and bled, you know."

"Ah! but with *whom* did you fight and how much did you bleed?"

"Well, I'm afraid not enough to shout about, and my battalion was the 10th Fusiliers."

John gasped. "Not the 10th?" he spluttered.

"Yes; I joined them in France in September 1916."

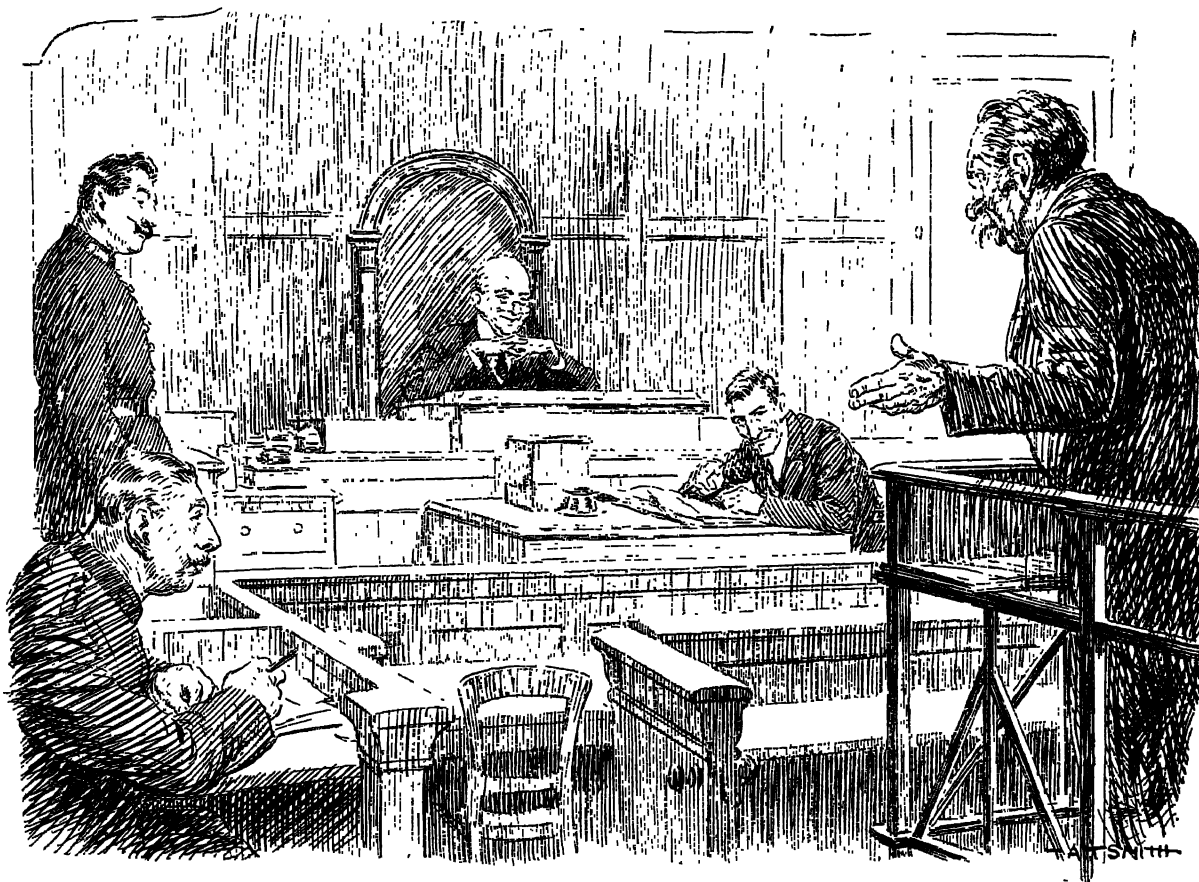
"Just after I was wounded," shouted John. "How extraordinary! My dear old boy, come and talk about it. Did you know old Splinter Jones of C. Company? He was my batman. Bless my life, I am glad to meet you!"

Cecilia, Margery and I looked at each other and stole quietly from the room. About an hour later David and John rejoined us. There was a moment's silence. Then said David, "I take it you have decided to pass me after all?"

"Pass you? Oh! Margery, you mean," said John. "Yes, rather. You can take that as settled. I only wish we could offer you something better."

"Ben Jonson was a hardworking bricklayer."—*Life of Ben Jonson*.

O rare BEN JONSON!



Magistrate. "WHAT EXCUSE HAVE YOU FOR BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY LAST NIGHT?"

Delinquent. "MY WIFE STARTED A TEN DAYS' SPRING-CLEAN YESTERDAY, YOUR WORSHIP, AND——"

Magistrate (kindly). "I WILL TRY TO HELP YOU. TEN DAYS."

### NOCTURNE.

(A Semi-lunatic Lyric.)

WHEN Nature doffs her purple palimpsest  
And day's Red Ensign fades from out the West,  
The woodland lures me with its dim delight  
And all the silver pageantry of night.

The moonbeams, filtering through the leafy screen,  
Flood the long avenues with mellow sheen,  
And every little breeze that flutters by  
Caresses me with a melodious sigh.

Silence prevails, save where amid the pines  
The mild-eyed melancholy hedgehog whines,  
Or where the hungry owl's plaintive pipe  
Blends with the drowsy drumming of the snipe.

Strange gurglings from the water in the mere  
Betray some finny monster dreaming near,  
And cheerful bitterns punctuate the gloom  
With their profuse and polyphonic boom.

The fragrant badger, issuing from his lair,  
Pours forth his love-sick plaint upon the air,  
And velvet-footed weasels on their raids  
Flit darkling down the sylvan colonnades.

Night nears its zenith; on the moonlit lawn  
The pixy jazes with the leprechaun,  
And from the mouths of magic macaroons  
Float forth delirious syncopated tunes.

The revels wax, until myopic moles,  
Drawn by the sound, come trooping from their holes;  
The little runlets add their tinkling chime  
And sympathetic crickets chirp in time.

But hark! the cock with his untimely crow  
Warns the night-dancers it is time to go;  
The rout dislimns, the elves return to glory  
And leave the world to Madame MONTESSORI.

### "Shakespeare à Bruxelles."

Parmi les pièces qui seront jouées nous citerons *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Teaming of the Screw*.—*Belgian Paper*.  
Bless thee, WILLIAM, thou art translated.

"The Ulster Parliamentary elections took place to-day. Throughout the six counties the contests created the keenest interest. An exhausted pool was anticipated. All the licensed houses were closed by military orders."—*Provincial Paper*.

Hence the drain on the pool.

"The L. and S.W. Railway Co. announce that the Continental services will be run to-morrow and on Friday, the trains leaving Waterloo at 6.30 p.m."—*Evening Paper*.

The recommendation of a change in the station's name seems to have found some favour after all.

"Verlaine" struck up a friendship with an Italian photographer whose show was enlivened by an immense skeleton of a whale. At night the two strange cronies would sit inside the whale and drink beer until morning did appear. This Noah-like idea came from the brain of the poet."—*Daily Paper*.

To us it rather recalls JONAH'S Ark.



"MOTHER, DID YOU NOTICE ME FIX TWO OF THOSE LIONS WITH MY EYE?"

### THE GOLF SPECTATOR'S ROUND.

[Considering that, unlike the lookers on at any other sport, the crowds who follow golf matches usually have a very much more strenuous time than the competitors themselves, Mr. Punch suggests that the Press should report the adventures of the spectators with the same wealth of detail that is lavished upon the doings of the different golfing stars.]

THERE WAS a blazing sun and very little breeze when Mr. and Mrs. Podger went out at 11.15. At the first hole Mr. Podger ran up to the edge of the green in fine style and secured a perfect place, but Mrs. Podger was trapped behind a woman with a large hat and saw nothing.

Going to the second, Mr. Podger was at fault. Owing to over-anxiety he pushed his wife into the bunker on the left of the hole, but recovered brilliantly, dragging her out at the first attempt and landing her close to the pin. Both were well placed at the third, having a nice lie on the soft turf, and Mrs. Podger got her breath back. However, she lost it again at the fourth, being well behind Mr. Podger in a running-up approach, the latter having now settled down to something like his true form.

At the fifth, Mr. Podger reached the green in two sprints and a canter and, if he had not tripped over the ropes guarding the hole, would have further increased his lead. There was little to choose between them from the sixth tee. Mr. Podger left himself too much to do with his final spurt, whilst Mrs. Podger ran over the green and was strongly reprimanded by one of the stewards.

The strain was clearly beginning to tell, and Mrs. Podger was nowhere near with her feeble approach to the seventh. Mr. Podger landed in a drain, and, having picked himself out, was forced to work hard with his elbows to get in front. At the next hole Mrs. Podger missed three putts on the green through discussing the servant question with a friend. Mr. Podger was out in sixty-two minutes, and Mrs. Podger in sixty-seven.

On the homeward journey Mr. Podger showed an inclination to press unduly, and, though he usually got well away from the tee, appeared to have considerable difficulty in remaining on the greens, owing, no doubt, to the keenness of the officials. At this stage

Mrs. Podger was hardly ever up and missed many chances of improving her position.

Mr. Podger got into serious trouble at the thirteenth through standing on a competitor's foot. Mrs. Podger, who had now taken to using her seat-stick very frequently, hardly looked like going much further, and at the fifteenth it was plainly all over with her. Mr. Podger finished strongly at the nineteenth hole and completed an arduous round by getting down his gin and stone-ginger before the rest of the field had even reached the bar.

A Manchester paper explains how Mr. GUILDFORD lost a certain hole to Mr. TOLLEY. It was "through twice putting out of bounds from the tee." On the greens he had himself under better control and never once putted out of bounds.

"Cook-General, about 30 to 35; very comfortable home, picturesque surroundings, facing Tube station, on omnibus route."

*Daily Paper.*

With a cinema close by, no doubt, to enhance the charm of the landscape.



### A RISING MERCURY.

LORD ILLINGWORTH (*in British Elysium*). "WELL, I NEEDN'T WASTE THREE-HALFPENCE ON A POSTCARD OF CONGRATULATION TO MY SUCCESSOR. AT THIS RATE HE MAY JOIN ME HERE ANY MOMENT."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Tuesday, May 24th.*—The few Scottish Members who attended the reopening of the Commons at once experienced a shock. The first business on the Paper was the Lochaber Water Power Bill, and the CLERK pronounced the place-name as a dactyl! It is understood that he has since been waited upon by the offended shade of ALLAN RAMSAY and has solemnly promised to say *Loch-äbër* no more.

The Post - Office, once "the milch-cow of the Treasury," has fallen upon evil days and cannot even pay its own way. Hence the further increases in rates announced by Mr. KELLAWAY. Post-cards are to be three-halfpence instead of a penny, printed papers a penny instead of a halfpenny, and foreign letters threepence instead of twopence-halfpenny. To crown all, Sunday deliveries and collections are to be entirely abolished, thus bringing the country into line with the metropolis. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was rather short with his questioners, but one must make allowances for the well-known and distressing effect of "evil communications."



SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW THREE-HALFPENNY POSTCARD STAMP.  
MR. KELLAWAY.

There is an airy optimism about Captain GUEST, quite in keeping with his official position. Asked whether the Air Ministry was financing experi-

ments with a helicopter, whether the machine in question had yet risen from the ground, and how much public money was to be spent in the matter, the AIR MINISTER cheerfully replied that the answer to the first part was in



LORD CARSON OF DUNCAIRN, ON ENTERING THE GILDED CHAMBER, RECEIVES THE SALUTE OF HIS LATE GALLOPER, LORD BIRKENHEAD.

the affirmative, to the second in the negative, and to the last that "a sufficient sum has been allocated to enable these promising experiments to be continued." In view of the second answer, "promising" is good. But one would like to know the Ministry's conception of "a sufficient sum." Is it a case of "one thousand more and up goes the helicopter!" or ten thousand—or a hundred thousand?

The Government had nothing to say as to the prospects of a solution of the coal crisis. The Admiralty's contribution to a settlement, announced by Colonel AMERY, is to use oil instead of coal for all its ships and to spend a large sum of money in providing storage tanks all over the world. Commander MONSELL's remark that in their oil-contracts the Admiralty "wanted to keep as much up their sleeves as possible" was a little cryptic, but may perhaps indicate that little or none is to be allowed to adhere to the palms of other persons.

*Wednesday, May 25th.*—The LORD CHANCELLOR delivered a little homily, *à propos* of Irish affairs, on the proper method of interrogating the Government. The popular notion that Questions are put in order to elicit information is, of course, quite erroneous. According to Lord BIRKENHEAD you should first catch your hare (by private communication with the Minister concerned) and then, and not till then, proceed to cook it. Their Lordships received the advice submissively, but probably thought that Members in

"another place" were more in need of it.

The issue of a new Writ for St. George's, Westminster, reminded the Commons that they have lost, and the Lords have gained, the pleasing presence of WALTER LONG—to quote DISRAELI's phrase regarding his ancestor. From the morning paper they also learned of the impending disappearance of another Parliamentary landmark, for Sir EDWARD CARSON's fighting days are over and he is about to join his former "galloper" in the final appeal tribunal.

Tea on the Terrace will soon have an added charm for Members and their friends. The AIR MINISTER stated that, as the result of recent experiments to determine whether the river could be used by aircraft, the stretch between Westminster and Albert Bridges had been found to be the most suitable portion. Before long, perhaps, Captain GUEST will



## THE TRICKSY SPIRIT.

*Ariel, the Amphibious.* "Be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the Thames, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding,  
task  
Ariel, and all his quality."

"The Tempest," revised version.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR.

be able to offer lady visitors a personally-conducted flight round the Clock Tower as a preliminary to strawberries and cream.

The thunder-clouds gathering round the Finance Bill were dispersed by the Government's circular to the Departments, enjoining drastic economies—for next year; and the ensuing debate was chiefly noticeable for the manner in which Members contrived to trot out their pet hobbies. Thus Lord ROBERT CECIL declared that a real decrease in taxation could only be secured by the "whole-hearted acceptance of a foreign policy founded on the League of Nations"; Sir F. BANBURY was for "scrapping" all new departments created since 1914; Mr. WATSON, on behalf of the Labour Party, still favoured a levy on capital; and Mr. BOTTOMLEY rehearsed his faith in premium-bonds.

Sir ROBERT HORNE had not much trouble in disposing of such contradictory criticisms, and made a speech which, since it was described by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY as "fatuous optimism," I take to have been pretty good.

Thursday, May 26th.

—The popular pastime of "baiting GREENWOOD" was continued, but on this occasion the bull had rather the better of his assailants. Mr. ACLAND complained that an untried prisoner had been kept for weeks in a tiny cell, under "degrading and unhealthy conditions." But the alleged cell turned out to be the butler's pantry of a country house, and though to the skittish inquiry, "Was there any wine in it?" Sir HAMAR made no response, the answer may perhaps be inferred from the fact that the prisoner made no complaints of his treatment.

In reply to a question about German War Criminals the ATTORNEY-GENERAL administered a lofty rebuke to Mr. BOTTOMLEY for interfering at the very moment when they were being tried. But its effect was diminished by his statement that he had just had a telegram from Leipzig to say that the first of them had been sentenced to—ten months' imprisonment.

The LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL does not get much practice nowadays in answering questions. But there was the old Balfourian touch about his reply to an inquiry as to the result of the United States' refusal to join the League of Nations. That was "a matter of prophecy and conjecture" on which he declined to pontificate.

In introducing his Railways Bill Sir ERIC GEDDES did his best to shatter a number of cherished beliefs. Looking back to 1913 the ordinary man sees a vision of fast and frequent trains at cheap fares, moderate but fairly regular dividends, courteous and efficient service and a healthy spirit of competition among the companies. But the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT says that this is all a delusion and that even before the War (when he was himself a general manager) the railways were already on the down-grade. Who, he asked, is to raise them up again? and forthwith supplied the answer:

"I, said Sir ERIC,  
With my little derrick."

With luck and a proper use of the new

## "THE DELECTABLE DUCHY."

IN Launceston a quaint old Cornish custom survives of paying one's rent in kind. For instance, the PRINCE OF WALES received the other day a pound of pepper from one tenant, a faggot of wood from another and a goatskin from a third. His Royal Highness was perfectly satisfied with these payments, not even hinting when the faggot was handed to him that a sack of coals would be preferable.

I am all for the revival of these pleasant old-world customs, and this one particularly seems to be worth putting into practice, especially at the present day.

So when the rent-collector calls on the twenty-fifth inst. I propose to lead the conversation casually to the subject of His Royal Highness and his excellence as a landlord. Mr. Binks, if I know anything of his loyalty, will heartily endorse my tribute.

"Now as to the rent," I shall say at last; "I have here a cast horse-shoe and a packet of caraway seeds. So much for the quarter due. At Michaelmas, when I have the pleasure of seeing you again, I shall hope to have ready a pair of boots—pre-war, Mr. Binks—a couple of soda-water syphons and a catskin rug."

If Binks is awkward about it I shall say that he is no loyalist and threaten to move to Launceston.

"Put in other words, however willin' the British Barkis may be, the French widow remains even more coy than Dickens represented her prototype to be."—*Morning Paper*.

Barkis too might not have been quite so willin' had he known that Clara Peggotty had been married before.

"The pool is out of the discussion now . . . Yorkshire men are content to drop it absolutely now that Messrs. McGurk, Ashton and other Lancashire men have thrown it overboard."—*Yorkshire Post*.

From the first we were of opinion that the pool was a wash-out.

From a publisher's list:—

"Okukuma Obufumbo. Ebigambo Ebitonono Ebikuburiza Abakyala Abafumbo. 'Marriage defence.' Simple Notes for Mothers' Union Addresses."

This should put the wind up Lord BUCKMASTER.



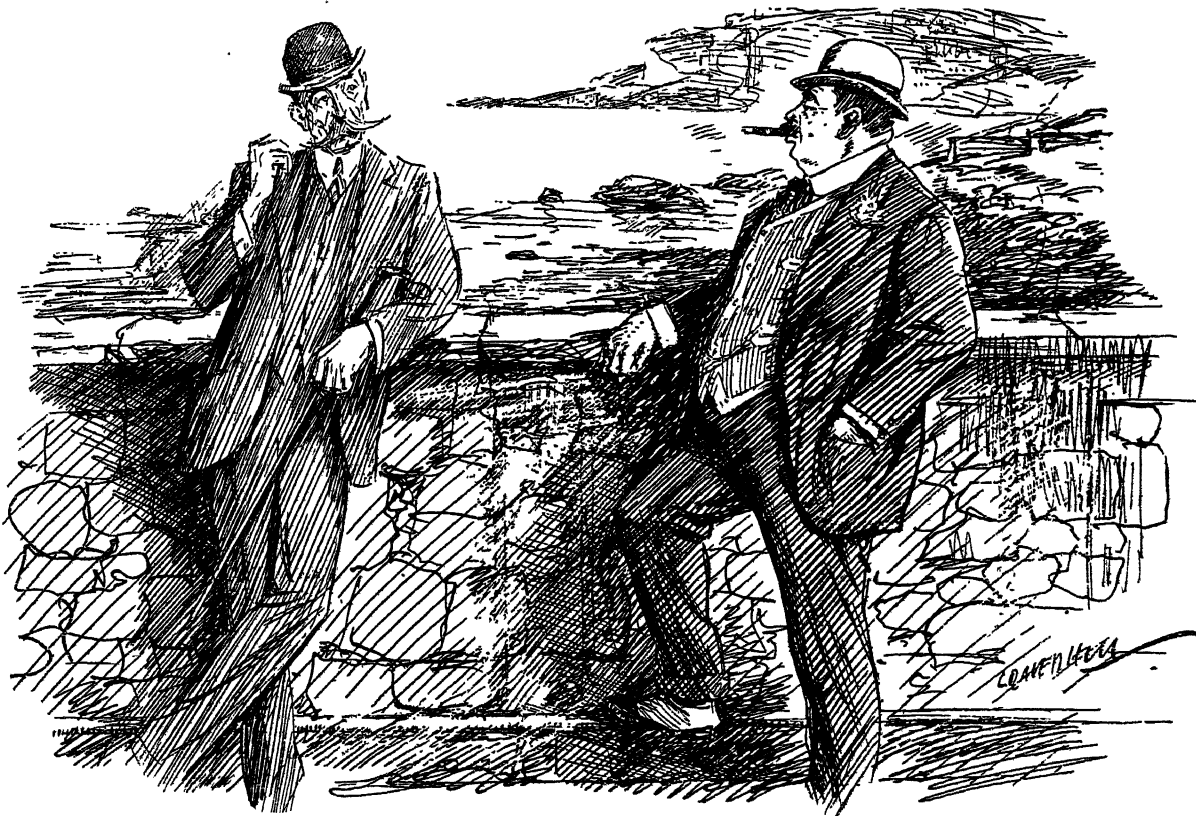
Guest (reading label of strange plant). "SO THAT'S A 'MERRY MONARCH.'"

statistics he reckons on an eventual increase of revenue of twenty-five millions a year.

As most of the railway companies have accepted the proposals, not having much option in the matter, Sir F. BANBURY's criticism, though caustic, was not dangerous. The real opposition came from the Labour Party, who saw another chance of nationalisation slipping away from them, and put up Mr. OLYNES to move the rejection. What, he asked, had become of Mr. CHURCHILL's famous pledge at Bonnie Dundee? But the general opinion appeared to be that "the town was well rid" of that particular specimen of the COLONIAL SECRETARY's versatility.

"The whisky was found to be a very powerful but crude spirit. It contained over 100 per cent. of pure spirit; in one instance it was 111 per cent."—*Scotch Paper*.

The statement, like the whisky, seems to us to be much over proof.



*The Profiteer (on the subject of himself). "AS I SEZ, ONCE A GENTLEMAN ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN."  
The Other. "AH. THAT UNIQUE OCCASION MUST HAVE ESCAPED ME."*

#### WALDORF: AN APPRECIATION.

Waldorf is dead. Someone has left us a fortune, and the shock killed him. At least I suppose it must have killed him, as we have never seen him since.

We shall miss him terribly. Life without Waldorf seems inconceivable. We were always up against him while he was alive, but now he is gone we are beginning to have a horrid feeling that perhaps we may have misunderstood him. He may have had his good points, poor fellow; certainly it was to his credit that our poverty seems to have attracted him to us. Was he, after all, a friend in disguise, an angel unawares, a sheep in wolf's clothing? One would not like to feel one had done him an injustice; but he really *did* look very like a wolf.

Waldorf was part of our lives. We grew up with him from babyhood. Perhaps it was prejudice, but we always understood that it was his presence in the neighbourhood that prevented our having things we wanted. You couldn't blame us for resenting it.

He used to hang about the front garden, and at times he would almost live upon the doorstep. It was his one object to get inside the door, as it was ours to

keep him away from it. The only person who had a good word for him was a very rich aunt, who said Waldorf was the making of us; but no one ever paid any attention to her, and curiously enough Waldorf didn't like her.

He cherished the strangest likes and dislikes. I remember there were men who used to turn up periodically at one time and fuss and want to turn the gas off, or else it was the water, and Waldorf simply loved them. That was Waldorf's taste.

And now he is dead! It seems impossible that we should have lost the great amusement of our lives, the sport of "dodging Waldorf." It was a fine game. You gave him the slip when he wasn't looking, preferably in the evening, and did something jolly that you couldn't possibly afford, and then came back and found him on the doorstep. He used to sulk on those occasions, but he always turned up a few days later more enthusiastically insistent than ever. He scratched all the paint off the front-door once, and it was years before we were able to replace it.

And now he is dead.

And yet sometimes I wonder . . . Is it possible that he can only be pretending, that he has only left us for

the time being? He used to grow very fat about quarter-day, I remember, and we always suspected that the rate-collector fed him on the sly. If things go on as they are at present it is just conceivable that we may one day find Waldorf sitting in the conservatory. One never knows . . .

Meanwhile we have got our fortune and are rich. But there is a penalty to pay. We can no longer enjoy the salutary fun, the stimulating exercise of Keeping the Wolf from the Door.

#### His Spiritual Home?

"On May 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert —, a son (late of Streatham, London, S.W.)."  
*Provincial Paper.*

From a *Times*' poster:—

"THE TIMES.  
CAPTURED  
BY ARABS."

This explains a good many things.

#### "THE ROOM COMPLETE.

Oak Sideboard . . .	£16 0 0	Total £4 10
Oak Dining Table . .	£9 15 0	
Set of Chairs . . .	£13 10 0	
Oak Mirror . . .	£3 5 0	

Any piece can be had separately."

*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Thanks, but we propose to buy the lot.

### RETALIATION.

Agnes is still with us. It is something to have kept a cook so long, but there have been (and are) serious difficulties. Not the least of these arises from Agnes's capacity for obtaining concessions and even privileges by means of indirect methods. Perhaps her greatest diplomatic triumph of this kind is the use she has made of Mrs. Capstick, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

From the first, be it noted, Agnes never *asked* for anything. There was no need. She had only to quote Mrs. Capstick's example, and her statements took on the form of requests: When, for instance, I had entrusted her with buying some flowers for the dinner-table she remarked quietly, "Mrs. Capstick used to say, 'm, 'If they're nice to-day, Agnes, there's no 'arm in gettin' a few over for the kitchen.'" Or again (her night-out being Tuesday), Agnes would observe pensively on Saturday morning, "Mrs. Capstick always used to say, 'm, 'It's a long time from a Tuesday to a Tuesday, and, if there's not much doin' of a Saturday evenin', why, what better night for the pictures?'" Or even, "Mrs. Capstick used sometimes, 'm, to sit up late and make me a cup of tea against I came 'ome tired from the cinema. 'You're not strong, Agnes,' she would say, 'and these 'orror takes it out of you like.'"

Remarks like this last strengthened my suspicions that Mrs. Capstick and her mansion on the Tyne-fjord were myths of Agnes's creation. All the same she and Agnes between them got a good deal out of me. Precedent is a powerful and dangerous weapon, and my only hope of disarming Agnes was through retaliation. I therefore invented the ideal cook. Her name was Kate; afterwards, in a moment of hasty improvisation, extended to Kate Rotherhithe. I made the most tactful use of Kate. Thus, for suggestion, "Kate didn't put quite so much pepper in the soup, Agnes." For faint praise, "The savoury was very good to-night, Agnes, but not so good as some of Kate's." For downright eulogy, "Why, Agnes, I don't think Kate herself could have done a better omelette." But the more I enlarged on Kate the more Agnes persisted with Mrs. Capstick.

A few nights ago I went with my husband to one of those big scientific receptions. Late in the evening I was introduced to the wife of a steel expert from the North of England. Her name (which for once in a way I caught distinctly) was Capstick. She was a real and a very pleasant woman. Chatting with her in a quiet corner, I broached the subject of Agnes. She remembered

her very clearly. I thought it well to indicate, with the help of a few suitable quotations, that Agnes had found her a remarkably good mistress. Mrs. Capstick smiled. "Of course," she said, "I never did any of those things. They were what Agnes told me a Mrs. Fazackerly used to do, and I never believed that Mrs. Fazackerly could be a real person."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, in the course of a consultation with Agnes on household matters, I remarked, as casually as possible, "By the by, Agnes, I met Mrs. Capstick last night." . . . I am not sure whether Agnes blushed. She stooped to pick up a dropped hair-pin from the floor, and came up very red in the face. As she jabbed the hair-pin into position, while she eyed me steadily in the kitchen looking-glass, she said deliberately, "Oh! 'm, and I forgot to tell you, 'm, Kate Rotherhithe was under-cook to me at Mrs. Fazackerly's."

### GOLF JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

(From our Prestlake Correspondent.)

. . . . But of all the duels of giants fought out in this tropical heat none came within measurable distance of the astounding match between Andrew Socketer and "Wolley" Goggins. Whether we regard the revelation of temperamental idiosyncrasies, the dramatic contrasts or the rapid fluctuations of fortune, the contest was unique and unparalleled in the annals of pastime. As was naturally to be expected the entire company of spectators followed Andrew Socketer in the afternoon. Yet with the pride and affection inspired by the veteran of a hundred fights there mingled misgivings whether, at the age of sixty-nine, he would be able to ignore the strain of having played twenty-seven holes in the morning. Moreover he had so little time for refreshment between his rounds that he was only able to snatch a bath-bun and two aspirin tablets from the buffet, and wash them down with a split ammoniated quinine and barley-water!

The opening of the match was sensational in the extreme. For the first five holes Andrew was a very tired, frightened old man. He sliced his first tee-shot into the tee-box, whence it rebounded among the spectators. A great groan went up from ten thousand throats and strong women wept like men. . . . There was a visible shrinking in his bulk, as shown in psycho-analytical snap-shots taken by Professor Buzzard, and the disparity between him and his colossal antagonist was painful to witness.

But Mr. "Wolley" Goggins, instead

of kicking his opponent when he was down, was in turn infected by the virus of incompetence. After the fourth hole had been halved in thirteen, Mr. Goggins, who was evidently suffering from an acute brain-storm, petrified all those within earshot by saying in sharp staccato accents to his caddie on going to the short fifth: "Here, give me the knoblock." Dysphasia had set in, and it affected his play for several holes.

Contrariwise Mr. Socketer was a new man from this point and played the next seven holes in twenty-two strokes. The end came on the fourteenth green, when he sank a curly putt with incomparable bravura, and the whole assembly roared their congratulations in full-throated chorus. It was a wonderful achievement for a man just three times the age of his antagonist, half his weight and with barely two-thirds of his calf-measurement. The jubilation of the spectators was, however, perhaps a little speckled with a tinge of disappointment at so fine a player as Goggins being put out of the running. Great and heroic figure though he is, he does not yet possess the synthesis of qualities necessary to bullock his way through a British Amateur Championship.

### THE GREAT WAR.

(As mirrored in the testimonials recently published by the proprietors of certain patent medicines).

Lance-Corporal Percival Bloggs writes: "I cannot adequately express my admiration for your wonderful nerve tonic, AMBROSINE. During the whole period of the war I acted as motorcyclist despatch-rider between Etaples and Paris-Plage. Only those who served in France can realise what that means. The strain and anxiety were terrible. True there was no shelling, but the deadly quiet and that nerve-racking waiting for shells which never came were more terrible than shells themselves. Only the nerve-force which I derived from your marvellous preparation enabled me to 'carry on.'"

Staff-Sergeant John Smiffkins, interviewed by our representative, told a wonderful tale of that dogged endurance under hardship, that grim "will to victory," which alone made our ultimate triumph possible. He says: "I was employed in the bootlace branch of the Army Ordnance Corps at Calais. My duty was to supervise the packing of bootlaces for the front line troops. I was compelled to be on duty early and late—late in the morning until early at night. Had I relaxed my vigilance for a moment some infantry soldier with small feet might have been issued with large-size bootlaces. To AMBROSINE—

and to AMBROSINE only—I attribute the strength of nerve-fibre which enabled me to be on duty promptly at 10 A.M. day after day, during three long years—with the exception only of a scanty period of ten days' leave every three months."

Lieut-Colonel A. Guzzler sends us an entirely unsolicited testimonial: "During three strenuous months in France I commanded a Divisional Train (A.S.C.). I was determined to maintain the glorious traditions of my Corps, and therefore spared no pains to ensure that the more juicy and succulent portions of the meat supplies, all the fresh bread and the whole of the strawberry jam ration, should be sent to the infantry and field-gunners. This necessitated subsisting myself solely upon bully beef, hard biscuits and plum-and-apple jam. I became a complete wreck. The A.D.M.S. stated that he would scarcely have believed it possible for a human being to become so emaciated and yet live. Fortunately a friend recommended me to try AMBROSINE. I did so, and my improvement was immediate. In the next war I shall recommend its use to all those whose duties, like mine, compel them to live in a constant condition of semi-starvation."

Private Biffem (Mudshire Fusiliers) writes: "I cannot remember ever suffering from weak nerves, except on one occasion which remains vividly in my mind. One night I was occupying a post in a rest billet. It was a position of no little peril and anxiety, as I happened to be in possession of four francs recently won at 'Crown and Anchor,' and two privates of the — and a corporal of the — were in the room. Suddenly, without any warning to enable me to brace myself for the shock, my platoon sergeant brought me my leave warrant. I at once fell into a condition of complete nervous prostration. Even the sound of an aeroplane (British) passing at that moment threw me into a succession of trembling fits. I begged the sergeant to treat me with AMBROSINE. He administered the dose in small quantities diluted with rum. This revived me almost immediately, and I was enabled to journey to Boulogne, and so to England, without ill effects."

"I can testify to the stimulating properties of AMBROSINE, as reliable witnesses state that I travelled from the billets to rail-head—a distance of three miles—in exactly fourteen minutes seventeen seconds. On the previous day I had been entrusted with a vitally important message for Brigade Headquarters, concerning the number of fully qualified, unmarried, non-con-



WHEN ABOUT TO HIT THE BALL CARE MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO CHECK YOUR PONY.

A FEW HOURS PRACTICE ON THE HIDDEN HORSE WITH A COUPLE OF BOYS TO THROW BALLS WILL GREATLY BENEFIT THE BEGINNER

TO OBTAIN ACCURACY ALL STROKES SHOULD BE PRACTISED AT AN OBJECT

THE BACK HANDER UNDER THE PONY'S TAIL IS OFTEN A MOST EFFECTIVE SHOT

## POLO PRACTICE.

MR. PUNCH'S HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

formist plumbers on the Battalion roll. The distance was only four hundred yards, but my utmost efforts without the stimulus of AMBROSINE only enabled me to complete the journey out and home in two hours forty-three minutes. You may make what use you like of this communication."

### The Slump in Food-Prices.

"Enormous Table Chickens, 8/6 dozen, free."—*Irish Paper.*

From a cinema programme:—

"Colonel Newcombe."—Adapted from Thackeray's famous novel, 'The Newcomers.' Very freely adapted, it seems.

"Gent., £400 to £1,000, will join Lady in bus."—*Adv. in Daily Paper.*

Even in these days he should have enough to pay her fare.

### CROOKÉD CORNER.

WHEN I pass Crookéd Corner  
I hardly make a sound,  
Because I know the fairies  
Have there a dancing-ground;  
And I've been shown the pixy throne  
On which their queen is crowned.  
And once by Crookéd Corner  
I saw a russet cloak  
Just slipping through the hedgerow  
Beside the haunted oak;  
Nurse told me then it was a wren—  
I'm sure it was "the folk."  
Someday by Crookéd Corner,  
If I am very good,  
Maybe I'll see the goblins  
Come trooping from the wood;  
I may myself become an elf—  
I wonder if I could?

MORNING HYMN OF BRITISH WORKMAN: "Now I lay me down to rest."



## IF I WERE AN M.P.

I SHALL never be one. I never before have wanted to be one. But something has just happened which fills me with the desire to occupy a seat in the House of Commons for a few minutes—not long enough to qualify for four hundred pounds, but long enough to say a few words and then depart for ever.

That something is the proposal, amounting to an enactment, to raise the postage on a postcard to three-half-pence, to suspend all Sunday deliveries or collections of letters and to make foreign letters cost threepence.

Having caught the **SPEAKER'S** eye—and it is said to be an orb not unkindly to new Members—I should begin thus: "I rise, Sir, to protest with the utmost seriousness against the further encroachment on our liberties which the **POSTMASTER-GENERAL** is desirous of effecting. I am aware that the **POSTMASTER-GENERAL** is privileged to get his obscurantist measures through by means of some special Treasury device; I am aware that nothing that I can say will make any difference; but I think that it ought to be said, and, damme, Sir, I shall say it."

Silence having been restored, and the honourable Member in front of me, on whose head I had brought down my fist, having been carried out, I should resume thus:

"It was an outrage when, some few years ago, the penny post was first tampered with. The penny post was one of our greatest sources of satisfaction and it should have been jealously guarded. Whatever else a Postmaster-General might choose to do he should have held the maintenance of that as a sacred trust. But no. 'Penny post!' said Lord **ILLINGWORTH**—he was then Mr. **ILLINGWORTH**, he had not yet won his reward—'Penny post!' he said. 'Never mind how long it was in coming, or how it was esteemed, or how long it has been in operation—only a poor seventy-eight years or so—let it go!' And so letters first became three half-pence, and then—a year ago—Mr. **ILLINGWORTH** forced them up to two-pence before joining the Lords; and now Mr. **KELLAWAY** has the satisfaction of making postcards three half-pence, and preventing any one in the country

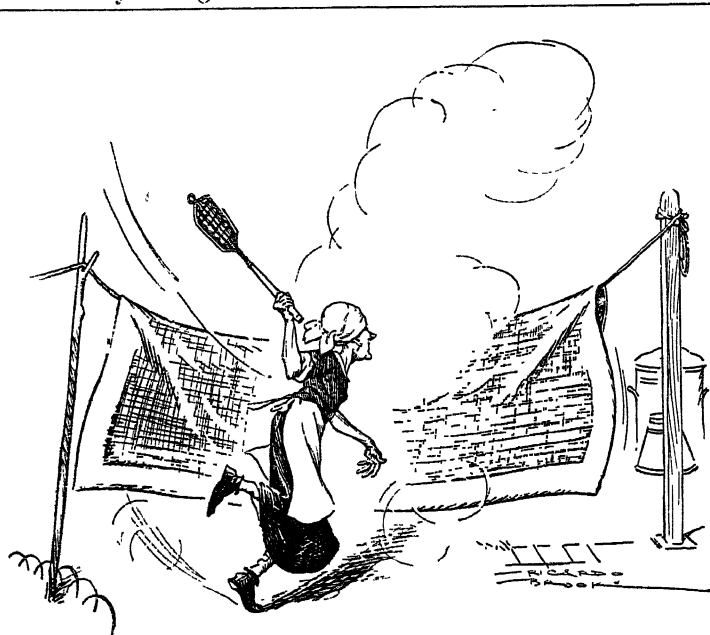
either from receiving a letter on a Sunday or posting one. For a servant of the public as ingeniously retrograde as this what recompense is high enough? To be merely made a peer is inadequate.

"The odd thing is that our Postmaster-Generals don't see that it is far better to encourage such friendly civilised customs as letter-writing and letter-receiving in England than to add a paltry million or so to the exchequer. Millions must be got, I know, but there are scores of ways of setting about getting them that are more desirable than the suppression of Sunday posts and putting up the postcard to three-half-pence. Why, it is conceivable that it might even be done if someone were

this moment at its worst and costliest. But that apparently is the rule after a war. 'Business is necessary; therefore,' say the Administrators, 'we must do all we can to make things difficult and vexatious for the business man. Since the telephone service is so expensive to maintain let us make it dearer and thus discourage the subscribers. If we made it cheaper and enticed more people to have it, it might pay, and that would be intolerable.' But the telephone is not my subject. [Cries of "Go on!"] My subject is the treachery to the country implied in the abandonment of penny postage.

"And not only treachery, stupidity. If there was one gentle old-fashioned

custom that seemed likely to survive the general hustling and vulgarisation of life it was letter-writing. People still wrote letters or, at any rate, exchanged postcards. The picture-postcard is a recent invention that has given pleasure to millions, inspired new enthusiasm for beautiful places and, except in the case of the ugly facetious examples, has had only an ameliorative effect. But Mr. **KELLAWAY** means to discourage it. He finds the postcard rate at a penny and claps on another half-penny. 'That'll learn them to communicate with their friends,' he says. He daren't add anything to the two-pence already charged for the home-letter, so he



RESIDENCE AT WIMBLEDON IS HAVING A MARKED EFFECT ON OUR CHARLADY'S STYLE.

so enlightened as to invent penny postage again. Some new and bolder **ROWLAND HILL**. Then more people in sufficient numbers might write letters, and all the necessary money would be found. But that is not the Postmaster-Generals' way. They have neither the courage nor the imagination nor the pride. If ever there was a British privilege to be cherished and kept intact it was the penny postage which **ROWLAND HILL** fought for."

A Voice. "What about the telephone?"

"Ah, yes, the telephone. That we should now have to pay an excessive price for an incompetent telephone service is certainly a scandal; and, considering that the telephone is primarily a business appliance and that everyone in the country should be redoubling his business energy if the Peace is to be won, it is absurd that it should be at

stops all deliveries and collections between Saturday and Monday. 'That'll give them time to think about the blessings of Peace,' he says.

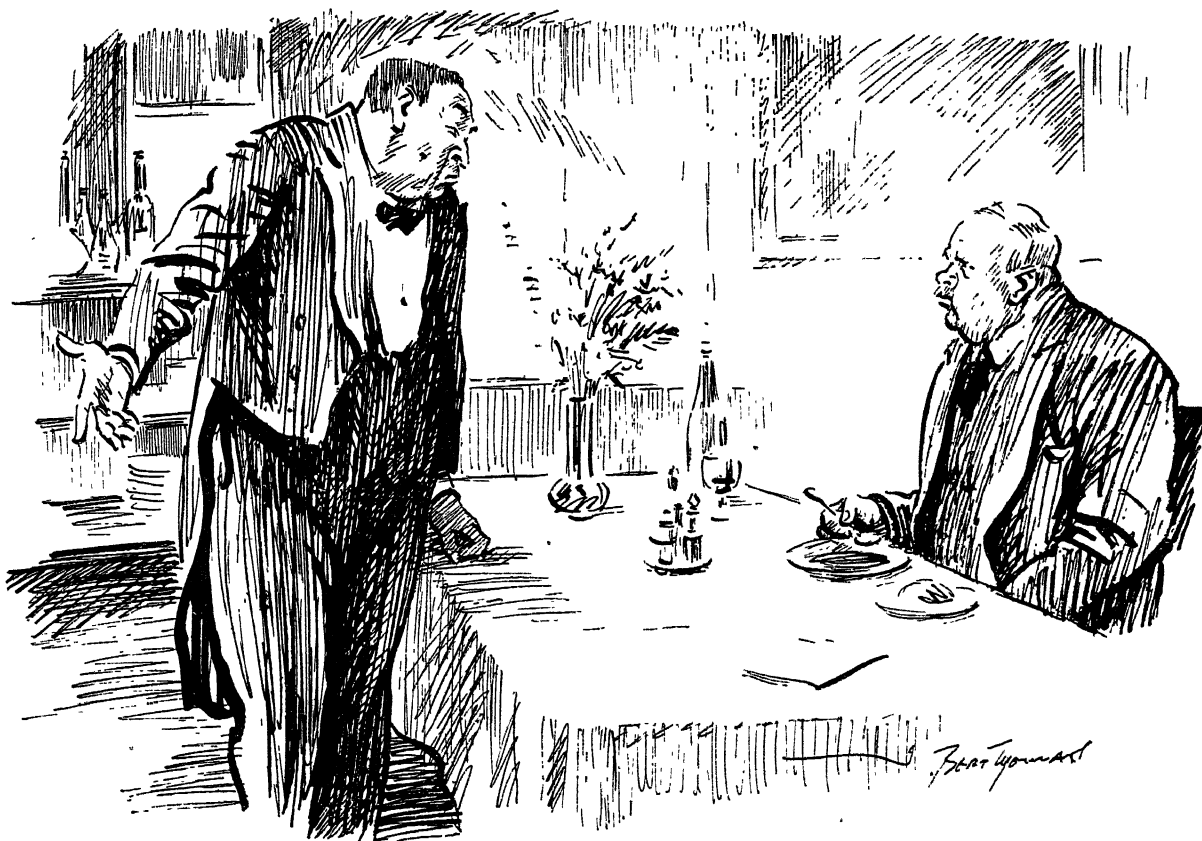
"I maintain that, especially just now, when there are too many distracting elements in life and we need to possess our souls, any legislator who does anything to discourage letter-writing and the exchange of friendly communications is a public danger.

"And I maintain that every new Postmaster-General's duty is to make the Post Office more efficient and more enlightened, not less. Mr. **KELLAWAY'S** proposals are an endorsement of benighted conditions. They should be resisted with all our strength."

Here I should leave the House and, my distasteful task over, make all speed to become acceptable to the apparently not too fastidious Chiltern Hundreds.

E. V. L.





Customer. "WAITER, THIS SOUP'S COLD."

Waiter. "AH, M'SIEU; IT IS ZE MINERS—ZE BARBARIANS! ZAY EVEN KIBOSH ZE CUISINE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE has hit upon an excellent device for avoiding the formality and pomposity of an autobiography and recording the salient incidents of an honourable career. Instead of sitting down to his chronicle with the self-conscious purposefulness of the ordinary egoist he has told his life-story in the form of a series of familiar epistles to his daughter—*Letters to Isabel* (CASSELL), which form a mellow and entertaining blend of business and pleasure, politics and culture. So little real egoism is there in this very agreeable book that Lord SHAW is not himself the hero; the hero is C. B. For the late Liberal leader his Solicitor-General for Scotland has the deepest affection and admiration. Among other figures that are vividly set before the reader is Mr. GLADSTONE, a specimen of whose rich and dogmatic conversational methods is reported almost verbatim. Lord SHAW's share in obtaining from ANDREW CARNEGIE a grant for free college education is now fully told for the first time, and there is a perfect story of Sir WALTER SCOTT among his retainers at Abbotsford. If the original and flexible form of these memoirs should start a fashion no one need feel any apprehension, for Lord SHAW's innovation might make reminiscences fifty per cent. more natural and more readable.

I hardly suppose I need warn any reader to-day that the fact that Mr. ALEC WAUGH calls his latest volume of long short-stories *Pleasure* (GRANT RICHARDS) furnishes not the slightest reason for anticipating any nonsense of happy endings. As a matter of fact the story illustrated on the

wrapper, in which the hero and heroine are shown finishing a dessert of every kind of expensive fruit, washed down by champagne, coffee, crème-de-menthe, and something out of an Italian flask (and where at least you might suppose Pleasure to rule), is the one story in which actual suicide forms the climax. So you never can tell. Elsewhere Mr. WAUGH has (amongst much that is hardly worthy) one or two "Pleasure Studies" that are both interesting and subtle. One, into which he seems to put so much feeling that it is hard not to see in it a personal experience, gives the history of an Old Boy who, having left in a blaze of glory, returns (through W.O. arrangements, the town being a military centre) and lingers superfluous on the scene, an increasing bore, even to the friend whose affection was once the great motive of his life. Mr. WAUGH is essentially of those few who have not (as yet) forgotten; there is both originality and poignancy in the genuine tragedy of "An Early Chapter."

That admirable series, *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, published by Messrs. CONSTABLE under the general editorship of Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS, has now been enriched by a life of VICTOR HUGO, from the sympathetic pen of Madame MARY DUCLAUX. I do not think that I have read any simpler or easier-to-grasp study of the last of the French giants than you will find here. The remarkable childhood of this offspring of a successful General in the army of NAPOLEON, and a mother who was an ardent Royalist (a combination of which the family seldom failed to make the best); the courtship by the poet of the strange woman whose married life was to include so many years of almost super-human tolerance; the episode of SAINTE-BEUVE, so oddly

tangled; the tumultuous stage production of *Hernani*; the fatal triumph of *Lucrèce*, whence followed the appearance, in a central position from which, through all the remaining years of Hugo's life, she never wavered, of the figure of JULIETTE BROUET; the *Coup d'état* and Hugo's banishment; all this is here told by Madame DUCLAUX with a certain spirit of detachment (which comes out oddly in her report of her own boredom as a young girl at the Poet's state funeral!) and with no taint of hero-worship. As an account, compressed rather than critical, of a man who was not only a "maker" of the Nineteenth Century, but one of its most persistently romantic ornaments, I shall without doubt give this book a place amongst my volumes of consultation.

I am just a little afraid that the title of *A Green Grass Widow and Other Stories* (MURRAY) may keep some readers—those perhaps who would most appreciate its delicate and discriminating art—from even trying to discover its quality. "Green Grass Widow" has a skittish sound suggestive of an Anglo-Indian atmosphere; but Miss JANE H. FINDLATER's name appearing beneath it will probably do

away with most of its ill effects. On the contrary the people who ignorantly buy it on the strength of its title will be cruelly disappointed, for there is nothing else skittish about this volume of short stories. The first is a tale of the Scottish tinkers, telling how even these nomads were affected by the War; how *Ran Reid* went off to fight, and his wife, alone but undismayed, saved their brood from the clutches of the Education officer and the degradation of a settled home, and how the separation allowance brought pride and prosperity and finally terror into their lives. It is a wonderful little story, giving a strange haunting picture of lives so elementary as almost to be unimaginable in the Britain of to-day; but here, as in the rest of Miss FINDLATER's stories, it is not the tale itself but the way she tells it that counts. "The Pictures" is the story which I myself like best of the four. It is about a little maid-servant at a lonely farm set down among some of the loveliest scenery in Scotland. She is blind to scenery but wide-eyed for what she feels is life. A cinema comes to the nearest village and *Katie* yearns to see it, thinks she is going to, and—doesn't. That is my way of telling her story. Miss FINDLATER's way afflicted me with that swift pang of pity which is a better tribute than tears.

If you would care to be lifted clean out of the modern hurly-burly and dropped for relief into a quiet little American town in the early eighties, a queerly interesting book by EDGAR LEE MASTERS will do the trick for you. *Mitch Miller* (CAPE) and his chum *Skeet Kirby* consciously fashion their young lives on *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, whom they conceive to be alive. Doubtless for perfect enjoyment of this idyll of boyhood one needs a greater knowledge of "MARK TWAIN'S" two classics than is likely to be at command of the average Briton. But the story

carries itself, and the quiet I have alluded to is not such as to preclude a murder and a trial wherein the hero is chief witness. The author of the *Spoon River Anthology* is certainly inclined to put too old heads upon the shoulders of his youngsters, who, though they do admirably boyish things, think rather precocious thoughts. An epilogue in a mood of passionate disapproval of present-day America (and, by inference, most other countries), and regret for the vanished simplicities of an earlier and nobler day, places the author (where we should expect him) among the minority minds. The reader must not let himself be discouraged by the rather restless and repetitive idiom of the first chapter or by the illustrations.

*The 9.15* (HUTCHINSON) is an extravaganza, and, though I found it rather too elaborate for me, I am not inviting any of Mr. FRANKFORD MOORE's admirers to share my opinion. *George Storrington*, when meeting his sister on her arrival from South America, was mistaken for a spy and promptly hustled on to a steamer flying the Venezuelan flag. Most of the people on this ship were cranks, some amiable, some

not, and they entertained schemes which, at any rate, are a credit to Mr. MOORE's imagination. They had the sense however to realise that *George* was not a spy, but, to prevent him from disclosing prematurely the information he had obtained while on the ship, they landed him on what was believed to be an empty island. Actually it was inhabited by an eccentric man and his wife, with (I need hardly say) a beautiful daughter. Even those of us who are not greatly amused by this type of story

will thank Mr. MOORE for his sprightly effort to entertain them. That the attempt was not entirely successful in my case is, I feel, as much my fault as his.

### SONNET TO POSTERITY.

AN APPEAL FROM AN INCAPABLE ARITHMETICIAN.

["Children are using the old tombstones in St. James's Churchyard, Bermondsey, as slates to draw, write and work sums upon." *Daily Chronicle.*]

WHEN I am quiet in that sleeping-place  
Where to the ways of men lead down at last,  
And all my tale is numbered with the past,  
My tenure narrowed to a little space,  
I shall not know nor care what feet may pace  
The paths about my tomb, nor see how fast  
Time's fingers wear the stone and iron-cast  
That speak to men who have not known my face.

But you, child yet unborn, who come to mark  
Young lyrics on my stone and with a bold  
Quaint line make pictures through some afternoon,  
Grant to my humble dust this simple boon:  
Write as you will, and limn, but, oh! withhold  
Your hand from *sums* that made my schooling dark.



THE ACID TEST.  
AN UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE FOR THE POST OF HIS MAJESTY'S MASTER  
OF THE HORSE.

## CHARIVARIA.

WE learn on good authority that a wedding has been arranged between two American film stars who are for the moment unmarried, and that it will take place as soon as the arrangements for an early divorce are near completion.

On the day of his departure from London the CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN had his portrait painted by Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN at eight o'clock in the morning. The feeling in Chelsea is that work done at this unearthly hour deserves the Order of the Rising Sun.

In connection with the English Polo Team a writer in an evening paper recalls the adage that it is dangerous to change horses while crossing a stream. It has been noticed that our polo players generally do that on one side or the other of Putney Bridge.

A patient in a hospital at Fort Smith, Arkansas, who has been asleep for over three years, woke up the other day, yawned, looked round and went to sleep again. We don't blame him.

"Sark," says a news item, "is adopting English money." All we can say is that if any orphaned fivers are looking for a good home they can get adopted without going to Sark.

With regard to the question of wages it is stated that the scale is bearing hardly on the grocers. There have been times when we have suspected a certain grocer (who shall be nameless) of bearing rather hardly on the scale.

Jellyfish have been found in Lake Tanganyika, according to *The Times*. It looks as if we shall have to do our bathing at Margate after all.

Mr. HARLOW SHIPLEY of Harvard Observatory announces that the universe is one thousand times bigger than heretofore supposed. We understand that Sir ERIC GEDDES will shortly be asked what he intends to do about it.

Twenty-one pairs of facial muscles are called into play every time we smile, says a weekly paper. We shudder to think what happens to these muscles

when we start thinking about the POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

A Denver man walked up to a New York policeman the other day and said, "Shoot me," after which he was arrested. His error was that he didn't say "Please."

"In consequence of the proposed postal rates," says a *Daily Mail* correspondent, "I shall refuse to send communications to my clients." We commend this noble example to our tailor.

A contemporary informs us that "Douglas Fairbanks has grown a moustache." We have decided not to let this worry our young life.

"He walked into public-houses and drank other people's beer," said a police-

decisions he did not agree. His plea that he was under the impression that umpires came under the same category as referees was ignored.

A Communist arrested the other day asked the magistrate to send him to Russia. We assume that this was a preliminary to working up a plea of insanity.

An official has been found, says *The Daily Express*, who knows more about Cabinet pledges than the PRIME MINISTER. Tut, tut! This has got to stop.

The other day a bittern, the first seen in the district for thirty years, was shot near Maldon by a naval officer and is to be preserved in the local museum. It is hoped that the naval officer also may be stuffed and kept in an adjoining case.

"German Bands Active," announces *The Morning Post* at the head of its news from Upper Silesia. If the dispute is to take a musical turn the Poles are expected to retaliate by unchaining M. PADEREWSKI.

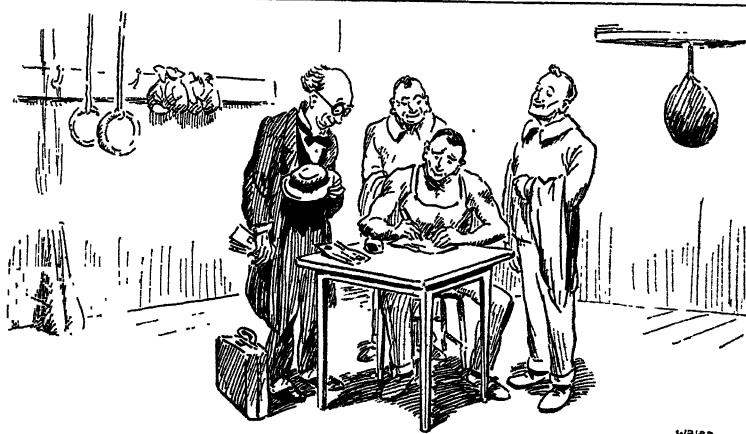
A business man who has good connections wishes to meet six others similarly situated with the view of pooling the expenses of

a weekly postcard between London and Liverpool.

At the invitation of the Soviet Government, Madame ISADORA DUNCAN is going to teach Russian children to dance. With amateur instructors, the fox-trotsky has not been a success.

"The earth does not emit a gravitational force which pulls the cricket ball down," says an exponent of the EINSTEIN Theory in *The Observer*; "it imposes a curvature on the surrounding space so that the path of the cricket ball appears curved, although it pursues the shortest course open to it." Any batsman who spoons up the first ball he receives should make this quite clear on his return to the pavilion.

Professor EINSTEIN is coming to lecture in London. Those who have been explaining his theory in the Press will now be enabled to judge if he really understands it himself.



A TESTIMONIAL.

"DEAR PROFESSOR,—SINCE TAKING YOUR PSYCHO-ANALYSIS COURSE I HAVE NEVER DURING ANY FIGHT LOST SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS."

man of a prisoner at Middlesbrough. "You are a public disgrace," said the magistrate. Agreed.

"Will you allow me to note that from the summit of Snowdon Ireland can be seen," says Mr. ARTHUR MEE in *The Daily Mail*. We are grateful for the warning.

A hunting party at Nairobi reports that during the night the tyres and tubes of their motor-car were eaten by hyenas. Why they didn't eat the motor-car as well, and merely cough up the wind-screen, is what no American journalist can understand.

The modern novel, says a literary critic, usually ends up with the marriage of the hero and heroine. We have noticed it and frankly confess that we prefer a happy ending.

A man was summoned last week for assaulting a cricket umpire with whose

## THE SWEEPSTAKE.

"How many horses run in the Derby?" asked Mollie of me suddenly at breakfast the day before THE DAY.

I glanced swiftly down the racing column before replying. "Er—about twenty," I said. "Why?"

Mollie gave a sigh of disappointment. "I was afraid I hadn't a chance," she said.

I pricked up my ears.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mollie, you've been betting."

"Indeed I haven't," replied my wife indignantly. "It was a sweepstake at the Club. They sent me a notice about a week ago. I thought I might as well have a shot, as it was only five shillings."

"A sweepstake's worse than betting," I said severely. "It's gambling."

"Don't be silly," said Mollie. "How can it be gambling to take a ticket for a thing you don't know anything about?"

I did not answer this question.

"I suppose they'll let you know by to-morrow morning if you've drawn a horse?" I said.

Mollie looked puzzled.

"It's not a horse," she said. "It's a number. But of course I haven't a chance at all. It's 61 or 63, I can't remember which; it's in my bag somewhere. If only twenty horses are running (you're sure about that, George?) I may as well throw it away. There *couldn't* be a 60. It seems rather a silly way of doing it, doesn't it?"

I tried not to smile. Mollie dislikes being smiled at.

When I had succeeded more or less in explaining the situation, she was delighted, and the precious ticket, which turned out after all to be 74, was unearthed from the bottom of her bag and carefully deposited in the writing-desk drawer.

And by next morning's post came a list of the horses drawn, and behold number 74 appeared against the name of the favourite.

My brother John dropped in just as we were finishing breakfast. "Rotten luck," he said; "my car's broken down and I can't get to Epsom after all. You got anything on, George?"

Mollie waved her list excitedly in front of him.

"I have, I have," she said. "I've won the sweepstake."

"I'll give you ten pounds for that ticket if you like," said John when the matter was explained to him. "I believe Leighton's a good horse, and your sweep is quite a decent one. I've seen about it in the papers." And Mollie, acting on the bird-in-the-hand

principle, handed over the ticket then and there, pocketed her ten pounds with manifest satisfaction and announced her intention of going into town forthwith to buy a hat for herself and a long-coveted rocking-horse for Stephen. Which plan she immediately proceeded to carry out.

Leighton's failure even to win a place is of course by now a matter of history, and Mollie was very pleased that she had been so prudent, though she did say she thought it was "dreadfully hard lines on poor John" when the result was out.

But three days later she came to me with rather a curious expression.

"Such a funny thing has happened," she said. "I've found out that my number wasn't 74 after all. It was 61. I've just discovered it in my purse. That other thing must have been a cloak-room ticket. It doesn't matter anyway, of course, because 61 didn't even get a horse; I found the list and looked; but isn't it funny?"

I took the ticket from her in silence.

Sure enough it was plainly marked "Fulcrum Club Sweepstake."

"Won't John be amused?" said Mollie.

I don't know how much John was amused, but to do him justice he behaved splendidly about it. He said it would have been all the same in any case, which was very kind but, of course, nonsense.

Naturally I wouldn't let the matter rest there, and we finally compromised with a dinner to John and a pair of new field-glasses for which I had heard him express a desire.

I don't think Mollie has ever quite realised the situation or grasped the fact that I am ten pounds out of pocket. From her point of view it was a great success.

"After all nobody really lost anything," she says. "John's got his glasses, and Stephen's got his rocking-horse and I've got my hat."

She has christened the rocking-horse Leighton. R. F.

## An Ancient Vogue.

[The fashion Press states that all shades of amber are now popular for ladies' hose.]

When she displays her yellow hose He simply tells her, with a laugh, That now he sees why there arose The worship of the Golden Calf.

"When I attempt to board a 'bus and it is full, I am barred: of that I don't complain: but conductors and drivers off duty are permitted to ride standing, when they are full."

"Times" Agony Column.

In our opinion nobody should be allowed to travel when "full."

## THE PSYCHO-ANALYST'S STRUWWEL-PETER.

(By an Hypnotic Expert.)

CASE I.—A boy who had earned the name of Cruel Frederick.

This boy was a marked degenerate. Early in life he showed a destructive tendency. I was informed that he broke the tables and the chairs. Later he developed severe psychasthenia, with homicidal mania. He made murderous attacks upon such harmless domestic pets as the common house-fly, the canary and the kitten; while, worst of all, he made an onslaught upon his Mary. (This Mary was also a case of neurasthenia, as shown by the hysterical fit which ensued.)

The culmination of Frederick's phobia was his attack upon the dog, whose name is given as Good Dog Tray. Tray is a curious example of canine neurasthenia, for in the brainstorm which shook him during Frederick's attack with the whip he turned from a liver-coloured spaniel to a red setter. Doubtless this was a case of suggestion, and his instant wish to be a large red dog, powerful enough to intimidate Frederick, affected the pigment cells and produced the change in colour which the case-sheet represents.

The dog Tray bit Frederick severely, with such results that the boy had to go to bed. An old-fashioned type of practitioner was called in—one who shook his head and made a very great to-do and gave him nasty physic too.

As no radical change appeared in the patient he was brought to me for advice. Putting him into a chair I induced a slight state of hypnosis and proceeded to inquire into the cause of these nerve-storms. I discovered by close questioning that the boy's neurasthenia was caused by resisted impulses in early youth. Frederick confessed to a frantic but sternly repressed desire to tie a tin-can to Tray's tail. This tin-can complex produced a state of subconscious irritation which found vent in attacks upon the furniture and the domestic pets.

I suggested to Frederick, still under hypnosis, that he should change his character by becoming a life member of the R.S.P.C.A. and a patron of Our Dumb Friends League.

I was gratified to learn, some months later, that the patient was an adornment to the reformatory to which I had consigned him.

CASE II.—A middle-aged gentleman known as the Green Man.

This was a case of severe shell-shock complicated by sunstroke. The patient suffered from strange delusions and fancied himself pursued by a hare in



STARTING THE SETTLEMENT.





*Exasperated Artist.* "PUT A BIT OF LIFE INTO IT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE REVELLING, NOT LOOKING ON AT A TEST MATCH."

spectacles, carrying a gun. His neurasthenia was so marked that he would run screaming "Help, help! Fire! Help! The hare! The hare!" for an entire day.

I could certainly have cured this case by suggestion and psycho-analysis had not the patient unfortunately fallen head over heels into the well. It was impossible to find his buried complex, for he was buried first himself.

**CASE III.**—A boy called Conrad, who had earned the nickname of Little Suck-a-thumb.

This lad had acquired the habit of sucking his thumb, a marked symptom of neurasthenia. He was suffering also from claustrophobia and so avoided other children. He became subject to delusions and fancied that a long red-legged tailor ran into the room and cut off his thumbs with a pair of scissors. The result was functional paralysis of these members, which in reality had only been slightly bitten by the cat. It was due to this traumatic hysteria that the boy told his mother that he had lost the use of his thumbs.

When Conrad was brought to me I proceeded, under hypnosis, to inquire into the reason of his thumb-sucking

habit and traced it to a buried complex of many years' standing. As a baby Conrad had been denied the article usually called "a comforter." This suppressed desire had so affected his subconscious self that thumb-sucking became an obsession.

Having suggested to the patient that he should suck peppermints instead of his thumbs I sent him to a masseuse for re-education and co-ordination of the thumb muscles.

**CASE IV.**—A boy called Augustus.

The patient in this case, as in that of the Green Man, was buried before I could unearth the affected complex.

From the details of the case I should suppose that he suffered from visceral neurasthenia and that his rapid wasting was due to colitis. His sudden dislike to soup is a marked symptom of mania. Doubtless he thought it was poisoned. Had he lived I should have treated him by suggesting that he should try a different form of diet.

**CASE V.**—A boy named Philip.

The family history of this patient showed neurasthenia on both sides. The father was an irritable man who became incensed at trifles. The mother was a woman of peculiar helplessness and in-

efficiency, who could never let go the handle of her lorgnettes even during dinner.

Philip developed many neurotic habits, such as wriggling and giggling and tilting his chair. He was suffering from chorea, but his untutored parents failed to realise it.

The attacks reached a crisis when Philip dragged the tablecloth and the entire dinner-service on top of himself.

I must admit that his father had tried suggestion before this melancholy crisis. He had suggested that Philip should be a little gentleman and sit still for once at table, but, as he omitted hypnosis, these suggestions seem to have failed.

I would certainly have treated this case by psycho-therapy and obtained good results had I not been forestalled by his father, who had recourse to castigation, which he termed "a sound spanking."

I fear this may result in nerve storms later on.

\* \* \* \* \*  
These cases all serve to prove the inefficiency of parents and the hopeless ignorance of the lay mind with regard to psycho-therapeutics.



## ACROSS THE HIGHLAND LINE.

WE were looking for the "Marquis o' Lorne," which is in Clyde Street and derives fame, as the world should know, from the teas it provides.

I drove slowly to allow us to study the name of the street on each corner-house that we passed. For the most part they bore no names, but presently we came to one labelled "IOMPH" in faded white letters stamped on blue tiles. It looked a pleasant thoroughfare, so I turned up it.

"A curious language, Gaelic," I remarked. "As a Scot, Archie, perhaps you can throw some light on the derivation of the word 'Iomph.'"

Archie is not the man to admit defeat on any question relating to Scotland. A life spent in England has made him rather sensitive about such things, but he has a habit of slow deliberation and we had found Clyde Street and the hostelry we sought before his reply was forthcoming. The business of garaging the car and ordering tea absorbed our attention for some time. Indeed it was not until he had me "dormy three" over a plate of scones that he considered himself at leisure to return to the subject.

"Iomph," he began, "meant originally steadfast—true—something which could be relied upon. But the word came to be applied in particular to a levy raised by the MACALLUM MORE as his personal bodyguard in the days of MARY STUART. His pride intended them to rival in fame the Royal Company of Archers who guarded the person of the Sovereign at Holyrood."

"Four up and two to eat," I remarked as Archie signalled the conclusion of his discourse by grabbing the winning scone.

Homeward bound I turned out of Clyde Street into Iomph, navigated with caution through a crowd of children playing in the road, and then increased speed somewhat. A policeman stopped us at the corner—a very angry and Scotch policeman. I couldn't understand what he said, but he pointed insistently at the name of the street on the wall of the corner-house.

"Sorry," I pleaded; "my Gaelic's a bit rusty."

"Ay, mebbe it is," he said, fumbling with a note-book, "but there's no a muckle heap o' difference between driving at tain miles per oor in Gaelic and tain miles per oor in anyither language."

\* \* \* \* \*

"A curious tongue, Gaelic," I remarked when we were about half-way home. "As a Scot, Archie, perhaps you can throw some light on the derivation of the word 'Sumph.'"



*Lady (to hairdresser, who has just recommended her to try his "Eureka" Hair Tonic). "BUT THAT IS VERY EXPENSIVE."*

*Hairdresser. "AH, BUT, MADAM, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THE EUREKA IS A VERY RARE HERB."*

"Sumph," said Archie, "is not Gaelic at all, but Lowland Scots. It was originally a colloquialism invented by the Border clans to designate a thick-headed race living on the South side of the Tweed."

## Commercial Candour.

From an Indian race-card:—

"Many Race-book sellers are printind our false Tips in Typewriting system, therefore we beg to inform to the public that they should not forget to see our Signature on Tip-card and Cover."

From an auctioneer's advertisement:

"Walnut suite, 9 pcs., in Crimson Velvet, embracing Couch, etc."—*Irish Paper*.  
Just the thing for a cosy corner.

## The Miracle-Workers.

"The — Charity Trustees on Tuesday created six new pensioners, and renewed all expiring ones."—*Local Paper*.

"Ladies' Glace Kid Lacing Shoes. Price per yard, 12/9."—*Glasgow Paper*.

This seems a real bargain. Or is it an insult to the ladies of Glasgow?

"New feature of our review in the of great world reviews:

Every insertent who pays a half-page for a semester receives the cliché of his insertion carried out by the painter of our redaction at the close of this half year. These clichés have thus not only a price of réclame but simultaneously of art."—*Czecho-Slovak Magazine*.

Now why can't our Bohemians think of something snappy like that?

## UTILITARIAN DRAMA.

MY DEAR SILVANUS,—Your letter stating that you contemplate writing a play about *real* country life interests me exceedingly. As you justly, if somewhat caustically, remark, there appear at present to be only two types of rustics known to the stage, those who should be kept in asylums and those who should be kept in glass-cases. Tradition and a sort of æsthetic idealism have taught me to smile approvingly upon the stage countryman and the stage milkmaid, but I am willing to admit that, as representatives of the rural inhabitants of these islands, they are open to criticism. There is something about the stage countryman which suggests that he is better fitted to be an exponent of low comedy than an earnest wielder of the pitch-fork. I may be doing him an injustice, but then I have never seen him do anything with a pitch-fork except wave it about when the young squire comes home or somebody makes a proclamation. Also, while I have often wished that the gentle creature who furnishes the basic ingredients of my morning milk might be tended by the fair hands of the stage milkmaid, I must confess to doubting whether, were such to be the case, I should get any milk at all.

I shall await with eagerness the result of your efforts to give us townsmen a drama of real farm-life. At the same time I would like to express the hope that you will permit yourself to be influenced by a higher motive than mere love of artistic veracity. A unique opportunity for being really helpful awaits you, Silvanus, and I trust you will make the most of it. To be explicit, I would have you combine drama with practical instruction and sound commercial enterprise.

In Mr. HICHENS' play, *The Garden of Allah*, there was a scene in which the hero occupied quite a lot of time in telling the heroine the story of his life. During his recitation the heroine leaned against a tree or something without speaking or moving. This incident not only placed a severe strain upon the credulity of the audience, since the woman scarcely exists who would listen to such an interminable piece of autobiography without interrupting; it also evinced a sad lack of business acumen on the part of author and producer.

Why could not the girl knit jumpers or make nose-bags for camels during her period of enforced silence? The man need not have been idle either. There are many things a man can do while he is telling the story of his life—poker-work or book-binding, or even sock-mending if he has had a naval training.

I remember visiting *Chu Chin Chow* in the early years of its existence and being greatly impressed by the picturesque gentleman who industriously manufactured several articles of pottery during the course of the drama. If I recollect aright these products were eventually retailed to appreciative purchasers at satisfactory prices. If this praiseworthy practice has been maintained throughout the run of the play, the potter-gentleman must have turned out enough earthenware to stock half-a-dozen emporiums. In addition to

a source of boisterous merriment. So let your rustic dialogue be a condiment and not an ingredient.

What you must set out to do is to give picturesque demonstrations of the work of a farm, set off by correct scenic touches and embellished by a choice selection of attractive live-stock. Cows are nice slouchy animals to have mooching about. You should be able to use them quite a lot, especially in the love-scenes. Cows are used to love-scenes; courting couples are part of their customary landscape. The hero, while he is telling the story of his life, could be washing one cow, and the heroine could be milking another. In all probability she will have finished with her cow long before he is through with his personal reminiscences. Then he will have to follow her into the dairy, where she will make a few pounds of butter or turn out

a couple of cheeses (all with the latest scientific appliances) while he explains the new incubator to her and incidentally traces the change which came over his life from the day when first he saw her injecting the anti-tubercular serum into the old blind sheep-dog. Thus by the time the curtain comes down on your First Act you will have accumulated quite a lot of dairy produce for sale in the interval, and the audience will know just enough about the practical working of a small farm



The Cause of the Disaster. "THERE'S ONE THING, LIZ—WE 'AVEN'T BIN SEASICK LIKE YOU SAID WE WOULD, 'AVE WE?"

which, regular visitors to the theatre are afforded an opportunity for gaining practical instruction in an interesting and remunerative art.

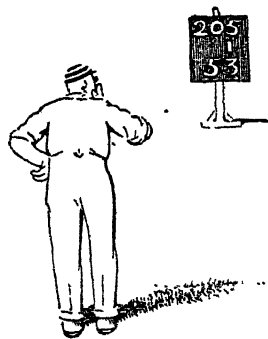
You perceive now, Silvanus, the path of golden glory which lies ahead of you? Good! Then follow it. You are worrying, it may be, about the plot and dialogue of your play. That is only natural; even experienced dramatists occasionally allow themselves to lapse into undue consideration of these minor matters. All you need however is a simple love-story and just sufficient local dialect to enable the audience to realise that they are in a theatre and not watching a film play. You will waste your time if you are fussy about your dialect, because the only dialect which a London audience takes seriously is Lancashire dialect. When we hear Lancashire dialect on the stage we know we are in for something grim and realistic and conduct ourselves accordingly; any other sort of dialect, like stage French or stage Italian, is merely

to make them yearn for the next Act.

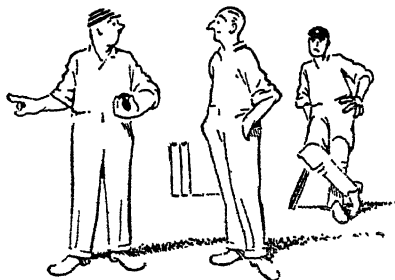
Cows are conservative creatures and you may have a little difficulty in persuading yours to allow themselves to be milked at odd intervals between 8 and 11 p.m. But doubtless you, who know how to handle cows, can manage it. After all there is no reason why a cow should not make an effort and sacrifice a little personal convenience in the cause of Art as well as anybody else. If, at the worst, your cows refuse absolutely to depart from trade union rules and work after hours, a little bit of camouflage in the way of lighting effects should suffice to beguile such unsophisticated animals into supposing that the morrow has dawned.

"Eggs laid on the stage during the performance may be obtained from the attendants" would make an attractive announcement, although it might be advisable, out of consideration for your cast, to keep the eggs away from the audience until the conclusion of the play.

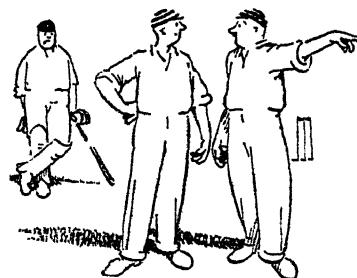
Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.



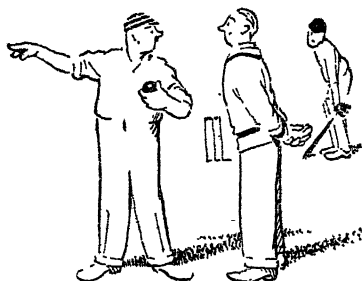
WHEN THE BEST YOU CAN  
HOPE FOR IS A DRAW—



—IT IS, OF COURSE—



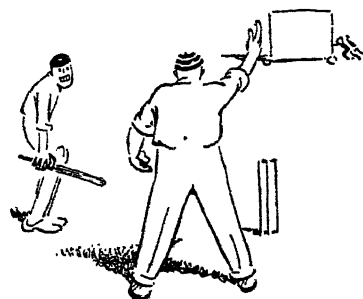
—ROTTEN BAD FORM—



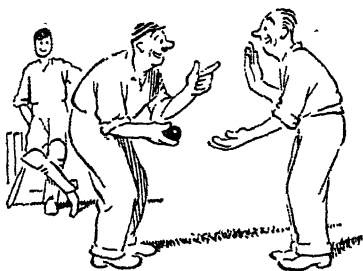
—TO—



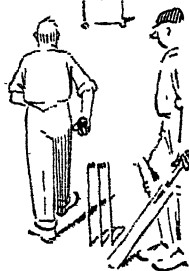
—WASTE TIME—



—DELIBERATELY—



BUT CAN THERE BE ANY HARM—



—IN—



—PUTTING—



—ON—



—A BOWLER—



—WHO—



—TAKES—



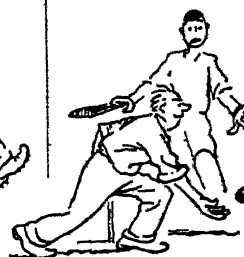
—A—



—SOMEWHAT—



—LONGER—



—RUN THAN USUAL?

QUITE CRICKET.

### FIGHTING THE PLAGUE.

I HAVE nothing to say against the horticultural hints that you find in the daily press. You know the sort of thing that I mean :—

*Apricots.*—Apricots are exceedingly susceptible to freckles. As they ripen, their faces should be bathed every day with glycerine and oatmeal. Nevertheless this fruit will not thrive except on a southern wall. If your wall does not face south, turn it round.

*Rock Gardens.*—Now is the time to gather rocks for these. If you live in a part of the country where rocks are not abundant, buy a ton or two of coal and use that.

*Weeding.*—After a rainy night get up early and go round the herbaceous borders with a spud and a wheelbarrow. Roll and mow the lawn. Remove caterpillars from cabbage-leaves. Prick out young lettuces and earth-up potatoes. Take out wallflowers and put in antirrhinums. This will be as much as you can manage before breakfast-time.

I flatter myself that I can always enjoy literary advice of this kind, because I understand the spirit in which it is written. I think I see the fellow doing it. It is when people insist on coming into my garden to explain things and, more particularly, to point out the various kinds of blains which have attacked my fruit and flowers, that the matter becomes serious. They like to see you get to work at once. There is a man living near who is just that kind of man. First of all it was my peas.

"The sparrows," he said, "have been eating your peas."

"Sparrows?" I said; "I thought it was a badger."

"You'll have to put some scarecrows up," he said. "Anything bright will do."

So I collected all the old strange-coloured ties I could find, and I have a great number—what a gay dog I must have been in the late nineties!—and tied them on to sticks to protect the peas. They made that part of the garden a positive riot of colour. Strangers who caught a glimpse of them through the little rifts in the hedge used to say, "What lovely lilacs and laburnums they have in there!"

A few weeks ago this man I have spoken of came again and began to prow around.

"Just look at your roses!" he cried.

"I do look at them," I said haughtily.

"But they are simply a mass of green-fly."

"What coloured fly ought they to be a mass of?"

"What you ought to do is to get a syringe and squirt them with soapy water."

"You know very well that we are not allowed any squirting-water because of the coal-strike."

"Very well; you'll have to smoke them."

"Smoke them?"

"Yes, with a pipe."

So I smoked hard for four or five days, lying down under the rose-trees. After that it began to be lonely and I put an advertisement in *The Times* like this: "Wanted, man, ex-Service preferred, able to lie in a garden and smoke eight hours a day. State previous experience."

You would be surprised at the number of applications I had. It is quite clear that an army life fits a man for almost any responsible position in the business world. I chose the one with the largest pipe, and, when we had got through most of the standards and quite a lot of the ramblers, my former visitor appeared again.

"There are slugs," he said, "on your strawberries."

A gardener's life is one round of toil. I was hard at work on a Dorothy Perkins when he spoke, but I took my pipe out of my mouth to sigh, and came across to the strawberry beds. He told me that a very good trap had been invented for slugs and kindly let me know where to get it. The next day I bought one. It was circular in shape and had a receptacle in the centre containing bran. Slugs will toy with many kinds of food, but for bran they have, it appears, what can only be described as an unbridled passion. Throwing restraint to the winds they dash upon their favourite repast. But, aha! what have we here? All round the bran is a reservoir or moat of brine which our slug has failed to perceive. Unable to check his mad career he topples over the side and finds an ocean grave.

It was now necessary for us to interrupt our labour amongst the roses by making frequent excursions to the strawberry beds and betting which slug would be the next to take the plunge. Obviously we had our work cut out for us, and I was rather annoyed therefore when, a few days later, my friend turned up again on one of his inspecting tours.

"Come and look at this apple-tree," he shouted.

I came and found that the trunk was covered with a kind of white wool like whiskers.

"That's American Blight," he told me.

"What ought I to do?" I asked.

"Write to the Foreign Office about it?"

"You'll have to spray it with something, of course."

"Stop a moment," I said. "Not so fast. What sort of apples are these?"

"Cooking apples, I should say."

"And what do cooking apples mean? More apple-tart next Autumn. I simply hate apple-tart. Me for American Blight."

At that he perceived that I was not the thoughtless impressionable man he supposed, but had a mind and a method of my own. I have not been bothered with him since.

EVOC.

### CRICKET V. CRITIC.

THE old national pastime of cricket has, since the first Test Match, given place to the new national pastime of choosing Test teams, and no one is too poor to play at it. Wherever there are two people with a piece of paper and a pencil you may be quite sure what they are doing; and the probability is that the Selection Committee, consisting of Mr. H. K. FOSTER, Mr. R. G. SPOONER and Mr. J. DANIELL, have been similarly occupied. In fact there is evidence of it, for their next Eleven has been published.

Certain letters which might or might not have assisted these gentlemen (the Big Three) in their consultations have reached Mr. Punch and are printed below, too late, alas! to be of much assistance for the second Test, although they may come in useful later. But I fancy that the selectors will not too acutely feel the loss of this advice, for rumour has it that whatever their suffering may have been none of it has resulted from lack of outside counsel.

E. V. L.

SIR,—My suggestion for the strengthening of England in the future Test matches may strike the public as somewhat too daring, too revolutionary, but on these occasions it does not do to mince matters. To put it briefly, I hold that we must have younger men.

I am, yours, etc., RED FLAG.

SIR,—I am no cricketer, but I claim to bring a fairly open and intelligent mind to every question. Being a busy man, I have not seen the Australians, but I have seen photographs of them and of our eleven at Nottingham, and I was struck at once—as I should think any fair-minded man would be—by the difference between them. Surely there should be an attempt to get equality into teams at the start, as there is in racing. Why should England have nothing to compare with Mr. ARMSTRONG in bulk? Mr. WOOLLEY is as tall, I gather, but he is very thin. Ought not, in fairness, the combined avoirdupois of one side to correspond with that of the other? I would advocate an English team in the next Test match that weighed exactly



Village Postman. "GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'VE JUST SLIPPED A LETTER IN YOUR BOX. I DON'T THINK IT'S IMPORTANT, AS IT WAS MARKED 'O.H.M.S.'"

the same as the Australians, and, as I understand we have no single cricketer anything like as substantial as Mr. ARMSTRONG, this would give us the advantage of one or even two extra men.

I enclose my card, and am, Sir,  
Yours, etc., COMMON SENSE.

SIR,—If the Selection Committee was so blind as to leave out FENDER and HITCH, what can you expect?

I am, Yours, etc., OVALITE.

SIR,—The game of cricket has been a Platonic passion with me all my life, and never having handled either a bat or a ball or idled in a pavilion I have preserved my intellect unimpaired. To the task of choosing a Test team I therefore come with more clearness of vision than is possible to the exhausted athlete. After the *débâcle* on the banks of the Trent it is obvious that something drastic must be done to improve the English attack. Let us begin by reviewing the last team man by man . . . ["No; there has been too much of this. Let us do nothing of the kind."—Mr. PUNCH.] Having eliminated the last eleven, we now come to the choice of a new one. I suggest the following

names, with reasons for the inclusion of each. First . . . ["There has been too much of this too. Thirty lines omitted."—Mr. PUNCH.] I am confident that, on a hard wicket, that team would give a good account of itself.

But suppose the wicket is wet? Ah! We must now modify the team for that contingency, and of course all the men will be retained, so that the final selection can be made on the morning of the match. I suggest . . . ["Innings declared."—Mr. PUNCH.]

SIR,—Writing as a medical man not without some cricket experience (I recently acted as umpire at one of our inter-asylum matches and was congratulated on the originality of my decisions) I should like to contribute my mite to the discussion now in progress on the best eleven to meet the Australians. After what I have read about injuries in the field would it not be wise to choose our side with an eye to the players who have the hardest heads? TYLDESLEY, when hit at Nottingham by a bumper from GREGORY, had to be helped to the Pavilion; but surely we could find men with skulls of iron who could be trained

to interpose them and deflect the balls to the boundary. A few dozen head-byes for four would soon put us on top.  
I am, Yours, etc., GALEN.

DEAR PUNCH,—The best picked men having failed, might not an eleven of ladies be considered?

I am, Yours, etc., JUDY.

SIR,—I remember seeing at Lord's some years ago a massive tallish player with a long black beard, whose name I forget. He defied all the bowling for several hours and then captained his side with such skill that our opponents were soon defeated. My memory is not what it was or I could give his name. I rather think it may have been Trace or Brace. I fancy someone said he was a doctor. Anyway, if he were playing now, I feel sure we should be in a stronger position.

I am, Yours, etc., CENTENARIAN.

#### "STREET VICTIMS."

Three more Typical Accidents to Readers."  
"Daily Mail" head-line.

Readers of *The Daily Mail* seem to be having a terrible time just now.



### THE HOT-WATER SHORTAGE.

*Hostess.* "NEED YOU LEAVE SO EARLY?"

*Guest.* "I'M AWFULLY SORRY; BUT I'VE JUST REMEMBERED IT'S MY BATH NIGHT."

### "SOLD FOREIGN."

#### LADY DOCK.

In Lady Dock, in Lady Dock, the ships from far and wide  
Lay down their loads of fragrant deals the dusky sheds  
beside,

And there come in, a dwindling few, the old ships year by year  
That bore the grain from Frisco Bay, the wool from  
Geelong pier.

Swift champions of the days of sail, whose old-time far  
renown

Still lives in many a shellback's yarn and song of Sailortown,  
"Sold foreign" in their latter days to drudge the years away  
Till time or chance shall bring them all to berth in Dead  
Man's Bay.

In Lady Dock, in Lady Dock, as I was strolling by,  
Among the tramps and lighters there I saw an old ship lie,  
That still, for all her foreign name and foreign flag beside,  
A seaman's eye might surely know a daughter of the Clyde.

The sunset light was on her spars; the sunset splendour made  
A glory in her ragged gear, her rigging slack and frayed;  
It fired her battered figurehead and, passing, touched with  
flame

Among her scrollwork's tarnished gold her new outlandish  
name.

But little need had I to learn what name was hers of old,  
From wheel or bell or pitted brass on capstan green with  
mould,

I knew it like my christened own, as any man would know  
The ship's that shared his goodliest years in days of long ago.

Her mizen yards were gone, and lopped the tapering boom  
that bore

The threshing of her mighty jibs in many a gale of yore;

Her planking gaped at many a seam, her paint was  
bleached and bare,

And dull was all her burnished brass, and rust was every-  
where.

But tender as a lad's first love and brave as boyhood's dream  
Above the Deptford lumber sheds her shining spars did  
gleam;

A light that was not sunset seemed about her yards to glow,  
And all her freight was golden years brought out of long  
ago.

And there were shipmates of old time and folks that well I  
knew

That looked and laughed when I went by as once they  
used to do;

And up and down her rutted decks, the littered gear among,  
A lad went with me all the while I lost when I was young.

And through the dusty Deptford streets and noisy Rother-  
hithe,

With springing step and glancing eye and eager heart and  
blithe,

A lad walked with me all the way I knew in years gone by—  
A lad I met by Lady Dock . . . and oh, that lad was I!

C. F. S.





### THE IN-COMING TIDE.

KING COAL-CANUTE (to his flattering Executive). "I THOUGHT YOU FELLOWS SAID THAT IF I SAT TIGHT NOTHING COULD TOUCH ME!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, May 30th.*—Wonderful how observant some of our Members are. Mr. SITCH inquired if the SECRETARY FOR MINES had noticed the present high price of coal, and Mr. BRIDGEMAN, strange to say, remarked that he had.

Affecting to believe that the "great historical anniversary" for which Mr. BOTTOMLEY desired the House to take a holiday on Wednesday was "the glorious First of June," Mr. LLOYD GEORGE replied that it had "never been the practice of this House to adjourn in memory or in anticipation of victories." But the resilient Member for South Hackney was evidently prepared for this rebuff, and repeated his plea on the ground that the date in question was also the anniversary of the birth of ROBERT CECIL, the first Lord Salisbury.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's notorious distaste for decimals has apparently descended to his illustrious son. Having given an elaborate explanation of how the currency difficulty in East Africa was to be settled by turning the rupee into a florin and making the standard coin a shilling, he was asked whether the said shilling was to be divided into pence or cents. But this was altogether too much for him. Beyond the fairly obvious statement that it was intended "to make the shilling the half-florin" he declined to go without notice.

The passage by the U.S. Senate, on the motion of Senator BORAH, of a resolution in favour of the limitation of naval armaments has not escaped the dove-like eye of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. But his suggestion that we should respond by at once stopping all new construction for the British Fleet did not find favour with the PRIME MINISTER, who thought it would be wise to await the action, if any, taken by the United States. Nevertheless the hon. and gallant Member need not despair. He may yet be known in history as the BORAH of the British Parliament.

The Railways Bill was severely criticised by Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, on the ground that it considered the interests of everybody except the public.

In a daring flight of imagination he described the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT as "a kind of railway Blondin," balancing himself amid the opposing forces. Sir G. HEWART came to the rescue of his

earth if they wanted to do business with him. At present they were talking in the air, where, *pace* Mr. LAMBERT, he was "too heavy" to follow them.

*Tuesday, May 31st.*—After five years of Parliamentary life Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING has shaken the dust of Westminster from his feet. The ostensible reason for his resignation is disgust at the Government and all its methods, but I fancy that the competition of other long-winded and irrelevant orators may have had something to do with his decision:—

"And the first lion thought the last a bore."

Since Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON retired from the Ministry his one passion in life has been to discover "whether any area of the estuary of the St. Lawrence or Gulf of St. Lawrence situated further than three miles from the nearest land is regarded by the Government as being within territorial waters." A Question on this subject has stood in his name on the Order-paper for a month or more, but has been continually postponed. At last Mr. CHURCHILL, though obviously nervous as to what it might lead to, has ventured a reply. "The answer," he said manfully, "is in the affirmative." Sir ARCHIBALD said nothing at the moment; but his next move is anxiously awaited, for it is believed in the Scottish Office that, while the St. Lawrence may have served to grace his measure, the Moray Firth is his real game.

What seems like a gross injustice to Scotland was revealed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY when he informed Sir JOHN HOPE that "entertainment duty" applies to the shows of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society but not to those of the Royal Horticultural Society. The differentiation is apparently justified on the ground that the Scotch society combines amusement with instruction; but I doubt if this recognition of the Caledonian's sense of humour will reconcile him to the drain on his purse.

*Wednesday, June 1st.*—Derby Day, and a full attendance in the House of Commons! The explanation of this rare phenomenon was the appearance on the Order-paper of the Estimate for M.P.'s'



"And the first lion thought the last a bore."  
(Exit the first lion.)

MR. PEMBERTON BILLING AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.

colleague with one of those purring speeches which always put the House in a good humour; and Sir ERIC GEDDES, in winding up the debate, took occasion to tell the Scotch railways that they must come down to

ally postponed. At last Mr. CHURCHILL, though obviously nervous as to what it might lead to, has ventured a reply. "The answer," he said manfully, "is in the affirmative." Sir ARCHIBALD said nothing at the moment; but his next



## OPPOSITION AMENITIES.

Mr. J. JONES (Lab.). "ANYWHERE YOU LIKE WE WILL FACE YOU."  
Sir DONALD MACLEAN (Lib.). "VERY WELL, I WILL FACE YOU WHEREVER YOU LIKE."

[The above repartee is taken from the Official Report.]



## EXPLORING A NEW AVENUE.

*Golfer (to bunkered friend on course in neighbourhood of coal-mine). "SORRY, OLD CHAP, BUT I DON'T THINK THE SEAM RUNS AS FAR AS THIS."*

expenses. Many Members thought it better to take the chance of securing a reduction in their income-tax, *plus* free travelling allowance, than to try to spot the winner at Epsom.

But the "good thing" did not come off. A still larger number were determined that this was no time for M.P.s to diminish their own burdens at the cost of the community. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who ten years ago was a vehement opponent of payment of Members, now explained how the perusal of his old speech—which he had found to be a sedative rather than a stimulant—had caused him to change his mind. He advised the House to drop the income-tax remission—the Inland Revenue was prepared to take a generous view of Members' "expenses" — but strongly urged the acceptance of the free travelling provision.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN accused the Government of carrying on an illicit flirtation with the Labour Party—a thing which, of course, the virtuous "Wee Frees" would never think of doing—and consequently earned some characteristic abuse from Mr. JACK JONES. Each assured the other of his readiness to "face you anywhere you like," but

the adjournment to Palace Yard, which seemed to be imminent, was happily averted.

The Whips were off and Members had much difficulty in making up their minds, but eventually the Vote was defeated by 197 to 171.

*Thursday, June 2nd.*—The Lords discussed the law's delays. Lord MUIR-MACKENZIE drew attention to the "centrifugal orgy" which had been going on in the Divorce Court, and asked the LORD CHANCELLOR if he had any more permanent remedy to suggest than the voluntary labours of himself and other judges. Lord BIRKENHEAD said that he had many plans in mind, including the amendment of the mediæval circuit system. But he deprecated the idea of making judges, who were mostly elderly men, work six days a week, or of curtailing the Long Vacation. He considered Mr. Justice DARLING's views on that subject to be "of a subversive and even a revolutionary character." A sparkling reply from the author of *Scintillæ Juris* is confidently expected.

Persons who have wagers depending upon the date of the official termination of the War should get their money ready. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE told Sir F.

BANBURY that the Government have been waiting for the ratification of the Turkish Treaty, but they are now tired of Oriental procrastination. The Turkish delegates must hurry up or they will find that there is nothing for them to make peace about.

In the regretted absence of Mr. CHURCHILL it fell to Major WOOD to explain the details of the new East African currency. The shilling, it seems, is to be divided into a hundred cents, and will be slightly larger than the English shilling. At once Colonel WEDGWOOD smelt a rat. "Is that," he asked, "in order to induce the unsuspecting native to believe that he is getting the old rupee?" But the SPEAKER suppressed him with an echo of Lowtherian humour. "Perhaps," he said, "the native is more knowing than the hon. Member."

The House re-enacted the Emergency Regulations. The Labour Party made a vigorous protest against the prosecutions for seditious language, and received some hesitating support from Lord ROBERT CECIL, who still, I fancy, rather resembles the gentleman in the music-hall song of whom it was said that "e dunno where e are."



### IF POLO BECAME REALLY POPULAR.

*Supporter of Home Team. "NAH THEN, 'URLING'AM, LET'S 'AVE ONE!"*

#### THIS IS THE WAY THE FAIRIES SING.

THIS is the way the fairies sing:  
They all stand round in a shining ring,  
On quiet nights when the moon is high,  
And lift their faces up to the sky.  
They read the music out of the stars,  
There aren't any notes and there aren't  
any bars;

And sweet their song as the clover  
flower,  
And soft it is as a summer shower,  
And gay as leaves that the June airs  
shake,  
And sad as the mist on an Autumn lake.  
None shall light on a lovelier thing  
Than the magical song that the fairies  
sing.

This is the way the fairies dance:  
They point their toes and they leap  
and prance

Over and under and round and round,  
Now in the air and now on the ground,  
In a shimmering, glimmering moon-lit  
maze

To a wonderful music that nobody plays;  
And swift their dance as the coming of  
Spring,  
And light as the touch of a butterfly's  
wing,

And strange as the gleams in a stormy  
sky  
And changing-bright as the peacock's  
dye.

Oh, lucky are you if you get the chance  
To learn the way that the fairies dance.

R. F.

#### THE WINNER.

Mr. Victor Suddenbun, the winner of the first prize in the Secunderabad Sweepstake, is a much-respected man whose residence and business premises are situated, one above the other, in one of the leading commercial thoroughfares of Wapping. He serves the community in the important industry of corn-chandlery, and it is safe to aver that, but for his readiness at all times to supply the requirements of his clients during the past twenty years, many a local rabbit must have perished through shortage of bran. His solicitude for the fauna of the neighbourhood extends to Mrs. Suddenbun, his heir (Clarence) and four lesser children.

On visiting Mr. Suddenbun to congratulate him on his good fortune (writes our Near Eastern correspondent) I was in time to behold the entire family grouped before the shop and being photo-

graphed by some of London's most intrepid press-photographers. A glance was sufficient to give an insight into the stable nature of the Suddenbun character, for not one of the family, though in the first flush of their sudden wealth, conveyed by their expression any suggestion of the delight they must have been feeling at having just come into fifty thousand pounds.

With a delicacy which never fails me I asked Mr. Suddenbun how he proposed to spend the money. He replied that first of all he would buy a gramophone, an instrument he had long desired, and then a motor-cycle combination. Beyond that he hardly knew what he would do with it.

Sudden joy is known to have strange effects upon the human constitution, and, on my remarking that Mr. Suddenbun must have been surprised and pleased when he heard that he had won, he made a most memorable statement. I give his exact words: "You could have knocked me down," he said, "with a feather."

"New thick Silk Knitted Jumper, old gold colour, very chick, 2 guineas."—*Irish Paper*.  
It sounds like a good egg.

## AT THE PLAY.

"If."

A VAGUE memory of my previous experience of Lord DUNSANY as a dramatist had not led me to suspect him of conscious humour. But here there is genuine fun in his picture of lower-middle-class suburbans, and in the contrast that he gets by transplanting some of them into an Oriental milieu.

*John Beal*, of "The Acacias" (which he might now rename the Château d'If), was incredibly contented with the lines in which his very limited lot had fallen; and, when a certain carpet-broker from the East, whom he had befriended, offered him in gratitude the use of a crystal, by whose magic he might reconstruct the last ten years of his life according to taste, he could think of nothing that wanted altering. Stay! he had once, ten years ago, missed a train through the rudeness of a porter who had slammed the gate in his face; he would like to avenge that injury and catch that train. The crystal enables him to do so, and in the course of his journey he makes the acquaintance of a very pretty young woman of his own class, *Miralda Clement*, who has a tale of woe to tell him: how her late father had been cheated of immense wealth due to him from a Trans-Persian Shereef to whom he had advanced money on the security of caravan-tolls payable at a mountain-pass.

Ten minutes elapse, and we find *Beal*, who has set forth as a knight-errant in quest of the legal rights of the distressed damsel, established in a tent in an OMAR KHAYYAM neighbourhood, and already assuming towards the natives the traditional airs of a member of the Ruling Race. Here, while in the act of deciding which of the local gods should be retained as moral, and which dispensed with as immoral, he is casually joined by his brother *Archie*, who brings with him the Occidental aroma of a City clerk untroubled by romance and taking things, the very strangest, just as he finds them. A delightful scene; and I wish the author had allowed us more of its pleasant irony. But a disturbing element is introduced with the arrival of *Miralda*, who, with nothing in her purse, has accomplished the very expensive journey by recourse, at each stage of it, to the appeal of beauty in distress. Never too scrupulous about getting her way, she loses no time in adopting an Oriental

licence and proposing that *Beal* should have the Shereef killed and take over the pass and its tolls.

Another ten minutes, and her fancy has been gratified, though at the cost of the life of *Archie*, whom I was very sorry to lose so soon. *John Beal* is now Lord of the land, with *Miralda* (reclining seductively on a divan at his side) as the First Lady of his harem. What shocked me more (for the killing had been done off) was the sudden and total disappearance of their cockney intonation from the lips of *Beal* and *Miralda*, who henceforth spoke their Orientalisms in the purest English accent; and still more, the elimination of all humour from the play, never to return till we were back in the suburbs of London.

It would seem that at this point



*Miralda Clement* (Miss GLADYS COOPER). "I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME."  
*John Beal* (Mr. HENRY AINLEY). "YOU FORGET YOURSELF. THIS IS NOT BLACKHEATH."

Lord DUNSANY felt that the time had come for a display of other qualities—his gift for poetry in the Oriental vein and his taste for dramatic intrigue, neither of which could flourish with comfort in an atmosphere of frivolity. To make a short story shorter, *John Beal*, who retained a sub-conscious memory of his real existence (which included the married estate), refused the request of *Miralda* that he should marry her and make her his queen. So she takes on a lover and plans with him the death of *Beal*, saying, with the easy assurance which was one of her charms, "When I tire of a man he must die." Their design is frustrated by the loyalty of a servant of *Beal's*, and he escapes with nothing but his life and the very effective costume in which he was standing at the time. It takes him three years (the balance of his allotted decade) to work his way back to "The Acacias," where he arrives in a state of starvation, very dull for him and rather dull for us.

I should not like to have to say how much the play owed for its obvious success to the piquant spectacle of two such popular artistes as Miss GLADYS COOPER (*Miralda*) and Mr. HENRY AINLEY (*John Beal*) under conditions so unusual. Both were extraordinarily fresh and fascinating. From a hard seat in a second-class compartment on the Elephant and Castle line, Miss COOPER passed to the cushioned ease of a Trans-Persian palace with the finest and most supple adaptability; and the dignity with which he assumed his Oriental splendour seemed as natural to Mr. AINLEY as his simple satisfaction with the banalities of Suburbia. Minor parts were well played—on the humorous side, by Miss MANDA VANNE (*Mrs. Beal*), Mr. LESLIE BANKS (*Archie*), Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE (*Liza*, a general); on the serious side by Mr. HENRY CAINE (*Hafiz*), and Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE (*Daoud*, the faithful); while, for sentiment, the singing of Mr. BERTRAM BINYON, as *Omar*, was worthy of both his names, English and Persian.

As for the author, when you have to do with a poet, you naturally look for a motive in a scheme however fanciful, but I could trace none here. You may say, perhaps, that *Miralda*, freed from suburban limitations, developed with a natural luxuriousness her original habit of getting things done for her; but there was no corresponding development on the part of the man;

there was no single feature of *Beal* of "The Acacias," so satisfied with his narrow existence, that bore any resemblance to the sombre, self-indulgent and ambitious potentate of the Middle East.

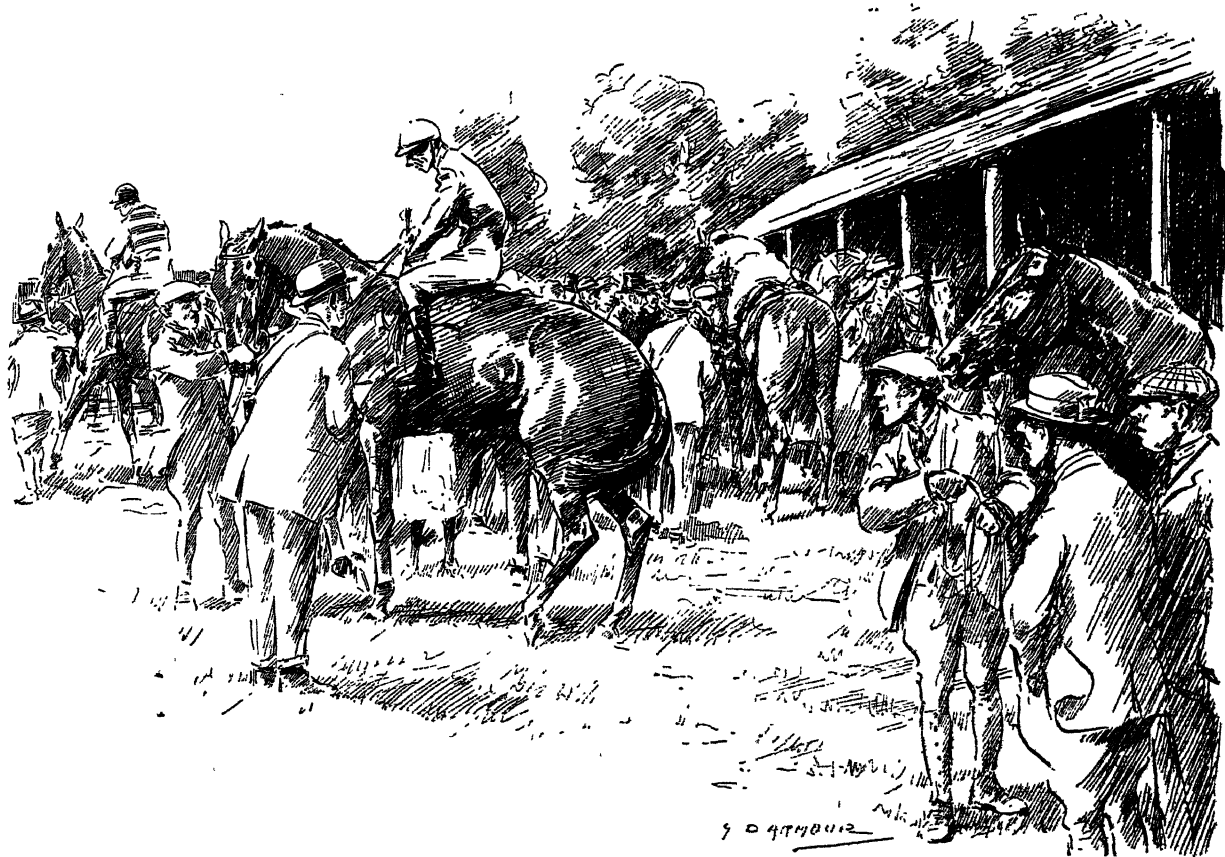
Some of us, again, had looked to see whether his exotic experiences would have any after-effects upon *Beal's* attitude to his suburban surroundings—notably the lack of Oriental voluptuousness in his homely wife. But the author lightly shirked this issue.

Still he couldn't do much more than he did in the time; for he covered a lot of ground in the matter of what *Miralda* called "jography"; and anyhow I should be ungrateful to end on a note of complaint when he really made me enjoy myself a good deal. O. S.

## "A FAMILY MAN."

One can fairly say of Mr. GALS-WORTHY that he jokes wi' deeficulty; by no means in the sense that he cannot be amusing (on the contrary, *A Family*





*First Stable Lad (discussing jockey). "LOOKS A BIT TUCKED UP THIS MORNING, DON'T HE?"*

*Second ditto. "SO WOULD YOU IF YOU'D BREAKFASTED ON A TURKISH BATH AND DINED LAST NIGHT OFF THE SMELL OF SOMEONE ELSE'S DINNER."*

Man kept the first-night audience in perpetual laughter), but rather that he simply can't help digging down below the surface of the absurdest of jokes and routing up tragic stuff from underneath. And I really think this passion for burrowing accounted for one or two false notes in his latest comedy.

*John Builder* is a successful business man, magistrate, councillor, all but mayor-elect. He is a terribly passionate fellow, even to the point of physical violence, when thwarted. He has reduced his wife to a wry-smiling acquiescent wraith (and immensely irritating at that). Of his two daughters the eldest is keeping house for an airman, refusing marriage because of what that institution has made of her mother; the younger is about to exploit her "film face" professionally.

*Builder* learns both these disgraceful facts on the same day—a day which is also chosen by his wife's maid (what was *Mrs. Builder* doing with so very French a French maid?) to throw herself at the poor man's head and be caught by her mistress sitting on his knee. Thereupon *Mrs. Builder* joins the great exodus.

*John's* cutting-out expedition to bring her back begins with his laying his cane

across the film-faced daughter's shoulders and blacking the eye of the local constable, and ends with a night in the cells, a caution from the Bench and, worst of all, a paragraph in the evening papers.

All is gone—wife, daughter, reputation as a family man, mayoralty. Morality shall go too. He will be off to the devil, by —, with the French maid. And here you get an ugly momentary glimpse of a man putting aside the inhibitions of twenty-three years as a virtuous husband, which I submit is not in the picture. Here, and occasionally elsewhere, it seemed as if of the fantastic puppets in an artistically artificial situation—heavy father, crushed wife, revolting offspring, comic mayor, magistrate and manservant, naughty maid—brought together for a little joke about matrimony, one or two had come to life and taken the whole thing much too seriously.

This academic criticism is invited by Mr. GALSWORTHY's habitual fastidious practice. Most gladly do I thank him for a rare evening freed from any trace of boredom. In particular the hearing of the charge in the mayor's parlour was a sheer delight.

The acting was at a high level. Mr. MCKINNEE enjoyed his part (I needn't say which it was) and took more than usual trouble with it. He made a very happy little speech in acknowledgment of what was a genuinely and deservedly enthusiastic reception. Mr. LAURENCE HANRAY's grotesque of a mayor was pleasantly diverting, as was that of a journalist by Mr. REGINALD BACH and of a constable by Mr. JULIAN D'ALBIE. Mr. FRANCIS LISTER's diffident but determined airman was as good as possible. Mr. CLARKE-SMITH's unusual manservant and Mr. JOHN HOWELL's not too zealous sporting magistrate were capable studies.

It was a man's play. The women were less well served. Miss MARY BARTON in particular had a difficult and rather thankless part. The two daughters (heartless little beasts!) were adequately played by Miss SIBELL ARCHDALE and Miss AGATHA KENTISH. Miss AURIOL LEE was clever—perhaps just a little too elaborately clever—as the unbelievable maid. Miss OLIVE WALTER enjoyed a well-earned triumph as a comic "general."

On its merits, the play ought to be a slump-proof success. T.

## SINGERS AT BAY.

MADAME ALBANI's letter to *The Times* on the impatience of present-day singers and the need of long and careful grounding in the old Italian method bids fair to eclipse the excitement created by the historic correspondence on the merits of the floating ball. Experts, vocal and instrumental, have leaped into the arena, including Sir HENRY WOOD, Miss CARRIE TUBB and "Professor Albert Bissetti," of the Royal College of Music, who must not, we suppose, be confounded with Professor ALBERT VISETTI of the same institution. Reverberations of the controversy have reached Bouverie Street, but Mr. Punch regrets that he is only able to find room, in a condensed form, for a few of the luminous and helpful contributions with which his letter-box has been bombarded during the past week.

Sir Lancelot Bland, the Director of the Blackfriars School of Music, writes that, with all respect for Sir HENRY WOOD, he feels that eminent *maestro* spoke somewhat harshly of the indolence and incompetence of singers as compared with instrumentalists. The voice, in Sir Lancelot's opinion, is the most beautiful of all instruments, and undoubtedly there are some people who, being born, so to speak, with a golden tune in their throats, are inclined to dispense with the careful study necessary to develop their natural resources to their full extent. But he found very few of the singing pupils at his College disposed to shirk their artistic responsibilities. He made it a special feature of his system that no diplomas should be granted to pupils who had not qualified in economics, psycho-analysis, civics and eurhythmics. Oysters and bottled stout were forbidden at the College restaurant, and chewing-gum was not allowed during lessons. As for schools of singing, he believed in the eclectic method, based on the study of laryngology, and including, in its subsequent phases, pharyngeal jujitsu and hypnosis of the audience. "I admit however," he goes on, "that the study of anatomy needs to be kept within bounds. We must not forget the warning implicit in the topical lyric:—

"There was a great teacher named Otis  
Who attracted a great deal of notice.  
When they asked, 'Can you sing?'  
He said, 'No, but, by Jing,  
I can talk by the hour on the glottis.'"

Dame Bella Cantor writes less in sorrow than in anger of the dead set which has been made in some quarters at singers who have been trained in the grand style of the historic and classical Italian School. "Most of the young vocalists of to-day," she observes, "give me the impression that their studies were conducted exclusively on the island of Yap. They can give most admirably faithful imitations of the shriek of a peacock or a cockatoo or the baying of an infuriated bloodhound. But as for singing—pah! The name Porpora would convey nothing to them; they

located operatic finance. As BERLIOZ said, they are monsters, but the worst of it is that they are very often highly attractive monsters, in spite of their colossal egotism, ignorance and absurdity. Do not think that I am unduly prejudiced against the ladies. The male sirens, especially the tenors, are just as bad. Even conductors are not immune from the influences of flattery and the lure of the limelight. I myself have found it impossible to dispense with a butterfly tie."

Professor Risotto, of the Imperial College of St. Cecilia, Kensington Gore,

wittily observes that you cannot put old wine into new throttles. "I do not think," he adds, "that the old Italian method is useful for modern music. Porpora is N.E. (no earthly) for those who have to sing STRAUSS or HUGO WOLF."

Miss Rosie Dott, who is singing the *Walkürenritt* (arranged as a soprano solo), the songs of the *Queen of the Night* from MOZART's *Magic Flute*, BEETHOVEN's *Ah Perfido* and Bantock's *Ode to the Great Panjandrum*, together with other similar momentous music, twice daily at the Gargantuarium, writes: "I never feel tired after the double programme daily, and I ascribe this entirely to the fact that I was properly trained in the old Italian method of Porpora. I am a confirmed Wagnerite, and believe that his music is conducive to the longevity of the voice; but it ought not to be sung until the larynx, the pharynx, the soft palate and the medulla oblongata are properly balanced and consolidated."



*Suspicious Caller.* "IS THE GUV'NOR IN?"  
*Resourceful Maid (alone in the house).* "YE—ES. ER—  
HE'S IN THE DRAWING-ROOM FEEDING HIS HERD OF  
BLOODHOUNDS."

would probably think it was a fish or a soap or a liqueur."

Mr. Egbert Westcott, the eminent conductor, writes that he is reluctantly compelled to agree with Sir HENRY WOOD's remarks on the shortcomings of vocalists. "With too many of them it is a case of *vox et præterea nihil*—no study, no intelligence, no consideration for conductors, orchestra or public. As a result of long experience I can affirm that recalcitrant and mutinous *prime donne* have taxed my powers of endurance and diplomacy more than any other musicians. I started on my career with a luxuriant *chevelure*; that it is now comparatively sparse and prematurely grey is entirely due to their exactions and perversity. They are the Bourbons of the musical world. They have dis-

"In the opinion of many good judges the greatest stylist the cricket world has ever seen, viz., L. C. H. Palaret, is fifty-one to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

And what age is he in the opinion of other good judges?

"In the mediæval world a knowledge of Latin would carry a man from the north of Scandinavia to the south of Italy, from Warsaw to Poland."—*Evening Paper.*

From Pole to Pole, in fact.

"At a mass meeting of the coal and shale miners held at West Calder, disapproval of the action of Midlothian Education Authority in withdrawing the hot meals for children was expressed. The Authority stopped the hot meals because there was no coal at the gas works to provide gas for the cookers."

*Scotch Paper.*

Did you ever hear anything so unreasonable? No wonder the miners disapproved.



"THOSE LOOK NICE LITTLE CHILDREN YOU WERE PLAYING WITH. I SUPPOSE THEY'RE YOUNGER THAN YOU?"  
 "RATHER! THEY'RE QUITE KIDS. WHY, THEY BATHE IN THEIR SKINS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS ROSE MACAULAY'S *Dangerous Ages* (COLLINS) seems to me a distinct advance on her excellent *What Not* and her scarcely less engaging *Potterism*; it hasn't the same air of having been written as a lark, yet it has retained that charming spontaneity and puckishness. It is a study of the reactions upon each other of the various members of four generations of a family. An experienced novel reader will, I think, be astonished at the skilled economy with which the author has revealed to him tiresome old *Mrs. Hilary*, with her pathetic jealousies and irritating poses; her clever and wise old mother calmly waiting for death; her three daughters, *Neville* the tactful and ambitious (but she is much more than that), *Nan* the disdainful and elusive, *Pamela* the detached and steadfast; and *Gerda*, *Neville's* daughter, who with such innocent egotism steals her aunt *Nan's* lover. The men perhaps are treated with less sureness of touch, yet not inadequately. The discreet and clever burlesque of modern Freudian extravagances is timely. Miss MACAULAY knows where to plant her arrows. It is the psycho-analyst, *Mr. Cradock*, by the way, who explains the title: "As to that, we may say that all ages are dangerous to all people in the dangerous life we live."

Mr. GOSSE, who publicly celebrated, a year or so ago, his arrival among the septuagenarians, is now very gracefully taking his place as a doyen. For months and months he has touched the Day of Rest with an urbane literacy of which he holds the secret, and now a selection of these

*Causeries de Dimanche*, as they might not inaptly be called, has been made from the columns of *The Sunday Times* and issued under the title *Books on the Table* (HEINEMANN). The critic's range is wide, extending from GOETHE to DAISY ASHFORD, from FRONTO (the instructor of MARCUS AURELIUS) to ROBERT ROSS, of whose character there is a most penetrating analysis; but the same lively curiosity is brought to bear upon all, and every essay is flavoured with its author's peculiar pungency. Now and then we have an autobiographical glimpse which makes one wonder if Mr. Gosse could not be persuaded to come out into the open frankly as his own subject. Editors are not too much in receipt of praise: kicks are their portion more often than halfpence; but no one can lay this well-stored cultured volume aside without feeling grateful to the Editor of *The Sunday Times* for luring its author into Fleet Street.

The component parts of Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS' newest book, *The Judgment of Charis* (CASSELL), sound a little old-fashioned: a peer's daughter masquerading as a shorthand typist to escape the attentions of a titled lover; an elderly millionaire of the fairy godfather type who gradually develops into a self-effacing admirer; a middle-class family with an honest manly son, not in the least like his people; and a motortour in the Lake country. But Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS knows how to handle her plot and characters so well that *The Judgment of Charis* makes very pleasant light reading in spite of that. It is in essentials the story of *Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid* inverted, with *Charis* as *Cophetua*, and her lover, *Gilbert Cranstoun-Brown*, as the *Beggar*; but the *Hon. Charis Osbourne* is naturally rather reluctant to

introduce the leather merchant's son to her aristocratic father and her exclusive step-mother; and *Gilbert*, who has wooed her as his cousin's secretary, jilts her when he discovers the trick she has played on his relations in pretending to be merely *Miss Garth*. It all ends happily, however, with a remarkable display of masterfulness on the part of *Gilbert*. I didn't myself at all like the tone of the letter in which he admonished and renounced his ladylove, but *Lord Ringland* seemed to find it convincing evidence of his good breeding and high character, and who am I to press the point against an otherwise quite uncommon and delightful hero?

It is a little difficult to imagine a middle-aged American beef-canner as the heartless, selfish and sophisticated *Don Juan* to a sweet-tempered and highly-cultivated Anglo-American widow with two children and a passion for Oxfordshire; but Mrs. DENIS O'SULLIVAN "makes it so," and we must take *Mr. Dimock* (JOHN LANE) at her valuation. Moreover he is merely the one disagreeable character among many charming ones, young and old, whose post-war

tragedies and enthusiasms are the author's excuse for writing a very readable story. Not that there is any plot in the ordinary sense of the word. The discovery by all concerned, but especially by the infatuated *Crystal McClinton*, that the *Dimock* person is a pompous and self-centred boulder of inordinate vanity, helps matters along. Then there are two fascinating young Serbians—Mrs. O'SULLIVAN, like many another, has discovered how charming and civilized young Serbs can be—and various other young people, and everything ends up happily for at least one young couple, while tragedy overtakes others. The book is delightful because the people in it are so real—with the possible exception of *Mr. Dimock* himself—from the intensely civilized and worldly-wise *Katty Blundell* to *Weelum Gorge*, whose vocabulary is confined to the significant remark "Yeh." And we are all the more grateful because they abound as to numbers, and no one takes the stage to the exclusion of our interest in the rest.

Captain F. McCULLAGH, who is journalist, soldier and real knight-errant up-to-date, a gentleman, moreover, with an unusual talent for becoming a prisoner of war and a positive genius for making the best of such a situation, tells of his third experience as a captive in *A Prisoner of the Reds* (MURRAY). This is a book so good that its only discoverable weakness is a tendency to inspire in the reader an impulse to read passages aloud to the assembled company, thereby causing annoyance, and in the reviewer a desire for quotation checked only by the impossibility of limiting selection to less than the entire volume. Beyond question this is one of the best, possibly quite the best, of all current accounts of Bolshevism, its origin, its rise and its dominance, no less than of its savagery, its inherent vices and its already approaching disintegration. The author, though

he was an officer of the British Military Mission attached to KOLCHAK's forces in Siberia, distinctly deprecates Allied support for the "Whites," holding that only dread of a return to Tsarism has kept the Leninites solid so long; and having been, to tell the truth, a little disgusted with our White allies, he entered Red Russia rather prepared to be favourably impressed. It follows naturally that his endorsement of the condemnation pronounced by practically every shade of opinion in this country carries all the more conviction. The manner of his unrestrained wandering—an officer transformed into a correspondent while actually a prisoner—is touched but lightly, yet it makes an adventure amazing enough in itself to render remarkable a volume which, though it has perforce often to become gruesome and often alarming in its suggestion of perils still to be faced both here and in unhappy Russia, is one that can hardly be too warmly recommended.

While reading *The Keystone* (HUTCHINSON) I felt myself to be in the company of a clever woman who was intent upon testing my patience and perseverance. Undoubtedly

there is a fine tale in this story of a Cornishman who, a century or so ago, pressed his thumb so accurately and remorselessly upon his neighbours that they could scarcely call either their souls or their bodies their own. He is a real figure, sinister and brutal. But the trouble with Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS is that she seems constitutionally unable to prevent her tale from sprawling; more often than I can remember she annoyed me by turning aside from her main theme to give unessential details about un-

important people. Though she has created a character impossible to forget, I am convinced that she cannot yet construct a novel. But so obvious are her talents that I may soon have to alter this article of belief.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON sets his *Prince of the Palais Royal* (CASSELL) in the last few years of the brilliant, corrupt and doomed Second Empire. The precise proportion of fiction to historical fact I am not scholar enough to determine. The selection of nine *cocottes* as the heroines of as many short stories does not help to a just perspective. I hasten to add, however, that all the stories deal with relatively proper and external aspects of these fair and frail ladies. *Prince, the maitre d'hôtel*, an indefatigable gossip, intriguer and gallant, is the raconteur and hero, but not too heroic. Ambition and avarice alike induce in him a discretion and a capacity to swallow snubs, and the result is a plausibly human adventurer. Always contriving to accommodate himself to changing conditions he is left still purveying food to the rather drab gourmets of the Third Republic and deeply regretting the graces, glories and flamboyant scandals of the departed period. If I am to be candid I ought to say that I found one or two of the stories rather loosely knit, as if the writer of fiction had found himself something cramped by the facts.



WORRIES OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES.  
CHAIRMAN OF PARKS COMMITTEE BEING WARNED TO KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

## CHARIVARIA.

WE are asked to deny the rumour that *The Times* is relinquishing its interest in Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

"I can remember," said a Colonial Premier who has arrived in London to attend the Imperial Conference, "when it cost half-a-crown to send a letter to Australia." We resent the insinuation that Mr. KELLAWAY is not really trying.

The Irish Northern Parliament, says *The Daily Express*, at once shaped itself like the Parliament at Westminster. Still, with a bit of practice they will get over that, we hope.

A woman who pelted with rotten eggs an actor with whom she was infatuated has been acquitted by a Berlin court, on the ground that she was suffering from "love madness." We have always maintained that the Huns are sentimentalists at heart.

The Sultan of ZANZIBAR and his wives have landed at Durban. We understand that the captain asked him to count them carefully, as mistakes could not be rectified after leaving the ship.

"Old faces can now be exchanged for new," according to a Bond Street beauty specialist. While this may be good news for some people, many of us in these hard times will have to be content with our present misfit.

In view of the present-day divorce boom several persons have decided that their marriages shall in future be conducted *in camera*.

According to a Chertsey police officer, who is obviously an observant person, burglars prefer to enter a house by the back-way. We prefer the old-fashioned plan of walking up to the front-door, ringing the bell and asking, "Do you want any burglars to-day, please?"

The League of Nations has declared that Germany should be admitted to the League as soon as possible. It is only fair that Germany should share the burden of the peace like the rest of us.

A doctor recommends tomatoes as a cure for bad temper. Of course accuracy of aim must be taken into account.

"If you want to be really popular with men," says Mr. ARTHUR PENDENYS, "become a widow." This of course may be all right, but few husbands can really learn to love a wife who makes a practice of this sort of thing.

A man who was fined half-a-crown for being drunk the other day was understood to express deep resentment at being treated like a German war-criminal.

Houses near Hyde Park are adver-

In the course of a long newspaper interview Mr. W. T. TILDEN, the Lawn Tennis Champion, has admitted his intention of defending his title at Wimbledon. This seems to support the popular theory of his object in visiting England this summer.

An eel four and a-half feet long has been caught in a lake near Llanfairmthafarnathaf. We can readily believe it.

"Dog showing," says an evening paper, "is one of the most democratic of sports." But so often the difficulty with the dog is to make it safe for democracy.

The remains of a man of the Bronze Age have been found at Brighton. As there is no record of any resident having been missing at that period it is assumed that he was only a visitor.

According to an account of a bull-fight at Ciudad Real, after one matador had been wounded and another thrown twice into the air, a third rose to the occasion and killed the bull. We should say, however, that the matador who most conspicuously rose to the occasion was No. 2.

The present market price of radium is fifty thousand pounds an ounce. Purchasers of one pound and over can have it carriage paid.

Burglars recently broke into the Zoo at Munich. Fortunately the lions were safely locked up in their cages.

Some day, says a contemporary, the public may pay for admission to hear the political lions roar at Westminster. Our own impression is that this Grand Guignol craze is getting the better of some writers.

"Work should be found for everybody," says Sir ROBERT HORNE. This is the sort of Government interference that gets the backs of some men up.

"Mlle. Anna Dobek has just celebrated her 128th birthday at Chochelow, in Poland. She is sound in body and mind, and attributes her great age to the fact that she has never been bothered with a husband."—*Daily Paper*.

In view, however, of the present situation in Poland, Miss DOBEK is uncertain as to the desirability of living more than another century or so in that country, and may be induced to reconsider her attitude on matrimony.



Nephew. "HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN OUT IF HE'D PLAYED WITH A STRAIGHT BAT."

Aunt. "THEN WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T SOMEBODY LEND HIM ONE?"

tised for the Polo Test-matches. The views of Hurlingham from these windows are, of course, unrivalled.

"Water," says Sir ROBERT ARMSTRONG, "should be boiled three times." Nothing is said about what should be done with the stuff afterwards.

It is said that DEMPSEY has nine tailors. All the same, CARPENTIER is determined to go through with it now.

*The Times* says of Miss CECIL LEITCH's golf that what she loses on the swings she wins on the roundabouts. Still, we don't think the roundabouts should be imitated by beginners.



## A RENEWAL OF YOUTH.

(With grateful compliments to the Junior Proctor of Cambridge University.)

LAST moon I took my pious way  
Amid the haunts of man and don  
Wherein I flourished who shall say  
How many years ago?

Like to a stranger in the land,  
My heart the while with memories full,  
I hired a station-taxi and  
Descended at "The Bull."

A pang of envy seemed to go  
Right through my soul that things  
should be  
Much as they always were, but oh!  
The difference in me.

I saw myself, who rowed and ran  
So blithely once my peers among,  
Now moulting while the current man  
Still looked so very young.

And lo! as in my breast a vain  
Longing (or *desiderium*) stirred  
To have my good time back again,  
A curious thing occurred.

At night, eluding slumber's lap,  
I issued forth to pace the town  
Without an academic cap,  
Also without a gown.

And, as I breathed the gracious air  
Light-wafted from the balmy Backs,  
I met a Bulldog unaware,  
Who stayed me in my tracks.

Was I a member of the seat  
Of learning situate on the Cam?  
I would not lie, nor yet retreat,  
But proudly said, "I am!"

No need to mention what ensued;  
Enough for unofficial ears  
That in that moment I renewed  
The youth of other years.

'Tis true the strike had left its trace  
Upon the street-lamps, dim or dark,  
And something of my form and face  
May have escaped remark;

Yet, though the scene was badly lit,  
It well might perk an old man up  
To be regarded thus as fit  
Game for a Proctor's pup. O. S.

"The 95 cabinet passengers that the steamship Scandinavian brought from Europe for the west, arrived at the O.P.R. depot Tuesday evening."—*Canadian Paper*.

We have inquired in Downing Street, but nobody there has missed them.

"Selected fragments from the operas *Vavilica Rusticana*, etc., will be given at the Gaiety Theatre in Yokohama to-night by local talent."—*Japanese Paper*.

In selecting the fragments somebody seems to have torn the title.

## THE KNOTTIEST QUESTION.

SCENE.—Hyde Park. TIME.—To-day.

*Lady Betty Portcullis*. The Wranglertons are getting divorced to-day.

*Glossop*. They have a lovely day for it.

*Lady B. P.* It won't make any difference in those beastly Law Courts. When I went to see the Bickerings divorced it was a gorgeous day, a perfectly heavenly day, and yet I couldn't get rid of a feeling that one or other of them was going to be sent to prison with hard labour. I suppose it was all those dreary barristers. Anyway, the whole atmosphere was wrong and it was most depressing.

*G.* You felt that the occasion demanded a more festal setting?

*Lady B. P.* Of course. When two people have been simply dying to get rid of one another it's nonsense to make such a melancholy business of it. It would be just as reasonable to have weddings at the Old Bailey.

*G.* Some couples certainly do impress one as having been sentenced to matrimony.

*Miss Dido Duvetyn*. And the absurdity of it is that if they behave too well they can't get any of it remitted.

*G.* Well, perhaps in time to come minds innocent will not a prison make, nor quiet ones a cage. The LORD CHANCELLOR—

*Miss D. D.* Oh, yes, there's a lot of talk about reforms, but it's all tosh. More grounds for divorce will only mean more work for the lawyers.

*G.* I don't think they realise that. They're working overtime as it is. And still the end of the decree-queue is not in sight.

*Miss D. D.* The lawyers are not the people who grumble about that, I notice. And they know very well that all these so-called reforms only mean more complications, and that means more business for them. We shall have the judge adjourning the case to see for himself if the respondent's table-manners really amount to cruelty, or if the petitioner's appearance in the morning is directly conducive to her husband's drinking habits. I'm quite sure the only way to reform divorce is to take it out of the Courts' hands altogether.

*G.* I'm afraid the profession won't give up its most fertile source of revenue without a struggle.

*Miss D. D.* Well, the family solicitor ought to be enough, just to draw up the—

*G.* The unsettlements?

*Miss D. D.* Something like that. At any rate, when a couple decide that they are utterly fed up with one another it ought to be possible for them simply to go and take out a divorce-licence,

just as they did when they were going to be married.

*Lady B. P.* And then have some sort of cheerful ceremony to which they could invite their friends to come and see them made two again.

*G.* Choral, of course.

*Lady B. P.* Rather! Think what a splendid field for composers there would be in divorce-music.

*Miss D. D.* And *The Morning Post* would be full of announcements: "A divorce has been arranged and will shortly take place between —"

*Lady B. P.* And all the papers would revel in descriptions: "One of the prettiest divorces seen this season. . . . The petitioner was radiant in pale heliotrope charmeuse veiled with old Brussels lace. . . ." Or, "It was a quiet ceremony owing to a recent bereavement in the petitioner's family. The respondent was divorced in her going-away dress of *tête-de-nègre*."

*G.* Or, "The petitioner was attended by Mr. — as the better man. The respondent was given away by —"

*Miss D. D.* You forget that in the new divorce by mutual consent on grounds of incompatibility, etc., there would be neither petitioner nor respondent. The newspapers would probably just call them the "dissolving parties."

*G.* I can almost hear the merry divorce-bells. The only point on which I have misgivings is the possibility of the growth of a custom of giving divorce-presents.

*Lady B. P.* Oh, but surely it would be their turn to give presents.

*G.* And probably that would mean that we should all get our wedding-gifts back. I foresee myself inundated with returned silverware. No, on the whole, as a disinterested bachelor, I think I'd just as soon leave matrimonial affairs much as they are.

## Journalistic Candour.

From a letter entitled "Happy Czecho-Slovakia" in *The Daily Mail*:—

"Even here the *Continental Daily Mail* is well to the front every morning, and is a source of great inconvenience."

## The Latest Bloomer.

"The great Gleneagles week opened . . . in the most delightful conditions—a cloudless sky, clear atmosphere, and the bracken in full bloom."—*Evening Paper*.

We hear the gorse was quite yellow with jealousy.

From a notice of the Handel Festival:

"In 'The Night is Departing' chorus a bass lead was missed, partly because one of the singers was, I noticed, so deaf that he couldn't see the conductor."—*Daily Paper*.

None so blind as those that won't hear.





## OUR IMPERIAL No. 1.

[What with his pronouncement on Mesopotamia, and the opening of the Imperial Conference, this is a great week for Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.]



Hostess. "Now, WHEN I DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF I WANT YOU AND YOUR BROTHER TO RUN A RACE."  
Wendy. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH. SHALL I CATCH HOLD OF HIS HAND?"

### GREAT REFUSALS.

(By a Student of Optimism).

Not a few writers of eminence are devoting their talents with monotonous persistence to the castigation of selfishness as the dominant passion of the age. There never was a greater mistake, and it grows out of the confusion of thought which identifies self-expression with self-assertion, whereas it is perfectly compatible with the noblest altruism. We therefore rejoice exceedingly at the confuting of this ignoble libel by the authoritative statement made in *The Evening News* of June 7th. In the "Diary of a Man About Town" occurs a paragraph which is not merely interesting but exhilarating, for it restores our belief in human nature.

"I wonder," writes the Diarist, "how many people know that Sir William Robertson Nicoll, our virile veteran literary critic, refused the Order of Merit in the last Honours List? I happen to know that it was so.

"Sir William gives his friends a reason for which those who matter will honour him. Thomas Hardy is an O.M. Sir William has for Thomas Hardy an admiration that approaches reverence. He sincerely believes that an honour adorned by Hardy should

be kept exclusive. He felt that he was not worthy to share an honour equally with our greatest living writer."

These indeed be words that warm the cockles of the heart. I frankly own that I was amongst those who had not heard of the offer and its refusal. I was aware, however, that CALIGULA had made his horse a pro-consul, and also of the singular fact, unknown to the majority of historical students, that the honour was declined by the modest quadruped on the ground that he was hereditarily indisposed to indulge in the peculiar form of prancing necessary for the proper discharge of pro-consular duties.

It is notoriously dangerous to "generalize from individuals." Happily I am in the position of one who *knows* that the grand refusal of Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL is not an isolated example of heroic self-sacrifice, but that the annals of the last few months positively teem with similar instances of adamant altruism.

To begin with, Sir WILLIAM was not the only virile veteran who declined the Order of Merit. It was offered to the Greatest Living Englishman, who refused it for reasons which, if possible, will only enhance the gratitude of the nation. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is an O.M.

Now the G.L.E. has for the PREMIER a feeling that is absolutely beyond the powers of expression. It defies definition. He is convinced that a decoration possessed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE should be kept exclusive. That is the sole reason why he declined the O.M.

Hardly, if at all, less splendid has been the refusal by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER of the Governor-Generalship of Canada. It would have been a perfect choice. His name is one to conjure with from the St. Lawrence to Vancouver. Yet he declined simply because he held that Lord BEAVERBROOK had a better claim, in virtue of the veneration with which he is regarded throughout the length and breadth of the Land of the Maple Leaf. But Lord BEAVERBROOK was not to be outdone in magnanimity and self-effacement. He also declined the post, as he felt that he was not worthy to share the honour with Dukes—Royal or otherwise—even retrospectively.

Then there is the case of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. Great pressure was put upon him to alter his style and title to that of the Duke of Strafebolshie, but, though profoundly sensible of the compliment, he decided against the change out of deference to Commander KENWORTHY, the well-known heir to the Barony of Strabolgi.

Finally I have to note the *beau geste* of MARY PICKFORD. Long ago she was invested with royal honours and hailed as "Queen of Hearts" by our leading daily. But the title was unofficial, and Lord THANET, here as always interpreting the desire of the million aright, proposed to regularise her position by offering her the Throne of the North Foreland, with a perpetual free motor-ing insurance for herself and her Con-sort. But MARY PICKFORD declined the throne for the following noble reason. DOROTHY GISH is also a titular Queen of the Film world, and MARY PICKFORD has for DOROTHY GISH an admiration which does not stop on this side of idolatry. She accordingly felt that it would be invidious to accept an honour which would place her in a position of superiority. The fact that no comment was made upon her decision in the columns of *The Times* is strange, but after all there are some thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

#### AN ENGLISH PARIS.

SEATED here on the top of Hindhead, with the gorse around me like a golden fleece and the larks soaring up above my head into the blue upon blue of the sky, I have been watching for some time that little figure on the push-bike far below me. Slowly, manfully, he has ridden the long steep hill which climbs all the way from Godalming to the lip of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

Here he comes now, striding across that open grassy space. From behind my gorse-bush I can keep him well in sight, and a finer-looking, sturdier youth no one could wish to see.

He reaches the hill-top and pauses there, drinking in the view. And what a view it is! Surrey and Hampshire and Sussex—where shall we find their equal? And this bunch of hills about Hindhead is the meeting-place of all three counties . . .

Look, our cyclist has taken an apple from his pocket. He stands there in the sunshine peeling it with his pen-knife.

Instantly there comes into my head the ancient story of another youth, upon another hill-top. He too held an apple in his hand, a golden apple inscribed *To the Fairest*, and his it was to decide which of three goddesses was worthiest to receive it.

Supposing, for a moment, the apple in our cyclist's hand were to be the prize for the loveliest of those three counties he is looking upon, what would be his choice? But, first of all, would they, I wonder, being English, "play the game;" or would they endeavour to bribe the umpire, as did those three goddesses of long ago?



Doctor (vainly trying to telephone telegram). "FACIAL—FACIAL. LOOK HERE, 'F' FOR FOOL; 'A' FOR ASS; 'C' FOR CUCKOO; 'I' FOR IDIOT; 'A' FOR ASS; 'L' FOR LUNATIC."

Surrey now, with the capital of the world lying away there to the north-east beyond Guildford gap—Surrey might well promise him dominion and power; while, to the north-west, Hampshire has Aldershot, to stand for military renown, and Winchester, in the west, for wisdom.

But see, it is to the south and the south-east that our cyclist (still peeling his apple) has turned himself. He is gazing upon Sussex, and even as he gazes the light haze that hung about her is blown aside by the breeze and all her dazzling beauty is unveiled before him—all Sussex, from the cool-

green wooded Weald in the middle-distance to that wonderful bare line of the Downs on the far horizon.

What has Sussex to offer him? Is it Aphrodite's gift—the fairest woman of the world for his wife? I can well believe it. A sun-burnt laughing daughter of the Rother valley, for instance; or maybe some queenly lady watching for him from a turret-window in Arundel Castle?

Ah, yes, Sussex has surely won the prize. He raises the apple in his hand; he is about to fling it at her feet and—

No; the golden age is dead. The fellow starts munching it himself.

## IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

## XI.

NOTHING is so refreshing in these days of experimentalism in modern poetry as a little classical drama now and again. Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S poem, entitled *The Death of Orpheus*, comes therefore in a good hour. The fact that it deals with the age-long antagonism between water and wine makes it also extremely topical, and gives me another excuse for attempting to echo it here. I have chosen the final Act, where, so far as I can understand them, things have got considerably mixed.

One may call my fragment

## THE SINGING HEAD.

The scene is a classic glade, with pine-trees dotted about on small hills, and in the centre a rocky cleft. It resembles, in fact, the drop-curtain of a good many provincial theatres. *Orpheus* stands on the brink of this chasm. He is in marching order for teetotal minstrels, which consists of a service water-bottle slung over the left shoulder and a harp in the right hand.

The rest of the *dramatis personæ* also differ conspicuously from those usually to be met with in an English pastoral landscape. On the one side is a Chorus of Shepherds wearing tunics and on strike for a higher standard of pastoral song, and on the other a Chorus of Bacchanals, principally dressed in snakes. Some of the older shepherds, notably *Dion*, their grey-bearded leader, wear blue ribbons round their crooks, but many of the younger men have taken to drink, which the Bacchanals are pouring out for them in vine-clad bowls. It is all very distressing and decontrolled. Strongly against the view of the majority, *Orpheus* is on the point of descending into the rocky cleft in search of the late *Eurydice*, who, being a water-nymph, is apparently identified with Prohibition or, at any rate, Local Veto. She has perished owing to a spell of drought.

*Chorus of Shepherds (in their best Swinburnian manner. And, by the way, I am not going to bother about the semi-choruses, though there ought to be a lot of these).*

Thou goest to death, O *Orpheus*—O *Orpheus*, thou goest to death,

To the place where the dead men are and, being dead, no longer have breath;

Where the voices of earth fall faint and shade unto shade gives heed.

Can no word of ours dissuade thee from doing this fool-hardy deed?

*Orpheus (striking his harp).* *Eurydice! Eurydice!*

[A faint tinkle of water is heard below.

*The Chorus (trying again).*

Dark night that shall have no waking  
Looms there where thy footsteps wend,  
And with thunder the earth is shaking;

Thou goest, O friend,

On a dangerous undertaking

And one we can not recommend.

*Orpheus (harping again).* *Eurydice! Eurydice!*

[He drinks from his water-bottle and takes a step downwards.

*Phalissa (leader of the Bacchanals, holding out her goblet).*

Nay, drink of the vine-clad cup;

Turn hither thine eyes,

And give that young personage up;

O *Orpheus!* be wise.

*Dion.* Nay, turn him not from the slope;

He seeketh a noble thing;

He belongs to the Band of Hope;

The truth at his feet shall spring.

[*Orpheus disappears into the cleft.*

*Chorus of Bacchanals.*

O *Bacchus!* what insult is this,

What dreadful design?

He has plunged in the night-black abyss;

He is seeking his Pussyfoot miss;

He refuses the wine!

*Phalissa now mounts to a rock overlooking the cleft and, standing like a person on a seat at the races, begins to shout for the benefit of the others the latest news of the descent:—*

He goeth, but vainly he goeth;

The steps are terribly steep;

He descends where no man knoweth,

Deep, deep.

Red-mouthed are the Furies around him;

They poke him and scream and shout;

He has asked to see Hades, and found him.

He sings . . .

*Dion.* What about?

*Phalissa.* Sweet is the sound of his lyre as the sound of bees that buzz

In clover and cytissus meadows.

*Dion.* Does Hades relent?

*Phalissa.* He does.

He has given his bride to him, you can hear his thunder plain (*Thunder is plainly heard*);

But he only gives her back if *Orpheus* turns not again.

*The voice of Eurydice is now heard, saying faintly:—*

Are you there, *Orpheus*? *Orpheus!*

*Orpheus.* Yes, dear; do hurry along.

*Eurydice.* I can't, my dress has got caught.

*Orpheus.* Take hold of my harp and be strong.

[There is a loud splash of water, a crash of harp-strings and a muffled oath. Re-enter *Orpheus*. He looks hot. He has lost his water-bottle and broken the strings of his harp.

*Orpheus.* Will nobody give me a drink?

*Phalissa.* Ah, ah! He is mine, is mine!

The victim, the god, the priest,

The giver of food and the feast,

He has asked for wine!

*The Bacchanals immediately rush upon Orpheus, crowning him with vine-leaves, and hustle him from the stage. Phalissa remains behind shouting wildly.*

Io! Io! *Bacchus*,

*Bacchus*, Io! Io!

*Dion (rather crossly).* Why do you keep saying "*Bacchus*"? It ought to be "*Bacche*."

*Phalissa.* Base thrall to a word am I not, nor of language a lackey.

*Dion.* But surely the vocative case of a second declension noun . . .

*Phalissa (undaunted and waving her goblet to and fro from the rock where she stands, while the stage grows gradually darker).* Now pressed in the cup is the grape and the victims the vine-leaves crown.

O *Bacchus*, the juice and the joy,

The wine from the must and the wood.

*Dion (shaking his head sadly).* These women have got at the boy;

They are up to no good!

[There is silence for a moment, and then in the gathering gloom enter hurriedly a messenger.



*Ardent Supporter of deserving Charity for providing Teeth for those in reduced circumstances.* "WOULD YOU KINDLY DISPLAY THIS POSTER FOR US?"

*Grocer.* "No, I DON'T 'OLD WITH SUPPLYING DOGS WITH TEETH. I WAS BITTEN BY ONE THE OTHER DAY."

*Chorus of Shepherds (with traditional acumen).*

See now, a man comes running who looks as if he had heard  
Most strange and terrible tidings. Relate to us what has  
occurred.

*Messenger (breathlessly).* Orpheus is torn in pieces!

*Chorus.* Oh woe! Oh horror! Oh blood!

*Messenger.* They have torn his head from his body and  
rolled it down in the flood;

But, a marvellous thing to mention, although the body  
is gone

The head keeps shouting, "Eurydice!" exactly as though  
it were on.

*[All the Shepherds put their right hands to their  
ears and bend down. A faint far-away voice  
can indeed be heard shouting "Eurydice!"*

*Chorus (inquisitively).* How can the voice keep singing,  
seeing the heart is dead?

*Dion.* Nay, do not ask me, I pray you. My bosom is filled  
with dread.

Oh lead me afar from this doomed  
And pitiful land of mine,  
From the sound of this awful Nemesis  
To a nobler and better shore,  
Where licences are no more  
For the sale of beer and wine,  
And spirits are not consumed  
Either on or off the premises.

*[Exeunt the more sober Shepherds, leading Dion. Night,  
followed by the curtain, falls.]*

EVOC.

ANOTHER SET-BACK IN IRELAND.

A HUNDRED years ago the ancient port of Dunleary changed its name to Kingstown, in commemoration of the fact that H.M. KING GEORGE IV. landed there on the auspicious occasion of his first visit to Ireland. Under the influence of Sinn Fein the name has recently again been changed to Dun Laoghaire. A controversy has since raged in Ireland as to the proper pronunciation of this name, and those who pronounce it wrongly are in danger of being shot as incurable "West Britons." In view of the extreme importance of a solution of this question, which has caused great feeling both in the United States and the Dominions, Mr. Punch has had inquiries made by a special commissioner on the spot. He reports that the popular pronunciation of Dun Laoghaire is undoubtedly "Kingstown," which is, also undoubtedly, incorrect. The true pronunciation is suggested by the following verses by a West British poet who has been trying to master the elements of the Erse language. It may be taken to represent pretty accurately the general opinion of the country:—

There once was a man of Dun Laoghaire  
Who said, "I am heart-sick and waoghaire!  
They've made Ireland a hell,  
And they can't even spell.  
Oh, life is most damnably draoghaire."

Commercial Candour.

"Do you like throwing money away? You can probably buy Glass-ware in wholesale quantities. Then buy direct from us."

*Trade Circular.*



## THE ART OF ORATORY.

I.

IN these lectures I propose to expound the whole art of oratory. Etymologically an "orator" is a man who prays\* (and well he may). This is the first thing to be grasped by those who would become orators. The only justification for any form of public speaking is that the man speaking wishes to get something out of somebody; it may be money, it may be votes or, in the case of religious speeches, it may be righteousness. If he sincerely wishes to get it, whatever it is, he is morally excused for standing up in a public place and saying so; but if he does not he had better sit down at once. Too many speakers cherish the delusion that they are giving pleasure to others by what they say; they therefore imagine that they can say anything they like for any period of time. This is not the case.

If orators would only bear this fundamental truth in mind there would be a good deal less oratory. There would be no Parliamentary oratory at all. The object of a Parliamentary orator is to get or pray for votes. But, as any Member of Parliament will tell you, the proportion of votes got or turned to the number of speeches made is as 1 is to 1,000; or 2,000; or 5,000. If it could be shown that these speeches gave pleasure to a single living creature there might still be the beginnings of a case for making them. But do they? They do not. Which proves that Parliament is no good.

However, one must take the world as one finds it, and since people insist on making speeches they had better be shown how to make them.

Let us first consider Front-Bench oratory.

Front-Bench oratory is done by thinking of something inconceivably obvious, putting it into sentences of inconceivable duration and saying it inconceivably slowly. That is all. Of course it is not everybody who is *allowed* to do this; but, for some reason which has never been explained, Front-Bench

gentlemen are. Imagine, therefore, that you are a Prime Minister—or, better still, an ex-Prime Minister—making a speech on the Diseases of Goldfish Bill, which you support. If you were a Back-Bench Member you would get up and say quickly, directly and without waste of time something like this:—

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to support this measure. No one knows better than I do the terrible ravages which are daily being caused in the ranks of the goldfish of this country by the incidence of the fungus disease. In my constituency they are dying by the hundred. The time has come . . ." and so on.

So far your speech has taken about a quarter of a minute, and, with any luck, it will be all over in five. If however you

how—supposing you have not gone to sleep yourself by this time, which, of course, constantly happens—you now begin.

You say:—

"Mr. Speaker, Sir . . ."

Then you stop dead, as if overcome by the effort; or as if you were afraid the Speaker had not heard; or as if you could scarcely bring yourself to utter the terrible words which are in your heart; or as if you couldn't think of anything to say (nothing so surely rouses a speaker's audience as the suspicion that the speaker cannot think of anything to say). Then you go on.

NOTE.—If it can possibly be avoided your opening phrases should never refer

to the subject under discussion; it is not essential that your concluding phrases should refer to it either, though this is frequently done. Thus if the debate is about goldfish you ought properly to begin with a reference to the Enabling Act, or the condition of Ireland, or Tariff Reform, or the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. This is called "gripping the attention of the audience by sheer force of personality." Failing that, however, you would go on in this way:—

" . . . I cannot persuade myself . . ."

Exhausted by this sally you stop again and gaze defiantly at the Speaker, who remains unmoved.

" . . . that there is either substance . . ."

It is now high time that we had a gesture. Gestures cost nothing and are easily done. The best gesture is a sort of forward sweep of the hand (palm downward, fingers close together, the thumb pointing slightly outwards), as if you were brushing a fly off a cake, or as if you were knocking over a wineglass on the table. This gesture drives home the complete absence of substance very well.

" . . . or sincerity . . ."

Another huge pause. It is now clear that the Speaker is hopeless, so you cast a roving eye on the honourable Members opposite, challenging them to contradict, but knowing very well that they dare not contradict, because they weren't listening. Your lips are shut tight; your jaw is thrust out; your whole frame



Mistress. "MARY, HOW IS IT THAT THE EGGS FOR BREAKFAST ARE SOMETIMES BOILED SOFT AND SOMETIMES QUITE HARD?"

Mary. "WELL, MUM, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW. I PUTS THEM IN REGULAR AS THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT, AND I TAKES THEM OUT WITHOUT FAIL WHEN I HEARS THE DOWN TRAIN GO BY."

are on the Front Bench you adopt a very different method. When you have stood up and the Speaker has indicated that you are to speak, you do not speak; you just stand there for a long time, waiting. The idea is that you are waiting till people have stopped rustling their papers, coughing, sneezing, blowing their noses and generally making a hullabaloo. What you have to say is so important that you cannot say it except in a complete hush. So you just stand there, gazing at something in a profound manner, suggestive of pain, preferably at some perfectly innocent man who is neither coughing, sneezing, blowing his nose nor making any kind of a hullabaloo. Eventually the House becomes so bored with this that they all go fast asleep. This is called "gripping the attention of the audience by sheer force of personality." Any-

\* Latin: *Orare*—to pray.





"'E'S 'OT STUFF, ALF IS."

"AH, 'E PUSHES A BEAUTIFUL 'APENNY."

seems to bristle with sincerity. This is called "gripping the attention of the audience by sheer——" But we must get on:—

... "in the contentions of those honourable Members . . ."

You raise your voice a little for this astounding pronouncement, and you take a terrific glare at some entirely in-offensive little Member for a small island off the coast of Scotland. The little Member slinks out of the Chamber and tells them in the Smoking-Room that you are in very good form. Members crowd in from the bars. The House realises that you mean business. In the Press Gallery they start writing about the "tense of atmosphere"; a student of politics writes down *ne plus ultra, quid pro quo* and *sine qua non*, and wonders which is the most suitable.

"... who have opposed this measure" (not "Bill," mind you, but "measure").

This is the climax of your sentence, so you drop your voice. In fact you throw it away altogether. None but a few intimate friends, who were Members of your last Cabinet and can thoroughly be trusted, should ever be allowed to hear the climax of any of your sentences. The head should be lowered, the whole frame relaxed and the above

words should be spoken in something between a mumble, a whisper, a mutter and a low groan. Almost any Member can force the Press to write down "The honourable Member made an observation which was inaudible in the Gallery," but it takes a real statesman with an experience of oratory extending over several decades to make a remark which is inaudible to *everybody*.

The point of this is to keep your audience in a condition of dramatic suspense. You see, you have now been speaking for five or six minutes, and not only have you said absolutely nothing, but you have not yet let out which side you are on.

With care you can keep this up for a good while longer, provided you closely observe the rules. One of the chief rules in making such a speech to a body of plain Englishmen is—"Never use plain English."

For example, we began—

"I cannot persuade myself . . ."

A rough translation of that would be

"I don't think . . ."

but it will be seen at once that no one can make an impressive pause, or even an impressive gesture, after saying

"I don't think . . ."

I mean, try it in the home yourself, if

you doubt it. So you say magnificently:—

"I cannot persuade myself . . ."

This is called phrase-making. Or it is called the grand manner. Or it is called rotundity of style. Whatever it is called it is about the most effective method of wasting useless time that was ever devised. Once this secret is mastered there is no real reason why your speech should ever stop. We will assume, however, that it *has* stopped.

[Ed.—Yes, I think we will assume that.] A. P. H.

"The local professional returned a 76, which was made up as follows:—

Out: 6 5 4 6 3 5 4 3 4: 40

In: 5 3 5 4 4 4 4 5 5—39.

Total 77."

Provincial Paper.

He is considered to have an excellent chance for the Open Championship—provided that our contemporary is allowed to keep his score.

With reference to the purchase of the "Angel" at Islington by Messrs. Lyons it is anticipated that they will recall the historic association between Angels and Angles by renaming the premises "The Corner House."



*First Lady Pipe-smoker.* "I SAY, ISN'T YOUR PIPE A BIT LARGE?"

*Second ditto.* "NOT A BIT. I WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD WITH AN EFFEMINATE LITTLE THING LIKE YOURS."

### THE GREAT WORK OUTBREAK OF 1931.

THERE WAS a curious atmosphere in the House of Commons that night. Wild rumours spread through the House. The debate on the Budget flagged. The clause imposing the nineteen-and-nine Income Tax on all land-owners, property-owners and employers had just been carried unanimously, after Mr. LANSBURY, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had explained that in common humanity a small balance must be left, even to the unjust, so that they might pay their train and bus fares when called before the Income Tax Commissioners. All the Gallery correspondents noted that a tenseness which could only be described as tense prevailed in the House when Mr. CRAMP, followed by some of his Cabinet, hurried in from the Lobby.

Rising on the motion for the adjournment, the Premier, speaking with much emotion, said that a serious crisis in our national affairs had arisen. Grave anti-social outbreaks had occurred in the provinces. Misguided citizens of Manchester, under the pitiable pretence that Government building schemes were not proceeding with speed, had taken the law into their own hands and begun to erect dwellings for themselves.

In the erection of these buildings all Trade Union law and order were disregarded. Men were boasting unashamed that they had laid five hundred bricks a day. Loyal trade unionists who attempted to remonstrate with them had been seriously assaulted. [Loud cries of "Shame!"]

"We cannot, we will not," said the Premier firmly, "allow any interference with the legal rights of the proletariat. The Government propose to call for a Volunteer Non-Workers Guard and trust that the world patriotism of all true non-workers will compel them to rally round the dear old red flag. [Loud cheers.]

"Ominous symptoms," continued the Premier, "have appeared in other districts. Armed mobs in the Midlands, ignoring the present duly authorised strikes, have seized railway trains and announced their intention of running a Revolutionary Seaside Service. Gentlemen, the White Terror is upon us."

Just then the Home Secretary, the Right Hon. JACK JONES, hurried into the House with a blanched face. He held a telegram in his hand, which he tremblingly passed to the Premier.

"I am sorry to say that I have bad news for the House," said the Premier in a voice quivering with apprehension.

"Information from a reliable source has arrived. It seems incredible, but large bodies of Welsh miners have attacked and overcome the guards at the pit-heads. At this very moment I believe coal-raising is actually proceeding at Tonypandy."

There was a moment's silence. Strong men stared aghast at each other. A sob was heard. Then the sweet treble of Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST broke forth into the great majestic chant of the non-workers, "We'll keep the red flag flying." Members pulled themselves together and sang with fervour. One felt instinctively that their backs were to the wall and that they would fight to the death, to save the dear old non-working land from the curse of labour. There was hope for England yet.

"Application has been made to the Board of Trade for a licence directing an association about to be formed under the name of 'Long White Lop-Eared Pig Society.'"—*Daily Paper.* Well, if they don't mind we don't.

"WOMEN IN POLITICAL AND JUDICIAL AFFAIRS.—Will Gentlemen opposed to the present movement please communicate with —."—*Adv. in Daily Paper.*

"Sigh no more, women, sigh no more, Gentlemen were deceivers ever."

*The Twentieth-Century Shakspeare.*



### THE AXE OF DECONTROL.

MR. PUNCH. "I'M ALL FOR THE FREE USE OF THAT WEAPON OF YOURS; BUT I SHOULD SPARE THIS TREE. IT'S WORTH KEEPING."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 6th. — Mr. JAMES PARKER is the maid-of-all-work of the Treasury Bench. Whenever a Minister has a more pressing or amusing engagement elsewhere, he just throws a bundle of Questions to the obliging Lord of the Treasury and says, "I say, old chap, answer these for me, will you?" The plan makes for expedition rather than for information. The deputy duly recites his brief, but through no fault of his—you know these official answers—the usual result is that, as in the old legal rhyme, "Mr. Parker makes the case darker;" and when posed with a Supplementary he smilingly disclaims any personal knowledge of the matter in hand. Occasionally, however, he departs from this cautious attitude; and when Colonel WEDGWOOD, *à propos* of a question about Indian railway contracts, sought an assurance that India is entitled to buy in the cheapest market Mr. PARKER, *sponte sua*, replied, "That is the usual method in trade."

The debate on the Safeguarding of Industries Bill ranged over a wide field.



THE "TWEENY" OF THE TREASURY.  
MR. JAMES PARKER.

Mr. GERSHOM STEWART, for example, made a gallant effort to resuscitate bimetalism, and in a daring metaphor urged the Government to harness the silver elephant as well as the golden calf to the car of commerce. Mr. FRANCE chaffed the MINISTER OF HEALTH, the *soi-disant* Free Trader, on his support of the Bill, and declared "he has done what other distinguished and unstable sportsmen have done, he has put something on both ways."

When the unstable money is on, I infer the favourite is likely to lose.

Much of Mr. BALDWIN's defence of the Bill was conceived in the vein of "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." The measure, he urged, should be regarded not as a cudgel but as an



THE ANTI-DUMPER'S SAFEGUARD.  
MR. BALDWIN.

umbrella, and it was, of course, liable to be blown inside out.

The presence of Mr. ARMSTRONG and his merry men in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery was not lost upon the rival orators. Mr. CLYNES said we should no more help British trade by putting a tariff on imported goods than we should improve British sport by putting an import-duty on Australian cricketers. To which Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME retorted that our visitors played the game, and that we were not called upon to resist their deliveries without the protection of pads.

Tuesday, June 7th.—The glory of the British Parliamentary system is that there is no cause, however apparently hopeless, that cannot find a public defender. Thus the practice of shooting captive birds from traps was eloquently approved by Lord LANESBOROUGH, who developed the curious theory that the only way to keep down the plague of starlings and swallows was to trap them first and shoot them afterwards! The Peers, however, did not agree with him and the Bill designed to prohibit these practices was reported without amendment.

Seven years ago there were fifty-two officials in the Post Office whose salaries exceeded eight hundred a year. Now, thanks to the cost-of-living bonus, there are six hundred and eighty-eight.

Seven years ago the Post Office was reasonably efficient and perfectly solvent. Now—well, now it isn't; but of course there is no connection between these two sets of facts.

The SPEAKER made the welcome announcement that the ban on strangers is so far to be lifted that Members' wives may once more be admitted to the Ladies' Gallery. But the visitor must be escorted from the entrance by a Member (not necessarily, I gather, her husband). Mr. HAYDAY, whose eighteen olive-branches entitle him to the courtesy-title of "Father of the House," anxiously inquired if a nursery would be provided in case a Member's lady "brings the family." But the SPEAKER declined to consider this contingency.

In the resumed debate on the Safeguarding of Industries Bill Mr. FISHER out-Baldwined the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE in the faintness of his praise. He delighted the Opposition by admitting that before the War a duty of thirty-three per cent. on imports would have seemed to touch "the extreme limits of economic dementia," and by comparing the policy of the Bill to strychnine, which was often beneficial in small doses.



AN HEROIC REMEDY.  
DR. FISHER.

Wednesday, June 8th.—Another illusion shattered! From a fairly close study of the proceedings of the Upper House for a good many years I had derived the impression that any noble lord might make a speech about any subject at any time. Lord LINCOLN-SHIRE evidently thought so too, for, having ascertained by a private notice Question that the Government were about to "scrap" their agricultural policy, he started to tell them what he thought about it. But before he could complete his first sentence the Lord

CHANCELLOR interrupted him with the remark that to make a speech in such circumstances "would be very much opposed to the practice of your lordships' House." Lord LINCOLNSHIRE was amazed. Man and boy he had sat in the House for more than fifty years and never had known such interference before. He was still more surprised when the *dictum* of the young whippersnapper on the Woolsack was endorsed by the venerable Lord LANS-  
DOWNE, and only recovered his normal equanimity when Lord CRAWFORD tactfully suggested that he should put down a motion for the following day.

According to Lord SYDENHAM the Zionists are having it all their own way in Palestine, and under the gentle rule of the HIGH COMMISSIONER (familiar to readers of *Punch* as "the infant SAMUEL," but now styled by his co-religionists "Prince of Israel") are tyrannizing over Moslem and Christian alike. Why, to show their arrogance, the street-names in Jerusalem are now put up in three languages, and the Hebrew lettering is by far the biggest. The LORD CHANCELLOR contented himself with observing that those who, like himself, knew Sir HERBERT SAMUEL had confidence in his common-sense and sobriety of judgment, and that even those who did not know him would not wish to embarrass him at a critical moment.

"*Économie, Horace, économie*"—as the Divine SARAH used to say in her rendering of *Hamlet*—is the present watchword of His Majesty's Government and is affecting their policy in every direction. Even Dr. MACNAMARA is smitten with the spirit of parsimony, and proposes to cut down the unemployment allowances by twenty-five per cent.—to the great disgust of Mr. CLYNES, who, with some hardihood, suggested that the Government should borrow the money necessary to keep the allowances at their present rate; otherwise the unemployed might be driven to go to work at reduced wages, and that, of course, would never do.

Thursday, June 9th.—Sir ERNEST POLLOCK, just back from watching over British interests at Leipzig, was not inclined to take nearly so gloomy a view of German justice as Mr. BOTTOMLEY and other patriots. They might think

ten months' imprisonment a very light punishment for the crimes revealed, but he could assure the House that the German officers in court were greatly dejected. Still, it would be necessary for the Allies to reconsider the position after the present series of trials was over. "Will that be before the General Election?" interjected Mr. BOTTOMLEY, who still advocates a "march to Berlin" as the only proper method of convincing the Germans that they lost the War.

I gather that Sir HENRY CRAIK did not assist at the oratorical duel between the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Mr. HYNDMANN, the veteran Socialist, which filled one of the Committee-rooms last night, for he earnestly inquired of the



Visitor (apologetically). "IT'S NO USE, CADDIE. I'M RIGHT OUT OF PRACTICE."  
Caddie. "OH, SO YOU 'AVE PLAYED BEFORE!"

SPEAKER whether non-Members should be allowed to use the precincts of the House for this sort of show. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY joined in the protest. He had nearly been "counted out," owing to the exodus of his audience to the rival entertainment upstairs. But even this narrowly-averted catastrophe did not convince the SPEAKER that he was called upon to interfere.

Members who had been puzzling their brains to know how in St. George's, Westminster, a political novice had beaten an old campaigner, saw the solution of the mystery when Mr. ERSKINE walked up the floor to take the oath. A glance at his slender, almost emaciated, figure was sufficient to show that the electors, called upon to choose between him and Sir HERBERT JESSEL, could never have had a moment's doubt as to which was the true anti-waste candidate.

## OUR CONTROVERSIAL CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

(With acknowledgment to the *Daily Press*.)

TO THE EDITOR.

June 1st, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "A Lover of Donkeys" seems to imagine that he is the sole authority on this absorbing theme. It may interest your readers to know that, whilst exploring in the heart of Brazil a few years ago, I actually saw a donkey pie. Around it the natives were gathered in a state of great excitement, and appeared to be performing some sort of religious ceremony.

Yours faithfully,  
GLOBE TROTTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 2nd, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—Although I am not in the habit of writing to the papers, I thought you might like to hear of an incident witnessed by myself in this country quite recently, which, to my mind, is far more impressive than the spectacle described by "Globe Trotter."

Whilst touring in South Wales I saw a professional sword-swallower devouring live white mice. I am convinced that there was no trickery in the performance, and I was told that he has been doing this for several

years. Yours truly, A. G. K.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 3rd, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—I was deeply grieved and shocked by the latter which you published yesterday, signed "A. G. K." It is hateful to think that anybody could stand by and witness so cruel a performance without taking steps to stop it or to inform the N.S.P.C.A.

I hope that the authorities or the Government will take the matter up.

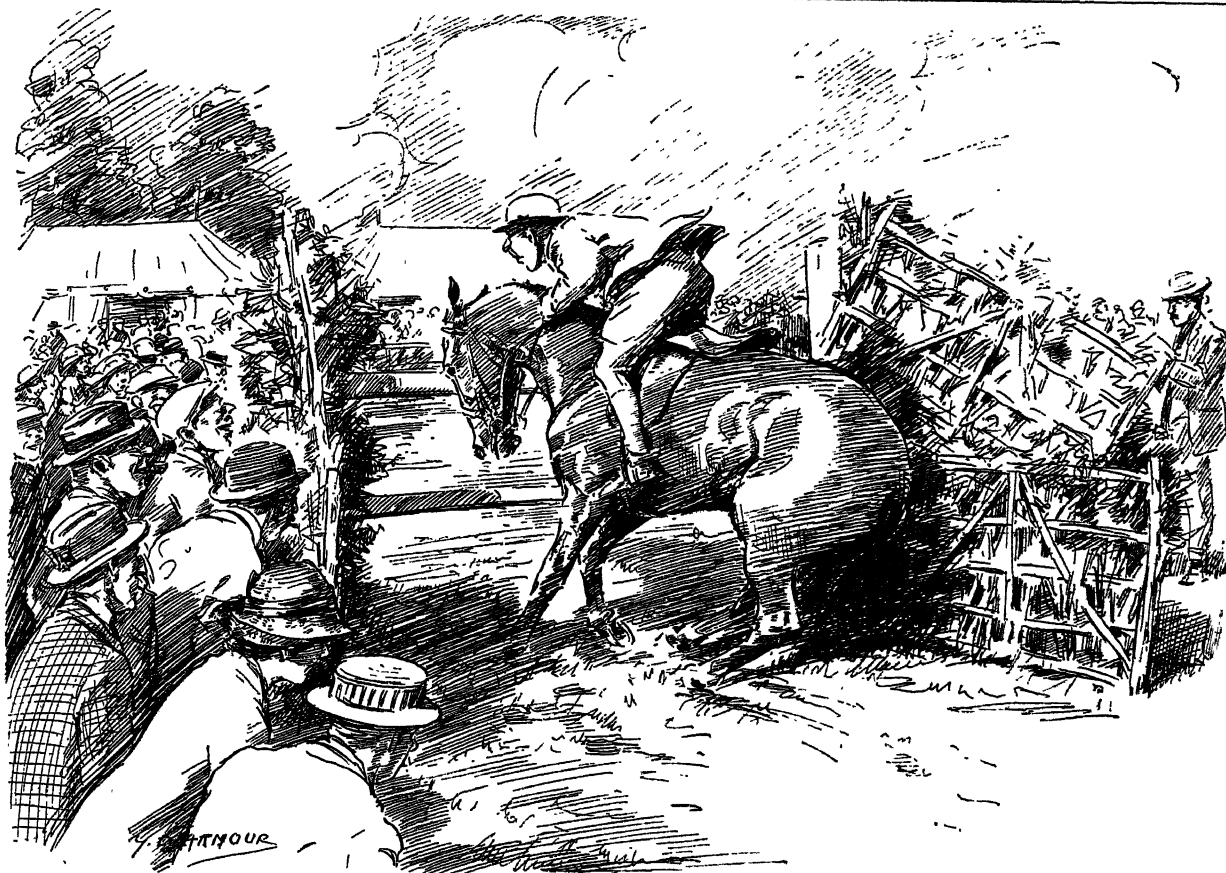
Yours indignantly,  
ANIMAL LOVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 4th, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—Whilst entirely in agreement with "Animal Lover's" views, may I point out that the society to which he refers is known as the R.S.P.C.A., and not the N.S.P.C.A.,





*Voice from the Crowd (at the third refusal).* "WHY DON'T YER PUT HIM IN A MUSICAL RIDE, GUV'NOR? 'E'D DO THE 'ESITATION STIP ALL RIGHT."

having been inaugurated by the late QUEEN VICTORIA in 1834?

Yours very truly, VET.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 6th, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—I would like to respectfully point out an appalling blunder in "Vet.'s" letter. QUEEN VICTORIA did not come to the throne till 1837. My husband remembered the occasion quite well, though I have been a widow for the past fifteen years. Evidently "Vet." doesn't know much about history.

Yours truthfully, EMMA HOPKINS.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 7th, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—The admirable Emma Hopkins is to be congratulated upon her knowledge of history—her own as well as that of Royalty. Before finding fault with others, however, she would be well advised to polish up her English Grammar so as to avoid rushing into print with split infinitives.

Yours, UNDERGRAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 8th, 1921.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I don't know what split infinitives are, but I do know

my manners. "Undergrad's" letter is a woeful example of the result of modern education. If only our Universities would teach the young men of to-day a little more about respect to their elders and not quite so much grammar, they would be much more useful.

Yours truly, PATERFAMILIAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 9th, 1921.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was greatly amused by the letter of "Paterfamilias" in to-day's paper, as I happen to know the "Undergrad" to whom he refers. She is a girl and not a young man, as he assumes.

Yours sincerely, A MERE MAN.

P.S.—Allow me to say that I admire the modern woman, not only for her frank outspoken manner, but for her high standard of intelligence and physique.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 10th, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—The views of "A Mere Man" on the girls of to-day are not in accordance with mine. I feel sure that if he had seen some of the bathing costumes on the shore at Shingleton last year he would not have written that postscript. Thanking you for letting

me waste your valuable space, which I have taken in for the last ten years,

I am, Yours faithfully,  
CONSTANT READER.

TO THE EDITOR.

June 11th, 1921.

DEAR SIR,—Upon my return from a holiday I was greatly interested to see the varied correspondence which has arisen out of my letter. I would point out, however, that a slight misunderstanding has occurred owing to a printer's error. In my original letter I said that I saw a donkey *die*, not a "donkey pie." To be an eye-witness of the former phenomenon is an unusual privilege.

Yours faithfully, GLOBE TROTTER.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR SIR MARCUS SAMUEL: "Lord of the Oils."

"Arago, the brilliant French astronomer, once wrote: 'Slough is the place in the world where most discoveries have been made.'"

Sunday Paper.

"SLOUGH MARKET.—At this market on Tuesday, sows with calves at feet fetched from £34 to £51 10s."—Local Paper.

We are glad to see that Slough is keeping up its reputation.

## THE RIGHT EXPRESSION.

AFTER ten years' frigid silence a postcard for my wife from my incredibly rich Aunt Laura naturally sent the blood rushing to our heads.

"How is George?" sprawlingly inquired the postcard. "What does he look like now? Has he improved at all in appearance?"

You may or may not be surprised (it depends upon your financial resources and aunts) to hear that within one hour of receipt of the postcard my wife and I (I am George) were being ushered into the village studio ("Wedding groups and animals a speciality") by the photographer's diminutive daughter. If it meant a dozen sittings Aunt Laura should see that I *had* improved.

"Please to sit down," said the wizened child, "and I'll tell me Pa you're 'ere and want to be took."

My wife seated herself upon one of those *papier-maché* balustrades so typical of the stately homes of England. I lounged against an Italian lake.

"Now, then," she began briskly; "while we're waiting we can arrange what sort of face you'll have."

Humbly I suggested that Providence had more or less taken the matter out of our hands, but my wife's snort implied that Providence helped those who couldn't help it, but who had wives—I mean, in my case, a wife—to help *them*.

"I—I thought of smiling," I suggested. "Something—er—like this;" and I smiled. It was, I think, a sweet smile, but my wife's laugh was harsh.

"If you wish to offend your Aunt Laura irremediably," she said, "you will smile like that. Good heavens! she'd think you were smiling *at* her."

I wilted. My recollection of Aunt Laura was vague, but I realised of course that one never smiles at a willing payer of super-tax. *With*, yes; but *at*, no.

"Well, then, how about this?" and I assumed another expression.

My wife's laugh was harsher.

"That's what I call a testamentary look," she objected. "Rich as your dreadful aunt is, you must try to banish all thought of money from your mind."

With an effort I did so; it was extraordinarily difficult, but I did it.

"And now," said my wife bitterly, "you resemble a cross-Channel passenger who has been offered a cigar."

I sighed. This was not going to be easy; I could see that. Forlornly I let my eyes roam over the various "wedding groups and animals a speciality" which hemmed us in on every side. I gleaned no comfort from them. The wedding groups blatantly cried, "There

are no smiles like ours," and the animals, "We shall get something to eat for this." They all seemed to be making mouths at me.

"Supposing——," I began. But my wife made a silencing gesture. I have learned to obey eventually all my wife's gestures, but the silencing one I always obey at once. It is best done quickly.

"Let me think," she murmured. I let her. In two minutes she said very brightly, "Yes, I've got it." I sprang to attention.

"Come away from that lake," she ordered, "and loll thoughtfully across that rustic stile." I came away and lolled. "Now put your hand in your pocket." I put it. My wife winced.

"No, no," she wailed; "not as though you were searching for your last penny; that is *too* suggestive. Yes, half in and half out; that's better. Now try to remember that your Aunt Laura is fond of cats, is a High Churchman, detests street music and prides herself upon her Parisian accent. In other words, assume an expression that is at once kindly, austere, sensitive and cultured."

My face twitched and flickered like an inferior kinema projection as I strove to follow her directions.

"Above all," went on my wife with increasing earnestness, "try to look as though you were well off; not *rolling*, you know, but just able to pay your rates. And yet at the same time subtly convey the impression that, if you *had* more money, you would be able to do an awful lot of good with it—especially to cats and Ritualists and so on—and an awful lot of harm to itinerant musicians."

I wrenched my face into some sort of expression, but it was very tired, and the wrench was, I fear, patent.

"But," she urged, "don't, *don't* look expectant—that would be fatal. No, just look humbly confident—in a monastic sort of way. And if you can manage to——"

To rest my face momentarily I dragged my hypnotised gaze from my instructress. . . My glance fell at once upon a jolly photograph of a friendly laughing bull-dog—a real grunting, snuffing likeness of the dearest old chap. I have always been keen on bull-dogs. And this one was——

My wife drew in her breath with a swift hiss.

"Perfect," she whispered. "Hold that expression for a few minutes and Aunt Laura will have ocular demonstration that you have improved out of all recognition."

She was at the door when it opened to admit the diminutive daughter of the photographer.

"Oh, if you please," said the wizened child, "me Pa's gone out to photygrarf Farmer Goodman's prize bull. It's for the papers, and we don't know when 'e'll be back. It all depends."

"On the bull, I suppose," said my wife acridly. "Come, George. We will make an appointment for a sitting, and meanwhile you shall rehearse till you are face-perfect."

## CENTRIFUGAL.

[Dr. HARLOW SHAPLEY, of America, has located the earth 360 million million million miles from the centre of the universe.]

Oh, errant Earth, the dark suspicion grew,

As unenlightened year succeeded year,  
That neither you nor those upon you knew

Exactly where you were,  
Although the creed we ceased not to rehearse

That placed you at the centre of the universe.

With easy tolerance and minds aloof  
We gave the rein to science-gendered doubt;

Based on the likelihood we took for proof

That we were slightly out;  
It could not matter very much although  
There was an error of a million miles or so.

But here is matter of another kind;  
We dare not blink the crisis that we face,

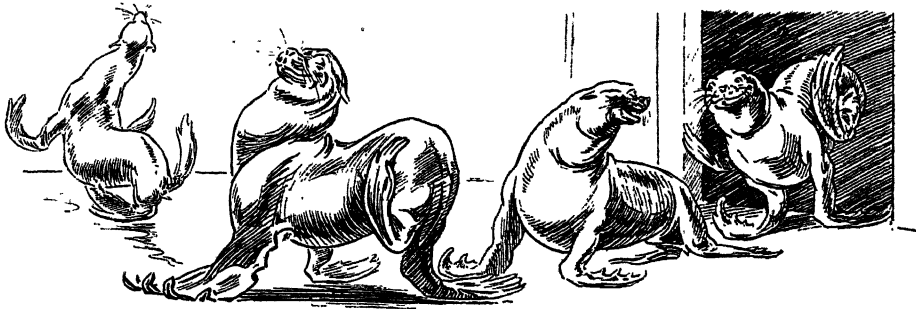
When, startled out of apathy, we find  
How you have lost your place,  
And now are wandering, roughly let us say,

Almost four hundred billion billion miles astray.

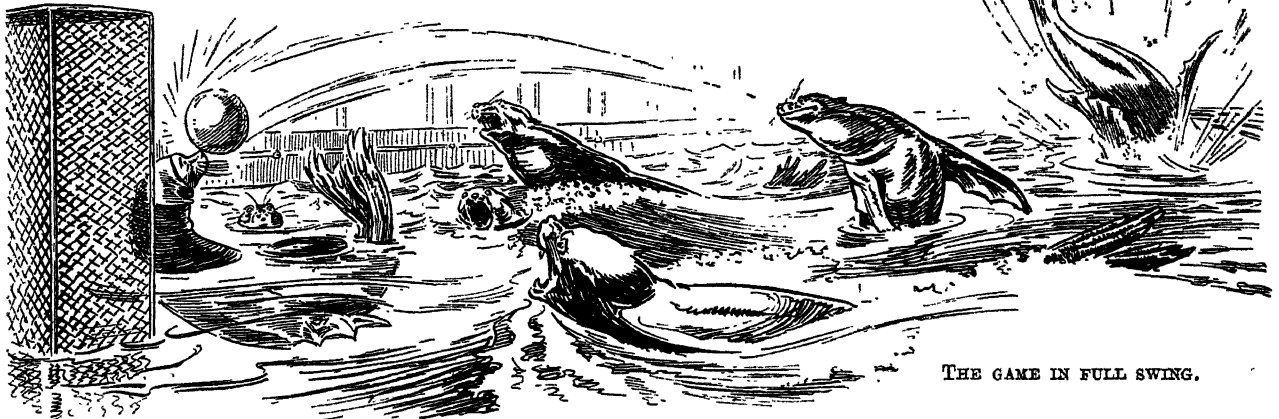
'Tis terrible indeed; and yet for grief,  
And all varieties of earthly ill,  
'Tis Nature's habit to provide relief  
Through others greater still;  
And I forget the Mother who is lost  
In contemplating what my postage is to cost.

"Armstrong leading his men on to the field often more resembles a captain marshalling his forces for battle than merely a cricket captain taking his men on to bat or field, as the case may be."—*Sphere*.

It is perhaps when he is taking his men on to the field to bat that he is the more impressive. The ten players, following their leader in battle array, all gloved and padded, their polished willows flashing in the sun, and then taking their places round the wickets ready to withstand the onslaught of the English bowlers—who could ever forget the wonderful spectacle?



THE SLOPTON SHUFFLERS ENTER THE BATH.



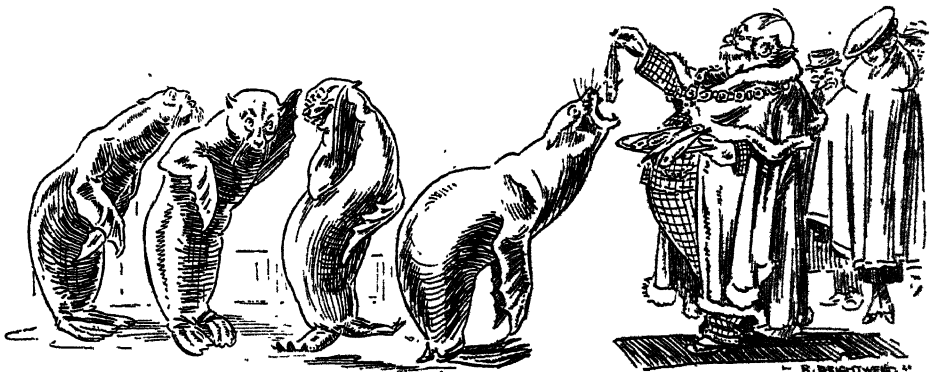
THE GAME IN FULL SWING.



THE WINNING TEAM FACES THE CAMERA.



LOST BALL.



"THE PRIZES WERE DISTRIBUTED BY THE MAYOR."

THE POLO CRAZE: OUR SEA-LIONS DETERMINE TO BE IN THE SWIM.

## LONDON'S LOSS.

EVERYONE knows that there are no prettier pieces of statuary in all London than the deer and fawns on the posts of Queen's Gate. But it may not be generally known that they are also the unhappiest, because for many weeks now Queen's Gate has been closed and no one has been permitted to enter Kensington Gardens.

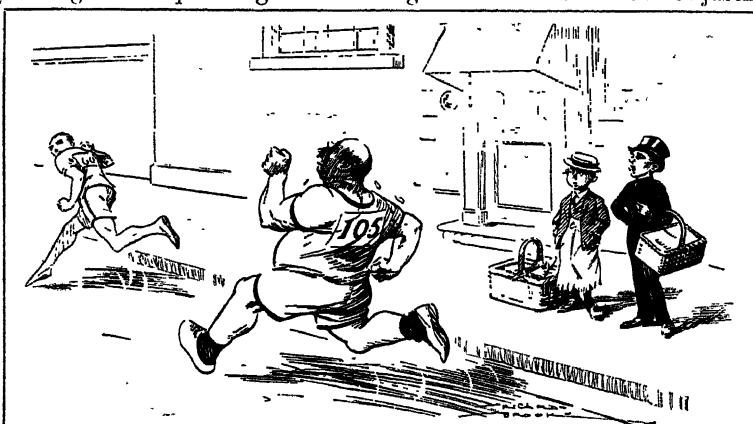
Industrial disturbances can have far-reaching results; but who on earth would have thought—is there any *Old Moore* or other vaticinator bold enough to have prophesied—that a difference of opinion as to the wages of coal-miners in Wales and the Midlands and the North would have the effect of keeping people out of Kensington Gardens all through the loveliest time of the year? The connection of ideas is so remote that no one could possibly have guessed at it.

Whatever one feels about the strike—its rights or its wrongs—it does seem curious that through it the Gardens should be closed to everyone but men in khaki; that all its habitués have vanished—the babies in their perambulators, the pretty nursemaids who push them about, the little girls with their dolls, the little boys with their boats, the lads with their lasses and the lasses with their lads (I am remembering *Clough's* poem

of Kensington Gardens), the French governesses chattering to their charges and receiving the most taciturn replies, the buttony pages exercising dogs, the middle-aged gentlemen in mufflers who walk furiously before breakfast to keep down their weight, the old gentlemen in the twopenny seats with their newspapers, the old ladies in the twopenny seats with their novels, the collectors of the twopences, yes, and the vigilant folk who, seeing the collector coming, get up and walk away—all have had to seek a refuge elsewhere. King Coal has barred the gates against them.

Whither have they gone? What new pleasure have they discovered? Most of them probably may be found in Hyde Park; and indeed I have seen them there—the babies, the nursemaids, the buttony pages with the dogs, the French governesses, the little girls with dolls, the girth-reducers, the readers in the twopenny seats. But, alas! there are some that are missing. What of the noble army of navigators, the little boys with boats? It is they who (after

the miners) feel the strike most acutely, for there is no other circular pool, the roundness of the Round Pond being its especial merit. The Serpentine fails, for, although you can launch a vessel on its waters, you cannot run round and welcome it into port; nor can you keep your eyes on it with the same certitude. And, suppose the invisible helmsman chooses to steer a course right up the middle towards the bridge, you are lost. No, for the Round Pond there is no substitute. The Round Pond ducks, I understand, are immensely perplexed by it all, for the facts about the strike have not reached them. All that they know is that the argosies to which they are so accustomed have disappeared; not a sail on the horizon; and they can't make it out. A military friend of mine who is quartered in the Gardens tells me that their puzzled quacking is something indescribable.



Grocer. "WOT'S THE NUMBER ON 'IM FOR?"  
Doctor. "THAT'S 'IS TEMPERATOOR."

The pity of it is that Spring in Kensington Gardens is so sweet, and we have all lost it. This year no one has seen there, as another poet saw (and a friend of *Clough's* too), the thrush about its "unknown day's employ;" no one, except through the bars, has heard the "tremulous sheep-cries." That adorable little formal garden has bloomed in vain; the millions and millions of beautiful buds have burst into full leaf unobserved by any but martial eyes, and the lovely lilacs have blossomed into a fragrance that has rejoiced none but the military nose.

And think of all the readers of Mr. *LYTTON STRACHEY's* book who have had no opportunity of laying a wreath on the steps of the Albert Memorial. . . . Nothing but a deadlock in coal negotiations has prevented a daily procession of them.

E. V. L.

P.S.—Since the above was written, the authorities, doubtless in fear of Mr. *Punch's* anger, have thrown open the Gardens again to the public without waiting for the miners' permission.

## THE LAST WORD.

"LIGHTNESS and strength are essential," I said.

"That is all very well," said Elinor, "but I want something that looks nice too."

"By all means," I replied, "but there are certain points of construction which only a mechanical eye——"

"What is a mechanical eye?" asked my wife innocently.

"I mean, of course, the eye of a person with some mechanical knowledge," I said stiffly.

"Well," she replied cheerfully, "no doubt we shall find someone here——"

At this point the Expert descended on us. We knew at once that he was an expert; he had a clipped moustache and parted his hair down the middle, and he spoke with the fluency that is born of justifiable enthusiasm.

Indicating with a wave of his hand the latest triumphs of the wizards of locomotion, he awaited with easy confidence our return to consciousness.

"That is rather nice," said my wife, pointing to a graceful creation in grey and white.

"An excellent model, madam," replied the Expert. "Designed primarily for town work, but strong enough to stand the country roads. You will observe the harmonious lines of the body, curving from front

to rear, and the——"

"What about the springs?" I asked sternly; I was determined to assert my manhood.

"Specially compensated to absorb equally the shock of propulsion and concussion," he answered.

"I must have a big hood," said Elinor.

"Our hood," he replied, "is designed to give protection in the heaviest rain or in extreme heat."

Elinor inquired the price. The Expert named a figure and her face fell. I stepped forward.

"You like it?" I asked.

"Oh, I love it!" she murmured.

"But we really can't——"

I drew my cheque-book from my pocket with a magnificent gesture and paid the price like a man and a husband.

The Expert looked with affection at the *chef d'œuvre* with which he was about to part, and dashed away a tear as he handed me the receipt.

"Sir," he said impressively, "you have secured absolutely the finest baby-carriage on the market."



Farmer. "THERE'S A BIG UN OVER YONDER. WHY DON'T YE 'AVE A GOO AT 'E?"  
 Dry Fly Purist. "AH! FARIO TAKING NYMPHE. NO GOOD AT ALL."  
 Farmer. "ONE O' THEM EDICATED FISH, I PRESOOM?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Forge of Democracy* (HUTCHINSON) is the War, which (as we were promised and as so many of us credulous ones hoped) was to make a world fit for heroes to live in and provide happy stalls wherein lion and lamb (Capital and Labour, great State and small) might lie down together. The subject is too tremendous for GABRIELLE VALLINGS, but her sincerity just prevents her handling of it from being absurd. Her heroine, *Ottilie*, daughter of the Burgomaster of "Vervain," suffers outrage during the German advance and bears a child. She finds her happiness at long last with an English airman-aristocrat. She is not a very clear-cut or convincing figure, while *Hermes Gault*, the airman, is a little too shadowy and unlikely. On the other hand, *Colette Delcroze*, the pretty lady who defends *Ottilie* during the occupation; *Madelaine Gault*, who loves the German *von Gorwald*, and *Père Ignace*, the Belgian priest, have more life and plausibility. I would point out that if little scraps of Church Latin are put in to heighten local colour it is as well that they should be correct; and that it is apt to beget doubt in the author's interest in her own puppets if a lady who appears as married in Chapter II. is announced as just engaged in Chapter III., and the *Mick Dowlan* of page 161 becomes the *Bob Dowson* of page 306 *et seq.* The story is exciting and, if the writer has more imagination than experience, that is a matter that should right itself. I am intrigued, by the way, to know how the German General in the locked room got the jewelled hat-

pin in his heart, and I incline to agree with the Lieutenant that "German Generals don't kill themselves with hatpins."

In calling his new novel *The Ways of Laughter* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE asks, I am afraid, for trouble, for to label a book funny is always a risk and particularly so when its author is not conspicuously a humourist. Mr. BEGBIE is possessed of many and striking gifts: he has fervour and rhetoric; he is an enthusiast for probity and simplicity; he can uphold a cause with tremendous energy. But as a purposeful remover of gravity he is not remarkable. In this story, which has many Dickensian hints—shadow rather than substance—he invents an eccentric character, an old bachelor of alleged charm and whimsicality and with an objectionable habit of being facetious with total strangers, whose mission it is to introduce mirthfulness into the life of an elderly dry-as-dust philosopher and the philosopher's too dutiful daughter. "Laughter, that god-like thing; all your moderns leave it out!" he affirms, and sets about trying to adjust the balance. As a result the philosopher makes bad puns and the girl gets into trouble, from which the hero rescues her by marriage, although he is double her age. It is all very unconvincing and, to me, rather tiresome, especially as most of the humour is slang, rudeness or mere high spirits.

*Madam* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) is staid secretary to a solemn Harley Street surgeon, but you may trust ETHEL SIDGWICK for making romance, delicate, unsentimental, gloriously unexpected, out of such seemingly unfavourable



material. *Madam* was *Mott Lane's* name for *Lina Astley*, given not out of undue reverence, though *Mott* had been a groom before the War, but rather out of a half-respectful devilry. For the War had transformed *Mott* into a kind of anarchist, as when, *Captain Grove* having been thrown by *Titus* in the Row, *Mott* retrieves the horse and keeps him a week for his own use; or when he scrounged *Madam's* parcel in the shop. The author has contrived an astonishing feat of compression and suggestion. The book, short as novels go if you count the words, is stuffed full with characters most subtly and swiftly drawn, of whom *Chris, Mott's* dead but ever-persistent brother, is not the least. I'll not deny that occasionally compression touches the point of obscurity, that indeed a brilliant *tour de force* has just a little overreached itself. But I hasten to add that I enjoyed every word—and every guess at what the next would be. A charming book; precisely that.

In an early page of *George Calderon: A Sketch from Memory* (GRANT RICHARDS) Mr. LUBBOCK writes, "The difficulty lies in drawing away to a distance far enough to sketch a portrait of him." Yet I think everyone who reads this book must acknowledge that the writer has not only seen all that was essential in his subject, but has been able to make the vision clear to others. GEORGE CALDERON, the son of a gifted father, was born in 1868; he was educated at Rugby and Oxford; he married the widow of his greatest friend; he went to the Front as Interpreter in October, 1914, and he died fighting the Turks in June, 1915. Much of his energy was lavished on the inception of a book,

which, beginning with the birth of religion in the Indo-European race, spread itself over collateral subjects till it became too wide for inclusion among the thousand interests that filled the mind of the author. But his real literary success came from his characteristic plays and his critical work for *Literature* and its successor, *The Literary Supplement* of *The Times*. These are the facts of his career; but it is not these which cling to the memory when the book is laid aside. In some curious way they become unimportant beside the picture of the man himself, as Mr. LUBBOCK has drawn it for us—the gay and virile figure of the true adventurer, keenly alive to the present, always stretching hands towards the future, letting slip the past as a thing outgrown. Mr. LUBBOCK's book contains several striking photographs and four of GEORGE CALDERON's drawings. Two chapters at the end are devoted to letters from the Front; the last one, written only a few hours before he fell, is signed "P., who wishes he were safely back, but is nevertheless very well pleased to be where he is." And, ending on this characteristic note, I feel that his life was complete.

Mr. NEVILLE LYTTON begins *The Press and The General Staff* with an assurance from his publisher (COLLINS) that "war books are a drug in the market, and that the whole world is fed up with the subject." It is not for me to deny this statement, but, granting that it is true, I confess myself a victim—as far as this book is concerned—to the drug-habit. Recent war-books have compelled me to think that the material at the command of some authors has not been enough for the enormous bulk of their volumes; on the other hand Mr. LYTTON's book is comparatively short, but it is so packed with information and pertinent remarks that anyone who tries to read it quickly will be inviting an attack of mental indigestion. Before Mr. LYTTON was placed in charge of the British and Allied War-Correspondents at G.H.Q. he had been an infantry officer, and, though he pays most attention to his later work, he also gives us his earlier experiences in England and in France. Again and again he emphasizes the horror of war and the bravery of the men who endured it, but at the same time his sense

of humour has remained with him, and many of his lighter tales are admirably told. If his outspokenness may disturb the equanimity of a few I am sure that the majority of us will welcome this record as that of a man who both holds strong opinions and is free from petty prejudice.

It may sound unkind, but honesty compels me to say that the longer I look at *The Journal of Henry Bulver* (COLLINS) the less reason am I able to discover for its existence. One must, of course, guard against a confusion of ethical and artistic criticism. The fact that CHERRY VEHEYNE (who may be Mr., Mrs., Master or Miss, for all I



IN A SUBURBAN TEA-SHOP.

Waitress (who has been given an order for China tea by a fastidious customer).  
"POT O' WEAK TEA FOR TWO."

know, though I suspect the last) has chosen for protagonist a figure of unrelieved detestability would matter nothing if the treatment had revealed any compensating interest. But the author, after protesting in a foreword that *Bulver* was a super-genius of great and wonderful fascinations, has been content to show him as a false friend, an unfaithful husband, a bad father and generally an ego-maniac, riding roughshod over all the common decencies of life, and finally escaping punishment by the cheap resort of sentimental suicide. Against this, all he has to set off by way of benefit to the community is the production of some few successful plays. Well, devoted as I am to the theatre, I frankly do not suppose that these can have compensated for the continuance of their author. It is just possible that, as a study of the self-worshipping neurasthenic, the unsparing realism of the portrait may cause some of our let's-be-moderns to hail *The Journal of Henry Bulver* as a masterpiece. But I can only repeat that my personal tribute will be missing; though the author may make what he or she can of the admission that I seldom met a character in fiction that roused in me such whole-hearted loathing.



## CHARIVARIA.

"WITH the aid of the All-Highest," says King TINO in a message to his troops, "victory will come to the efforts of our race." Now where have we heard that one before?

Another clerical conference on a large scale is to take place shortly in London. These pleasant social gatherings, where sermons may be swapped, must come as a boon to many of our hard-worked clergy.

According to a weekly paper there is an Australian who has only just heard of the War. We suppose he must have been wondering what all this peace means.

A Settlers' Society has been founded in Australia. In the Mother Country, on the other hand, Non-Settlers' Societies appear to be losing none of their popularity.

A fossilized rat has been discovered in a peat stack in Elgin, N.B. From the recumbent position of the body it is judged that the animal was asleep when the thing occurred.

A buzzard has been seen for several days at Cobham, in Surrey. The public however, is in no mood for sport.

Some indignation was expressed at Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's statement that the Government had granted a subsidy of sixty thousand pounds a year to an austere and bloodthirsty tribe of Arabs called the Wahabis. The Government however have never concealed their intention of making it a jolly world for heroes to live in.

To Mr. EDWIN DENBY, United States Secretary for the Navy: "Be sure your Sims will find you out."

A woman last week told the Highgate magistrate that another woman wanted to boil her in a copper. The second lady should have known that it isn't done nowadays.

"Are there two moons?" asks a headline in a contemporary. Only very rarely, we fancy, with the poor stuff they are now selling.

A contemporary informs us that *The*

*Beggar's Opera* at the Hammersmith Lyric has made twenty thousand pounds profit. In view of the present theatrical slump it should be re-named *The Lucky Beggar's Opera*.

An apparatus for measuring the emotions has been invented. We are giving an order for a couple of feet of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL in the act of thinking out new ones.

"The hospital doctors gave me alcohol a few weeks ago," said Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON, at Whitefield Tabernacle, "and they put it in my ear." Mistakes will happen, of course, in the best regulated hospitals.

"What is space?" asks a headline in a daily paper. If the writer would only take the trouble to sit between

A Queen Wasp Club in Kent is reported to have almost cleared the district of these pests. Unless the supply can be replenished it is feared that the club will have to be dissolved.

It seems that one of CARPENTIER's sparring-partners is MARGOT, his cook. Our cook, we are thankful to say, does most of her sparring with the butcher's boy.

There are complaints of a slump in the dental industry. We rather feared that, as money became scarce, this form of entertainment would be unable to compete with the cinema.

"We have been 'supersatisfied' with our reception," said the president of the American dry goods delegates on the conclusion of their tour of Great Britain.

This is the sort of thing to promote more cordial relations between the United States and Admiral Sims.

Journalists have observed that Professor EINSTEIN has a shock head of hair. The explanation is that his hair takes its own course through space and is not subject to gravitation.

The general opinion about the Guildhall exhibition of pictures rejected by the Royal Academy seems to be that if you didn't know they had been

rejected you would think them quite ordinary.

"Whether the waltz will become a three-step dance or remain orthodox," said a speaker at the Conference of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing, "is a question still in the balance." In view of the world-wide unrest it is deplorable that the Powers continue to shelve this problem.

"We have a better telephone system in Pekin," says Mr. B. LENOX SIMPSON, "than you have in London." We can well believe it.

There is a growing opinion that the rival claims of Messrs. CHURCHILL and LOVAT FRASER to the Middle East will have to be decided by a *plébiscite*.

"Is the world doomed?" asks Dr. FRASER, of New York. Our own opinion is that the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. brought it upon themselves.



THE MAN WHO HOPED TO FIND A PEARL.

two stout women in a crowded bus he would perhaps stop asking such silly questions.

"What makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement-ring?" asks a lady-writer. Generally speaking the answer is "The woman."

Sir ABE BAILEY says we are too much absorbed in sport. He may regard the Test Matches as sport, but we have our own ideas about them.

A Manchester grocer is advertising for a man to look after customers, partly outdoors and partly indoors. We dread to think what will happen to him when the door slams.

According to a daily paper Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN slipped out of his seat while a poster designed by him was being put up for auction at the matinée in aid of the Abbey Theatre. Luckily no bones were broken.

### THE CINQUE-GEORGIAN WOMAN.

[More lines in a pseudo-Herrickose vein; suggested, this time, by Mrs. KENDAL's recent denunciation of the modern female.]

WHENAS to dinner she would go  
My Delia's neck was wont to show  
Equivalent to virgin snow.

But now amid the public ways  
At noon she bares it to the blaze  
Of Phœbus' rudely amorous rays.

And, that which Art may not repair,  
Its native candour she doth wear  
Exposed to every wanton air;

So as it takes from wind and sun,  
Ere half the season's course be run,  
A tone of beefsteak underdone;

Whereof we see the stain at night,  
As when on damask, snowy white,  
The soup is spilled—a horrid sight.

No more her dainty feet, I note,  
"Like little mice" (as SUCKLING  
wrote)  
Peep from the modest petticoat.

No need, when I her ankle see,  
For Fancy to convey to me  
How fair the leg above must be;

For to all eyes she doth unfold  
That feature, which when I behold,  
The actual vision leaves me cold.

Nor am I fain her lips to woo,  
Wherefrom in other days I drew  
A hint of lilies sprent with dew;

Whose breath I likened to the breeze  
Laden with scent of spicy trees  
Located in th' Hesperides.

For now from those same lips proceed  
Stale odours of the noxious weed,  
That make me very sick indeed.

Nor may I hope that, when she's read  
What Mrs. K. and I have said,  
She'll deem herself admonished;

But she will go the way she's gone,  
And to our strictures thereupon  
Pay not the least attention. O. S.

### The Catch of the Season.

"It was a powerful stroke, and Mr. Hendry, after stopping the ball high above his head, finally got control of it as he lay prone on his back."—*Daily Paper*.

Even in the most trying conditions these wonderful Australians are never supine.

"A dry seed placed in moist soil employs in its quest for water capillarity, surface-tension, the hydrating power of its colloids, and the osmotic attraction of its salts. Against these the soil pits its own surface-tensions, capillarity, osmotic attraction."—*Daily Paper*.

And yet people go on gardening.

### HOW TO BRIGHTEN RATEPAYING.

It always seems to me that a large part of the growing dissatisfaction with the high rates is caused by the harsh and peremptory manner in which the claim is made. It takes one back to the days of highwaymen, with their "Stand and deliver." Take my case. I have, after incredible difficulty, succeeded in buying a little place in the very pleasant country town of Gravelhurst and am anxious to enter upon friendly relations with all its inhabitants. But even before the carpets are down a missive is thrust into my letter-box bearing the offensive heading, "Demand Note, Poor Rate and General District Rate." Now, to begin with, why "demand"? Why not request, appeal, or even invitation? This precious document continues in the same strain to inform me that "The Overseers of the Poor demand" and that "The Urban District Council demand;" it gives me the most meagre information as to how the money thus extorted will be expended, and assumes in an insulting paragraph that I am absolutely certain to be liable for any amount of arrears. No doubt they speak from bitter experience, for what freeborn citizen with a spark of independence in his bosom would pay a farthing unless under the strongest compulsion when hectoring in this overbearing way?

Now I suggest that these modern Bumbles should be compelled to abandon their offensive and bullying tone and model their style upon that of hospital secretaries. For their better guidance and instruction I will make them a present of the following letter, which is, I venture to think, well calculated to stimulate the interest and touch the hearts of the most callous, and should send its recipient speeding round to the collector's office clamorously eager to have his assessment doubled:—

DEAR MR. NEWCOME,—Just a few lines to welcome you to our neighbourhood. So glad to hear you've bought "Ringmere," such a well-built, convenient house; nice grounds too and a lovely garden. Many's the delightful game of tennis I've played there. We call the rateable value of your place forty pounds. Of course it's worth far more than that, but we shouldn't like you to think we were taking advantage of you. By the way, now you're quite settled in (I saw you'd got the curtains up the last time I went down your road), you won't mind giving us a little help with our local charities and expenses, will you? It will give you the feeling of being one of the family, won't it?

First of all there's the Poor Rate. You've probably noticed our workhouse

and infirmary, just beyond the station? Well, of course they take a good deal of keeping up in these days of high prices, yet we must do all we can to make these poor old folk comfortable. I'm sure you'd hate to think they went short. And then we have to pay out a good deal in the way of outdoor relief; lots of unemployment, you know. We can't leave the women and children to starve, now, can we, even if the men won't work? so I'm sure you'll agree that 1/9 in the pound is really too small a figure to cover all that; but we'll leave it there for the present.

Then there are the roads—yes, I know what you're going to say about them and I'm quite ready to admit (I've a motor-bike myself) that in some places they're the limit, but we really are going to repair them, just as soon as ever we can get the men and the money; so you'll be quite keen on giving your quota to that. And you won't want to leave out the dustmen, will you? Stout fellows those, though they do look rather like pirates; and they've hearts of gold, every one of them, and it's a nasty messy job, so you'll admit they ought to be well paid for it.

And then there are the kiddies, we mustn't forget them or their education, must we? I'm sure you'd be the last to want us to, with so many jolly youngsters of your own; let me see; it's three girls and two boys, isn't it, not counting the baby? Well now, you'll notice on the enclosed slip where I've written out the figures quite clearly, that 11½d. is all we spend on education, both primary and secondary. Isn't that a paltry sum for the privilege of helping to hand on the torch of learning—or helping to place the children's feet on the ladder of knowledge (whichever phrase you like; they're both good ones)?

That's all, I think, except the baths. Must have baths, mustn't we? Oh, and the recreation ground. I know you're too much of a sportsman not to want to help that; why, I heard of you playing golf last Saturday. Yes, that accounts for all; and you might let me have the total, thirteen pounds seven shillings, some time between now and September. No hurry; only you won't forget, will you? or else next half-year there'll be arrears to pay, and they do spoil friendly relations so much.

If there is anything else you would like to know I shall be delighted to have a chat with you whenever you can find time to drop in at my office, 26, Ripple Road.

Hoping to see you soon and make your acquaintance;

I am, dear Mr. Newcome,  
Yours very truly, A. B. COLTER,  
Overseer and Collector.



## THE WOMAN WITHOUT A DUSTER.

*Britannia* (to *George the Butler*). "I UNDERSTAND THAT WE HAVE NOTHING DEFINITE FOR THIS YOUNG PERSON TO DO."

*Addison* (*the Maid-of-no-particular-work*). "DON'T MENTION IT, MUM. SO LONG AS I CAN STAY ALONG O' MR. GEORGE HERE AND DRAW MY MONEY REGULAR, I'LL NEVER DESERT YOU."



"PITY YOUR BOY HIT HIS WICKET."

"RALPH WAS ALWAYS A PASSIONATE CHILD."

## ANOTHER FRIENDLY HILL.

(See "Punch" of May 18th, 1921.)

I'm vain to read o' vurrin' lands an' mountains that do soar,  
 Vur the highest hill I've bin up to 'tis Glastonbury Tor,  
 An' when I read of Bettada, zez I, "Tis plain to zee  
 That hill do be to that thur chap what the Tor do be to we."

Vur suddenly it takes you when you're thinking of it least,  
 You zee it when you're coming west an' when you're  
 going east;

The time I came from London once, back from a cattle-  
 show,  
 That homely hill just waitin' wur the welcomest zight I  
 know.

An' maybe 'tis the mood you're in, or zummat in the light,  
 Vur never twice the zame it looks, whether by day or night,  
 Yet allus it be company, an' like your kith an' kin—  
 That's what do make it clear to I that Bettada's a twin.

An' if you're on the zummit the air be vine and vree,  
 If you zet an' look about you there's no bounds what you  
 may zee;

You can almost greet a neighbour in the market-place to  
 Wells,

An', if the wind's accard'n', hear the Cathedral bells.

What they do zee from Bettada I make no zart o' guess,  
 I reckon 'tis no more 'n this an' very likely less;

But 'tis good to know vur chaps out thur, when they're  
 lonzome like an' vret,

Thur's a hill do ztand a vriend to they, zame as in Zum-  
 merzet.

## THE GALLERY OF THE DEJECTEDS.

I HAVE been looking lately at a curious little collection of  
 pictures. It is not a one-man show, it is the work of many  
 men.

Let me describe one or two of the pictures for you:—

(1) A Family Group. A father, mother and three children  
 seated round a table at dinner. What first strikes one is  
 the low tone, the coldness of the whole composition. The  
 figures are cold (some of them even give one the impression  
 of shivering); the table is a broad expanse of cold white  
 damask, and the dinner is cold, stone cold. This is not a  
 pauper meal. The father (extreme right of the picture),  
 a courtly, one might almost say a Shorter's Courtly, old  
 gentleman, looks, in his immaculate evening clothes, as  
 though he were used to good living. The flesh tints too  
 seem to indicate the *bon vivant*. The mother, extreme left,  
 whose half-revealed back recalls the stanza—

Both rich and poor alike  
 Their nakedness display;  
 The poor because they must,  
 The rich because they may—

is gowned in black of velvety tones relieved by diamond  
 high lights. Her rather heavy profile is overweighted by  
 the dark shade of care hanging over it. She looks as  
 though she felt responsible for the general gloom of the  
 picture, low tone and all, and yet knew herself powerless  
 to alter it. The three children, especially the one facing us,  
 have an air of deflation. The general pallor is accentuated  
 by the grey-green silver light reflected from the dish of  
 sardines on the right of the picture, in front of the father,  
 the only food shown on the dead-white cloth, with the ex-



### MANNERS OF THE MOMENT.

*Lady.* "I AM VERY ANXIOUS TO FIND A FLAT OR MAISONETTE IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD."

*Young Man.* "QUAITE." (*A pause.*)

*Lady.* "WHAT I REQUIRE IS SOMETHING WITH REASONABLE ACCOMMODATION—NOTHING VERY GRAND—AT A RENT THAT IS NOT EXORBITANT."

*Young Man.* "QUAITE." (*A pause.*)

*Lady.* "BUT I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL ASK FOR THE MOON?"

*Young Man.* "QUAITE."

ception of a dish of fruit. The red of the apples and the gold, one might almost say the orange, of the oranges are the only touches of colour which afford any real relief to the scene.

What does it all mean, this sombre group of well-dressed and usually well-fed mortals? Before answering this question let us pass on for the moment to

(2) which shows a crowd of people converging on a point in the middle distance, apparently the entrance of a railway carriage. It is not a pleasing picture. Most of the figures seem out of drawing, and some look as if they were being pushed out of the picture. The whole thing suffers from over-crowding. If only there were fewer figures and more trains! Some of the paint too has got rubbed off the face of the woman to the right of the tall figure in uniform, and is smeared on his shoulder. Surely, again, there are too many arms and legs for the bodies that are shown. Perhaps some of the bodies have parted company with their limbs and are being passed right along the car, please. Perhaps—

(3) How cool it looks out here in the woods! But soon there will be no woods. Already the figure in the foreground seems to have cut down several of the best trees.

The oaks in the centre are splashed with daubs of red paint on the trunks. Are these intentional? Yes, I fear they have a meaning. They mean that these beautiful trees are blazed, that they are doomed to fall. To the extreme left is a group of figures that seems to give a clue to the motive of the picture. It consists of three well-knit youths who are piling blocks of wood on to a vehicle, a perambulator or what not. [Nobody carts wood on a what-not.—Ed.] Though there is a touch of Cubism about these blocks of wood, the rest of the picture is sheer realism.

It would take too long to describe every canvas in this little collection. All are representative of the same idea, all various expressions of the right to live in spite of everything; somewhat colourless, most of them, no doubt; some more drab than the rest; but real pictures of real life at the present moment.

If there is any critic who denies this, to him I would say simply, "What did you do in the Great Coal War?"

### Another Impending Apology.

"The play is of that thrilling type of which 'Dull-Dog Drummond' has set the fashion."—*Daily Paper.*









GOLO: A DEVELOPMENT OF THE POLO HABIT.

MANŒUVRING FOR A PUTT.

## THE ART OF ORATORY.

## II.

IN this lecture I propose to deal with After-Dinner Speaking.

This is rather a delicate matter. With the best wish in the world I cannot conscientiously conceal from the student the fact that at public, and indeed private, dinners there are gentlemen who take wine with their food (there are also gentlemen who take food with their wine, but perhaps we had better not go into that). That is well known. What is *not* clear is whether the effect of dinner (taken in whatever proportions of food or drink) is to make the speakers better speakers or the listeners better listeners. So far as I know, this problem has never been developed in any psychological textbook or work of reference, and I propose myself to arrange a series of experiments which will clear up the whole question.

The next time I hear a well-known public man and after-dinner speaker convulsing a distinguished company with sentiment, merriment and high thought, I shall invite him to some of my little Thursday banquets to meet some more distinguished companies, and get him to make exactly the same speech each time. The first time he will have had dinner, and the audience won't; the second time the audience will have had dinner and he won't; the third time neither of them will have had dinner.

There are those who indignantly deny that there is any connection between dinner and after-dinner speaking. "The old fallacy of *post hoc, propter hoc*," says Professor Joodle in his fourth lecture on the Private Orations of CICERO. At the close of these experiments we shall know with scientific exactitude how far they are right.

I shall make it clear, of course, in each case that everybody will have dinner eventually; and we will assume, for the purposes of this lecture, that everybody has had dinner already. If these conditions are present there is no easier form of oratory, and it is surprising how ill it is usually done. There are only three essentials to a successful after-dinner speech:—

- (1) An artful suggestion that the whole thing is being done *ex tempore*.
  - (2) An anecdote about a Scotchman, an Englishman and an Irishman.
  - (3) A graceful compliment to somebody.
  - (4) A good cigar.
- (1) Of course there has probably never been a genuinely *ex tempore*

after-dinner speech in the history of the world. Whether his name is on the menu or not everybody present has a wild hope, or fear, that he may ultimately be called upon, and spends the best part of the day deciding what he will say if he is. This is all in the game, provided the illusion is carefully preserved. Which brings us to the question of "Notes." A few carefully halting phrases at the beginning can easily be made to create the impression that the speaker has been taken (rather shamefully) by surprise, and is delivering a brilliant address on the spur of the moment. But few things are so calculated to destroy that impression as the sudden production of six or seven pages of closely-written manuscript. It is permissible to scratch a few hasty words on the back of your menu at the last moment, when you realise, to your intense astonishment and, of course, dismay, that you really *have* got to make a speech; and no doubt you have often seen the Distinguished Guest doing that. His menu looks like this:—

Who is that fellow on your left?  
Sir Anthony Gush C.B.E.

Unexpected honor.

Never in the whole course of  
my career... My old friend,  
Sir Anthony Gush - boys to him.

LOOS SAT  
YPRES SALIENT  
Hands across  
Englishmen, Scotchman &c

Quintus Kipling

Hands across the Sea

The Parliament of Man, the  
Federation of the W.

Do not however too lightly assume that he has just thought of all this. In his pocket he has the full text of his speech, carefully written out in ink; he has also the official notes of his speech, with the quotations underlined in red ink. These notes have many points in common with the notes given above; but they are only intended for use in case of a crisis.

On the other hand, do not belittle his achievement. It will be seen at once that the making of an *ex tempore* speech puts a strain upon the memory to which not every man is equal.

(2) I do not pretend to know why a story about an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman is essential, but

it is. Fortunately this is easily provided. Here is one which I have just invented:—

"An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman went up to one of those three-halfpenny-in-the-slot ticket-machines at Charing Cross Station. The Englishman put 1½d. in the slot and pulled the wrong handle.\* No ticket came out, so he went and bought one at the booking-office. The Irishman said, 'Bedad!' drew his revolver and blew the machine to pieces. The Scotchman waited till the others had gone, pulled the right handle, pocketed the Englishman's ticket and then walked home."

I imagine there is some point in this story, though I cannot for the moment see what it is. If you tell it privately to a friend at lunch-time I cannot answer for what will happen. But if you tell it publicly in the course of your after-dinner speech, taking care to start laughing yourself at about "the wrong handle," so as to show them that the story is funny, I guarantee that you will have what is called (very properly) a *succès fou*. There will be a sort of tense hush at the end of it, while the diners are racking their brains to discover the point; then a few people will hammer on the table, remembering that you laughed yourself, and anxious to show how quick-witted they are; then the main body of the audience will begin to clap, anxious to show that the other fellows are not so darned quick-witted as they think; and then all the rest will give a sort of secret chuckle and begin to applaud in a particularly knowing way. Not to be outdone, the other fellows will then cackle in a knowing way too. The result will be that you have the whole audience laughing and clapping and hammering the table, dropping their napkins, knocking over the port and shouting intelligent asides at each other like "Very good!" or "Very good indeed!" and not one of them will have the faintest idea what it is all about, except perhaps the hired waiters, who heard you tell the same story the night before. Properly told, a story which has no perceptible point is far more effective than a story which has large points sticking out all over it.

(3) The graceful compliment is less easy. If you are making it to a man, say, the Chairman, perhaps the best way is to make up a story which will at the same time reflect credit on yourself by showing that you have travelled in the Rockies or been in the trenches or shot rabbits or committed some other devilry in your time; you can then drag

\* Yes, I know there are no handles on those machines. This is an after-dinner story.

the Chairman in at the end of it. The Chairman cannot contradict, *ex officio*, and nobody else will know. This sort of thing, delivered with a dreamy reminiscent air:—

"My mind goes back to a certain morning in the Ypres Salient (or the Sierra Nevada, or the Rocky Mountains, or Tunbridge Wells). We were up against it. (*Develop this*). . . . Round the corner of the traverse (or the canyon, or the grizzly bear, or the Pantiles) came a tall dark figure—jaunty, buoyant, unafraid. (*Impressive pause.*) Gentlemen, it was your Chairman!"

(4) The cigar is essential to the success of (1), (2) and (3). There is a certain way of knocking off the ash against a coffee-cup, with your head on one side . . . You know what I mean?

A. P. H.

### BRIDGE NOTES.

On sitting down to-day to write my periodical causerie upon our great National Game, I fell to wondering that no serious Bridge annotator has ever, so far as I know, made any attempt to introduce a more personal touch into his Bridge problems. "A. and B. are partners against Y. and Z. Score, love all. A's hand is—" and so on. There you have the Bridge problem as at present supplied. And there you have, I grant you, all the essentials. The business in hand is Bridge, and, given the cards and the score, all other details are superfluous. And yet would not a Bridge problem appeal to a very much larger public if the actors in the little drama—the comedy, tragedy or farce as the case may be—were made a little more human and vital?

Myself I incline to the serial style and suggest something like this:—

### THE LAST TRUMP.

#### Characters in the Story.

*Lord Ormalue*, a handsome young man with fair hair with a kink in it. He has a vast fortune, but cares nothing for riches. He is an accomplished Bridge player.

*Pepita Torea-Dawson*, a beautiful and charming girl of Spanish extraction, who is in the power of

*The Hon. Percy Maltravers*, an unprincipled gambler.

*Professor Egregius Burrow*, *Pepita's* uncle, an Egyptologist.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Professor Egregius Burrow has given way to sudden temptation and stolen a valuable mummy from the British Museum. The disreputable Maltravers has discovered this and threatened to inform the police unless Pepita and her



*Well-known Actor (to Country Butcher).* "I SEE ON YOUR BILL, CHUZLETT, AN ITEM FOR MAY 7TH, TWO KIDS, ELEVENPENCE. THAT WAS THE DAY YOUR WIFE PRESENTED YOU WITH TWINS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD PAY FOR THEM."

*Chuzlett.* "THAT'S TWO KIDNEYS, SIR."

uncle assist him in fleeing Lord Ormalue nightly at the Palace Bridge Club, a gambling resort where Auction is played for two shillings or even two-and-six a hundred. Pepita falls in love with Ormalue and finds the business of fleeing him extremely distasteful.

### CHAPTER XII.

Down the handsome card-room of the Palace Bridge Club, past the fine marble group representing "Game and Rubber," came Pepita. With that quick movement of the head which long practice had endowed with such natural grace, she threw back her bobbed hair. At the end of the room stood Lord Ormalue, his eyes stern, his jaw set (no, it had not been broken; I only want to convey that square

effect noticeable in magazine illustrations) and his hair kinkier than ever.

Ormalue thought that he had never seen Pepita look so beautiful as she came up to him, her dark Southern eyes shining like deep unfathomable pools.

"I do hope you will win to-night," said Pepita a little nervously. "You have been so unlucky lately."

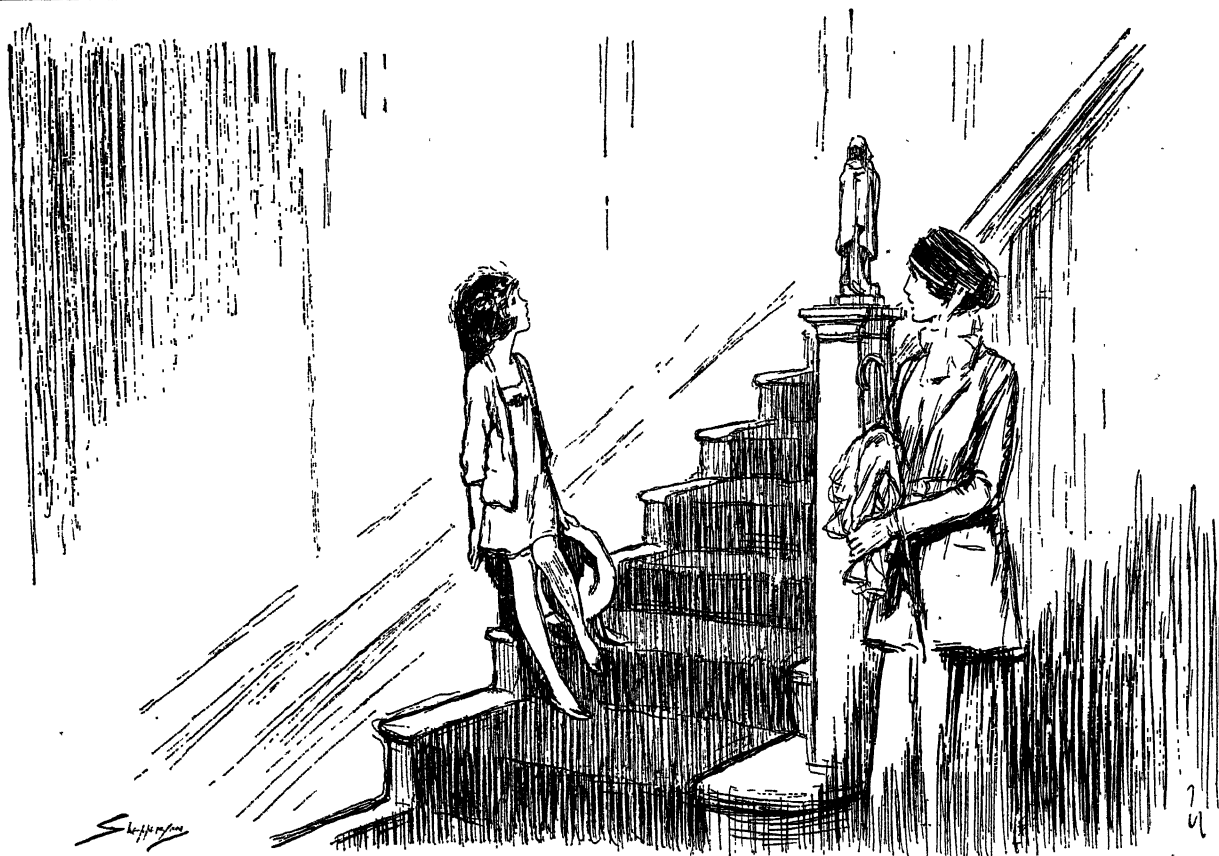
"*Malheureux en jeu, heureux en amour*," said Lord Ormalue meaningly.

She laughed her low Southern laugh, then suddenly she became serious.

"You lost three-and-sixpence last night," she whispered.

Lord Ormalue was about to reply. Then his brow darkened. For he had seen Percy Maltravers approaching, accompanied by Professor Burrow.

(Continued on page 490.)



*Small Girl (calling upstairs). "MUMMY, I WANT YOU!"*

*Nurse. "YOU MUSTN'T CALL UPSTAIRS TO YOUR MOTHER. GO UPSTAIRS IF YOU WANT HER."*

*Small Girl. "I DON'T WANT HER AS BAD AS THAT."*

"Let us start at once," snarled Maltravers, and they cut, Professor Burrow drawing Lord Ormalue and Maltravers, Pepita.

The scheme for fleecing Ormalue was simple enough; whoever played with him declared wildly and played badly, so that he was sure to lose. This scheme had worked well, though at times complicated by the fact that Professor Burrow was liable to fall into an Egyptian reverie and to declare wildly and play atrociously even when not partnered by Ormalue.

On this evening Pepita came to a sudden resolution—she would play worse than Uncle Egregius; Lord Ormalue should win. Why should she go on sacrificing him to the vile designs of Maltravers? People in love are proverbially selfish.

Maltravers dealt the cards and declared one Club; Lord Ormalue, sitting on his left, passed. Pepita, holding eight Spades to the Ace, King, and one small Club, also passed. *What would she have done if she had been trying to win?*

Answers must reach the Editorial Office-boy by Wednesday next.

Another thrilling instalment next week. [I think not.—Ed.]

### JUS ANSERINUM.

[The Trade Union Ballot Bill has been talked out in the House of Commons by Labour Members.]

WHEN Labour stoops to tear the charter  
Which Demos won in '72,  
And for expediency to barter

The secret vote they now eschew,

Those simple souls who do not pander

To principles of fast and loose

Ask why the sauce is wrong with gander

Which was so excellent with goose.

### Einstein's Début.

"A dark-skinned man of medium height, with long black hair, a pair of intensely humorous dark eyes, and an ill-cut morning coat."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Many men of science on the platform were academically gowned, but the Professor himself was dressed in a well-cut black morning coat."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Is this another example of Relativity?

From a cricket report:—

"It was unfortunate that heavy showers of rain caused a late start. The bathing on both sides was of an attractive character."

*Provincial Paper.*

Although neither DIPPER nor DIVER was playing.

### Tragedies of Ignorance.

There was a young lady of Slough  
Who was famed for the height of her brow;

She had studied Chinese  
And could talk it with ease,  
But she never had seen *Chu Chin Chow*.  
And if she doesn't go soon she won't have the chance.

### A Triumph for Terpsichore.

"The miners are overjoyed at the prospect of a ballet."—*Sunday Paper*.

"News from Peshawar suggests that Afghanistan has too many fingers in the fire."

*Indian Paper.*

Or too many irons in the pie?

"The list of speeches included Aristophane's 'The Fogs.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

Presumably an English adaptation of "The Clouds."

The Bishop of EXETER on divorce:

"It is true that many lives are miserable because the livers make them miserable."

*Letter in Morning Paper.*

But surely this is obvious. Witness the old conundrum, "Is live worth living? *C'est une question de foi(e).*"



THE IGNORING OF TINO.





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, June 13th.*—This was the first day that Members' wives were re-admitted to the Ladies' Gallery. But it was also the second day of the Test



"I BELIEVE IN TALKING OUT."  
MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Match, and the great majority of the privileged ladies apparently preferred Lord's to Commons.

They showed a wise discretion, for the proceedings at Westminster were, for the most part, undeniably dreary. Mr. PERCY HURD initiated a campaign against the publicity branches with which most of the Departments have equipped themselves. As an economist he objected to their expense; as a journalist he was of opinion that the newspapers gave the Departments all the publicity they deserved, and more, perhaps, than they always relished.

Much curiosity was shown regarding the renewal of hostilities between Greece and Turkey. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appealed to Members not to bombard him with questions, and assured them that the Government were preserving an attitude of strict neutrality.

Alarmed by the mass of Amendments to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill the Government have decided to "guillotine" the measure as the only way of avoiding an Autumn

Session. The debate was in common form. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN based himself on the precedents set by Mr. ASQUITH, "an adept in the art in which I am appearing for the first time as a humble neophyte."

Unfortunately the Member for Paisley was not present or he would, no doubt, have proved to his own satisfaction that the circumstances were in no way parallel, and that his closure of the Finance Bill in 1914 was but a "choleric word," furnishing no excuse for the "flat blasphemy" of the present proceedings.

Hardly anybody had a good word to say for the closure. Sir F. BANBURY never had voted for it and never would. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, now Father of the House, made the admission—hardly necessary in view of his eloquent activities—that "the longer I live the more I believe in the wisdom and necessity of talking out."

Colonel WEDGWOOD, who is keenly interested in anything affecting the jaw, complained that under the Dentists Bill it would become a criminal offence for a mother to relieve a child of an aching tooth by the aid of a piece of string, a door-knob and a red-hot poker. However, Sir ALFRED MOND's assurance that there was nothing in the Bill to interfere with the performance of this time-honoured operation, coupled with Major MOLSON's warning against "the disastrous effects of unskilled work in the mouth," induced him to withdraw his opposition.

*Tuesday, June 14th.*—Colonel ASH-

LEY could not understand why the War Office required a Publicity Branch, seeing that it got along without one prior to the War and that the War is now over. Sir ROBERT SANDERS asked for notice of the Question, but the



THE STORMY PETREL.  
MR. DEVLIN.

answer is believed to be that before 1914 the Army "did not advertise."

Mr. SHORTT informed Viscount CURZON that he was mistaken in supposing that the game of poker had been singled out for the hostile attentions of the police, but promised to give "appropriate consideration" to his suggestion that the players of old-maid, beggar-my-neighbour and other "unsafe and demoralising games of chance" should be similarly penalised.

In these days the appearance of Mr. DEVLIN always presages a storm. He was soon in full scream over the assassination of certain persons in Belfast, which he ascribed to the agents of the Government. With some aid from the SPEAKER, who was patience itself, he succeeded in framing a motion for the adjournment, and there followed the usual heated but inconclusive debate, of which the only tangible result was the temporary extinction of Mr. JACK JONES.

In Committee of Supply Mr. CHURCHILL made his anxiously-awaited statement on the Middle East.



A "FUTURIST" LANDSCAPE.  
MR. CHURCHILL GETS BUSY.



"YOU'RE JOLLY LUCKY TO HAVE DICK PAYING YOU SO MUCH ATTENTION."  
 "BORES ME TO DEATH, MY DEAR. HE'S SO CURSEDLY CONSIDERATE."

It was a case of HOPE in the Chair and Assurance at the Table. For an hour and a-half the COLONIAL SECRETARY delighted the House with a brilliantly-executed fantasia on the theme, "The British Empire has been built upon optimism."

If there are no more disturbances the cost of administering Mesopotamia and Palestine will come down next year to a paltry ten millions; if the Arabs are wise they will set up a representative Government in Bagdad and elect the Emir FEISUL as their King; if the Zionists are discreet they will devote themselves to irrigating the soil rather than irritating the present inhabitants.

An agreeable interlude was the description of JAFFER PASHA, the Mesopotamian Minister of War, whose meteoric career, including an attempted escape from captivity and a subsequent change of political allegiance, somewhat recalled that of his present eulogist.

*Wednesday, June 15th.*—A temperature of eighty in the shade, the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot and the Americans at Ranelagh did not prevent the patriotic Peers from putting in a long afternoon's work. They discussed in succession the payment of episcopal expenses in ecclesiastical prosecutions; the restraint of Bolshevik propaganda—though happily, *teste* Lord SYDENHAM, the British working-man is still

the despair of foreign revolutionaries; the Zionisation of Palestine (which the Duke of SUTHERLAND, making his *début* as a Minister, assured the House was being carefully controlled); and the use to be made of the farm at Chequers presented by Lord LEE for the agricultural education of the PRIME MINISTER.

In opposing the Unemployment Insurance Bill, Mr. HODGE could see no reason why the unemployed should not be subsidised as much as the railways, and inveighed against this rich man's Government. To this Mr. HOPKINSON retorted that every penny spent on unemployment created more, and proceeded to advance the probably sound, but at the moment hardly practical, doctrine that the only way for the working-man to improve his position was to spend less than he earned and become a capitalist himself. He did not make a convert of Mr. CLYNES, who admitted that the present unemployment was largely due to the miners' stoppage, but thought the Government should meet it by drawing upon the future prosperity of the country—a sort of *post obit.*, I suppose.

*Thursday, June 16th.*—No Peer carries more weight in, and few with, the House of Lords than its CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Taking as his text the new Viceroy's declaration at Belfast that the Government of Ireland Act

already required amendment, Lord DONOUGHMORE urged the Government to put their cards on the Table at once, and so make an end of a state of things thus summed up by an Irish friend of his: "We live in Ireland under two Governments, and neither is strong enough to protect us from the other."

Unofficial peers, like Lord BUXTON and Lord BRYCE, supported the motion, and the only opposition came from Lord LONDONDERRY, now a member of the Ulster Cabinet, who doubted if the Irish Republicans would look at the Act even with the gilt edge of fiscal autonomy. The Ministerial reply was postponed—perhaps a hopeful sign.

In committee on the Finance Bill Mr. MOSLEY endeavoured to secure the exemption of antique violins from the tax on imported luxuries, and was eloquently supported by Sir MARTIN CONWAY, who said that a Stradivarius was not a luxury, but a thing of beauty, which in capable hands could cause thousands of people to forget their present miseries. But Sir ROBERT HORNE was obdurate; for substantial as well as nominal reasons he prefers the "brass" to the "strings."

#### Headline History.

"LABOUR HORIZON CLEARING.  
 SMUTS IN ENGLAND AGAIN."

*Evening Paper.*

### "SHAKSPEARE AND I."

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, the Author of "Authors and I.")

"Who are those two men?" I asked, indicating two figures on the outskirts of the lawn. My hostess replied, "One is EDWARD BOK, the famous Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the other is WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE."

With the splendid achievements of BOK I was already fairly familiar twenty years ago, and have since been a great admirer of his varied and virile personality. Of the work of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE I know nothing save that his plays usually dealt with men and women, excluding journalists; that he had been on the stage, and that he was hardly more successful as a dramatist than as an actor.

I began to realise as years passed that he had strong backers. He is one of those unobtrusive men of letters whom fellow-craftsmen delight to praise. One day G. R. SIMS electrified me by waxing enthusiastic over SHAKSPEARE. He praised his comedies and blamed the public for not appreciating this unemotional, unsensational artist; he explained to me the SHAKSPEARE system of dramatic construction. "Perhaps he is a playwright's playwright," I said. In the light of subsequent events I am rather proud of that intuition.

Some day I meant to read a Shakspearean play. It was Dr. ADDISON who put the idea into my head by suggesting that I should purchase a copy of his first Portfolio. And DOUGLAS SLADEN's appreciation of *Much Ado About Nothing* was so hearty and acute that I felt the time was drawing near when I must spend six shillings on SHAKSPEARE. PINERO had written, "I can recall no English play in which, allowing for the social disadvantages of the author, the study of temperament and character is carried deeper or further than in *The Fourth Mrs. Antony*."

But this was not all. The SHAKSPEARE star was in the ascendant. Vivid and virile writers vied with one another in their eagerness to praise SHAKSPEARE—notably G. B. BURGIN and Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, O.M. (declined). Collars bearing his name appeared in the hosiers' shops. And I had not yet read one of his plays. I was so preoccupied in watching the swelling volume of praise from brother-writers that it seemed a work of supererogation to read him.

But I began to make inquiries. I found out that he had been invited to a dinner-party by a Lady Juniper and had failed to justify the honour. I was told that he was only half-educated, spelt atrociously, and that a few thou-



"PLEASE, D'YOU 'AVE MODELS?"

"NO, THANKS; I DRAW FROM MYSELF."

sand words a week were a large output for him. I also learned that in London his plays were in great and increasing demand, that G. R. SIMS's dithyrambs in *The Referee* had sent the booksellers' orders up, and that he was, in fine, a good but not a "best" seller.

But his admirers were not content. Every writer seemed bent on booming him. It was a curious literary phenomenon. Still I determined to wait and see.

It was not however the writers, but the publishers, who made SHAKSPEARE. And nothing can stop a publisher when he is determined to push a timid author

into the blaze of publicity. Meeting my friend Podder, I said, half in jest, "Why don't you bring out a *variorum* edition of SHAKSPEARE, with a preface to each volume by a contemporary celebrity?" The seed fell on fruitful ground; and within six months the great adventure was complete. The celebrities who fell over each other in their zeal to indulge in prefatory eulogy were "C.K.S.," JOHN OXENHAM, ETHEL DELL, HALL CAINE, CLARA BUTT, KENNERLEY RUMFORD, JACK HOBBS, Commander KENWORTHY, LORD HALDANE, LORD NORTHCLIFFE and J. B. JOEL. . . .

It might have seemed incredible to

me had I not the ocular demonstration of the twelve volumes—presented to me by friend Podder—standing in a pile on my writing-table. I have read all the Prefaces, such capering delightful fantasies of pure idolatry! It was no hard task; each Preface was a pure delight. I am looking forward to reading the plays when and if occasion offers. But I feel that it would be but dubious wisdom to allow my impressions of SHAKSPEARE, derived from such august sources, to be in any way impaired or influenced by direct perusal. I gather that SHAKSPEARE is an artist; not a great artist like D'ANNUNZIO or WILLIAM J. LOCKE or Mr. GOSSE. His range is considerable, but his taste is often sadly to seek. He indulges too freely in purple patches. Still, with all reserves, he is clearly an author whose career deserves to be watched with interest.

LATER.—With the inconsistency which is the privilege of the critic I have read portions of the play called *Hamlet* with mingled feelings. But I may say that, in the main, I am inclined to endorse the views expressed in JACK HOBBS'S Preface.

### TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION is a theme on which, in mixed company, people are only partially candid, but one can extract some amusing confidences none the less.

"My greatest temptation," said a pretty lady, "occurred last winter. I was on the Riviera, staying in a hotel that I did not much fancy and spending far too much time in wondering why I had ever come away from an honest cold climate in order to be mocked by the ghost of sunshine. You know the feeling."

Everyone seemed to know it.

"Well, one evening after I had been there a few days, some friends arrived at their villa near by and I was asked to dine there. I had bought a model or two in Paris on the way down, and I dressed with a good deal of pleasure and anticipation of a little fun at last. But all that feeling evaporated when I came to put on my rings. I had some special ones for such occasions, and I told my maid—she was a recent acquisition—I would wear those.

"She laid out two or three.

"No," I said, "not those—the emerald and the ruby."

"But these are all," she said.

"All!" I cried. "What can you mean? Aren't the emerald and the ruby there? And the diamond hoop?"

"There was no sign of them!"

"I was stupefied. Sooner or later, I suppose, everyone is robbed; it is a rule of life; but it had never before happened to me.

"I was insured right enough, but the rings were very precious to me. I hated to lose them.

"We searched the jewel-case through and through, looked in every likely and unlikely place, and then I sent for the manager.

"He was polite; he would make inquiries; but he could not believe that the theft had been committed under his roof. Was I sure I had brought them

"More interviews followed, and I must say that next to the pets at Scotland Yard who give you back your umbrella, insurance people are the dearest creatures in the world. In course of time I received a cheque in compensation and the matter was closed."

She stopped.

"But where was the temptation?" someone asked.

"I'm coming to that," she said. "I received the cheque by an evening post, and the next day I went down to the bank to pay it in person, and, having done so, I asked for a box of valuables that I keep there."

The pretty lady paused again.

"Well?" we all asked.

"Well," she said, "they brought me the box to the waiting-room, and the first thing I saw when I opened it was one of the lost rings, and there, underneath, were the others."

"Good heavens!" someone said.

"Yes, there they were. I had carefully deposited them there before I went away and now for the first time remembered it. How one's memory could play one such a trick is a mystery, but that seems to be what memories are for—to let one down.

"You see the temptation now," she resumed. "All the way home I had it before me. No one but I knew about

the rings; the insurance people need never discover; if I liked to be dishonest I could have the rings and the money too."

She stopped altogether.

"By Jove, yes!" someone said, and a great silence prevailed.

There is a silly ass at most parties of any size, and we had ours, and he rushed in, as usual, where angels feared to tread.

"And what did you do?" he asked eagerly.

E. V. L.

### For Vestments?

"SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER.—Lovely Belfast Printed Divinity Dress Remnants, Floral and Assorted Patterns."—*Advt. in Church Paper.*

"Another acquisition [at the Natural History Museum] is the skeleton of the Arab stallion Dwarka. Dwarka was a bay, 14ft. 1½in. high and was described by General Broome and other judges as in his younger days the most perfect Arab they ever saw."—*Daily Paper.* But rather on the big side, perhaps.



LOAMSHIRE v. AUSTRALIA (first day).

First Player (returning from nets). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER WE'VE DRAWN STUMPS?"

Second ditto. "LET'S GO TO A MATINÉE SOMEWHERE."

with me? Ladies sometimes made mistakes.

"Yes, I was sure.

"Had I no suspicions?—this with a glance at the maid.

"I was confident that the theft was by a stranger.

"Very well. But there was a rule as to entrusting jewels to the office-safe. However he would do what he could. If I would give particulars he would tell the police.

"So I wrote out a minute description of each missing ring, and went off to dinner feeling utterly wretched and forlorn.

"The next day I saw police officials endlessly, and my poor maid was examined and cross-examined by them, and I was conscious that every servant in the place viewed me with dislike, for I had made them all suspect.

"But nothing resulted. There was no trace of the thieves, and I hurried back to London to tell the insurance people and leave the rest to them.



*Sportsman (on left).* "IT HARDLY SEEMS RIGHT TO BE GOING TO SEE A CRICKET-MATCH WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD GOES TO WORK."



*The Same.* "GOOD GRACIOUS! DOESN'T ANYBODY WORK THESE DAYS?"

Frank Reynolds



### POLO AND THE PUBLIC.

*Lady Spectator.* "HOW DREADFULLY UNFAIR! THAT ONE PUSHED THE OTHER JUST WHEN HE WAS GOING TO HIT THE BALL!"

#### VICE VERSÂ.

(A Tale for the Marines.)

UP to now there's never been  
Such a lissome young Marine  
With so little on his bones  
As Lieutenant Edgar Jones;  
Nor so stout a private with  
Such a paunch as William Smith.

Every morning after rising  
Jones would do some exercising,  
And—I'm sure he's not to blame—  
Made his men do just the same  
("Chaps like Smith," he said, "should  
skip

Thrice a day all round the ship").  
Thus, onê summer morn, we find him  
Skipping round with Smith behind him.  
He had reached a level that's  
Just above the lowest flats  
Where the ammunition's kept,  
When he found a hole and crept  
Through it; on the other side  
Was a chamber four feet wide,  
Where a port (when it is fine)  
Opens near the water-line.  
"Shake it up!" he blithely holloaed;  
"Ay, Sir," panted Smith, and followed,  
But, to enter, had to duck,  
And in doing so he stuck.

Smith was in a sad dilemma,  
For, when down to rescue them a  
Working party promptly hasted,  
All their energy was wasted;  
Though they pulled and pushed and  
twisted

In the end they all desisted,  
Saying, "We must wait until  
Nature works upon poor Bill;  
As we cannot give him dinner  
He may grow a trifle thinner."

And he did. In time, indeed,  
William looked so like a reed  
You could almost whistle through  
him . . .

And they easily withdrew him.

In the meantime Jones's lot  
Wasn't happy; so he got  
On a ledge and popped his head  
Through the port, and sadly said:—  
"May be here some time, perhaps;  
Chuck us down some grub, you  
chaps."

In unusual situations  
Life provides its compensations.  
Thus he simply turned his neck  
Till he faced the upper deck,  
Then his mouth he opened wide  
While they poured the food inside,

And they kept his gullet moist  
With an ammunition hoist,  
Which, though used for lifting shell,  
Lifted bottles just as well,  
And a Clicquot, brimming full,  
Straddled first, then scored a bull.

But, the pastime proving such  
Sport, they threw him much too much,  
And the lack of exercise  
(So exceptional) gave rise  
To a growth of fatty tissue,  
So that, when he wished to issue  
From the hole, he couldn't do it—  
Couldn't nearly struggle through it;  
And, to extricate him, it's  
Said they took the ship to bits . . .

Anyway, there's never been  
Such a very stout Marine  
With so much upon his bones  
As Lieutenant Edgar Jones;  
Nor so lean a private with  
Such a skinny form as Smith.

#### Our Cannibals.

"Doctor, having appetising cook, would like  
to take One or More Ladies or Gentlemen."  
*Daily Paper.*

"For Sale, 9 Hens and Pram."

*Local Paper.*  
No eggs, no joy-ride.





### WORLD'S WORKERS.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY ENDEAVOURING TO FIND A NAME FOR A NEWLY-DISCOVERED MAMMAL.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"RICHARD DEHAN," describing a retreat for alcoholics in one of the seven short stories of *The Villa of the Peacock* (HEINEMANN), writes: "Everywhere the foot falls noiselessly on three-inch rubber over heavy carpet," thus giving a clue to her attitude of mind. Never a half-inch of rubber where three inches will do as well! And this naturally betrays her into many absurdities. But if she is often absurd she generally contrives not to be dull. The best things in this book seem to me to be the two very slight sketches at the end: "The Silver Birch Tree," a slender fantasy about a young French girl, and "Countess and Couturière," an absurdity in which a too successful designer of dresses hangs himself with the girdle of a costume which he has made for an unattainable Duchess—who wears the said girdle for luck when gambling. For the rest we have stories of a plot against a king thinly disguised under the name of "Aldobrando II."; of the formula of a remedy for alcoholism left in code by a dying scoundrel to a particularly zealous missionary; of a dead body twitched into life and speech by radium (very nightmarish, this); of a reluctant courtship in rustic dialect (of sorts); and of the adventures (with many pseudo-technical details) of a self-conscious automobile which goes about doing good.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's collection of fifteen short stories, under the title, *The Pleasant Husband* (HURST & BLACKETT), should provide something to suit all tastes, so varied are they in mood, tense and quality. The three best of the modern stories, "The Confession," "The Wages of Sin"

and "The Pleasant Husband," have just that adroit turn which is of the essence of the sound short story. Of the five costume tales one is of the seventeenth century, three of the eighteenth, two of the sixteenth. In the best of them, "Dorinda Dares," an angry beauty argues with *Lord Bolingbroke* for a girl-friend's honour. Much less convincingly, in "My Lady Played," an Earl, whom his Countess has ruined at play, kills in an impromptu duel the Viscount who holds the fatal promissory chits, and dies himself of a wound, while his wife commits suicide. This is all rather too much for the money—a form of generosity which is a foible of the author. Of the Saxon sketches, which, if flamboyant, are not uninteresting (Miss BOWEN has the art of making you pay attention), two gallant brothers of the ascetic AUGUSTINE of Canterbury are the attractive heroes, and two princesses of the Kentish Kingdom the heroines. To create her effects of archaic jargon the author is absolutely fearless in her handling of the King's English.

Miss OLIVE WADSLEY has given us in *Almond Blossom* (CASSELL), among other things, what I feel myself obliged to describe as a "mort" of kissing, for *Mr. Peggotty's* word is the only one that conveys a proper idea of the quantity. I am quite well broken in to the modern novel of the sort supposed to appeal to women readers, but among all the much-kissed heroines I have met with I never remember encountering one on whom salutes of such extraordinary force and fervour were so frequently bestowed as they are upon *Doro*. A little Spanish guttersnipe, she is adopted by *Lord and Lady Rexford*, and grows up to be prodigiously talented and attractive. After an elopement—or, rather, what would have been an elopement if he hadn't died, very

simply, very ingenuously, in the nick of time—with her adopted father's rascally half-brother, she becomes a highly successful star of grand opera. Miss WADSLEY describes her as "looking less like a prima donna than any woman could do," so she must have been rather out of the common. She has now become engaged to a Spanish grandee, who kisses her nearly as ferociously as the adopted step-uncle. Eventually she decides to marry her adopted father's only son. He kisses her less than the other two did, but still maintains what I should imagine to be a high average. One of the nicest people in the book advises *Doro* that a woman should cultivate "perfume, passion and perception"; and this is a fair example of much that Miss WADSLEY seems to offer as wisdom; yet here and there she shows so sympathetic an understanding of the human heart that I could almost believe that there were two Miss WADSLEYS in collaboration, and wish that for the future only one of them would go on writing novels.

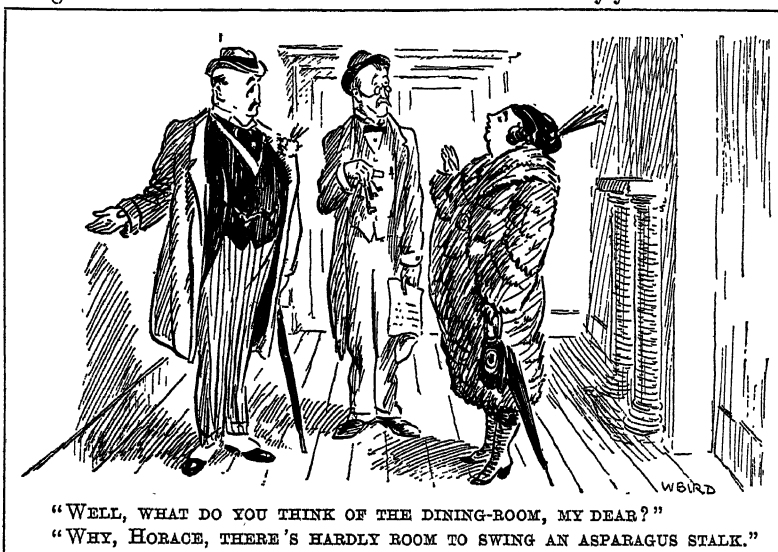
Should there be other ex-officers who feel that "the terrible intoxication of a long ordeal makes its demand for something further, to stir the soul," let them

take due warning from the misadventures of *Quentin Dillon*, as related by Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD in *A Fool's Errand* (HODDER AND STOUT). Let them, for instance, refrain from lodging "in an unsavoury-looking commercial hotel near Paddington station." For there *Quentin Dillon's* troubles began with a seedy, needy, greedy gentleman, also, by a singular coincidence, named *Dillon*—*William Dillon*. Having just secured a partner-

ship with a mysterious person called *Radstock*, of Rangoon, *William* was afflicted with terror lest the climate should not suit his health. Whereupon *Quentin* impulsively arranged to substitute himself for *William*, exchanged identities (for a bottle of wine and a hundred pounds) and sailed the very next morning. On board was *Radstock's* wife's niece, *Marion Keith*, a happy coincidence, because *Quentin* had already fallen in love with her at sight in a picture-gallery. Arriving at Rangoon, *Quentin* discovered, to his surprise, that *Radstock* kept a gambling saloon. He also discovered, again to his surprise, that his namesake bore a far from blameless character, which was naturally attributed to him (*Quentin*). There followed agonising complications. *Marion Keith* fled in secret, and not all the police in Burma could find her. *Quentin*, in a state of extreme depression, took ship for England, where by a really marvellous coincidence he found *Marion*. As a mere matter of mechanism, it may be suggested that Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD employs coincidence a trifle more freely than the rules of the best melodrama permit.

Judge BODKIN is so well known in Dublin as a lawyer with a flair for what one may call *Vicar-of-Bray* politics—a useful attribute in these days when Ireland thinks at the revolver's point—that it was perhaps a little unwise of the publishers to suggest that *When Youth Meets Youth*

(TALBOT PRESS) was largely autobiographical. For the male youth is such a noble and courageous young person (in addition to possessing the highest intellectual qualifications) that it is difficult to imagine him changing his politics for anybody. Beyond that, little can be said in praise or blame of a story which may possibly soothe the breast of unsophisticated Irish readers in between ambushes, but will strike robust intellects as having no conceivable *raison d'être*. For it concerns a good and clever little boy, who always makes the most runs and is top of his class and generally acts as really nice people should, and finally marries the good little girl whom he fell in love with long ago at the age of two and who has been very unhappy because her gombeen-ing parent wanted her to marry an adjoining nobleman who, like all titled persons, is poverty-stricken and vicious to the core. The story may not be autobiographical, but one feels that it is all too real to be untrue. It is in fact just the kind of story that one would feel perfectly safe in placing in the hands of a Catholic clergyman's house-keeper. And as Ireland still claims to be the land of saints Dublin may yet reckon M. McD. BODKIN among the best sellers.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE DINING-ROOM, MY DEAR?"  
"WHY, HORACE, THERE'S HARDLY ROOM TO SWING AN ASPARAGUS STALK."

Whatever inclination I have ever had to visit West Africa has been utterly extinguished by Mr. ROBERT SIMPSON'S *Swamp Breath* (HODDER AND STOUT). Owing to business reasons *Richard Barstow*, an influential politician, had suddenly to give up his career in England and was appointed to a Provincial Commissionership in West Africa. He was accompanied by his beautiful wife, who lived for notoriety and fondled press-cuttings as if they

were jewels, and by a clever girl who was to be a "sort of companion" to her. It was not difficult to foresee complications, but their violence surprised me. *Mrs. Barstow*, bereft of everything for which she craved, quickly developed into as disagreeable and dangerous a woman as anybody could wish to avoid; and one of the men with whom she flirted made diabolical—but fruitless—efforts to remove *Barstow* by means of an insidious native drug. Had Mr. SIMPSON given me one man or woman for whom I could have felt a real liking I might have been appeased, but for his unhappy people it is not easy to conjure up anything stronger than a vague sympathy. The fact that the "companion" eventually became the second *Mrs. Barstow* afforded me only a meagre satisfaction. It is not a pretty story, but it is strongly written and fully achieves its purpose of showing the influence of climate upon character.

"A whirlpool bath has been installed, and rheumatic patients sit in a whirl of water at a temperature of 12 deg. Fahr., which affords immediate relief from pain in the joints and muscles."—*Daily Paper*. The patients being, no doubt, numbed into unconsciousness.

"The veil must remain drawn over the details of the conversation between Mr. Gandhi and myself," writes Mr. Gandhi in his newspaper. "His Excellency heard me patiently, courteously and attentively."—*Indian Paper*. And apparently without interrupting the monologue.

## CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the man who described himself as a "Burglar's Mate" in the Census return is still at large.

According to an American journal, the pupils of LENIN's eyes are red. So that's where he got the idea from.

TROTSKY is reported to have sent for Professor BEKHTEREFF, the well-known alienist, in order that he might give an opinion on LENIN's mental faculties. LENIN is believed to have seized the opportunity of asking the Professor if he considered TROTSKY quite normal.

It would serve KING TINO right if his present war ultimately led to peace like the other wars.

According to the *Secolo*, D'ANNUNZIO has lost all interest in Fiume. But he has already given the town a splendid advertisement, and it is unreasonable to expect a busy literary man to act permanently as honorary publicity agent for one seaside resort.

"Germany," says Admiral TRPITZ, "hasn't any Ireland." And if it comes to that she hasn't any Alsace-Lorraine.

"The game of dominoes has died out," according to a *Daily Graphic* writer. We suppose in these feverish days people are afraid of the dare-devil excitements of the past.

"Not every man can handle a second-hand motor cycle," says a writer in a trade paper. They should see us taking ours for a walk.

A bigamist charged in London pleaded that he had only married two wives. He seems to be one of those weak-willed amateurs.

"The female cuckoo," says *The Daily Mail*, "lays quite twice as many eggs as the text-books say." We can only suppose that the female cuckoo is not aware of her error.

A contemporary has been advising people to take care of their teeth. This advice cannot be too widely advertised, for only last week we read of a man who had his stolen from a London hotel bedroom.

"Every Englishman should go to America for a tonic," says Mr. C. F. HIGHAM, M.P. But of course in a Prohibition country it does not necessarily follow that he will get it.

We understand that a West Kensington householder is making arrangements for the winner of the DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER contest to come across and give his cook a month's notice.

"I object to my tenants throwing flat-irons at me," said a landlord at Bow County Court. The general unrest has made some people very touchy.

In connection with the revival of *The Twelve Pound Look*, it is denied that, owing to the high cost of living,



Allotmenteer (exasperated with drought and venting his wrath on assistant), "DON'T WASTE YER CRYIN' ON THE PATH. BLUBBER OVER THEM BANS!"

Sir JAMES BARRIE contemplates calling it *The Twenty Pound Glance*.

"Do eggs pay?" asks a headline. We cannot say, but we consider that some we have met would be lucky to have the option.

At Thorpe (Norwich) a hen laid an egg weighing  $5\frac{3}{4}$  ounces and measuring nine inches in circumference. We really cannot see what else she could have done with it.

From every twenty tons of cinders, it is stated, five tons of good coal can be extracted by magnetism. This is not to be confused with magnateism, which seems to be valueless where the production of coal is concerned.

According to Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE, a distinguished specialist, brain cultivation tends to unfit people for the ordinary affairs of life. We have for

some time suspected the POSTMASTER-GENERAL's brain of excessive cultivation.

We cannot remember to have had such a summer as this since *Chu Chin Chow*.

STRAVINSKY's *Le Sacre du Printemps* is still the subject of considerable controversy among musical critics. It has been suggested that the introduction of a chorus of charwomen would make it more intelligible to the British public.

From the growth of a crop of lettuces on his lawn a Bangor man has discovered that it had been sown with lettuce-seed in mistake for grass-seed. This is a common occurrence, and the usual remedy is to sprinkle the lawn with salad-dressing and have it grazed over by a flock of vegetarians.

Once again the PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT has had to protest against the Court being regarded as a place of entertainment. Theatrical managers say they only wish they had half his complaint.

"We may have to bend," said Mr. FRANK HODGES at the Brighton Conference. An extremist leader is reported to have exclaimed, "My word, if I catch you bending!"

The Air Ministry is offering to give away two Zeppelins. If well blown out they make excellent decoys to encourage the growth of marrows on the allotment.

## Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Greek epigrammatist Juvenal satirised the mannish woman."—*Daily Paper*.

"If coal, as one of the mainsprings of our success, is kept bottled up, there can be no prosperity."—*Provincial Paper*. Like any other mainspring, coal requires to be regularly wound up.

"The magistrates have granted two hours' extension of the licensing hours on Friday—the day of the local Sunday schools processions."—*Local Paper*. Any excuse is better than none.

"It seems, to sum up, that the outlook of the building trade is brightening. The cloud on the horizon may appear no bigger than a man's hand, but it portends a goodly shower."—*Manchester Guardian*.

It must be the silver lining of this cloud that causes the "brightening."

### A CHANCE FOR OUR POETS.

["I think it will be agreed by all delegates here that the miners have put up a great epic fight."

*Mr. HODGES at the Labour Conference.]*

How poor the trivial talent seems  
That in my futile cranium lodges,  
When I would paint that theme of themes  
Which melts the heart of Mr. HODGES!  
What would I give if I could write  
In verse sufficiently heroic  
A monstrous Iliad of a fight  
So really great, so truly Troic?

Were I possessed of HOMER's gift  
(At epics I was never handy),  
It were a simple task to shift  
The scene from Troy to Tonypandy;  
Or, reconstructing at my ease  
*The Song of Roland*, I would sally  
From Roncesvalles (in the Pyrenees)  
And occupy the Rhondda Valley.

Yet should I need more sense of fun  
Than they could boast whose fame was built on  
Legends of warfare, like the one  
In *Paradise Lost* (the work of MILTON);  
Over no fight of which I've read  
So deep in mirth have cynics wallowed  
As here, where stolid privates led  
And gallant leaders stoutly followed.

And since, for Mr. HODGES' use,  
The *Opus* I have indicated  
Must be both funny and profuse,  
Qualities seldom closely mated,  
I'd join our most Mercurial wit  
With him whose epic of the race-field  
Proved him a stayer tough and fit—  
So to it, Messrs. SQUIRE and MASEFIELD!

O. S.

### A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

You are sitting primly in a first-class Metropolitan carriage with your good lady, travelling to a little dinner-party. You are wondering in what wild moment you can ever have consented to be present at that dinner-party. You are hot; you are thirsty. You are surrounded ironically with advertisements of thirst-removers. Your stiff collar is sticking into your neck. You know that you are late. You are irritable.

At South Kensington two persons get in—a lady and a gentleman—also in evening dress. They sit down opposite you innocently enough, but you do not like the look of them.

You say to yourself, "I bet they've got third-class tickets."

The other man does not like the look of you. He says to himself, "I bet they've got third-class tickets."

Meanwhile the ladies regard each other with loathing and contempt. Your wife has had her hair waved and the other lady has not. On the other hand your wife has mud on her gold shoes ("Absurdly overdressed!"), because it is raining. A good many mental notes are made about these things. When the other lady has taken a complete inventory of your wife's equipment she turns and whispers something into the back of her husband's neck. It is clear to you that she is saying something derogatory, so you turn and whisper to your wife some gentle comment like "Horrible fellow!" or simply grunt in an expressive way.

At Sloane Square an inspector gets in (he always does when you go out to dinner). You and the other fellow begin to fumble, eyeing each other.

"I bet he's got thirds," you think.

You are wrong.

On the other hand, you have.

It is a bad moment. And it lasts so long. One ought to be able to hand the man sixpence and have done with it. But there he stands, the dreadful smug creature, consulting his ridiculous fare-lists, scribbling on ridiculous bits of paper. He looks so obsequious, so gratified about it all, but you know very well what he is thinking. The impudence of it! For of course you have a perfectly good case. You never *meant* to travel first-class; only the train was just moving off, and this was the nearest door. Is it worth while to explain this? Perhaps not.

All the same you would like that hateful fellow opposite to know about it. You take a stealthy glance at him. If he is a gentleman he will be looking the other way . . .

He is no gentleman.

Nor is his wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Temple at last. You are dining in some chambers in one of those hopelessly inaccessible Courts—Mitre Court or somewhere. You are more late than you have ever been before. It is still raining. You must have a taxi.

As you scuttle out of the station two other people scuttle out beside you, a lady and a gentleman (no, not a gentleman). Thank heavens, there is a taxi! You wave and rush at it. The other man waves and rushes at it. The other man is fleet of foot and seizes the handle of the door. Just behind him, you say very sweetly, but with suppressed passion, "*My taxi, I'm afraid.*" He says very sweetly, "*I'm afraid not.*" You appeal to the driver, who refuses to intervene; he objects to arbitration on principle.

"I'm very sorry," continues the other man smoothly. "Get in, darling."

"Darling" gets in. You say, "Well, I'm —!" with great expression. Heaping coals of fire on your head (a most unfriendly act) the man says, "Perhaps we can give you a lift somewhere?"

But your blood is up. No truck with the enemy! You say with extreme sulkiness, "Oh, no, thank you; we can get another," and stalk away in the rain with as much dignity as you can command.

You do not get another. It rains harder and harder. You lose yourselves in Pump Court, in Brick Court, in Fig-Tree Court and several other Courts. Your wife's gold shoes are ruined. The wave in her hair becomes a flat calm. She is justifiably annoyed.

You arrive twenty minutes late, wet, hot, thirsty and raging. The maid has that patient look. Your hostess has that patient look, only much worse. You summon up your most hearty manner and bustle in crying, "We are so sorry, Mrs. Bink, but a most awful boulder pinched our taxi."

"That's all right," she says. "We're only a small party. Oh, do you know Mr. and Mrs. Rumble?"

You look at Mr. and Mrs. Rumble.

"I think we have met before," he says, bowing graciously.

He is no gentleman.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is your next remark?

A. P. H.

### Our Amphibious Navy.

"The Royal yacht steamed up the river with aeroplanes overhead between steamers gaily decorated, to Donegall Quay, and later drove in an open carriage through densely crowded streets lined by six battalions of infantry."—*Provincial Paper.*

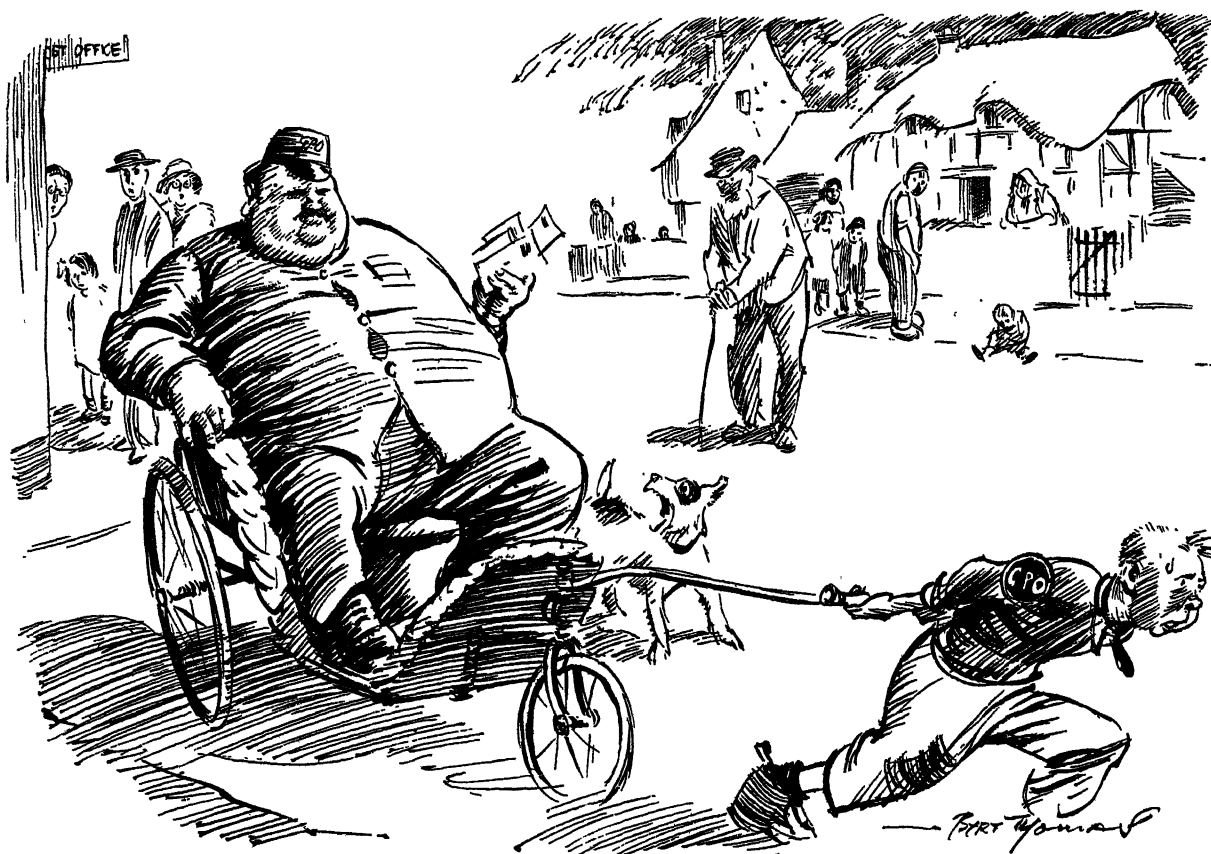


## THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

THE RIDER. "IT LOOKS AS IF I'D LOST MY WAY."

THE PATIENT BEAST OF BURDEN. "YES; AND IF THIS GOES ON MUCH LONGER I SHALL LOSE MY TASTE FOR YOUR CARROT."





### IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

OUR LOCAL POSTMAN SETS OUT ON HIS MONTHLY ROUND.

### THE GREAT BORES' TEST.

*Some Extracts from the Press on the International Match.*

EDITORIAL (*Daily Flail*).

The sporting season, which includes this year almost more than enough of international contests in cricket, polo, golf, lawn tennis and rowing, is fast approaching its climax. It is a happy thought that has fixed the Great Bores' Match between this country and our cousins across the Atlantic so late as mid-August, when many of our London clubs are undergoing their annual autumnal cleaning. The match will come towards the close of a great year. It is as yet early to attempt anything in the way of forecast, but we may perhaps be pardoned for saying that it is surely high time the Selection Committee got seriously to work in choosing the team to do battle for the mother country. We have muddled through these contests often enough in the past, it is true, but we cannot expect that fortune will smile upon us every time. America under Prohibition is (as they would say themselves) a vastly different proposition from what it was in pre-war days. It has been computed by

competent statisticians that there has never been a time in the history of the great Republic when the percentage of class bores was higher. In almost every club, we are informed, may be found two or three potential champions. If we are to make anything of a show against . . .

NOTES OF THE DAY (*Evening Gazette*).

Our team for the coming Bores' Match against America may be the best we can get at the moment, but it hardly inspires confidence. As usual, our Selection Committee have gone to the London clubs for the nucleus of their side, and they have got together a fair average lot, who would no doubt be capable of giving a good account of themselves in any ordinary match. But a club game is one thing and an international contest quite another. To my mind, Colonel "Wag" Hummersley is no longer up to a place in any representative team. The British public is rightly proud of its old favourites, but we cannot afford to chuck away chances by including in our eight any but the very best we can find. For some inscrutable reason the selectors have chosen only one University player, and the Senior Tutor of Jude's, though a

fine performer in the closing days of the nineteenth century, is said to be now in danger of becoming merely comic. The provinces are represented, etc., etc. . . .

BORES, PAST AND PRESENT. By *Ex-International* (*The Rattler*).

. . . Frankly, I cannot imagine what the Committee have been about. In the good old days (not so very long ago either), when I had the honour of lining up for the Old Country in the big hall of the Royal Hotel, who would have thought it possible for an English team to take the field without at least one golfer among the eight? There should be two, if possible, but, at any rate, one, however low the standard might be. As an old wielder of the niblick myself I may be excused for harking back a while to some of the glories of the past. To my mind England has never had a champion quite equal to my old friend and colleague in the team of 1902, "Stymie" Potts. His famous fight with "Champ" O'Leary in that year, when the gallant pair gave chestnut for chestnut for two solid hours, is still fresh in my memory. If I remember right, no fewer than five umpires were lifted from their chairs and carried off before the proceedings terminated, and



the referee was bored so stiff that it took him at least a week to recover his normal flexibility. Dear old "Stymie" had the cumulative method to perfection; his last story (the famous wheelbarrow one) fairly paralysed his opponent, the two judges and most of the audience. Fortunately the referee was able to point to the winner before rigidity set in.

You may say that we have no men of that calibre nowadays. Well, some of us may be past our best, but I simply refuse to believe that there are not at least half-a-dozen golfers fit to take their places in an England Bore's team to-morrow, if need be. The committee have only to accept my guidance to a few of the leading golf clubs and I will undertake to convince them. It is incredible to me that our transatlantic friends will fail to include at least two golf-bores, and if they do whom shall we pit against them? I confess I am no believer in the modern theory of setting, say, a bridge bore or a politician against a golfer. Take it from me, they have no earthly. "Like to like" was the good old motto, and let the best man win.

One grouse more and I have done. Where, oh! where is Stavelly Fitzpatrick Ponto Brown? Only the other day I came across this really magnificent bore in the course of completing a tour of the chief Southern watering-places. His characteristic bleat, the very sound of which at a distance used to strike a chill into the foe, was as powerful as ever. I am told his progress through the clubs and hotels of the South coast was absolutely devastating. And yet so far I have seen no mention of his name in any list. Without desiring for a moment to embarrass the man at the wheel, etc., etc. . . .

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (various).

DEAR SIR,—Surely in these days, when Woman, already in Parliament, is diligently preparing to take her proper place in the Pulpit and at the Bar, there can be no adequate reason why she should not be chosen to represent her country in those international contests for which she is specially fitted. To me, and to many who think like me, it is a monstrous injustice that so far no one of our sex has been chosen to take part in the coming Bore's Test.

Yours, etc., JURYWOMAN.

SIR,—For the last few weeks I have eagerly scanned the lists of possible teams published in the Press, and hitherto I have failed to see so much as a suggestion for the inclusion of any bore north of the Border. This petty and parochial method of choosing a team will only recoil on the heads of



Captain Foozle. "TUT, TUT! GOT A BIT UNDER IT THAT TIME." (Walks on.)



Captain Foozle. "WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THIS COURSE?"  
Guest. "BEST I'VE EVER TASTED."

the selectors when, as is bound to happen, Great Britain meets with the heaviest defeat of modern times. To my mind—and I am supported by the practically unanimous opinion of the leading men of this district—for a British team to take the field without a single Scot is merely suicidal. Our opponents will assuredly not make the same mistake; the victorious team of 1908 contained no fewer than three Scoto-Americans. I have yet to learn that the boring capacity of the breed is in any way exhausted, but it seems that the links and rinks of bonnie Scotland are still undiscovered country to your so-called Selection Committee.

I am, Sir, Yours patriotically,  
HENDRY M'CRAMPIT.

DEAR SIR,—As one who has always had the interests of the Press at heart, I cannot understand why the claims of our Greatest Living Journalist have been overlooked, unless through jealousy. His weekly article in the Sunday Illustrated Press (even if it were not regularly accompanied by his portrait) surely establishes his claim to inclusion in any British Bore team.

Yours faithfully, J. B.

**The Hot-Water Shortage Again.**  
"Woman wants to wash one day weekly."  
Scotch Paper.

"One Collapsible Baby, good condition, \$7."  
Canadian Paper.

*O si sic omnes!* We know far too many who absolutely refuse to shut up.

## THE OLD SILENT HOUSE.

I FIND that we have not had any poem yet about an old silent deserted house with nobody in it. This is a very serious omission, for almost all modern poets write poems about this kind of house, possibly because the shortage of new houses is so great. Not that one alludes to any such consideration in a poem about an old house. One does not ask what the rent is, or discuss the difficulty of keeping up the house, what with servants and one thing and another in these terrible days. No, one simply stands and looks at the house and thinks sad thoughts about it—how silent it is and how empty and how old. In order to catch the right spirit I went to look at an old house myself, so you may be quite sure there is no artifice whatever in these lines. I ought to have said that a poem about an old house should never be divided into stanzas, but run straight on; that the length of the lines should vary in order to increase the sadness, and that by the end of it the reader should be in tears. All right. Play:—

Nobody comes to the old house,  
It is so old and still;  
The weeds have grown in the garden,  
The steps are damp and chill;  
There is rust on the old gate-hinges  
And never a song of a bird  
From any bush in the old garden  
Or from any tree is heard.  
Not an eye peeps out of the windows;  
Shuttered and fast as tombs  
Are the ample bed, reception,  
Billiard and servants' rooms.  
The rose-bloom falls in the long grass  
Gold-starred with the buttercup;  
There is no sound in the pantry  
Of anyone washing up;  
But the creeping mouse in the wainscot  
Rustles with paws like silk,  
And the spider spins uncaring;  
No one with milk  
Opens the gate of the garden  
Or knocks at the old side-door,  
Or pushes under the front one  
Circulars any more.  
Only Silence, she only  
Over the grass and stones  
Creeps, and a little whisper  
And a little wind that moans.  
She only touches the threshold  
With shadowy light footfalls,  
But nobody answers the front-door  
When Silence calls.  
She treads on the musty landings,  
She mounts the echoless stair,  
But nobody welcomes Silence,  
For no one is there.  
Only invisible watchers  
With sightless eyes regard  
The coming and going of Silence—  
She leaves no card;

She passes out through the great hall,  
Seeing no coat nor hat;  
The house is entirely empty—  
You all grasp that.  
Oh where, oh where are the people  
Whose voices, echoing gay,  
Once made the old house cheerful?  
Why have they gone away?  
Do they know that the lawn is stifled  
With the buttercups' starry gold,  
And the bath-room taps are mildewed,  
Hot and cold?  
Sorrowful is this old house  
That holds me here with the spell  
Of all sad things and all old things  
Too sad to tell.  
For not only the house is empty  
And seems to dream,  
But down in the old still garden  
Strangely there gleam  
The lid of a metal saucepan  
And a broken china vase  
And a couple of disused kettles  
In the long rank grass;  
And hard by the moss-damp doorstep  
Is a tin that once held fruit,  
And under the rhododendrons  
Someone has thrown a boot.  
Sadder to me seems an old house  
Where memory walks and weeps,  
And out of the darkened windows  
No eye of watcher peeps,  
When men cast forth disused things  
Out of the next-door plot,  
And in the old silent garden  
Rubbish is being shot. EVOE.

## BOOK-BURLINGS.

(By a Student of Letters.)

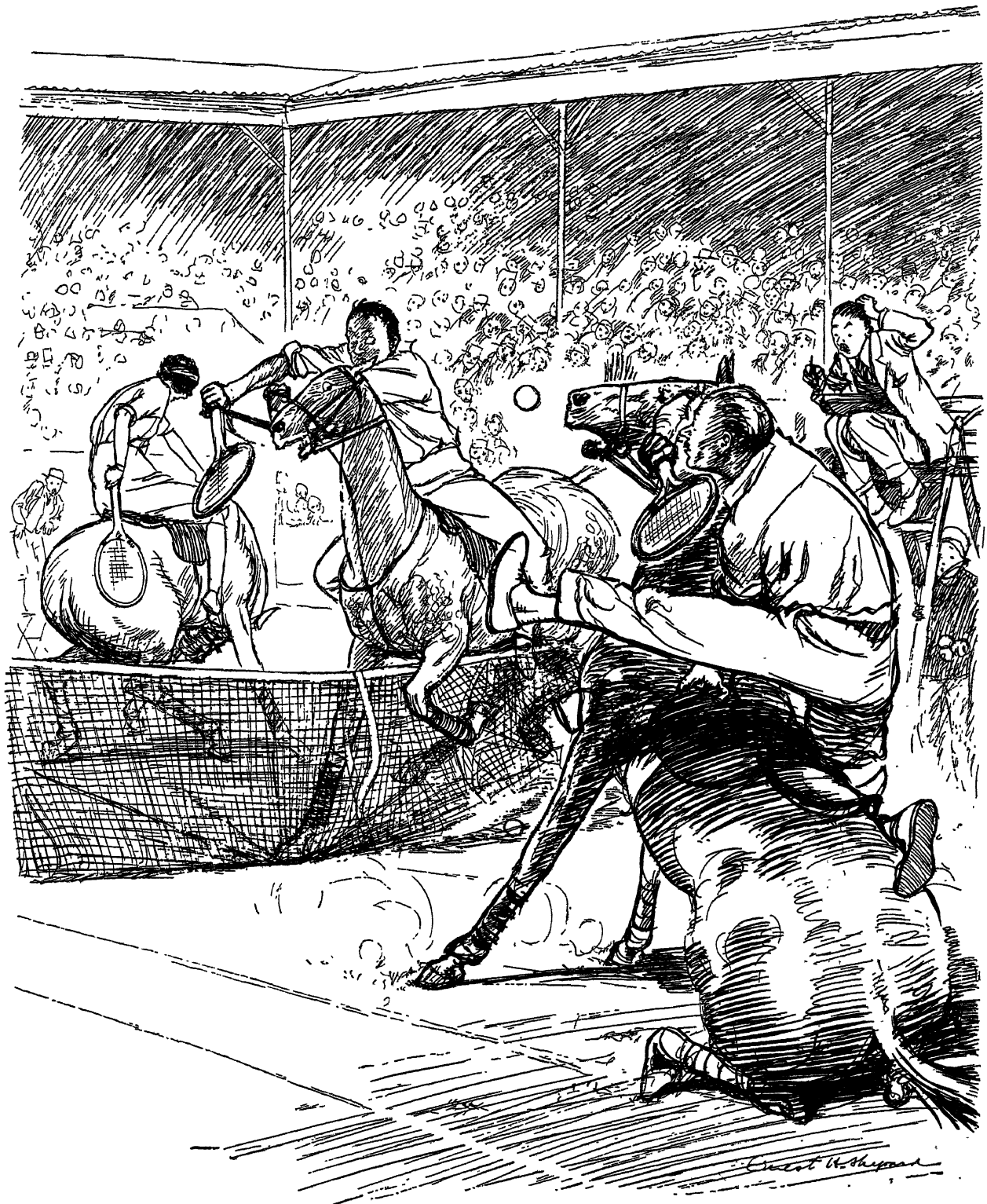
*The Times Literary Supplement* notes the issue of a volume in which Professor GILBERT NORWOOD reprints with other essays his study of EURIPIDES and SHAW. I have often wondered that the fruitful vein of biography opened up by PLUTARCH in his *Parallel Lives* should have been so strangely neglected by modern writers, and welcome this timely recognition of the value of ancient methods of criticism. Fortunately it is not an isolated example. I happen to know on excellent authority that a momentous and monumental study of REFININGTON and THUCYDIDES, by the author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, will shortly see the light. THUCYDIDES, as everybody knows, was the son of OLOUS, and the author is most happy in eliciting the true significance of the first two syllables of his father's name. But it is perhaps in the divergences between the historian of the Peloponnesian War and the Diarist of Armageddon, rather than in their resemblances, that the chief attraction of the new work resides.

For THUCYDIDES throws hardly any light on the social life of the time—none

at all on the restaurants of Athens, or the dress, personal charms and witty talk of her smart intellectual women. The "desperate saying" of PERICLES, advocating self-effacement as the highest duty of womankind, is recorded without a word of protest. The number of names mentioned by Colonel REFININGTON in his Index is a hundred times as large as that of those who figure in THUCYDIDES. Without discounting the joys of perusal, I may content myself with giving the author's remarkable conclusion—that it is a great pity Colonel REFININGTON did not live in Athens during the Peloponnesian War and THUCYDIDES in London during the years 1914 to 1918.

The scheme of this new Plutarch has the advantage that it is capable of indefinite extension, and as a matter of fact a second volume is in contemplation, in which Mr. DRINKWATER is to be bracketed with PINDAR—an extraordinarily felicitous parallel in view of PINDAR's maxim, ἀριστον μὲν ὕμῳ. While on the subject of Mr. DRINKWATER we may remark that he has of late been seriously embarrassed by the munificence of his admirers, the latest record including free apartments at Holyrood, the use of a splendid suite of rooms at the Hotel Rizzio and a tall hat belonging to LINCOLN, presented by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

Amongst the announcements of impending publications few are of greater interest than the prospectus of "Books that may Help Us," issued by Messrs. Boodle and Dibbs. The series had its origin, as the publishers state, in a recent curious episode. A man was charged with attempting to break into a flat and, when arrested, was found to be carrying a copy of *The Merchant of Venice*. He was committed for trial. It is the aim of the editors of the series to prepare in a compact form a library of works, ancient and modern, with suitable notes and introductions, which may equip us for various high adventures and hazardous enterprises. For example, one section will comprise the Hundred Best Books for Burglars. Another section will furnish models for remunerative Reminiscence, and a third, under the general title of "The Path to Glory," will contain a number of biographies of worthies who, without any special advantages, have fought their way to high rank or emolument, from CALIGULA's horse down to Miss DELL. "The Path to Glory," though it suggests a superficial resemblance to SMILES's *Self-Help*, is a much more topical contribution to the problem of the salvaging of civilisation, or perhaps we should say the civilizing of our salvagers.



A FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE POLO HABIT.

## THE MAN IN THE CHAIR.

DWARFED by the huge gasworks in the background, the ugly red-brick school frowns down in its turn upon the shadeless desert of gravel which the children call their playground. At the moment an oppressive silence broods over the spot and the forbidding portals stare blankly across the empty enclosure at the railings that hedge it in from the outer world. Soon, however, comes a muffled murmur of voices from within which presently swells to something approaching a roar as a troop after troop of released prisoners swarm out into the open and make their way with wild whoops of joy towards the road.

From the mist that veils the further end of the street there emerges slowly a strange apparition which at first sight would seem to be some fabulous horned monster. Gradually assuming definite shape, it resolves itself into the figure of a man carrying over his head an inverted chair; the latter being deficient of its seat, he has thrust his head through the empty framework, thus leaving his hands at liberty to rest comfortably in his pockets. Reaching the railings he pauses to relight a short clay pipe, then gazes in deep meditation first at the school, then at a small group of children who have just emerged from the gateway. After a time the circumstances seem to strike him as justifying a deduction.

"Been to school?" he inquires portentously.

The eldest of the group, a shy-looking little girl with a conspicuous hiatus between the bottom of her skirt and the top of her stockings, whispers an affirmative. The others, mere toddlers, fix round eyes on the questioner and await developments.

"Wotcher bin learnin'?" he inquires.

"'Ist'ry," replies the small girl timidly. The chair-carrier shakes his head in marked disapproval.

"Wot else they teach yer?" he demands.

"Jography," whispers the child.

"Jography," he repeats, and blows a disapproving cloud of smoke between the hind legs of the chair. "Wot's good of 'ist'ry an' jography to workin' man? Tell me that."

No member of the group seeming disposed to join issue with him on this academic question he pauses, then fixes an accusing gaze on a diminutive finger-sucker in a red woollen cap.

"'Ist'ry and jography no good to yer," he declares severely. "You should study eekernomics."

Red Cap, staring up at him with grave eyes, continues to suck his finger in silence.

"Study eekernomics," repeats his counsellor sternly. "If you don't study eekernomics shall I tell yer wot you'll be? You'll be a wage-slave."

Beyond removing his forefinger from his mouth and inserting his thumb instead, Red Cap shows no sign of realising the gravity of this pronouncement

mands sharply. "Child ain't doin' you no 'arm, is 'e?"

The man turns slowly and gazes at her mistily from between the chair-legs.

"You the child's mother?" he inquires at last.

"No, I ain't," she retorts with hostility. "But I don't stand by to see no children ill-treated, 'ooever they are. You leave the child alone."

The chair-carrier ponders.

"P'raps you're school-teacher?" he suggests.

"Never you mind 'oo I am," retorts the woman, raising her voice. "I'll soon show yer 'oo I am if you ain't careful! Don't you think you can come 'ere frightenin' pore little children, 'cos I won't allow it."

"No need to allow anythin'," remarks the man patiently. "Child needs advice."

"Child don't need no advice from you!" cries his adversary. "I know your sort—goin' about tryin' to frighten children out o' their wits! Jest you leave the child alone."

These charges would appear to be quite lost upon the chair-carrier. At all events he makes no effort to answer them, but, after pondering again for a while, suddenly extends a dramatic arm towards the school building.

"Why don't they study eekernomics?" he demands.

"What's it got to do with you what they study?" snaps his opponent, visibly irritated at his complete ignoring of her accusations. Once more the chair-carrier ponders.

"P'raps you're supporter o' present capitalist system of edgercatin' workers?" he suggests.

"Don't you think you can throw dust in my eyes!" cries the woman angrily. "Jest you try to frighten the children again an' I'll show yer."

"Stick to point," remarks the man in the chair, shaking his head. "Queschun is, are you supporter o' present capitalist system o' chloriformin' workers with 'ist'ry an' jography?"

"I'll chloriform you in a minit!" cries the exasperated woman, and turns to a small group of passers-by who have stopped to watch the scene. "Comin' 'ere frightenin' the pore little children! I sor 'im with my own eyes."

"Never mind frightenin' children," observes the accused with a tolerant wave of his pipe. "There's worse



Newsagent. "YOU HAVEN'T INSURED YOURSELF YET, SIR, WITH THE DAILY HOOT. BUT YOU OUGHT TO, YOU KNOW."

Customer. "WHY OUGHT I TO?"

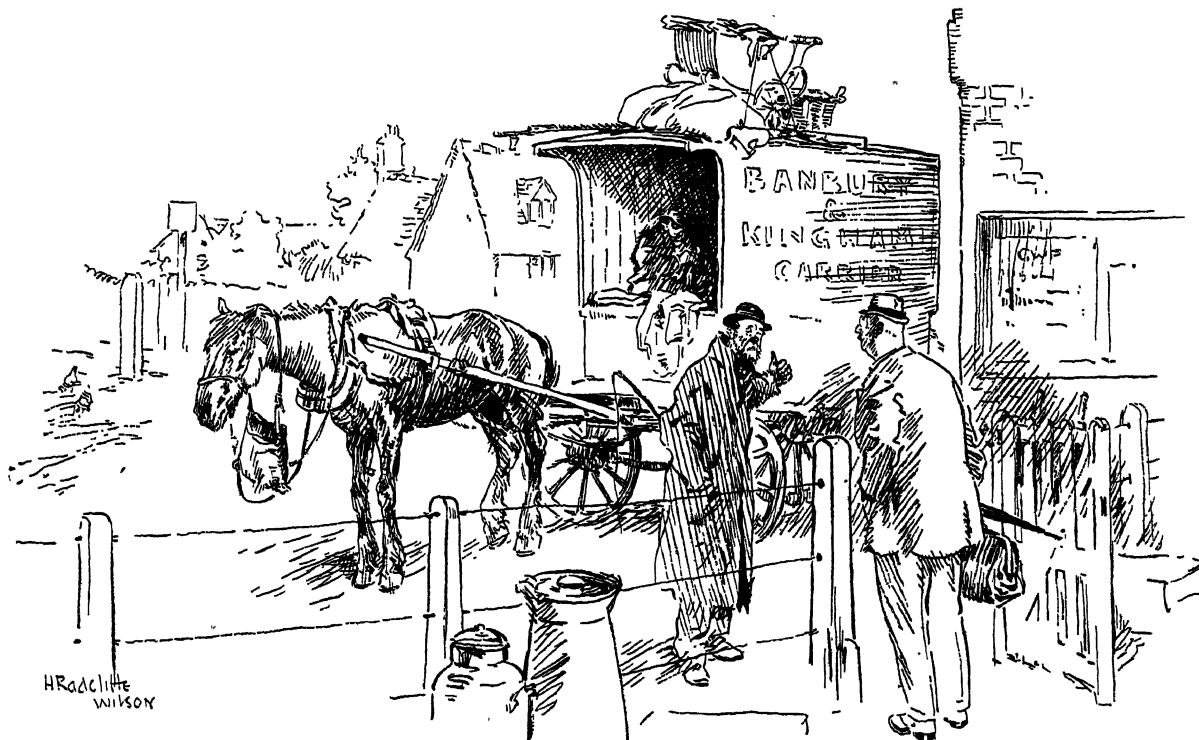
Newsagent. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU'RE KILLED YOU GET A THOUSAND POUNDS, AND I, AS YOUR NEWSAGENT, GETS A FIVER."

—an insensibility which evidently annoys the speaker, for his tone assumes a new sharpness.

"D'you want to be a wage-slave?" he demands.

At this point Red Cap suddenly removes his thumb and sets up a loud howl of distress, though whether at the imminence of wage-slavery or at the sternness of the questioner's mien remains open to doubt. At the same time a stout woman in a black straw hat, who has paused on the other side to regard the group, crosses the road with a determined air and addresses the chair-carrier.

"Leave the child alone!" she com-



*Enterprising Carrier (to passenger stranded at small station). "YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE 3.30 BEING CANCELLED, SIR. I'M RUNNING THIS 'ERE SERVICE SPECIALLY TO TAKE ITS PLACE."*

things than frightenin' children. There's wage-slavery."

"Wot d'yer want to frighten the children for?" puts in a large man in a sack-cloth apron.

"Don' want to," replies the chair-carrier, obviously bored with the subject. "Wot I want's abolish wage-slavery. All due to 'ist'ry an' jography, in my opinion."

"Wot's wrong with 'ist'ry an' jography?" inquires Sack-cloth Apron judicially.

"Speakin' as student of eekernomics," declares the man in the chair with great solemnity, "'ist'ry an' jography no bloomin' good."

Sack-cloth Apron studies him for a moment with an expert eye.

"You won't do nothin' with 'im," he remarks to the woman. "'E's 'ad a glass o' lime-juice."

"Well, an' what if 'e 'as?" she rejoins excitedly. "What right's 'e got to go about frightenin' little children?"

"An' wot right *you* got," demands the chair-carrier with the air of one to whom logic is dear, "prevent children studyin' eekernomics?"

The woman hesitates in impatient anger.

"Go on 'ome with yer!" she exclaims.

"Your duty as school-teacher," observes the logician severely, "is edgercate children great truths eekernomics."

"What d'yer mean 'school-teacher'?"

"I ain't no school-teacher. You keep a civil tongue in yer 'ead!"

For some mysterious reason the repetition of this suggestion seems to have stirred her to the depths; breathing hard she stands glaring in quivering indignation at her traducer.

"Wot's 'ist'ry and jography done for *you*?" he continues, warming to his subject. "'Ist'ry an' jography not made you better woman. Far from it. Worse."

"You get off 'ome!" commands the woman, regarding him ominously. "D'you 'ear me?"

"'Ist'ry an' jography 's nothin' but capitalist dope," pursues the chair-carrier, carried away by his own eloquence.

"Workin' man wants 'is children edgercated—not doped. Your duty as school-teacher——"

Suddenly, without a word of warning, the woman aims an angry blow at his head with her clenched fist. The chair-carrier ducks quickly and a sharp sound is heard as the lady's knuckles meet the back of the chair. With an angry cry of pain she snatches an umbrella from one of the bystanders and lunges viciously at her enemy through a gap in his armour.

"Get on 'ome with yer!" she cries, driving him before her down the street. "I'll teach yer to talk to *me*, you insultin' ound! School-teacher indeed!"

The economics enthusiast retreats at

a shambling run, striving to the best of his ability to protect his rear with the chair-legs. The vociferous Amazon follows, lunging shrewdly with the umbrella and paying no attention whatsoever to the earnest protests of its owner, who is hurrying appealingly after her. A crowd of delighted children brings up the rear.

"Eekernomics!" chuckles the man in the leather apron, removing his pipe and expectorating jocosely. "She'll give 'im all the eekernomics 'e wants! Takin' 'er for a school-teacher. There ain't many school-teachers can use an umbereller on a man like wot *she* can, I'll warrant."

— PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Mrs. — will sing 'Comfort Ye,' taken from Elizah Oratiow."—*Canadian Paper*.

Who must not be confused with Oratiow Obliqua.

"Macartney was astonishing; he has the eye almost of a mongoon—supposedly the quickest thing in the world."—*Sunday Paper*.

A rare Australian mammal, combining the agility of the mongoose with the versatility of the monsoon.

From a list of official publications:—

"WRECK REPORTS.—No. 7765. 'David Lloyd George' (S.S.). Price 4d.; post free 5d." Mr. ASQUITH is said to have expressed the opinion that it would be cheap at the money.



### THE SPORTSMAN AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

Wife (prepared for anything). "WHAT IS IT, DEAR? HAS ENGLAND WON SOMETHING?"

#### LUNATIC LYRICS.

##### II.—DERESINATION.

[“The Company carried on until 1913 the process of deresinating jelutong.”—*Report of the Meeting of the United Malaysian Rubber Company, June 16th, 1921.*]

GENTLES, if things are going wrong,  
As things will sometimes go,  
Let not despair, with poisoned prong,  
Transfix your souls with woe;  
But, with a gallant heart and strong,  
Deresinate the jelutong.

If mines in bounteous Billabong  
Or Mexico should fail,  
If troubles thick upon you throng,  
Let not your courage quail;  
But, tightening your waistband's thong,  
Deresinate the jelutong.

If, hunting the elusive dong,  
Lord of the luminous nose,  
You thirst for sirupy Souchong,  
Where only guava grows,  
Be brave, and, like a Kinquering Cong,  
Deresinate the jelutong.

If you would shine at bridge, ping-pong  
Or any other game,

At home or on the Continong,  
The moral is the same;  
Be this the burden of your song,  
“Deresinate the jelutong.”

If quartered in some lone campong<sup>1</sup>  
On the Malayan heights,  
You find the dolorous dugong.  
Disturb your rest o' nights,  
Arise, and with your beliong<sup>2</sup>  
Deresinate his jelutong.

Then, to the music of the gong,  
Let us pursue our way,  
Garbed in the picturesque sarong  
Worn by the mild Malay,  
Intoning, as we bound along,  
“Deresinate the jelutong.”

<sup>1</sup> Malay for compound. <sup>2</sup> Malay for axe.

#### THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

THE accounts of the KING's visit to Ireland last week of necessity caused other important news to appear in condensed form. Yet we feel that something more than a mere paragraph should have been given by our evening paper to the startling intelligence indicated by the headline, “Copper Found in Shetlands.”

Such a discovery in the islands is without precedent. Neither history nor memory records a single instance of copper having been either lost or found. As to silver the position is different. There is, of course, the astonishing case of the sixpence belonging to Andrew MacDrochty. Our readers will hardly need to be reminded of the details of that amazing incident of the early fifties; how MacDrochty, a fisherman, counting his money to relieve the tedium of a stormy voyage in his boat, inexplicably dropped a sixpence over the side; how he and eleven others instantly plunged into the sea to recover it, and how only three returned alive to the village to tell of the tragic loss of the silver piece.

The hitherto undreamed-of possibilities of the Shetlands, it need hardly be added, are attracting inquiries for holiday quarters from hundreds of toilers in the Scottish industrial centres, and we are glad to think that from the black night of one man's suffering (for somebody must have lost the copper before it could be found) breaks the dawn of a new era of prosperity for these isles of our Northern seas.





## IRELAND'S KING.

DUBLIN. "THEY TELL ME 'T WAS A GRAND TIME YE HAD WID A VISIT FROM YOUR KING!"

BELFAST. "IS IT JEALOUS YE ARE? BY THE SAME TOKEN HE'S YOUR KING TOO; AN' HE'LL PAY YE A VISIT FAST ENOUGH IF YE'LL BE AFTER PUTTIN' YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER AN' ASKIN' HIM."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, June 20th.*—Even the presence of the PRIME MINISTER, who was warmly greeted on his return to the House after his recent indisposition, did little to enliven a gloomy sitting. The Marthas of the House of Commons were troubled about many things. The coal dispute is not yet settled, and the tax-payers, while saving the ten millions which the Government offered to smooth the miners' way back to the pits, will have many more millions—Mr. HILTON YOUNG could not give "any final figure"—to pay in incidental expenses. In Upper Silesia, despite—or because of?—the presence of five hundred and twenty members of the Inter-Allied Commission, peace has not been restored. The British Exchequer is still called upon to provide for the maintenance in various parts of the world of some tens of thousands of refugees—not to mention the Minister without Portfolio.

In Committee on the Finance Bill the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER urbanely but firmly resisted all attempts to induce him to whittle away his revenue by concessions to the payers of E.P.D. and Corporation Duty. The velvet glove was always in evidence, but did not wholly conceal the contours of a consistently adamant fist.

*Tuesday, June 21st.*—Lord ONSLOW is very well placed as Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Health. With his cherubic countenance and tortoiseshell spectacles he reminds one irresistibly of Mr. Pickwick, and he has all the geniality of his immortal exemplar. Thus, he readily agreed to the request of Lord MIDLETON that he should postpone the Dentists Bill, and was rewarded by getting the Housing Bill through the Report stage without a dissentient voice.

There were some challenging phrases in Lord BUCKMASTER's speech on the Plumage Bill. Regardless of the Peeresses in the Gallery, he drew attention to the useless sufferings caused to

birds "to ease the ache of a woman's vanity," and later on described mankind as "the *parvenu* of creation." Lord LAMBOURNE, whose gigantic carnation furnished an object-lesson in the art of personal adornment without animal suffering, supported the Bill, which was read a Second time.

ment would meet with a response; and the same view was vigorously expressed by that youthful octogenarian, Lord DUNRAVEN, who regaled the House with an account of his experiences as a Cornet of Horse in putting down the Fenian rising "sixty years ago."

All these vague hopes melted away under the icy *douche* administered by the LORD CHANCELLOR. In his view fiscal autonomy in any true sense of the words was impossible, and even if possible would not put an end to "the small war that is going on in Ireland." The only word of hope he could utter was that things were so bad that they could not get worse.

The Public Departments appear to be developing humorous tendencies. Sir C. YATE drew attention to the fact that the married British officer in India is one hundred pounds a year worse off than when serving at home. Mr. MONTAGU replied that it was due to the fall in the rupee, but that there was

reason to hope for an improvement, "given a good monsoon." Pending that phenomenon the British officer must, presumably, raise the wind "on his own."

Again, when Mr. GIDEON MURRAY suggested that certain surplus airships should be utilised to supplement steamer communication in the West Indies, Major WOOD was a little doubtful about the project, "owing to the very large overhead charges."

Lieut.-Commander KEN-WORTHY also had a question relating to the disposal of airships, and received the assistance—for which he did not seem the least grateful—of Sir W. DAVISON, who inquired "when the surplus gasbags in the House of Commons would be disposed of."

Sir WALTER DE FRECE asked that any inquiry into the training of performing animals should include Punch - and - Judy displays. My esteemed friend Toby has requested me to enter a respectful protest against this suggestion. If any Parliamentary Committee tries to sit upon him he will not be answerable for the result.



IN THE AULD KIRKYARD.

IN THE INTERESTS OF HARMONY MR. BALFOUR REBUKES THE FANTASTIC SUPER-SUBTLETY OF MR. MACCALLUM SCOTT.

The Lords then resumed the debate on Irish policy. Lord SALISBURY, as an unrepentant Unionist, declared that fiscal autonomy was equivalent to complete independence, and even if granted would not satisfy the gunmen of Dail Eireann. A pathetic account of present conditions in Ireland, where "no man, no woman, is happy," was given by Lord DESART, who clung to the hope that even now an offer of self-govern-

ment would meet with a response; and the same view was vigorously expressed by that youthful octogenarian, Lord DUNRAVEN, who regaled the House with an account of his experiences as a Cornet of Horse in putting down the Fenian rising "sixty years ago."

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The Gardener GEORGE. "IN THE PRESENT SHORTAGE I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT DOWN HIS WATER-SUPPLY BY FIFTY PER CENT. PENDING TRANSPLANTATION."



### THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

*Humble Mariner* (recognising road-hogs of the day before). "THERE GOES THAT CROWD THAT WANTED ALL THE EARTH FOR THEIR BEASTLY CAR. WELL, ANYHOW, THEY CAN'T HAVE ALL THE SEA."

Wednesday, June 22nd.—The Dentists Bill passed through Committee in the Lords, after a display of the mordant humour inseparable from any discussion of dental ailments (other people's). Lord GREVILLE objected to the proposal to place all dentists, whether qualified or unqualified, upon a single register, and moved that there should be two registers, so that sufferers might be able to distinguish the sheep from the goats. Lord SALISBURY, posing as a representative of "people who had the toothache," read a telegram in favour of the amendment from the Medical Dental Defence Union, Scotland. But he failed to impress Lord RIDDELL, who offered to produce a telegram from the "Fleet Street Dental Association" in an exactly opposite sense.

Sir MAURICE DOCKRELL is a worthy countryman of Sir BOYLE ROCHE. His appeal that medical officers serving in the Middle East should have some home leave before being sent "from the frying-pan of Mesopotamia to the fire of India" having been rejected by the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR, he thought of an alternative plan. Would the hon. and gallant gentleman at least send them for a few months to the hills, "to

give them a chance of getting their sea-legs again"?

It would be presumption in a Sassenach to pretend to understand all the details of the Church of Scotland Bill. But I gather that it is intended to pave the way for the reversal of the Great Disruption of 1843, and for the reunion—some day—of all the Presbyterian Churches. It did not please Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT, who wanted reunion at once, or Mr. JOHNSTON, who does not want it at all, lest it should produce a dull uniformity in Scottish Church life. But it found an enthusiastic supporter in Mr. BALFOUR, who knocked the heads of his opponents together with all his old dexterity. It was particularly delightful to hear the ingenious defender of philosophic doubt accusing Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT—a downright orator if ever there was one—of being "oversubtle."

Thursday, June 23rd.—I rather think that the PRIME MINISTER must have prepared for the defence of the Minister without Portfolio by reading the other ADDISON's famous tragedy, *Cato*. He seemed to feel from the moment that he entered the House (after welcoming THEIR MAJESTIES at Euston after

their successful visit to Belfast) that this was

"The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome."

For a time he showed a defiant front to his enemies. Then the note changed. His colleague's "unfortunate interest in health had excited a good deal of prejudice." It sounded like a polite paraphrase of

"Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country;  
Such popular humanity is treason,"

and led up to the inglorious announcement that his appointment would be terminated at the end of the Session.

Dr. ADDISON will doubtless console himself with his namesake's reflection that

"When vice prevails and impious men  
bear sway  
The post of honour is a private station."

The Coalitionist rebels were content with their victory and did not rub it in. But Mr. DEVLIN said all the nasty things that he could think of on the spur of the moment, winding up with the assertion that the Government, having nearly ruined Ireland, had now handed over Great Britain to Mr. BOTTOMLEY.



### POLO AND THE PUBLIC.

*The Lady.* "I WONDER, 'ARRY, HOW MUCH THE JOCKEYS ARE PAID FOR DOING THIS?"

*The Gentleman.* "I DUNNO; BUT IT WOULD 'AVE TO BE SOMETHING PRETTY 'ANDSOME IF THEY WANTED ME TO DO IT."

### AN IMPLACABLE RACONTEUR.

SOME men have no pity.

"Now that's an amazing thing," said the dramatist as he took the chair beside me. "Did you see that man go out? Well, he's just told me a story I told him yesterday, and he told it very badly too."

"Why didn't you stop him?" I asked.

"He didn't give me a chance. A man who has a story to tell is a very difficult fellow to stop."

"You could say you'd heard it."

"Quite useless. He'd say, 'I doubt if you've heard my version,' and go right on. No, the only chance you have is to insist that it was a story that you yourself told him yesterday. That sometimes abashes them, but not always. This fellow was in full swing before I realised what was happening, and then I didn't say anything for fear of hurting his feelings. Fear of hurting other people's feelings is at the bottom of most troubles and all boredom."

I agreed.

"And then, after he had begun, I was interested to see how he would finish it. It's the kind of story that depends on the finish."

"And he told it badly?" I repeated.

"Yes. He's not a raconteur, anyway; he couldn't tell any story really well, least of all a subtle one like this."

"It's a most extraordinary thing," said the doctor, who was sitting near by and now laid down his paper, "but every man seems to be under the delusion that he is a born raconteur. Why? We admit frankly that we can't act, we can't mimic, we can't sing, we can't dance even; but we all lay claim to the gift of telling a story. Nothing in fact

is so difficult as to tell a story well. It needs a score of separate gifts. And yet everyone who has heard a story is under the impression that he is qualified to repeat it. Absurd. I should like to belong to a club where any member who told a story badly would be expelled."

"You're right," said the dramatist. "There ought to be a School of Narrative Art, just as there is a School of Dramatic Art."

"Ought there?" said the doctor. "I doubt it. Personally I should infinitely prefer a system designed not for encouraging story-telling, but for suppressing the practice."

So saying he left us.

"All the same," said the dramatist, "although I am not in favour of adding to the educational establishments of this country I do hold that a school for raconteurs would be an excellent thing. The way stories are murdered and mangled to-day is something lamentable. Take the one I was talking about when you came in—the story of the close race."

"Oh, that," said I. "I've heard it."

"Yes, very likely. But I wonder if you heard it right," the dramatist pursued. "The exact phrasing has a lot to do with it."

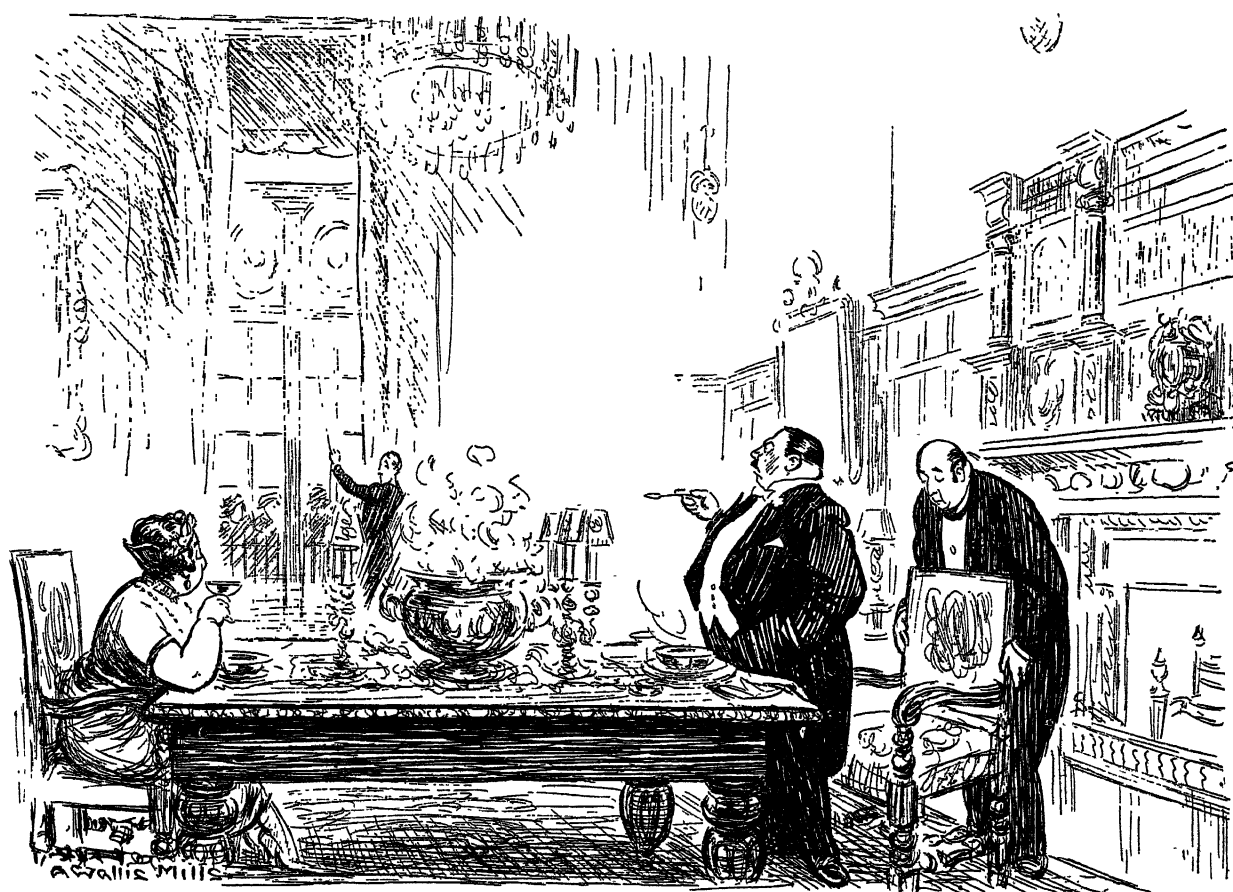
"I expect it was all right," I said. "I had it from Travers, and he usually tells a story well."

"Do you think he does?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"I wonder. In my version it goes like this." And he then settled down to his too congenial task.

"You can either tell it as a story frankly," he said, "or you can lure the company on to give examples of the closest races they have ever seen and then chip in with the dénouement. It's all in the dénouement."



New Rich (to footman). "LEAVE THEM BLINDS ALONE, 'ENERY. THERE'S NO 'ARM IN FOLKS 'AVIN' A LOOK AT A GOOD DINNER. 'TAINT AS IF IT WAS 'IGH TEA IN 'UDDERSFIELD."

"I know," I said; "I've heard it."

"Yes, but you must hear it right. Now I'll tell it you wrong first—as that fellow just now told it to me, and then I'll tell it my way. Well, you begin by saying that there were three men talking about close races they had seen. One said that he had been at Henley when the boats were absolutely level until the hot sun raised a blister on the end of the bow of one of them and it won. Could there be a closer race than that? The second man said that he had seen what was bound to be a dead-heat for the Derby until a bee stung one of the horses on the nose and, owing to the swelling, he won. That's the kind of thing—you can invent whatever nonsense you like; but you must always add, 'Could there be a closer race than that?' And then the third man says, 'Well, you may call those close races, if you like. But I can tell you of a closer. I know the Scotch.'

"Well," the dramatist continued, "that's how the man told it to me just now; but I think that's too direct. When I tell it, I say, 'Ah, well, I suppose those were close races. But last summer I was in Aberdeen . . . and leave it there. More subtle, don't you think?'"

I said I feared it might be too subtle.

"Of course," the dramatist hastened to say, "ethnologically I think it's rot. The Scotch are not like that really; it's just a convention to say they are. But for the purposes of the story, yes."

At this moment another member of the club drifted in and subsided into an armchair. The dramatist hailed him.

"I was just telling our friend here," he said, "the story of the close race. I wonder if you've heard it?"

"About the Scotch? I have," said the new arrival.

"Ah, but I doubt if you've heard my version," the dramatist persisted.

It was here that I crept away.

E. V. L.

### Mr. Punch Appeals.

BEFORE the happy time comes for your own children, when they will go away to the fields and the hills and the sea, will you please give a thought to the children of the poor, who will have no chance of a holiday unless you help them? Before the War the Children's Country Holiday Fund used to send forty-five thousand children every year to the country for a fortnight at a cost of fifteen shillings, towards which sum the parents contributed according to their limited means. Last year the cost had risen to thirty shillings, and the number of those who were sent away for a holiday was smaller by twenty-two thousand. This year, partly in consequence of the coal-strike, the expenses will still be very high, and the subscriptions have fallen.

At present the Management of the Fund can promise holidays to only three per cent. of the children attending the schools with which they deal; and these are only the poorer schools, for the others have had to be struck out from their lists.

Mr. Punch, who appeals with confidence to those who have the cause of our London children at heart, begs that gifts may be sent, and quickly, to the Hon. Treasurer of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, The Earl of ARBAN, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. 2.



### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS SACKVILLE WEST's *The Dragon in Shallow Waters* (COLLINS) is a book to which the often misused epithet "powerful" can be candidly applied. It is almost a dreadful book, and I do hope the author will not be tempted by her uncanny success to make a speciality of such horrors. The "Dragon," *Silas Dean*, is a blind packer in a soap-factory whose unquestioned intellectual ability enables him to visit his misfortune, with a refinement of cruelty, mental generally rather than physical, on those with whom he comes in contact, and especially on those over whom he has any power, such as the girl-wife of his deaf-mute brother, *Gregory*. The man is torn between his better feelings and this insistent passion for haphazard revenge. But I can believe in *Silas's* cruelty more easily than in that of *Lady Malleson*, his employer's wife, who deliberately tortures him by alternately gratifying and wounding his morbid vanity. However it is all done with astonishing plausibility. And then, as if to show you that she can write finely of sweet things as well as terrible, the author puts before you in a few swift sure strokes a poignant love-story of two young creatures in a net of circumstance which is finally broken, in a frenzy of remorse, by the blind man acting as a self-conscious instrument of destiny.

There are some romances, which, like *THEOPHILE GAUTIER's* *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, are almost wholly pictorial, the story wandering disconsolately among superabundant scenery and effects. Of

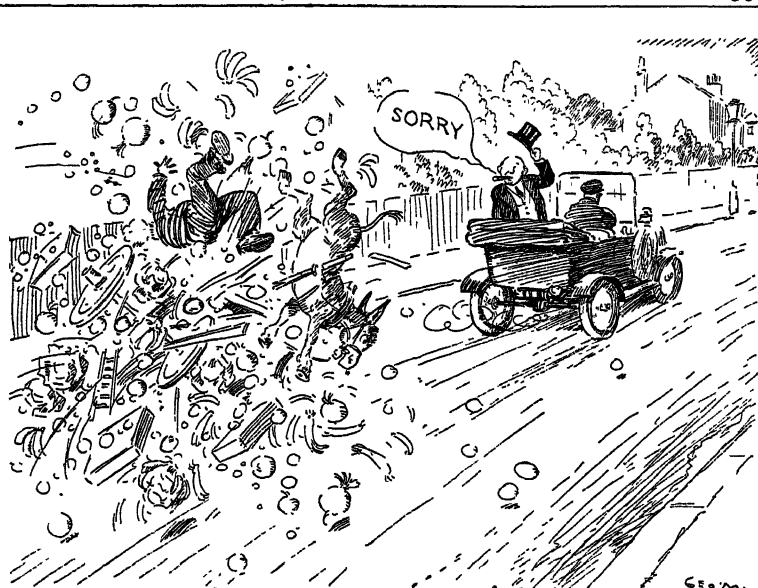
this kind is Mrs. EVAN NEPEAN's *Ivory and Apes* (BALE AND DANIELSSON), a rather excited impression of the Court of KING CHARLES II. The theme of the book is the unselfish, almost fanatic devotion of *Charlotte Stuart* to her Sovereign, an admirable sentiment with which Mrs. NEPEAN is intensely sympathetic. At the same time the magnificence of the Court, with its gorgeous costumes, luxurious repasts, silken nobles and disdainful ladies, seems to have dazzled the author as it certainly bewilders the reader. The characters of the story conscientiously justify their historical reputation for hilarity. "You'll all die of laughing when you see me in my second gown to-day—'tis covered over with apples as big as Dutch cheeses, with a stomacher of rubies," says the lively *Mrs. Nell Gwyn*. It would appear that KING CHARLES and his retinue were amused with an enviable ease. Beneath this glittering surface there lurks a complicated tragedy, which however loses itself in a maze of historical allusions. Mrs. NEPEAN is so ingenuously enthusiastic that one longs to feel with her. Alas, for the artist to be emotional is not enough. He or she must also pay some regard to the truthful delineation of nature.

Mr. OSGOOD H. MACKENZIE, in *A Hundred Years in The Highlands* (ARNOLD), declares cheerfully and without equi-

vocation that the times are going to the dogs. He is not concerned with strikes or test matches either, but boldly assails the weather and the flora and fauna of his native Gaelic wilderness, where peaches used to ripen in the open in his uncle's time and as many as seven eagles might be seen in the air together. He is not quite consistent in his grumbling, for a remarkably intriguing account of all the sub-tropical trees he has persuaded to flourish on what was a bare Ross-shire promontory stuck out into the Gulf Stream rather contradicts parts of his complaint, while the amazing amount of prey that has fallen to his gun in the course of nearly eighty years would seem to explain the absence of the black grouse and snipe whose loss he bewails. Indeed, if I have a quarrel with this most entertaining of books or its author, it is because he shews just a little too much instinctive tendency to prove his admiration of a thing by shooting it. For the rest his stories, which range from a fight with a twenty-five pound trout (suppositional) and the doings of a witch who was also a hare, to the diet of sea-birds' eggs fashionable at St. Kilda,

and a funeral march of sixty miles over roadless country, have a delightful charm of remoteness near at hand which, combined with great good-humour and no more than a reasonable allowance of discursiveness, makes this volume much to be preferred to many more ambitious works of the sort.

*The Man in Ratcatcher* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) consists of twelve short stories, all of which will appeal to confirmed magazine-readers. "SAPPER" (H. C. McNEILE) is a natural story-teller, but there are symptoms in



LIFE'S LITTLE COURTESIES.

some of these tales that he can take his art a thought too lightly. "A Question of Personality," for instance, reminds me more than a little of those dear old stories in which the butler turned out to be a baron or the parlour-maid was revealed as a peeress in her own right. Time, I say it without shame, does nothing to decrease my affection for this peculiar brand of fiction, but I recognise sadly that it has nothing whatever to do with Art. "SAPPER" also needs to realise more acutely the difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Still, on the whole, his new book gives good entertainment, even if some of the items in it have not reached the high standard he has hitherto set himself.

#### Medical Progress.

There was an old Next-the-skin-flannelist  
Who complained of the fees from his panel list;  
But he grouses no more  
Now the plate on his door  
Bears the lucrative lure: "Psycho-Analyst."

#### Our Philistines.

From an article on the Census:—

"Whoever puts 'artist' down will have to explain whether it is a music-hall artist or merely a painter."—*Weekly Dispatch*.





### A NATION OF SPECTATORS.

TIME.—Sunday, June 12th.

SCENE.—A Seat in the Park during Church Parade.

*A Youth.* England seems in a bad way. Looks as if we hadn't much chance of recovering the Ashes.

*An Old Cynic.* If you refer to the financial ruin threatened by the strike—

*Youth.* What strike? Oh, you mean the coal-strike. I'd forgotten about it. One gets used to having it always there, like the poor. I meant the Test Match, of course.

*Cynic.* Ah, tell me about that. I never read the gladiatorial columns.

*Youth.* Oh, they passed our score for the loss of three wickets. Putrid, I call it. We seem to be all nerves.

*Cynic.* And yet I suppose we are the same nation that kept its nerves pretty well through a recent Test.

*Youth.* You mean the Amateur Golf Championship?

*Cynic.* I was referring to the War.

*Youth.* Oh, the War! Yes, we kept our end up there all right. But that was years ago. It's a back number now. What do you suppose all these people here are thinking and talking about? HAIG and FOCH? They're talking about ARMSTRONG and BARDSLEY and WOOLLEY and DOUGLAS.

*Cynic.* The names of these gentlemen are unfamiliar to me. Have they ever done anything besides cricket?

*Youth.* I've no idea what they do in private life, or whether they've distinguished themselves in any other public line. But I know their names are on everybody's lips to-day.

*Cynic.* I see. As it might be GLADSTONE or DISRAELI in my young days. Yet I don't remember that either of these great men distinguished himself very much in any ball-game. Indeed I recall that DISRAELI, when a ball fell at his feet in the gallery of the racket-court at Malta, picked it up and handed it to an A.D.C. and requested him to return it into the court, as he had never thrown a ball in his life. And yet he was considered important enough to have a very long Biography written of him. But here comes the Sage, who will give us the benefit of his philosophy. [Enter Mr. Punch.] Take a seat with us and let us have your views. It appears that the Australians are going to beat us at cricket, and our young friend here finds in this a sign of the country's decadence. Do you think there is any chance of England's surviving a defeat in the cricket field?

*Mr. Punch.* I have my hopes. Indeed I am sanguine enough to anticipate that when we wake up from the stupor of defeat to find that we are still alive it may encourage us to accept the view that the issue of these contests is no such great matter after all. The game's the thing; the game, and not its result. And even the game in these Test Matches is of little use if it doesn't promote a common love of playing for playing's sake. What are they a "test" of? The general excellence of our play? Not at all; they are a test of the

excellence of just a few who make a business of it, instead of a recreation. No wonder that a spirit of commercialism has crept into these competitions.

*Cynic.* I wish we could show a little more of the spirit of commercialism in our commerce. We used to be known as a nation of shop-keepers. I fear we are losing that enviable distinction. We are becoming a nation of spectators. We fiddle away our time at these matches while England burns—for lack of coal. I had not grasped the full horrors of unemployment till I was told of the myriads who could afford to spend three whole days at one of these Test Matches somewhere in the Midlands.

*Mr. Punch.* And meanwhile what do our working-classes do by way of games? They have their whippet-races and their betting on horses which they haven't set eyes on. I have never assisted at a whippet-race and cannot say how far it develops the human body. But I know something of their passion for betting, for my office is adjacent to those of the evening papers, and I have often witnessed the excitement that attends the 6.30 issue, when I have been passing through the crowd after my luncheon. I confess that I have permitted myself an occasional flutter, but this is their daily form of sport.

*Youth.* What can you expect? Where could they play games if they wanted to?

*Cynic.* My experience of the British working-man is that he finds a way to do most things, if he only wants them enough.

*Mr. Punch.* I am with you both. We used our Village Greens once to good purpose in the days when England was Merrie England. I want to see a recovery of the spirit of those Village Greens. I want more playing-fields to serve our congested towns and to save us from being Gloomie England. Why is it that Scotland is not Gloomie Scotland (except on the Sabbath)? Because she has a national game that everybody plays, from the richest up to the poorest. I stayed there last summer at a famous golfing centre. They had two municipal courses—eighteen holes—and a putting course, all within the means of anyone; and an open space by the sea where everybody was free to knock a ball about. Man and boy, they all carried a mashie or a putter as we carry a walking-stick or an umbrella. If there was the same demand among the working classes of England, our Labour-leaders, who once had the knack of leading, would see that they got the necessary accommodation.

*Cynic.* Was not our victory at Waterloo alleged to have been won on certain playing-fields? And, if you encourage the principle of playing-fields for all, will you not be suspected of militarism?

*Mr. Punch.* If the habit of playing were to make us better fighting men I should not worry about that. And not even our Conscientious Objectors would object, I hope, if the right kind of recreation gave us healthier bodies outside healthier minds, and so made the nation fitter for its work. Not that I want to see our people consciously pursuing this purpose. I want, as I said, to see games played for their own sake. When I played cricket as a boy I did not tell myself, "This will be good for my liver;" or "This will make me better at Greek verbs."

*Cynic.* In this connection you do not propose, I trust, to recommend increased facilities for playing games at our public schools? I seldom hear, on the part of parents, any very loud complaint of the limited opportunity for recreation enjoyed by their young.

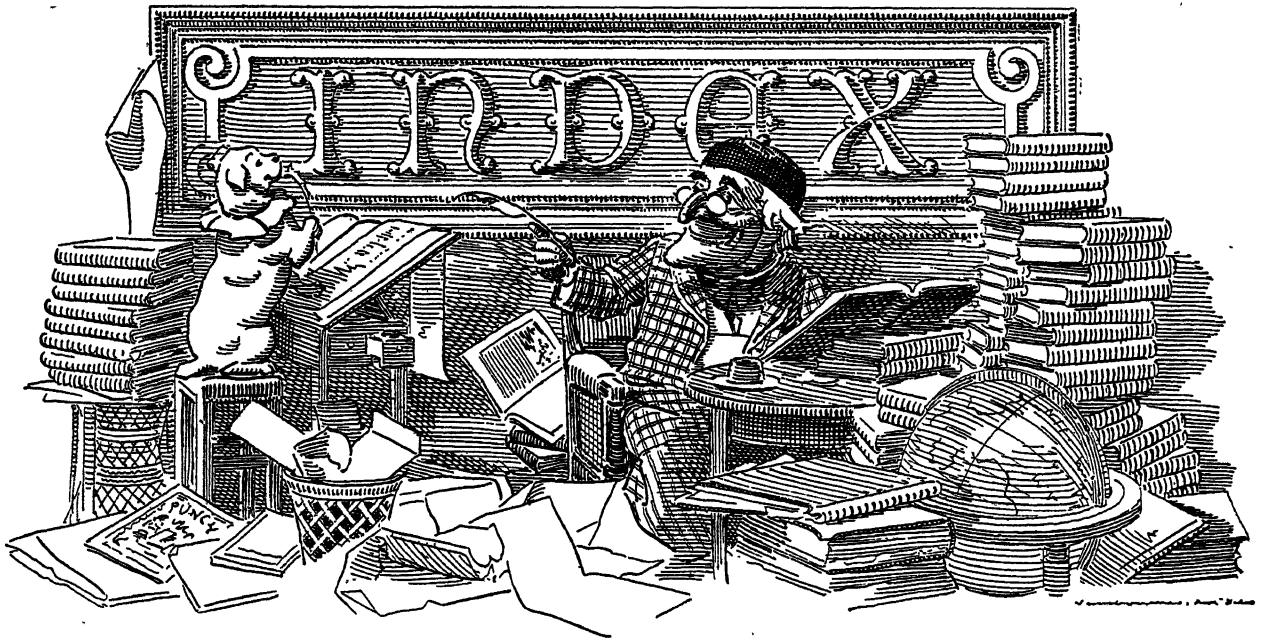
*Mr. Punch.* I was thinking rather of the nation at large. And I wondered as I came along here whether I could persuade it to listen to a little advice from an old man like myself. Perhaps I might be permitted to give publicity to the conversation we have just had.

*Cynic.* Certainly; and if you care to utilise the words of wisdom that fell from our lips before you joined us I have no doubt that our young friend here would record them for you.

*Mr. Punch.* If he will have the goodness to do so I will embody them in our symposium and produce the whole in dramatic form as the Epilogue to my

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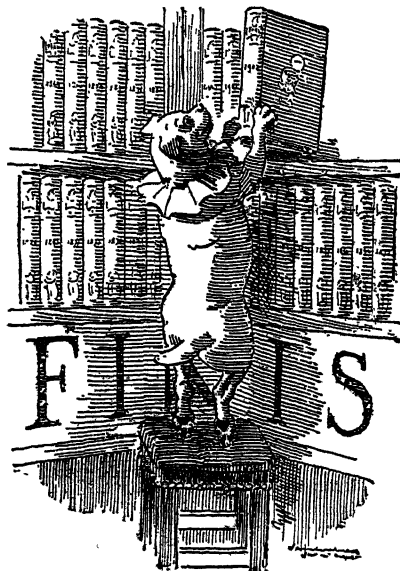
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